# "OUTWITTING THE HUN"

# By Lieutenant Pat O'Brien

## DRIVEN TO DESPERATION BY HUNGER, O'BRIEN GOES BOLDLY TO A BELGIAN HOUSE AND ASKS FOR FOOD.

Synopsis .- Pat O'Brien, a resident of Momence, Ill., after seeing service in the American Flying corps on the Mexican border in 1916, toins the British Royal Flying corps in Canada, and after a brief training period is sent to France. He is assigned to a squadron in active service on the front. He engages in several hot fights with German fivers, from which he emerges victorious. Finally, in a fight with four German flyers, O'Brien is shot down. He falls 8,000 feet and, escaping death by a miracle, awakes to find himself a prisoner in a German hospital, with a bullet hole in his mouth. After a few days in the hospital he is sent to a prison camp at Courtral. After a short stay there he is placed upon a train bound for a prison camp in Germany, He decides to take a desperate chance for liberty. He leaps through the open window of the car while the train is traveling 35 miles an hour. His wounds reopened by the fall, O'Brien almost literally crawls through Germany and Luxembourg, traveling at night and sleeping by day, living on garbage and raw vegetables stolen from

tected from observation. If anyone

had come along I would have been

Possibly two hours passed before I

I knew that I had to get away, as

That hight I made a little head-

way, but when day broke I had a

dreadful fever and was delirious. I

talked to myself and thereby in-

I have a distinct recollection of a

with him as I marched drearily along

"There you are, you old North Star,"

ral-after all you've done, North

Star? I don't want to follow him-I

-you are taking me away from the

Huns and this Pat O'Brien-this fel-

and leans on my neck and wants me

I knew that I had to have food be

further suffering when I would prob-

ably be captured in the end anyway?

upon one bold move. I would ap-

proach one of the houses in the vi-

I picked out a small house because

Then I wrapped a stone in my klakl

handkerchief as a sort of camouflaged

weapon, determined to kill the occu-

pant of the house, German or Belgian,

It was 1 o'clock in the morning. An

what I was, probably, because I was

gave a cry and her husband and a

They could not speak English and I

to my flying coat and then to the sky

Whether they understood or were

with such a villainous looking char-

so heavy I had to discard them-my

and I made no effort to conceal its

Anyway, they motioned me indoors,

asked for bread, but she shook her

boy came to the door.

Before giving up, however, I decided

wants me to go back to the Huns!"

came on me again.

this would about finish me.

Star, to stand by me,

#### CHAPTER IX-Continued.

I ran up the bank of the canal quite found lying there dead to the world. distance and then swam to the oposite side, as I reasoned they would not be looking for me there. I found doubt, only because the rain was sheltered clump of bushes that were beating in my face. is a swamp near the canal and in the driest part that I could find I crawled it was broad daylight. Moreover, as possible. The sun come up soon any minute a boat neght come along and kept me warm, and I planned to and find me. But it was equally ramp right there, food or no food, dangerous for me to attempt to travel estil the Hun got tired of searching very far. Fortunately I found some for me. I think I heard them once shrubbery near by and I hid there all or twice that day, and my heart nearly day, without food or drink. stopped an each occasion, but evidently they decided to look in some other direction and I was not further

At the same time I figured that it creased my chances of capture. In was absolutely necessary for me to my jucid intervals when I realized that change my course, even at the ex- I had been talking, the thought sent pense of going somewhat out of my a chill through me, because in the way. I decided to go due west and silent night even the slightest sound kept in that direction for four days. carries far across the Belgian country. As I was in a very weak condition. I began to fear that another day of I did not cover more than five miles a night. I kept away from the roads and did all my journeying through fields, beet patches, woods, swampsanywhere provided I was not likely to be seen and captured. Food was an important consideration to me, but It was secondary to concealment.

At last I brought up at the Meuse river at a place between Namur and



## That Infernal Bank.

Buy, and it was here that I came nearest of all to giving up the struggle. The Meuse at this point is about half a mile wide-as wide as the Hudson River at West Point. Had I been | the effort. in normal condition I wouldn't have hesitated a moment to swim across. San Diego bay, California, is a mile hood of soldiers being billeted there, and a half wide, and I had often swam across and back, and the San Jacquin, which is also a mile and a half wide, had never proven an obstacle to me,

In the wretched shape in which I if that step was necessary in order then was, however, the Meuse looked to get food. I tried the well in the like the Atlantic ocean to me. I yard, but it would not work, and then looked for a bont, but could find none. I went up to the door and knocked. I tried to get a piece of wood upon which I hoped to ferry across, but I looked out. She could not imagine was equally unsuccessful.

Get across I must, and I decided there was nothing to do but to swim. still attired in that old overcoat. She It was then about 3 o'clock in the morning. I waded in and was soon in beyond my depth and had to swim. After about an hour of it I was very much exhausted, and I doubted Whether I could make the opposite bank, although it was not more thas thought would tell them what I was. thirty or forty feet away. I choked and gasped, and my arms and legs intimidated by the hard-looking apere completely fagged out. I sank a pearance, I don't know, but certainly little and tried to touch bottom with it would have to be a brave old man tay feet, but the water was still be- and boy who would start an argument

There are times when everyone will noter as stood before them that night! pray, and I was no exception. I I had not shaved for a month, my prayed for strength to make those clothes were wet, torn and dirty, my ew wicked yards, and then, with all leggings were gone-they had gotten the will power I could summon, struck out for dear life. It seemed a life- hair was matted and my cheeks were flushed with fever. In my hand I time before I finally felt the welcome mud of bottom and was able to drag myself up to the bank, but I got there. The bank was rather high and I was presence or its mission. shaking so violently that when I took hold of the grans to pull myself up, gave me my first hot meal in more the grass shook out of my hands. I than a month! True, it consisted only could not retain my grip. I was afraid of warm potatoes. They had been would faint then and there, but I previously cooked, but the old woman kept pulling and crawling frantically warmed them up in milk in one of the up that infernal bank and finely dirtiest kettles I had ever seen. I made It.

Then for the first time in my life I head, although I think it must have

It was now about 4 o'clock in the if ever a man showed he was fimished,

since the "banquet" in the prison at moved. Courtral.

The woman of the house was probably seventy-five years old and had evidently worn wooden shoes all her life, for she had a callous spot on the lar and it looked so hard that I doubt whether you could have driven a nail into it with a hammer!

As I sat there drying myself-for I was in no hurrry to leave the first human habitation I had entered in four weeks-I reflected on my unhappy lot and the unknown troubles and dangers that lay ahead of me. Here, for more than a month, I had been leading the life of a hunted animal-yes, worse than a hunted animal, for mature clothes her lessfavored creatures more appropriately for the life they lead than I was clothed for mine-and there was not the slightest reason to hope that conditions would grow any better.

Perhaps the first warm food I had eaten for over a month had released regained consciousness, and then, no unused springs of philosophy in me, as food sometimes does for a man.

I pointed to my torn and watersoaked clothes and conveyed to them as best I could that I would be gratein and made myself as comfortable there was a tow-path right there and ful for an old suit, but apparently they were too poor to have more than they actually needed themselves, and I rose to go. I had aroused them out of bed and I knew I ought not to keep them up longer than was absolutely necessary.

As I approached the door I got a glance at myself in a mirror. I was the awfulest sight I had laid eyes on! The glimpse I got of myself startled me almost as much as if I had seen a dreaded German belmet! My left eye was fairly well healed by this time and I was beginning to regain sight of it, but my face was so baggard and my beard so long and unkempt that I looked like Santa Claus on a bat!

As they let me out of the door I pointed to the opposite direction to ridiculous conversation I carried on the one I intended taking and started with an imaginary Pat O'Brien-a off in the direction I had indicated. sort of duplicate of myself. I argued | Later I changed my course completely to throw off any possible pursuit.

and he answered me back in kind, The next day I was so worn out from and when we disagreed, I called upon exposure and exhaustion that I threw my one constant friend, the North away my coat, thinking that the less weight I had to carry the better it would be for me, but when night came cried aloud. "You want me to get I regretted my mistake because the to Holland, don't you? But this Pat nights were now getting colder, I O'Brien-this Pat O'Brein who calls thought at first it would be better for himself a soldier-he's got a yellow me to retrace my steps and look for strenk-North Star-and he says it the coat I had so thoughtlessly discen't be done! He wants me to quit carded, but I decided to go on with- dug a hole and buried it. -to lie down here for the Huns to out it. find me and take me back to Cour-

I then began to discard everything that I had in my pocket, finally throwing my wrist watch into a canal. A just want to follow you-because you wrist-watch does not add much weight, but when you plod along and have not eaten for a month it finally low who keeps after me all the time to lie down-this yellow Pat O'Brein mittens.

These mittens I had gotten at Camp After a spell of foolish chatter like Borden, in Canada, and had become that my senses would come back to me for a while and I would trudge them "snow shoes." In fact, they along without a word until the fever were a ridiculous pair of mittens, but the best pair I ever had and I really felt worse when I lost those mittens cause I was about on my last legs. I than anything else. I could not think was very much tempted to lie down of unybody else ever using them, so I then and there and call it a beat. Things seemed to be getting worse for them and could not help but laugh me. me the farther I went, and all the nt the thought if my friends could see time I had before me the spectre of me burying my mittens, because they that electric barrier between Belgium were a standing joke in Canada, Engand Holland, even if I ever reached there alive. What was the use of

land and France. I had on two shirts and as they were always both wet and didn't keep me are left are beasts of burden who are warm, it was useless to wear both. too tired at night to bark or bother One of these was a shirt that I had bought in France, the other an American army shirt. They were both have stirred them up in passing cinity and get food there or die in khakl and one as apt to give me away as the other, so I discarded the French shirt. The American army shirt I figured there would be less likelibrought back with me to England and It is still in my possession.

When I escaped from the train I still had the Bayarian cap of bright red in my pocket and wore it for many nights, but I took great care that no one saw it. It also had proven very useful when swimming rivers, for I carried my map and a few other belongings in it and I had fully made up my mind to bring it home as a old lady came to the window and souvenir. But the farther I went the heavier my extra clothing became, so I was compelled to discard even the cap. I knew that it would be a tell-tale mark if I simply threw it nway, so one night after swimming a river, I dug a hole in the soft mud on could not speak Flemish, but I pointed the bank and buried it, too, with considerably less ceremony than my flyand said "Fleger" (flier), which I ing mittens had received perhaps; so that was the end of my Bavarian hat.

My experience at the Belgian's house whetted my appetite for more food and I figured that what had been done once could be done again. Sooner or later, I realized I would probably approach a Belgian and find a German Instead, but in such a contingency I was determined to measure my strength against the Hun's If necessary to effect my escape.

As it was, however, most of the Belgians to whom I applied for food gave carried the rock in my handkerchief it to me readily enough, and if some of them refused me it was only because they feared I might be a spy or that the Germans would shoot them if their action were subsequently found out. About the fifth day after I had en-

tered Belgium I was spending the day man spiked helmet! as usual in a clump of bushes when I peared to be something hanging on a cause she begrudged it to me. For arguing with myself that it might be something that I could add to my in- the Huns at every step. variant and I was entirely unpro- I did that night. I swallowed those adequate wordrobe, but the distance

warm potatoes ravenously and I drank | was so great that I could not identify | fields I came to a road. It was one of four glasses of water, one after an- it. I had a great fear that before the main roads of Belgium and was other. It was the best meal I had had night came it would probably be re- paved with cobble stones. On these

roads you can hear a wagon or horse

about a mile or two away. I listened

hearing nothing concluded that the

As I emerged from the field and got

my first glimpse of the road, I got the

shock of my life! In either direction,

come fairly well reconciled to these

reverses and they did not depress me

I began to feel almost diappointed,

One evening as I was about to swim

a canal about two hundred feet wide

I suddenly noticed about one hundred

yards away a canal boat moored to

It was at a sort of out-of-the-way

foraging party, but I realized that it

wouldn't pay in future to take any-

CHAPTER X.

Experiences in Belgium.

I think that one of the worst things

small difches. They intercepted me

at every half mile or so, sometimes

One night I came to a ditch about

eight or nine feet wide. I thought I

was strong enough to jump it and it

was worth trying as the discomfort I

suffered after wading these ditches

was considerable. Taking a long run,

I jumped as hard as I could, but I

missed it by four or five inches and

landed in about two feet of water and

three of mud. Getting out of that

mess was quite a job. The water was

too dirty and too scanty to enable me

to wash off the mud with which I was

covered and it was too wet to scrape

thing for granted.

the question.

as much as they did at first.

way was clear.

trying to find out.

rather rare.

the side.

stealing potatoes!

As soon as darkness fell, however, I crawled out of my hiding place and intently before I moved ahead and worked up to the line and got a pair of overalls for my industry. The pair of overalls was the first bit of civilside of her foot the size of half a dol- lan clothes I had thus far picked up with the exception of a civilian cap which I had found at the prison and as far as I could see, the road was concealed on my person and which I still had. The overalls were rather they were doing in that part of Belsmall and very short, but when I put glum I did not know, but you can be them on I found that they hung down far enough to cover my breeches.

It was perhaps three days later that I planned to search another house for further clothes. Entering Belgian houses at night is anything but a safe proposition, because their families are large and sometimes as many as seven or eight sleep in a single room. The barn is usually connected with the house proper, and there was always but such disappointments were the danger of disturbing some dumb animal even if the inmates of the house were not aroused.

Frequently I took a chance of searching a back yard at night in the hope of finding food scraps, but my success in that direction was so slight that I soon decided that it wasn't worth the risk and I continued to live on raw vegetables that I could pick with safety in the fields and the occasional meal that I was able to get from the Belgian peasants in the day-

Nevertheless I was determined to get more in the way of clothing and when night came I picked out a house that looked as though it might furnish me with what I wanted. It was a moonlight night and if I could get in the barn I would have a fair chance of finding my way around by the moonlight which would enter the windows.

The barn adjoined the main part of the house, but I groped around very carefully and soon I touched something hanging on a peg. I didn't know what it was, but I confiscated it and carried it out into the fields. There in the moonlight I examined my booty and found that it was an old cont. It was too short for an overcont and too long for an ordinary cont, but nevertheless I made use of it. It had probably been an overcoat for the Belgian who had worn it.

Some days later I got a scarf from a Belgian peasant and with this equipment I was able to conceal my uni form entirely.

Later on, however, I decided that it was too dangerous to keep the uniform on anyway and when night came I I never realized until I had to part

with it just how much I thought of that uniform. It had been with me through hard trials and I felt as if I were abandoning a friend when I big rivers I could swim. Of course, I start of the war. parted with it. I was tempted to keep the wings off the tunic, but thought becomes rather heavy. The next that would be a dangerous concession thing I discarded was a pair of flying to sentiment in the event that I was ever captured. It was the only distinction I had left, as I had given the Royal Flying Corps badges and quite famous, as my friends termed the stars of my rank to the German flying officers as souvenirs, but I felt that it was safer to discard it. As it finally turned out, through all my subsequent experiences, my escape would never have been Jeopardized had I kept my uniform but, of course, dug a bole in the mud and buried I had no idea what was in store for

> There was one thing which surprised me very much as I journeyed through Belgium and that was the scarcity of dogs. Apparently most of them had been taken by the Germans and what intruders. This was a mighty good thing for me, for I would certainly through back-yards as I sometimes did when I was making a short cut. One night as I came out of a yard

it was so pitch dark that I could not see ten feet ahead of me and I was right in the back of a little village,

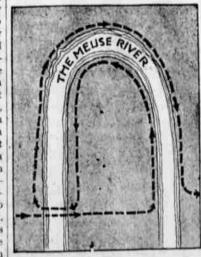


Diagram Showing How O'Brien Lost er and Later Finding That He Was on the Wrong Side and Had to Swins | their portals,

although I did not know it. I crawled along fearing I might come to a crossroads at which there would in all probability be a German sentry.

street of the village and within twenty feet of me, sitting on some bricks where they were building a little store, I could see the dim outline of a Ger-

I could not cross the street and the discerned in the distance what ap- only thing to do was to back track. It meant making a long detour and

The next night while crossing some swearing gamekeeper."

off. I just had to wait until it dried and scrape it off then.

In many sections of Belgium through which I had to pass I encountered large areas of swamp and marshy ground and rather than waste the time involved in looking for better underfooting-which I might not have found anyway-I used to pole right through the mud. Apart from the discomfort of this method of traveling and the slow time I made, there was an added danger to me in the fact that the "squash, squash" noise which I made might easily be overheard by Belgiann and Germans and give my position away. Nobody would cross a swamp or marsh in that part of the country unless he was trying to get away from somebody, and I realized my danger but could not get around it.

It was a common sight to Belgium to see a small donkey and a common ordinary milch cow hitched together, pulling a wagon. When I first observed the unusual combination, I thought it was a donkey and ox or bull, but closer inspection revealed to me that cows were being used for the lined with German soldiers! What

From that I was able to observe there must be very few horses left in mighty sure I didn't spend any time Belgium except those owned by the Germans. Cows and donkeys are now Again it was necessary to change horses and mules. Altogether I spent my course and lose a certain amount nearly eight weeks wandering through of ground, but by this time I had be-Belgium, and in all that time I don't believe I saw more than half a dozen horses in the possession of the native population. At this period of my adventure, if a day or night passed without its thrill

One of the scarcest things in Germany, apparently, is rubber, for I noticed that their motor trucks, or lorries, unlike our own, had no rubber tires. Instead heavy iron bands were



Burying His Uniform at Night.

employed. I could hear them come rumbling along the stone roads for miles before they reached the spot where I happened to be in hilding When I saw these military roads in Belgium for the first time, with their mans had been able to make such more frequently. The canals and the rapid advance into Belgium at the

I noticed that the Belgians used got soaked to the skin every time I did it, but I was becoming hardened dogs to a considerable extent to pull their carts, and I thought many times These little ditches, however, were that if I could have stolen one of too narrow to swim and too wide to those dogs it would have been a very jump. They had perhaps two feet of good companion for me and might, if the occasion arose, help me out in t water in them and three feet of mud, fight. But I had no way of feeding it and it was almost invariably a case of and the animal would probably have wading through. Some of them, no starved to death. I could live on vegdoubt, I could have jumped if I had etables, which I could always depend been in decent shape, but with a bad ankle and in the weakened condition upon finding in the fields, but a dog In which I was, it was almost out of couldn't, and so I gave up the idea.

> In Belgium, after weeks of hardships and narrow escapes from recapture, O'Brien finally finds a man whom he believes to be his friend. Cheered by the prospect of final escape, he gains courage to continue his heartbreaking tramp through Belgium. Don't miss the next installment.

> > (TO BE CONTINUED.)

# DO NOT APPEAL TO VISITOR | PEANUT PUT TO MANY USES

Writer Frankly Expresses Feeling of Disappointment at Sight of Buildings Within Kremlin Walls.

To me none of the ten churches within the Kremlin walls is impressive, Ivan Veliki towers the highest, but it is far from imposing. writes Maynard Owen Williams in the Christian Herald. From one side it resembles a tower rather than a church, yet it has no Kutah Minar, near Delhi, or the towering dome of St. Sophia with its flanking needle minnrets. The other cathedrals are dropped around with careless abandon and a nice disregard for the cost of gold leaf, but none of them dominates a vista or gathers about itself the other masses in pleasing array. The Kremlin is a mighty whole, composed of many unimposing parts. Its long red walls and splendid

The interiors are as disappointing butter, as are the groups of domes which distinguish the exteriors. None is large, none is truly intimate. The effect is of surplus gilt and multiplicity of caints Broken peanuts are pressed and the oil which remind one of the gopurams of My precaution served me in good India. Spindle-shanked saints, whose stead for had I come out in the main emaciated figures seem too weak to support their gilt haloes, alternate refuse is pressed into cakes and sold with knights in armor.

> Bad Language Astonished Horse, A horse's surprise was recounted in

court the other day when a gamekeeper was fined a dollar at Thaxted, Essex, England, for using bad language. line. All day long I strained my eyes losing two hours of precious time and A woman who preferred the charge fainted-fainted from utter exhaus- been for lack of it rather than be- trying to decide what it could be and effort, but there was no help for it, said that a horse near her cottage so I plodded wearily back, cursing "laid back its ears and turned its eyes in great astonishment toward the

Nutritious Oil and Palatable Butter Derived From the Humble "Goober," Beloved of Childhood.

The pennut Isn't a nut at all, but a member of the pen, bean and clover family. It is a legume and gathers nitrogen from the air. Pennuts do not grow from roots, but on shoots which grow out from the plant above ground, bear a little sterile yellow blossom and such quiet dignity as one finds in the then shoot directly into the ground, where they "peg," that is, where peanuts begin to grow on them. The peanuts are pulled from the vines or roots, and the roots are then plowed back into the ground to allow the nitrogen to feed the soil. The peanuts are then taken to peanut factories. In these buildings the peanuts are cleaned and sorted. The largest are saved and put through a rumbler, which pollstes the shells. These are sold in the shells. Precious Hours by Swimming a Riv. gates produce an effect of simple Other first grades are shelled and sold strength which cannot be found within | for salting; and one big packing company buys only first grades for peanut

> If the peanuts are pulled roots and all, the pennuts are dried out by stacking on poles, then pulled off and sold extracted. Much of this oil is sold as "pure olive oil." In fact, it is quite as rich and nutritious as olive oil. The as oil cakes for feeding stock and especially dairy cows .- St. Nicholas.

Strive to Keep Soul Youthful. My body's old, but that's not my fault. I'm not to blame for an old body, but I would be to blame for an old soul. An old soul is a shameful thing.-Margaret Deland.

A new oil-burning apparatus heats

#### BALLESSALSSALSSALSSALSSALSSALSSALS HER REWARD

By MARGUERITE HAGGERTY

Situated on a lofty height, nestling amid a grove of nature's luxuriant pines and elms, stood an old-fashioned country mansion. On the shady veranda of this ideal beauty spot was seated a sweet-faced girl of seventeen. Her thoughts were not all sunshiny ones, for every once in a while there would flash across her fair countenance a mirthful smile, which, however, would soon become enveloped by a more serious expression. Julia Caverly was loved both home and abroad.

Julia had one pet grievance. Every year she engerly looked forward to spending her summer at Riverview, but the only obstacle to mar her blissful reveries was the forbidding remembrance that her father could spend but one week each summer with them, as his business was such that he could not remain away for any longer period of time, Suddenly Julia ran in from the

porch, as she spied the postman, "Mainma, you know daddy promised to try and spend two weeks with us this summer. I feel sure that I will receive some welcome news from dear old dad today." She leaped in front of the good-natured letter carrier who, however, was not in the least surorised, for he had become accustomed to the young girl's impulsive manners. With a rogulsh smile she snatched the etter from his hand, and headed toward her mother with all possible speed. She hastily tore open the enrelope and devoured the contents, All her joy had fled, as she threw the letter to the floor. "Oh, mamma, I cannot read it aloud. I think the very words would choke me. I don't see how business could be so pressing that daddy could not spare us at least one measly little week."

"Try to forget your troubles for the oresent, dear," replied her mother, "and run along and prepare for lunch.

After lunch a bevy of her dearest girl friends arrived, and announced that their yacht was ready to start for s long trip down the river. Arty will start tomorrow," said one of the girls, "so Julia, I thought we would run over to remind you to be ready on time, so we can launch forth arly in the morning." "How long to you intend to be away?" asked fulia. "It will be fully two weeks, my oonny lass," was the answer of the spokesman of the group, "so pack up well-stocked wardrobe."

When the girls had departed Julia informed her mother that she intended to visit Mrs. Jackson, a dear old tady who had been an invalid for a number of years,

The pitiful eyes of the sick woman dilated with joy when she beheld in the doorway the face of her generous little benefactor. A soothing word and a gentle caress from Julia lightened the heart of many a lonely soul, but no love was ever more reciprocal than that which sprang up between Mrs. Jackson and Julia Caverly. A basket through Belgium was the number of they would last for centuries, I real of tastily prepared dainties was laid ized at once why it was that the Ger on the table, and after a confidential reluctantly bade good-by to her little friend.

The next morning, Julia, in high spirits, sat waiting with her baggage to join the merry band of sixteen that were due to arrive in a few minutes, Hearing the sound of running steps, she turned around quickly just as a little fellow bobbed up in front of her. "Miss Caverly, do please come in a hurry: Mrs. Jackson is very sick." Julia did not stop to think of her own enjoyment for an instant. The message was unfolded to her mother, and she expressed her intention of leaving immediately to see the sick old lady. Mrs. Caverly protested with her daughter in vain, arguing that she, herself, would tend to the invalid's wants, and not to sacrifice her trip for the sake of being obstinate. Finally Julia overruled all her mother's obfections.

That evening as Julia was returning home, after spending the day nursing her loved patient, her heart felt rather heavy, but as soon as she felt any pangs of regret she would begin to hum a popular air and hasten her steps homeward. Mrs. Caverly felt exceedingly proud of her generoushearted daughter that evening as she listened to her relating how Mrs. Jackson was resting very comfortably now, and that she would never forgive herself if she had neglected to respond to her pitiable appeal. Feeling quite fatigued. Julia sank into a lounging chair and soon fell fast asleep.

Creeping cautiously behind her chair, her father placed his hands gently over her eyes, while her mother, nearby, laughingly said: "Wake up, Julia, dear, and guess who your blindfolder "None other than my own dear daddy," exclaimed the excited girl. "Are you glad to see me, Julia, dear?" coaxingly asked her father. To reassure him of her sincere affection, Julia gave him a hug and a kiss. Her father chuckled with delight as he continued: "That was certainly a huge joke to send you that letter yesterday, but I wanted to completely surprise you by paying a full week's vis-"Daddy, you surely are a fine rogue. You can thank Mrs. Jackson, however, for seeing me here today. Why, I would be sailing far out on the water by this time, only her temporary sick spell detained me. But oh! Daddy, you old dear, I would gladly exchange any pleasure trip just to be with you." (Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspa-

per Syndicate.)

Flora-The iden! Here is a doctor who says that yawning will remove that annoying buzzing in one's ears. Laura-That's true. The other night after young Mr. Jones had been talking steadily to me for three hours, I

yawned twice and he went home." "What is your age, madam?" asked

the judge of a witness. "Your honor." answered the lady diplomatically, "that is something I will leave to your kind indulgence."