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### IN THE LIGHT OF EXPERIENCE

Bobby, waiting to walk to the corner of the hall with his father as he did every morning, decided at last not to wait for the end of the discussion that seemed somehow to concern him. So he stole out of the half-open front door of the big apartment building. The argument went on in his absence.

"I don't see why you have the country again," Bobby's mother said. "I don't want to see up this comfortable flat and all my social affairs to be buried in the woods."

"It isn't the woods," Bobby's father said, impatiently. "But, of course, if you won't, that's all there is to it. We can get the house cheap now and Bobby need a place to play. The poor little chap looks like a celery plant already."

"Bobby! Where was the boy?" "Come on," Bobby's father said, forgetting his grievance. "We'll find him out in the hall. He loves those red-and-white tiles."

Out in the hall a door opened and a woman in a gorgeous kimono stooped to pick up the morning paper.

"You are looking for your child?" she asked, coldly. "He was here a little while ago, but he persisted in watching my baby by singing, and I told him to run away."

"He is so tiny!" cried the culprit's mother.

"The smaller the boy the bigger the noise! You might ask the elevator boy."

Bobby's father rang the elevator bell.

"Why, yes, sir, I seen him awhile ago," the elevator boy said. "He wanted to know would I play tiger and I told him to go to his ma. You might ask the janitor."

"Why, sure, the little feller was here," the janitor said. "Twas sorry I was to tell him not to play on the stairs, but there's so many to complain, sor, and noises echoes a lot. You might ask the young lady in the o-liss, sor."

The young woman had noticed him, he looked so pretty in his khaki, and she had told him to run out in the courtyard because she could not hear what people said over the phone when he sang so loud. They might ask the downstairs janitor.

"The downstairs janitor looked up from the steps he was washing. "Ach, yes, I haf saw your boy, yet," he said. "He was digging holes in main court and I send him away mit hollering at him. He is run out in dar street yet."

"In the road! Oh, Tom!"

Bobby's mother was very white and loose lines showed about his father's mouth. Bobby was so tiny, he looked alone in such a wide, rushing world. They walked far, looking for a policeman, and finally found one on their return. Bobby's mother seized him by the arm, eagerly.

"Oh, where's Bobby?" she cried. "You have seen my little boy, haven't you? In a khaki suit? I told him never—"

"Sure, I seen him some time gone. He was after playing ball with stones in the road, and I says for him to play on the walk. I says, for fear of automobiles. There's so many a dim now."

"Where did he go then?" asked Bobby's father. "You didn't tell him to go far, surely?"

"Ad' why, not?" the officer said. "I was thinkin' he lived near by an' he wasn't cryin'. It's orders to top the little wans what's cryin'. Besides, the leddy took him along."

Bobby's mother sank on a horse block.

"What lady?" she whispered. "A stranger! I know it was!"

"Where is the station?" said Bobby's father.

It was a mile away, so they took the car, totally oblivious of the curious stares of their fellow passengers, who acted as if they thought themselves in the company of two escaped convicts. Their leaving at the station corner did not put them any higher in the public's esteem.

The desk sergeant was kind, but he asked innumerable questions of the two crazed persons who presented themselves before him hatless and coatless, in spite of the cold wind. After an interminable time the desk sergeant decided to send for the maroon.

Bobby's mother sank into the chair which a policeman brought for her. The desk sergeant had been out and he did not know whether the lost boy had been claimed yet or not.

Some officers playing checkers did not so much as raise their eyes to look at the distracted parents, and Bobby's mother felt they could not but be businesslike and heartless in such a big, gray stone building. She felt crushed and humbled and did not look up when the maroon came in.

"Modder!" Tired, dirty little Bobby as to her arms, safe and whole, pressing his tear-stained face against her cheek and sobbing softly.

The station was very still for a full minute, and then one of the checker players blew his nose.

"It's your move, Connor," he said, sharply. "We ain't got all day to wait for you."

Bobby's father, who had been looking out of the window, turned about with suspiciously red eyes.

"We're greatly obliged to you, gentlemen," he said.

"As soon as we can get ready," said Bobby's mother, chokingly. "I think we'd better go look at that house in the country, dear."

"Of Course.

Little Millie—Grandd, what makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement ring?

Grandfather—The woman.—Punch

Scandalous.

Mrs. Chestnut—I believe I shall have to give up bridge.

Miss Frank—Really? Wasn't the game worth the scandal?

### CONFIDENTIAL

He Might Tell George About It But Not Bill.

"Well, sir," said the book-agent in a patronizing manner, "I am pleased to inform you that you have been designated as one of the fifty persons in Old City who are to receive a copy of the book for which I act agent. It is a history of our Presidents, from Washington down to Taft, and you are fortunate in deed in being one of the chosen to get it."

"Possibly that is so," answered the merchant, "but just to save time I'll tell you I don't want it."

"What!" exclaimed the agent in feigned surprise. "Do you mean to tell me you are going to permit me to report to Washington that you will not take the book?"

"I don't care a continental what you report to Washington," replied the merchant, as he turned to wait on a customer, "but don't tell Taft about it."—Old City Blitzard.

**SAFE BET.**

Bertie—I have a still for every day in the week.

Willie—Where are they?

Bertie—This is it I've got on.—New York Telegram.

**Philanthropy.**

Here is the story of a small boy, a mother and a barrel of apples, and a moral which does not have to be told in words:

The windows of an orphan asylum overlooked the back yard of the house where the boy, the barrel of apples and the boy's mother lived. Now, the apples that were in the barrel disappeared at a famous rate, and the mother, being a knowing woman as a matter of course, made inquiry of her son. Yes, he had eaten the apples; but, "Mamma," he said, "I have to; the orphans want so many cores."

**Philosophically.**

A laborer had worked all day, putting in several tons of coal. For his day's hard work he received two dollars. His way home led him by the open door of a saloon. Inside he heard the magic rattle of the dice. A crap game was in progress.

Getting bold of the bones the laborer placed a dollar on the table and "rolled." He lost. He wagered his other dollar with the same result. Getting up from the table, he said:

"Well, easy come, easy go."

**Getting at the Facts.**

Directory Canvasser—What is your husband's occupation?

Mrs. O'Hoolihan—Sure, an' it's a shovel engineer on a railroad he do be.

Directory Canvasser—You mean a civil engineer, don't you?

Mrs. O'Hoolihan—Faith, an' yes may be roight, sor. He's civil enough. O'm a'fter thinkin', an' anyway he shovels the coal into the engine.

**Not by Aesop.**

Mrs. Hen, having performed her oriparous function, took a constitutional around the yard. Returning to her nest she found it empty and clucked angrily.

"What's the trouble, ma'am?" asked the rooster.

"It's mighty funny," she grumbled, "that I can never find things where I lay them."

**The Craving for Sugar.**

But there is this fundamental difference between the craving for sugar and that for "sours," acids, vinegar, pickles, etc., alcohol, and for other keen flavors and highly attractive luxuries, that it is a real food of very high food-value and very promptly and readily absorbable, while none of the others are, except in small degree. As we have seen, this violent craving for sugar, leading to excess largely disappears in children when their healthy demand for it is supplied by a proper mixture with their foods; while no child yet has ever inherited or been born with a taste for alcohol, pickles, tea, coffee or tobacco.—Success Magazine.

**Patron Saint of Aviators.**

It has been stated that the Vatican had been approached with the view of selecting a patron saint for aviators, and that it had been suggested that Elijah would be an appropriate person. The originator of the story seems to have not taken into account that Elijah was an Old Testament character, and as such would be ineligible. No doubt, going to heaven in a chariot of fire would have made Elijah an appropriate patron. A Paris contemporary suggests that Sainte Colombe should be chosen. Her name alone has much to recommend her. She suffered martyrdom at Sens under Marcus Aurelius.—London Globe.

**A Kick for Consistency.**

The counter with a grievance opened the door of the General Passenger Agent's department, pushed aside the boy at the railing, and stepped up to the Chief Clerk's desk and relieved himself as follows:

"Maybe I have no kick coming when I go to the station on time every morning for six weeks to catch the 8.08 train, only to find it from five to ten minutes late. Maybe I haven't, I say. But when I get there two minutes late on the first morning of the seventh week only to see the rear end of the train disappearing cityward, then, by thunder, I have a kick coming, and I'm here to register it!"

**The Uplift.**

Some of the most effective uplift movements in history began with raising the devil, and who, after all, needs raising more?—Puck.

**Inventors, Take Heart.**

Every invention which has proved beneficial to mankind has in the first instance been treated as worthless.—Gilbert Parker.

### A Dash for Liberty

Nobody knew that Bobby had heard what they said. When six women were disposed about the summer veranda with a tea table in full blast they are not likely to observe little boys temporarily beneath the porch in search of being tackle.

There in the dusty shadows Bobby sat on the gravel and stared at the outside sunshine through the crevices of the lattice work that inclosed the house foundation. Above him he heard his mother and the rest actually laughing! And after what they had said! In his emotion Bobby squeezed a fistbook and moaned in consequence.

After he had extracted the stinging barb he laboriously and stealthily crawled out, dragging his pole and line. Back of the house he sat down on a stump to think things over.

"Did you ever know time to go so fast?" Mrs. Jones had chirped.

"Yes," his mother had responded. "We shall close the cottage and go back to Chicago next week. Bobby's school begins the week after."

Bobby was nine. As he sat on the stump with the apple orchard in front of him he saw instead of it the long staircase with the monitor at the top and felt the slippery shabbiness of a stack of brandy school books. He knew just how the pages would stick together in their abominable newness and how weird the unfamiliar contents would look.

He felt cramped, bound down, dominated. All the delightful buoyancy which had been his for three months had vanished and big balls of lead weighed down his toes and fingers and shoulders. He drooped as beneath the weight of the world. He felt very old and very tired. Once, under his breath, he said, "Mama!" as he kicked the stump on which he sat.

His eyes fell on the recumbent fish pole and another pang lacerated his heart. No more for him the shiny silverness of the dear little bass he had been catching! And those trees in the woods full of green nuts! And the ripening grapes! And the sumac and sassafras bushes already beginning to hint of red and orange glories! And the rabbits!

With one bound Bobby made for the rabbit hutch. Eagerly lifting out the two half-grown black and white bunnies, he stuffed them into his pockets. Then, grabbing up the fish pole, he looked hurriedly round. A new light was in his eyes. There was determination about his mouth. He headed for the kitchen.

"Cookies, Nora!" he begged. "Lots of them."

"You won't have no appetite for supper," said Nora, handing over Bobby's perquisites.

His lips tightened, for little she knew! Supper indeed!

Crawling under the fence because he was on a desperate expedition that made a gate unbefitting his progress, Bobby struck out for the woods. Once his feet had touched the Indian trail he halted his mad rush.

They never would find him! None of the grown-ups ever walked the Indian trail because their hair skirts in the branches and their face skirts in the prickly wild smilax. Their feet did not know the delight of the stretches of brown hemlock needles nor their noses the smell of woody things. Bobby's nostrils twitched like those of his rabbits as he sniffed balsamic fragrances.

He walked and walked, finding the path difficult to carry when taken in combination with a narrow path and eager, reaching bushes. He had walked farther on the trail than he had done before all summer and the trees were bigger and closer together. It was even gloomy, for now the sun had gone down outside. The quick dusk in among the trees chilled his spirits.

He stood still and listened. Not a sound. If you want to realize how scary absolute silence is, you should be a little boy of nine, far from home.

Wait! There was a noise—oh, what was that awful noise? It was the blood pounding in Bobby's temples.

He dragged out the bunnies and hugged them closer. They were warm, and their fur was soft as they cuddled at his neck. He took a few slow steps. A branch cracked up above. Bobby stared feverishly into the gloom overhead. It might be a passer or a lion or a tiger! Dreadful thought!

Turning, he crashed through underbrush, dropping his fishpole. Little whimpers were struggling up to his lips, but he bit them back.

When it was entirely dark he found he was quite lost. After he had cried himself helpless he went to sleep through sheer weariness.

The man with the lanterns found him in the early dawn, huddled up in a miserable little ball with the rabbits in his arms. They thankfully took him home.

"Don't you see how very wrong it was of you, Bobby?" his pale and heavy-eyed mother asked some hours later when she had extracted the whole story. "What made you do it?"

Bobby put more sugar on his oatmeal unrepented. Somehow, back home with his father and mother and the old familiar things about him the proceeding of yesterday did seem "mish." School wasn't as bad as "mishers."

"I dunno," said Bobby. "Can I have another cookie?"

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line of "Spring and Summer Goods"

Fancy lawns	7c to 18c per yard
White shirt waist goods	12c to 25c
Seersuckers	12c to 14c
Ladies' gauze vests	10c to 25c
Ladies' hosiery	10c to 50c
Mens' fancy dress shirts	50c to \$1
" fancy half hose	10c to 50c
" work shirts	50c
" underwear	25c to 50c
" belts and suspenders	25c to 50c

Also a complete line of Notions, Groceries, Crockery.

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