

THE TROOPERS.

BY CLINTON HOWLAND.

We clattered into the village street, and up to the Rose and Crown, And we roared a toast to the Tory host as we tossed his liquor down: 'Long life to General Washington! He's a gentleman, we trow!

The Girl With Ideas.

What She Did For Richard Corwin & Co.—And Why.

W. R. ROSE, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The gray haired man at the desk picked up the receiver. "Suddenly ill?" he said. "I'm sorry. Not serious? I'm glad of that. You have sent a substitute? Very well. Hope you will recover soon."

"Yes, and that is true of all the other professions." She drew a little closer to his desk. "I will say nothing about trespassing on your time," she said, "because I hope to make you understand that the time you give me is an excellent investment."

sound as if your old father was breaking down. Don't believe it. He can still drive a hard bargain. The girl with ideas is coming back in a day or two—with more ideas, no doubt. I'll keep you posted."

The girl looked at him with a gentle smile. "Then you feel friendly toward the girl with ideas?" He nodded emphatically. "I freely admit," he declared, "the house of Richard Corwin & Co. can't afford to lose you. We must have a contract of some sort."

My old friend Mr. Glumm declares That holidays are all a sell; They interfere with our affairs And cost a lot of cash as well.

TRIALS of the NEEDLENS. My dear, you look charming in your new hat. The girl with ideas. The Chauffeur's Offense. Fed by One Acre. Demeanor Analyzed. What They Do. Did He Snap Them? From the Styx News Bureau. Real Thrift. Good Scheme. A Century Club of Newspapers. Taft's Appeal for Speedier Justice.