

The Fate of a Manuscript

By Will Seaton

HE sight of the postman filled Elso May with dread. With wretched consciousness she knew that he was bringing her another thick envelope. She had received so many thick envelopes lately. And she was so cruelly careless about the boxes for the nice looking young man with fresh colored hair and usually whistled. It was something to him, of course, that she was breaking his gentle hearts. The postman loomed in toward the door and Elso turned from the window.

She ran out of the room and down stairs. The thick envelope was there, and a pamphlet she slipped the envelope wrapped. She slipped it in time to the landlady's daughter who was coming downstairs. The landlady's daughter was smiling over her mother's daughter.

and had long bright earrings dangling from the edge of her fair hair. Those earrings twinkled mockingly as she nodded at Elso.

"I see you've been down. Good news, I hope?" She went on. Three steps below Elso she turned on. "Oh, by the way, Miss May, if you could pay your rent today just as well as not, mother says she would be so much obliged. She hates to crowd you, but she's got some bills to pay and—"

"I've got the money right here," Elso took her little thin purse out of her sweater pocket. "One week back are!" She tried to smile as easily as if she were made of \$5 bills. And she felt that she had succeeded when she saw Miss Larsen stare.

"Oh, thank you. I'll take it right in to mother and see she puts it on the book," the girl said.

And Elso, humming airily, ran upstairs. But once she had shut the door behind her, her poor, make-believe nothing-to-worry-about manner fell from her and she sank upon the bed, white and shaky. She had parted with her last dollar! But in the

meantime how was she to live? And it was already near dinner time, which reminded her that no breakfast of tea and crackers can last forever.

The thick envelope and the other bit of mail slid to the floor as she leaned forward with her face in her hands. Her head whirled. She was afraid for the months before her in which to make her fortune by her poor little wits. Back home her writing had brought her some money. She had believed if she could get to the city—to the very center of things—she could do better work. But she had failed steadily until she had come to this! There was no help to be had from home, for her grandmother had written two days before for a little money with which to pay the taxes. And Elso had sent it, of course, trusting in this wonderful story of hers which now lay in the envelope beside her.

She reached down her hand for it presently, but she brought up the pamphlet instead—what she believed was a pamphlet. Absently she tore away the wrapper and saw the word "Prospectus." The Cosmopolite had

sent her a prospectus! After all her stories it had returned, too! The crisp pages parted in her hand, and there in good black print was her own name. With a gasp Elso snatched the prospectus closer. It was her own name repeated among all the names of the gloriously successful as a contributor for the year. And underneath her name was a brief explanatory note—"Miss Elso May, a writer upon the editorial staff of 'Perley's Magazine.'" It was unbelievable. She stared at the words and the color rose in her face. How beautiful it would have been to her if only it had been true!

But it was not true! That thought leaped before all others. How had they made such a mistake? Should she let it go? Perhaps no one would learn the difference and it might mean much to her. And yet to let it go would not be honest. Above all things Elso was honest. Back and forth flew her reasoning between conscience and desire. She would let it go—it was not her fault. But then it was not fair to let it go; it was purely a mistake and she must alter it. "I

can't will not—I can't," she murmured. It looked so fine. And the thing was done. Would the editor thank her for calling his attention to his own mistake?

She made herself ready for the street. In her dark blue suit and small black velvet hat—both extravagances which she had repeated afterward—she looked like a really successful little woman writer going forth to win fresh victories. After some months of trouble and worry and scanty fare, her cheeks were still pink and her eyes clear.

It was a full mile to the office of the "Cosmopolite," but awakened hope and the tangy breeze shoved Elso along rapidly.

She gave her card to the office boy. "I think Mr. Trelawney has gone out," he said. "I'll see."

Elso's heart went down like lead. "No, he's in. And he'll see you—"

said the office boy returning. He held the door open and Elso went in.

Mr. Trelawney rose from his desk. She had never seen him before, and it occurred to her that she had not

seen him for some time. "What was it?" "The Sapphires." "I never saw it. It could not have passed the review. I wish I had seen it." "I've got it right here." Elso's voice trembled. Her hand trembled, too, as she laid the story before him. "It was going to try to see it to the 'Sapphires' on my way home, but if you want to look at it—"

The editor unfolded the manuscript, read a dozen lines, turned to the last sheet, read that also, and smiled. "This looks promising. If you can wait a few moments until I read it through—"

Elso waited. It seemed to her that she waited for hours, days, years. And then she glanced toward her. Even before she spoke she knew that "The Sapphires" had found acceptance. There was a great deal more to this story. But perhaps you can guess it without my telling it—how Elso wrote story after story for the "Cosmopolite" each an inspirer in hope and joy and how finally she married Mr. Trelawney.

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Tale of a Wonderful Cure

By Annette Angert

WITH a burst of noise and light an elevated train passed. Ten blocks away a peal of bells broke the silence. "Nec—My—God—!" cried the Kirmys. Kirmy groaned and thrust her head under the bedclothes. It was a shock, and she had not had a wink of sleep.

"I shall go crazy," she sobbed. "I shall go crazy. My brain goes like a millstone. I've thought of things to do that I believed were forgotten years ago. Last night was almost as bad. I don't sleep tomorrow night—"

She sobbed.

She awoke in the big apartment house to find the janitor beating to thump the furnace, for the October nights had turned so chill that a light fire was necessary. At 6 o'clock things were regularly active, and Kirmy got up. She went into her bathroom and made some strong coffee. She avoided her own face in

the glass. She knew that she looked frightful.

"I can't write today," she said to herself. "They'll have to wait for the story and I'll have to wait for my pay. Heaven, how my head feels! All done up in twine, bound as tight as it can be drawn. Oh, dear!"

Having drunk her coffee, she dropped into an easy chair and waited miserably. Yet she had nothing in the world to wait for—unless it was the postman. He came presently and the janitor brought her mail—a single letter.

"I'm glad there is no more. I couldn't have attended to it," Kirmy thought.

She fingered the letter listlessly. Should she dress and go to see Dr. Brant again? She felt he did not sympathize with her—that his medicine was doing her no good. Yet, after all, he had a kindly way of assuring her that it was nothing but a "kink in her subconsciousness." "Your subconscious self is out of sorts," he said in his quiet, half teasing way. "No

it isn't overwork or anything, but just you. I can't give you a different superior psychism, and that's exactly the prescription you need."

After that it didn't seem possible to Kirmy that she could go to see Dr. Brant again. What, then, should she do? She was getting beyond the possibility of self-control. She drank more black coffee, which she felt she needed to brace her, and read her letter. It was from Marianne Hardick, the girl who had once promised to excel her as a writer, but who had fallen in love, run away and was now living in a country village with the man of her heart, whom she still loved in spite of the fact that he had never read a page of Shakespeare in his life.

"I'm so sorry to hear about the sad state of your nerves," Marianne wrote. "But, of course, you can't expect them to be better while you stay in the city. You say the seashore did you no good. No wonder. Why can't you realize that you need quiet—country quiet? I wish you would come out here and make me a good, long visit. I can make you very cosy, and, at least,

you'll be away from the noise." Like a bit of ice in a fevered mouth, Marianne's invitation brought hope and relief. Tears came to Kirmy's tired eyes. "I won't wait for another sleepless night. I'll go now. Let me see. There ought to be a train about noon. That will bring me to Arles at 10 o'clock. Can I get ready? I will if I have to go without a second shirtwaist."

At 10 that night when Kirmy got off the train Marianne was there to greet her. She had a cab waiting. "I thought you'd be too tired to walk," she said. "My dear, I'm so glad to welcome you to this country peace and quiet."

It was still with the stillness that hurts one's ears used to vast commotion. Kirmy felt queer. No pavement, no chimneys, no thunder of traffic, no roar of trains. All was dark calm under the trees. The darkness and calmness grew all the way to Marianne's little house—one of a double row of little houses. She took off her coat and made Kirmy some hot chocolate. There were other things, but

Kirmy was too exhausted to eat. She tumbled into bed without even opening the window and slept like dead until 9 o'clock next morning.

"What made you let me do it?" she scolded Marianne when she came down to a late breakfast. "Eleven hours! I haven't slept as much as that in any one week for ages."

"It's the quiet," said Marianne. "You can't help sleeping here."

They had a pleasant, rather dull day and retired early. There was nothing to sit up for. Besides, Marianne said, Kirmy had come to sleep, and she must sleep. The weather had grown warm and Kirmy raised both her windows. The room was almost as close as her bedroom in the city. And profoundly quiet! How nice. She arranged her pillow and closed her eyes. Suddenly they sprang wide open. In the distance a clock was striking the hour, in small, evenly distinct tones. That clock ended and another began. Then another and another and another, each louder than the last, until Marianne's own household timepiece got ready to take up the tale from

the tiny alarm clock in the kitchen to the mantel pet over the fireplace. And last of all the little gilt clock which Kirmy had noticed on her own bureau snapped off and brought Kirmy out of bed with a leap.

"It's you," she muttered. She shook the innocent gilt top angrily and examined it into the bottom of a bureau drawer under all her lingerie, where it ticked loudly and cheerfully with evident resolve to be heard if not seen.

Kirmy slept little all night. She had just worn out the clock and fallen into exhausted slumber when the roosters began to crow. It seemed that everybody in Arles, even Marianne's husband, kept fowls.

"Well?" questioned Marianne, smiling at breakfast.

Kirmy was pale and hollow-eyed, but brave. "Oh, I slept some," she evaded. To herself she said, "I'll try it one more night, then—"

In reality she tried seven more nights. She could not go without offending Marianne. But she did not

sleep. First clocks and then roosters, and then some idiot girl next door who would sit up these warm moonlight nights with her beau and was very merry about it, too.

"There's no place for me anywhere," sighed poor Kirmy. And back she fled to the city.

The weather had turned cool again and she had to leave her window down all but a crack. There were no clocks and no roosters. And how she slept! Every night she expected to be awake, but every night unconsciousness found her. If she half awoke to hear the elevated rushing by or distant chimneys singing she smiled gratefully to think they were not roosters and clocks.

"Well," said Dr. Brant, meeting her on the street one day, "how are you? Country do you good?"

"Untold good," replied Kirmy. "I can see that. Cured, eh? Subliminal self under control, eh? Eyes bright and cheeks rosy. Wonderful! Wonderful!"

Kirmy smiled discreetly.

When Friendship Developed

By Elsie Endicott

RS. WINTERS was excited. She passed from bedroom to sitting room partly attired in her best black silk and with her mouth full of pins.

Three days before, Susan Cook had died and the funeral was to take place today.

At last she was dressed. Her bonnet strings were tied exactly in the right place, her black mitts were on, and the pause for a moment to give final instructions to Becky, her year-old daughter, who was to be left at home alone.

"Now, Becky," directed Mrs. Winters, "if anybody calls, tell 'em your aunt is home. Be sure and don't go far from the house."

Becky listened attentively to her mother's instructions, promised obedience, and soon Mrs. Winters departed. She had walked perhaps a half-

mile when she suddenly thought of Becky's imported hat.

Suppose she should take it out of the box!

The mere thought was enough to send her back to the house. She hurried in, grasping for breath, to say to the surprised child: "Becky, I happened to think of your best hat and came back to tell you not to touch it." Mrs. Winters then gave a few more instructions and again departed. Left alone, Becky wandered from room to room, searching for something with which to occupy her time. Suddenly an inspiration came. The hat! The very thing.

True, her mother had forbidden her to go near it, but then—she would only just look at it.

Becky's father was a sea captain and on one of his voyages had bought for Becky this wonderful hat. The hat was laid away for use only on state occasions. Becky would probably never have thought of looking at it had not her mother admonished her

to stay away from it.

Accordingly, upstairs she went and lifted the hat carefully from the box. How pretty it looked! Since she had gone thus far it surely would not matter if she tried it on. She raised it to her head and then pushed a chair before the bureau that she might see her reflection in the mirror. She stood for a few moments quietly admiring herself, and then thought "what a pity it was that no one else could see her."

Who could she show the hat to?

There was no one in the house, nor yard—nor—The pig! Of course.

She would show the pig how pretty she looked. She called out to the pen, holding up her skirts as if she were quite a young lady. She reached it at last and stood on tiptoe, that the pig might have a better view of her finery. She was enjoying herself immensely when—O, horror of horrors! The beautiful imported felt hat fell from her head to the pen. The animal made a sudden rush, planted

his foot on the hat and tore it to pieces right before her very eyes. She stared for a moment and then walked slowly and sorrowfully back to the house.

How could she break the news to her mother? It wouldn't be so bad if her mother had not warned her, but when she had journeyed an extra mile just for that purpose—oh, it was terrible to think of!

The rest of the afternoon passed slowly away and Becky waited nervously for her mother's return. As the clock struck 5 Mrs. Winters was seen walking sedately up the path. Becky's mother leaped to her mouth. Her mother looked tired. She would probably be cross, so she decided to delay the telling of her story.

After changing the black silk for a blue calico, Mrs. Winters said: "I saw Miranda Hicks and she said she was coming over some day next week to see your imported hat."

"Er—mother," began Becky, "I—er—I thought you wouldn't mind if I

—er—only just looked at the hat, so I did, and then I showed it to the pig, and he—er—at it up!"

Mrs. Winters stared. She seemed to be searching for words. "Do you mean to say that you went and let the pig eat up your imported hat after I tramped back half a mile to tell you not to even look at it?"

Mrs. Winters' voice was tragic.

"Yes," said Becky meekly.

Her mother grabbed the "cat" which hung by the chimney and was about to use it when her sister, Mrs. Smith, entered, accompanied by her adopted 10-year-old son Jack.

The whipping was of course delayed. Mrs. Winters and Mrs. Smith adjourned to the sitting-room to talk, while Becky entertained Jack with the story of her hat.

"You saved me, Jack," she said gratefully. "Mother was just going to use the 'cat' when you entered."

"Huh! That's nothing," scoffed Jack. "I'm going to save lots of people when I grow up. I'm going to be a

doctor.

Years have passed and Becky is a young woman. At present she is seriously ill in the hospital. The doctors have told her that nothing can save her life.

One day, however, a strong, handsome young man entered the ward. He spoke a few words with the house doctor and then advanced to Becky's bedside. In a few words he told her that he was the noted Dr. Smith, the great surgeon, and that he believed he could save her by an operation. Would she consent?

She willingly consented and the operation was performed. As she slowly recovered from the effects of the ether she murmured: "The pig ate my imported hat."

Many of the doctors smiled, while Dr. Smith asked quickly, "What is the young lady's name?"

"Miss Winters," replied the house doctor. "She is a stranger in the city."

Becky rapidly recovered after the

operation and one afternoon Dr. Smith entered the ward. He walked over to her and said, "Miss Winters?"

"Yes," said Becky wonderingly.

"Miss Winters—Becky—don't you remember Jack Smith?" smiled that person.

"Are you Jack Smith?" cried Becky. "I am," replied the great surgeon.

"How can I thank you for saving my life, Jack?" said the girl, and then before he could reply she asked, "How did you recognize me?"

"When you were recovering consciousness after the operation," he explained, "you murmured, 'The pig ate my imported hat.'"

Becky laughed. "I think I was more grateful that day than I am for having my life spared," she said.

The doctor then departed, but returned each day for the next month, much to the surprise of other doctors. The old friendship was renewed and it soon became apparent to all that it had developed into something closer than friendship.

Dreams Asleep In the Eyes

By Walt Gregg

CANT, dear; I just can't do it; you must see that yourself. Beauty in life, boy, I'm starving for ease and luxury and freedom." The girl's eyes were sorrowful but firm.

Rodney Taft, young, slim, boyish, turned away in Claire's bewildered.

A week later Claire Kent promised to marry Thomas Atwood, her employer, who was president of the company, and a very nice man indeed. Even Rodney agreed to this. Mr. Atwood was middle-aged and a little thick at the waistline, and one would scarcely notice that his hair was thinning. He would not let Claire go to the office any more, but employed a lank young man in her place. He urged an immediate marriage, but Claire pleaded for three months' delay. "I've never been engaged before," she protested, "and I want to taste every single experience other girls have."

Thus began a regular story book romance for the little stenographer, for Mr. Atwood did it up in perfect form. When he brought her the ring—a precious solitary pearl like a butterfly's bubble, Claire gazed at the beauty of the great gem. The marriage was a lucky one, she murmured as she fitted it upon her finger. Atwood laughed. He was not dismayed by signs and tokens. "Atwood's people were, Claire, and only a fragile little mother, who tremulous over her sixth

romance, while secretly disappointed that the hero should be so near her own age.

They were invited to many dinner parties, where everybody petted Claire and paid her compliments. Small wonder they admired her, slenderly fashioned, quaint of manner, with doves' eyes, and a delectable profile. She spoke in low throaty tones which pulled at the hearer's heartstrings.

By the time Claire found herself at ease among Mr. Atwood's friends she began to be a trifle bored; they were so much older than she was, and the call of youth to its kind is the strongest note in nature. She was delighted one evening when Mr. Atwood suggested that they might with propriety dine at some public place, since they had no other engagement for the night. They went to the newest and most luxurious hotel in the city, where the orchestra was composed of individual artists, and the dancers and singers were world renowned. There were softly-shaded lights, beautiful women in maraculous frocks and exquisitely worn jewels; handsome, smoothly groomed men and velvet-footed waiters. Claire was so charmed with the enchanted atmosphere that her escort promised to take her to all the best places in town.

So it came to pass that many evenings they patronized some famous cafe or hotel, joining the pleasure-mad throng, yet unmetastably removed from any real participation in the merriment. Always Claire felt herself to be an outsider, a looker-on at the fun of others.

One night at the close of their din-

ner, Mr. Atwood narrowed his eyes, lifting one of the rainbow bubbles to the light. "Rather good glass service they have here, don't you think?"

Claire looked at her attention from a laughing group of young people at the next table, who were exclaiming over a dance trophy one of the party had just won. "Very pretty," she said politely.

"We might nick up some of this for our house," he suggested.

Claire started. "Are we going to have a house?" she faltered.

"Why, yes, I thought so, when we tire of traveling and settle down."

Her eyes were once more irresistibly drawn to that other table, where the young folks were now in a perfect fury of mirth, but again her fiancé's voice drew it away to her attention. "What color should you choose for your reception room?" he was asking.

Claire dug her teeth into her lips and listened patiently. She did not yawn once, but when at the end of the evening he gently kissed her good-night, and she found herself in her own shabby little boarding house hall bedroom, she heaved a deep sigh of relief.

The flaring gaslight beside her dressing mirror reflected her worn, white image with startling distinctness, and she leaned forward with a horrified cry. "How old and faded I look!" she thought in dismay, and, could it be possible? Yes, at the outer corners of her eyes were faint sprays of wrinkle lines. "It's not making me happy," she moaned.

Then deliberately Claire sat herself down to think of the future which stretched before her—a long,

slow future, like one of those formal dinners. She would go to live in a very correct house with a conventional reception room, and would have people in to tiresome entertainments. Thomas, Mr. Atwood, would always be very, very good to her and never deny her anything she wanted—he had promised that much, but he would never laugh with her over nothing, as those boys and girls at the other table were laughing, as she ached to laugh. He was the best man in the world, but there were no dreams in

her eyes, and no thrill in his touch. Impulsively she wrote a note to Rodney Taft asking him to come to her, and the next morning, when phoning Mr. Atwood as usual, to thank him for his flowers, she told him rather peremptorily not to call that evening.

At 8 p. m. Claire, garbed in one of her oldest and shabbiest frocks, met the bewildered youth in the stiff parlor, hat on and wrap in hand. "You're to take me to the movies," she declared; at sight of him a radiant glow had suffused her luminous pallor.

Even as they descended the front stoop Claire began to pretend just as in the days before her engagement. "We're eloping," she whispered, "and there's your hated rival passing across the street; he's hurrying so that you won't catch a glimpse of his face."

Rodney, ever quick to respond, instantly caught her mood: "Let's overtake him and see if he will dare defy us."

And so the aged-old game of youth was on again, and Claire's battered and signed, had played silly jokes until they got back to the boarding house.

"I suppose this is the last time," he said, "I—I thank you, dear, for the evening."

Claire held him with a bewildering smile. "Do you still like me a little bit?" she asked provokingly.

His arms shot out, but swiftly eluding him, she ran up the front stoop. "I'll telephone you in the morning," she whispered back. "I can't say any more now, because, you see, I'm still engaged to him."

That night when Claire turned up the spluttering gas jet a glorious vision answered her smiles. Sharply she peered at her silk smooth skin, but the faint sprays of wrinkle lines had been driven away by the evening's laughter.

"Oh!" she sighed ecstatically, "this is the happiest way," and a thrill tingled to her fingertips at the thought of Rodney's slim boyishness and the dreams which slept in his eyes.

Making the Candidate Ready.

"Candidates coming through from my votes, eh?" said the broom peddler. "I suppose they are. Making bases, as usual?"

The farmer's wife to the post ceased susubonnet langued.

"Kissing babies in old, mister," she responded. "The last candidate that stopped helped to bill abbene and then washed his face. Now, if the last one expects to get any votes out of this family, he'll have to kiss the babies, and that's a fact. I'll be more practical than kissing babies, mister."

By the Old Gate.

"When the old farmer asked you where you were last night I heard you tell him you were playing with the farm hands," remarked the first boarder from the city.

"You bet I was," laughed the second boarder from the city.

"What were you playing? Cards?"

"No, just playing Cupid's game of hands. You see, these farm hands belonged to the pretty daughter of the old farmer."

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Just Smiles

By Walt Gregg

Hard to Repel.

Capt. Kidd lowered his black flag. "The boarders are coming in!" he shouted. "Me to the open water, where the Naudy Jane can show her heels."

"But you used to repel all boarders," bawled the pirate crew.

"Ah, but you don't know summer boarders, my lads. You couldn't repel them with an earthquake. If they get aboard there won't be enough food left for the pet parrot."

For long before his piratical career Capt. Kidd used to run a peaceful country boarding house and he knew what summer boarders were.

Waste of Cash.

Miserly—My wife is afflicted with a wasting disease.

Wizem—Wasting disease.

Miserly—Yes; she has a bad case of the shopping habit.

Force of Habit.

"What did that young 'cub' report follow up before he came with us?" asked the managing editor.

"Believe he was a dentist," responded the assistant.

"Ah, I thought so!"

Why, has he been writing anything about dentistry?"

"Yes, rather suggestive of it. In describing a storm on the lake he wrote that the ship had a difficult time pulling out of the teeth of the gale."

Stung.

"You look sick, pard!" remarked the tall messenger boy.

"And I feel sick," growled the short messenger boy. "De supe gives me a message and says: 'Hurry this along and you'll be in time to see de big game.' I thought it was a baseball game and ran twenty blocks."

"Great snooked! And was it a baseball game?"

"Now, it was a milk-and-water game of bridge between a bunch of social galls."

Easy Uncle Sam.

Stubb—Great Inventor.

Penn—Indeed! What did he invent?

Stubb—Why, he invented an airship. It went up in the air two miles, then came down in the water and sunk.

Fann—What did he do with it?

Stubb—Why, he sold it to the government as a submarine boat.

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Stubb—Great Inventor.

Penn—Indeed! What did he invent?

Stubb—Why, he invented an airship. It went up in the air two miles, then came down in the water and sunk.

Fann—What did he do with it?

Stubb—Why, he sold it to the government as a submarine boat.

Why, has he been writing anything about dentistry?"

"Yes, rather suggestive of it. In describing a storm on the lake he wrote that the ship had a difficult time pulling out of the teeth of the gale."

Stung.

"You look sick, pard!" remarked the tall messenger boy.

"And I feel sick," growled the short messenger boy. "De supe gives me a message and says: 'Hurry this along and you'll be in time to see de big game.' I thought it was a baseball game and ran twenty blocks."

"Great snooked! And was it a baseball game?"

"Now, it was a milk-and-water game of bridge between a bunch of social galls."

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