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FRUIT CAKE AND ICEWATER

They Revive Optimistic Possum Purauers When "Chase" is O'er



THE possum am er most mysterious individual—loves the moonlight and The Unknown! ¶ So do the young people, and, in consequence, this "annual" by Master of Fox Hounds Twitty is always a glorious success. But—mark—Mr. Twitty has only one 'possum hunt a season. Not that the woods aren't full of Ex-President Taft's

ing, there gathered Mrs. Philip K. Farrington, the chaperone, and Mrs. Farrington's husband; the Misses Blanche and Barbara Farrington, Julia and Mary Barber, Lillian Gillette and Marjorie Hooker, and the Messrs. Mighty Hunters Twitty, Barber, McCaddon, Alley, Rothschild and Hathaway, not to mention Old Nat—the real hunter—two hounds, meat axe and lantern. ¶ Merrily caroling "Jaunita," so that the o-possum might not be unduly surprised, the party wended its way to alleged haunts—and wended again; the dogs very considerably pre-



WHAT THEY DIDN'T GET

pets—certainly not, they're as plenty as white blackbirds—but mainly as sweet Miss Jones would express it—"because!"

Fact is the best known 'possum hereabouts—o-possum if you wish it—belongs to little Sophie Snowball. Sophie is very proud of his excellency and she don't care to loan him just to amuse "dem society folks." It is also barely possible that this pet also shows a collar mark which some too observant hunter might detect, and it's as certain as taxes that this domesticated wild beast will positively refuse to play *daid* on request, fearing that the loving marks of the teeth of ignorant hounds might be more or less prominently impressed upon its anatomy. ¶ We can't blame Sophie—or the o-possum!

But we are wandering—and why not, at a cent a word! ¶ At bugle call, just as night sung its goodbye lay to even-

tending, at least, to take the affair seriously. ¶ The pleasure of life is, doubtless, *pursuit* and thus the hours sped quickly, but the mind does not wholly make up the ideal. In consequence news that the dogs had one treed in a positively impossible swamp was perfectly satisfactory to the group which gathered 'round a camp fire, sung songs, looked at the watches, gasped in astonishment, and wended its way circuitously homeward. * * *

The lights are low, watchman on his rounds, night clerk preparing to sup. The hall clock strikes one; store room closed. ¶ "Positively nothing served at *this* hour; breakfast very shortly," is the crisp reply. * * * But hunger laughs at locksmiths, and, presently, a huge fruit cake is gleaming in all the immaculate perfection of parcels post