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# KELLINGER'S INSOMNIA

By DOROTHY DUNN.

Kellinger couldn't sleep. All his life he had been bothered that way. For no reason whatever sleep would suddenly desert him and when it abandoned Kellinger it abandoned the rest of the family, meaning Mrs. Kellinger and the bulldog.

When Mrs. Kellinger would announce sadly to their acquaintances that Tom had begun waking up at one o'clock and staying awake till six or not going to sleep at all until half-past-three it was exactly as tragic as though she was breaking the news that he had fallen a victim to the suicide habit or had begun murdering people again after a short vacation. Those to whom she spoke always had an uneasy feeling that they ought to send flowers or something.

Kellinger absolutely refused to go to the doctor about it. He said the physician would merely ask him if he had embezzled any trust funds or had anything else on his conscience, and would appear annoyed because he hadn't.

"It's just nerves," Kellinger would say in martyred tones. "I wake up and then I begin thinking and I can't stop. I worry about what would happen if ten years from now a long, hard winter should set in and I didn't have any work. Then there is Uncle Dave, who has just invested all his money in a gold mine, and what if he should lose it! And think of the sufferings of the people over there in the Balkan regions during this cruel war!"

"If Tom didn't have such an absurdly tender heart!" Mrs. Kellinger would sigh proudly.

That is, she sighed proudly till the steadiest streak had continued for some time and then she grew nervous from lack of slumber. At first she would read aloud to Kellinger or would write and, descending to the kitchen, would conceivably use o'clock luncheon of fried egg sandwiches to lead him to sleep. Later on she took to making remonstrances. Following these heart to heart talks, Kellinger gave up coffee and cigars and once in a while managed to sleep the night through, but more often he didn't.

"If you were twice now," Mrs. Kellinger murmured reproachfully one night at three o'clock at Kellinger, who had propped up wearily against the headboard with the reading light on full blast, "I suppose I shouldn't mind being awake this time and expect that I don't mind telling you secretly that I'm awfully getting away (twain) fully tired of it. The last dead 'er sleep!"

"Are you always dead?" Kellinger asked in faint tones. "What wouldn't I give to feel that way!"

Whereupon Mrs. Kellinger felt ashamed of her desire to sleep and read aloud from "The Theory of Hot Water Heating" until she nodded over, sound asleep.

Kellinger really suffered. He said if it kept up much longer he would go crazy, he knew. All the Kellingers' friends were intensely interested in the situation. By their advice Kellinger drank hot milk before retiring, drank cold milk, put a hot water bag under his head and then an ice bag, stood on his head and walked on his hands, breathed in six times and out six times, crossed his fingers and counted jumping sheep.

When they were out in the evening Mrs. Kellinger had the habit of watching her husband nervously, and if his eyelid twitched she would grab the person next to her and moan: "Tom is going to have another sleepless night!" she would say. "He is getting the blinks! Poor man! I don't know what is going to become of him! Isn't it awful! Dearest!" to the afflicted one, "sit over here where you won't get the cigar smoke—it makes you nervous, I know!"

All of this happened before the arrival of Mrs. Shandle, who had known Kellinger at the disillusionizing age of ten, and had never outgrown the habit. The first time she was present at one of these sad exhibitions she transfixed the Kellingers with a disgusted glance and spoke her mind.

"Stuff and nonsense, Tommy Kellinger!" said she. "I never heard of such tomfoolery! I never saw a person put on the airs you do! Are you any better than any one else that you can't sleep as the rest of us do? You say that your life is without reproach, and if it is there's no excuse for your not sleeping. The idea! Smoke that cigar and drink that cup of coffee and go home and go to bed and go to sleep! You're a perfect goose! I think the trouble is that your head is only big enough for one idea at a time, and you've grown attached to this sleepless idea and hate to tell it to move on. I'm ashamed of you! And your wife is an easy mark!"

"I think she is horribly rude!" Mrs. Kellinger kept saying all the way home. "She doesn't understand your sensitive nature at all!"

"Huh?" queried Kellinger—and yawned. Whereupon he went to sleep when his head touched the pillow and Mrs. Kellinger had to set the bulldog loose on him in the morning to get him up at all.

That ended Kellinger's insomnia.

### Exchanged.

The stealthy burglar took the diamond set clock off the mantel and replaced it with a sixty-cent timepiece, so that the sleeping owner would not miss the familiar tick.

"How times have changed," murmured the burglar as he crept out into the cold.

# JUST A LITTLE ADVICE

By GRACE SCHWEBS.

"I've been intending to come and see you ever since you got back from your wedding trip," began the caller, who was considerably older than the bride and whose cards were labeled "Miss."

"How nice!" murmured the bride in a slightly vague tone. She was still in the throes of horror that ruck a pretty girl who has been discovered in a dusting apron and cap and who has the profound conviction that there must be snuggles on her face. "We got back so recently—we hardly expected—"

"Oh, I know!" said the caller, sympathetically. "You aren't formally at home for a month yet, according to your cards, but I knew you wouldn't mind me, even if you weren't settled. I'd love to help you! People think I have pretty good judgment about hanging things and all that! Are you going to have that picture there? My dear, don't you see the greens in the jar with—"

"It goes out in the other room," explained the bride. "The paperhang-ers haven't finished and we set it here temporarily."

"Oh!" cried the caller in a little crescendo wail as she peered into the room in question. She shook her head gently and sadly. "It's too bad," she mourned, "that somebody didn't warn you before you picked out that brown paper! It went out last spring and you should have used the putty tones. It's really a crime when you want everything right up to date. You should phone them right away to change it."

"But all our things look better against a brown background," protested the bride. "And I hate that dull putty shade! And Jack—"

"My dear," said the caller, shaking a finger severely at her, "I know Jack—I know him years and years before he even knew you were on earth, and don't you begin by letting him decide things! Jack is quite a dear boy, but he is apt to be tyrannical! Why, that was the very reason we—(that is, there's no use bringing up past history, is there, dear? Oh, I remember when Jack bought that tiger head, over there! He rushed right to me with it, he was so delighted! He said the profit was exactly the same as mine! He has such a way of convincing things! Only I do think it's like my nose—did you ever notice?—"

"No," said the bride a trifle stiffly, "I can't say that I ever did! I don't know you were such a close friend of Jack's!"

"Nonsense!" murmured the caller, a bit consolingly. "I should have supposed a man would have told his wife everything! Why, Jack was at our house making plans and night in close detail! Oh, isn't it a shame you got so many lamps for wedding presents! They are expensive, of course, but they don't match—the lamp shades should tone in, shouldn't they? How careful he was to live in a room with a rose and a yellow and a blue and a brown electric light! It positively sets—"



"Positively Sets Your Teeth on Edge."

your teeth on edge! And it must grate on Jack—he's so sensitive to color effects! It's odd you never noticed it before I pointed it out—"

"I can't very well smash them," said the bride, rather indignantly. "They were gifts. And they really are very lovely. When we get up these hangings—"

"Let's get all these old rags out of the way—my goodness, these are never your hangings!" cried the caller in a pained voice. "Well, every one has her own ideas. They must have come from Egypt and all that, but—and, my dear, what are you ever going to do with all those embroidered luncheon sets that I noticed among your wedding presents?"

"Now I must run along, for I'm sure you want to get dressed and respectable looking before Jack comes home. Tell him I've so enjoyed my little chat with you! I'm sure you can be contented in this apartment if you make up your mind to be. There's everything in that! I'll run in again soon, because I'm sure I can help you make things look lots better! Good-by, dear!"

"Good-by," breathed the bride. Then she hastily ran into the back room and, picking up the plaster head with a profile like her caller's, with great precision and dispatch she crammed it into the waste basket and smashed it with the pump hastily removed from her left foot.—Chicago Daily News.

# A HERO OF ROMANCE

By E. M. BANGS.

He did not look it. Even Jotham Hubbard himself, as he viewed his lovely reflection in the cracked mirror of his room up under the farm house eaves, even he could but acknowledge that he was indeed as Aunt Sarah said, "As homely as a hedge fence." There was no gainsaying the fact, and as poor Jotham turned from the sight of his large features, and red hair, he sighed. He was used to being plain, but since encountering the mocking black eyes of Mattie Buxton, life had taken on a savor that never known before. Her laughing scorn was no coy, maidenly coquetry. He realized that.

He would do something rash; he felt just like it. He would go to Boston! This wild scheme he put into execution, and soon the little New England village of his birth knew him no more.

Once really arrived at the metropolitan things began to happen. On reaching the city by boat, the harbor scenes so interested him that he walked about the wharves for a time, forgetting everything save the fact that he was seeing the world. As he stood watching a steamer about to sail for a southern port, a taxi drew near, and two men alighted. The younger man was white and thin as if from recent illness.

As they stepped from the cab a messenger boy met them. "Mr. Westover?" he inquired.

The elder man nodded, whereupon a letter was handed to him. He tore it open and scanned its contents.

"Here's a pretty go!" he exclaimed. "Simonds has met with an accident, and can't go with you."

"Can't go?" echoed the other. "Well, I'll go without him, then."

"I don't like you to go alone, Ralph, you're not strong enough."

"Nonsense!" protested the young man. "I'm all right."

Jotham drew nearer. "Was you—was you lookin' for somebody to sort of look out for this young fellow?" he inquired.

Westover senior turned a searching glance upon the young stranger. "Are you going on this steamer?" he asked then.

"—For thinkin' of it."

Five minutes later an agreement had been completed. Jotham was to accompany Ralph Westover in his search for health.

On the day following their arrival in the strange southern city, the two men were out seeing the town. Suddenly they became aware of a commotion and then they saw a pair of horses attached to a carriage tearing madly toward them. Women screamed. Men in the carriage was a young girl, grasping with all her might the seat and side of the vehicle. Jotham looked, and before his companion guessed his intention, he had bounded into the street, and with an agile spring grasped the bridle of the near horse. It was at the risk of life and limb, or so it appeared to Westover.

On the following morning a "Mustah Hubbard" came to the hotel inquiring for "Mustah Hubbard."

Westover had told his companion's name to some of the spectators of the rescue of the previous day. The boy brought a note from Miss Carter begging him to call that she might thank him in person.

Jotham groaned. "You go," he entreated; "tell her you're the man. She didn't see who 'twas, 'tain't likely."

"Not much," laughed Westover, "you don't catch me strutting around in borrowed heroism."

A compromise was at length arranged, and Westover agreed to accompany and stand by his friend during the dreadful ordeal.

Miss Carter's home was a fine, old southern mansion, and the drawing room, into which the two young men were shown, seemed the acme of luxury to at least one of them. A moment later Dorothy Carter appeared, a not unattractive girl, wearing a white gown.

"Two?" she questioned doubtfully. "Which one am I to thank?"

Westover pushed the blushing Jotham forward and that young man managed to take her proffered hand with the words, "I'm Jotham Hubbard, but you needn't thank me. That's all right."

"Indeed, but I shall. Bring the lights," continued the girl, turning to a maid. "I want to see clearly my brave and handsome rescuer."

Jotham gasped. "Oh," he stammered, "don't think that. I ain't handsome. I—I expect I'm 'bout as homely as they make 'em."

"Then we'll speak of your bravery," the girl returned. "That is not to be denied."

Miss Carter was deeply interested in hearing about life in the north, and it took a second, even a third call for Jotham to tell all she wished to hear.

It seemed, indeed, that Jotham's bravery had quite blinded the girl to his physical defects, or, it may be that the proverbial blindness of love alone was enough. But the young man came, was seen, and conquered.

Extract from a letter written by Ralph Westover to his father: "Well, the great event has taken place, and this morning I acted as best man at the wedding of Dorothy Carter and my esteemed friend, Jotham Hubbard. Who would have thought it when we saw him standing valise in hand the day of our first meeting? Talk about comparing truth with fiction! The latter will have to take a back seat. If Jotham Hubbard is not a hero of romance, what is he?"

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