In Times Like These

By GERALD ST. ETIENNE

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Leonore surveyed herself in the long mirror and smiled with gratification. She was going to make a very pretty nurse. The blue of the uniform was especially becoming to her style of beauty and matched her eyes wonderfully. The white starched collars and cuffs made her look "just too stunning for anything"—there was no use trying to tell herself that they didn't. Just wait until she had passed the probationer term and won the right to wear a cap; wouldn't she make the other nurses fade into oblivion? What the uniform lacked in headgear she endeavored to make up for in crimps to her pretty blond hair. At last, when everything was satisfactorily adjusted, she started out the corridor with a "bring-on-your-millionaires" look in her face.

Leonore was just like lots of other girls. She had entered the hospital to take a course of training with the thought that all was sunshine and pretty uniforms. Although she would not have confessed it, uppermost in her mind had been the thought that after about the first month she would be instrumental in saving the life of some handsome young millionaire, who in gratitude would throw his fortune and his heart at her feet. It required the first day to take all those silly notions out of her head.

"Take those crimps out of your hair! Don't let the superintendent see you with those. It is positively against the rules," one of the nurses warned Leonore before she had a chance to report to the head nurse for duty. With a pout on her lips she hurried back to her room and flattened out the crimps with a pint of water.

"I don't know how to take temperatures," Leonore announced to the head nurse the first thing, expecting of course to be put in charge of a patient at once.

"Certainly you don't," the head nurse smiled, not unkindly, "and you won't be permitted to learn for some time, either. Scrubbing out the operating room is the first thing you will do."

Poor Leonore! Never had she worked so hard as she did the first week. Every night she went to bed too tired to be homesick, but by the end of the week she was taken ill. In bed, off duty, she had a chance to think. She hadn't as much as seen a patient and she had been there seven whole days. She had scrubbed everything scrubable in the place, though, she was sure of it. The smell of soap and warm water was ever with her. Her hands that had once been lily white were swollen and red. Her arms were chafed right up to the elbows, and her best uniform was ruined. She wasn't a nurse, she was a charwoman. She just would not stay. The people at home couldn't expect her to. The thought of home brought the tears that had been trying to come forth for hours. After an hour of weeping she felt better, but the resolve to go home was still with her. She hated to let the head nurse know that she had been beaten by the work, though. She would just tell them she was going home for a few days.

"Why, we are so short of nurses we can't possibly spare you," the superintendent said when Leonore interviewed her.

"I can't help it; I am going anyway, even if I can't come back," Leonore started to sob. She hoped the note of rebellion in her tone would win her instant dismissal, but probationers were too scarce for such indulgence on the part of the superintendent.

"Come back as soon as you are better," the superintendent gave in. But when Leonore was gone she was almost sure she would not see her again.

There was no one to meet Leonore at the station. By the time she reached home she was tired and worn out, but not too tired to sob out the whole miserable tale in her mother's arms.

"I knew it was too much for you, darling," her mother comforted. "You don't have to go back to that horrid hospital."

"Have you seen Gerald this week?" Leonore asked as soon as she was rested. "Hasn't he been in every day?"

"He was in last evening," her mother answered, "but the poor, dear boy looks so worn out."

"How does he look in uniform—stunning, wonderful—doesn't he?"

"He does look fine," her mother smiled, "for Gerald is a handsome boy."

"Yes," Leonore agreed, and he must be having a ripping time. A soldier's life is the life, mother. I wish I could have stayed until he got in uniform. I am going out to the camp this very afternoon."

Three o'clock found Leonore in the car on the way to the soldier's training camp. Her cheeks were flushed with the expectation of the welcome she would be sure to get, for Gerald was madly in love with her. But they had quarreled. It was the first time she had remembered that since she left to go to the hospital. Gerald had objected to her going into training; he had said her place was at home, and that a nurse's life was the life of a dog. She had persisted that he was all wrong and had left for the hospital the day he was to report for military service. Now she knew that he was right, though, and could acknowledge that she was in the wrong. Her welcome would be a pleasant one, she felt sure of it. As the car drew near the camp she pictured what a fine time Gerald was having—glorious parades before applauding admiring people, dances, parties, receptions in his honor and in honor of the uniform he wore. Oh, it was wonderful, she knew it was.

Leonore held her head very high as the guard escorted her to where Private Gerald Montgomery could be found. She felt sure she would find him partaking of afternoon tea with some of those Red Cross girls, and smiled at the thought of the envy they would feel when they saw him kiss her.

"A lady to see Private Montgomery," called out the sentinel.

"Why Leonore." It was Gerald, but a very different looking Gerald than Leonore had expected. He was in a very untidy looking uniform and his sleeves were rolled away up, displaying red arms and hands. In one hand was a knife and in the other he grasped a potato, half peeled.

"Come right over here," Gerald said reassuringly, for he could see that Leonore was confused. As in a dream she followed him over to where he had been sitting on a box peeling potatoes. A half bagful was before him and a large pan of peeled ones were by his side.

"I am on fatigue duty," he explained. "Gee! it's great fun. Why, today I scrubbed out the cook house, chopped wood and helped make bread. Isn't it a great joke? Think of me, an ex-banker, doing such work! Why, six months ago I would have scoffed at such a thing. But do you know, Leonore, I see things differently. In times like these we have to do real things to help set the world right, no matter whether it's work we have been accustomed to or not. I see all your arguments now about the hospital, and do you know, little girl, I think it is wonderful—your going there? If one only sets his mind to it, big tasks become awfully small and lots of fun. When are you going back?"

"Tomorrow," she laughed gayly. "And, do you know, I think it's wonderful of me, too."

RECORD LOST IN ANTIQUITY

Windmills Probably in Use Since First Mankind Acquired Power of Cohesive Thought.

When first Aeolus set the sails of windmills in motion is not known, but there were mills in Europe when Caedmon sang of the dawn and doom of the world in the monastery on the wild coast of Britain. There is something fantastic and inhumanly large about the great rotating arms, which has impressed the imagination of men. Pantagruel beheld the giant devouring all the brass pots and pans of the Tohu Bohu islands for lack of windmills, his customary fare; and on the other side of the Pyrenees the Knight of Sorrowful Countenance, beholding those 30 or 40 giants of the plain of Montiel, recommended himself to Dulcinea and charged, with what consequences to himself and Rosinante all the world knows. Unfortunately for Don Quixote the windmills of La Mancha have sails which nearly sweep the ground.

As if every mill must have its quaint story, the one which used to stand on the Thames side, at Battersea, was said to have been originally the packing case in which the emperor of Russia intended to carry off Battersea church to his own country. Battersea refused to part with its church and the packing case remained where it had been deposited. On that small section of the coast of Holland between Amsterdam and Zaandam mills are to be counted by the hundred, gayly painted mills, as is the fashion with the Dutch, though the white mills of the softly gray East Anglian coast are not unknown. A landmark in the country is the great white mill outside Bergen op Zoom on the road to Tholen. Painters have not failed to record their sense of the poetry of windmills in landscape. Daubigny painted mills at work in a windy sky with running water in the foreground. Old Crome's white windmill against a gray sky is one af the world's famous pictures, while Brangwyn has a glorious engraving of a windmill in full motion in a glowing midday sun in his book dedicated to Belgium.—Christian Science Monitor.

Contrivance Defies Germs.

A Baltimore woman, Miss Cornelia Fiske, has devised a simple scheme to prevent the possibility of contamination when making use of a common drinking glass. It consists of a square of rather stiff waxed paper, folded through the center, and when desiring a thirst quencher of any kind the paper is placed over the edge of the glass and the lips then can not come in contact with the glass and therefore there is no exchange of germs. A supply of these papers can be carried conveniently in the purse or pocket, or they may be made more substantially of celluloid or some other equally suitable material and one of the lip protectors made to do a prolonged term of duty.

Collections of Little Value.

There is one American gentleman who takes pride in the possession of 560 walking sticks, not that he uses all of them, but because his taste as a collector runs to walking sticks. One of the most curious specimens is made of United States postage stamps, and absorbed enough postage stamps to transport 6,000 ordinary letters before the war, or 4,000 at the present rate. This seems rather a waste of good stamps, and to afford nothing like so desirable a walking stick as the kind that can be converted into a camp stool, if the owner feels like sitting down to look at the scenery.

Wonderful.

"I like the 'Three Musketeers.' It's a remarkable book."

"And there's the sequel, 'Twenty Years After.'"

"Yes; it is wonderful, too. What impresses me most is that all the principal characters still have the same servants." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

One Thing at a Time.

General Foch, under whose splendid strategy our army in France is proud to serve, is a "one thing at a time" man. When he gives an order it is an order to do one thing and one thing only—never to even think of two things. He insists that this rule prevail in the army.

WOOL WILL LONG BE SCARCE

Life of a Pound of Valuable Product Has Been Shortened on Account of the War.

"Even with peace it is doubtful if our clothes will return to normal, in price or otherwise, until long after the war," writes Douglas Jaspersen in Everybody's. "The necessity of rehabilitating the millions of men in khaki is already a problem. This vast army to be reclothed will be a heavy drain upon the world's already exhausted wool and shoddy markets. Then, too, the need of depleted Germany for wool and shoddy should further tend to increase the shortage all over the world.

"Ever since the beginning of the war shoddy has been disappearing from our midst at an alarming rate, while the production of wool has been entirely inadequate to the world's needs.

"In normal times the life of a pound of wool in its various incarnations extends over a period of years.

"But war, the most wasteful of all businesses, has changed the old order of things. Both the virgin wool and the shoddy that went to make up that khaki coat for some soldier are buried, with its wearer, somewhere 'over there' and will never return to do duty for us again. And so, in a great many cases, the life of a pound of wool has been suddenly reduced from somewhere around six years to as many months. Wool alone can never clothe the world. It has been shoddy that kept the world's clothing bill down for many a year, and until the shoddy supply is normal again we can all expect to have more or less trouble with our clothes."

IN SPANISH HALL OF FAME

The Name of Espartero, Duke of Vittoria, Has Been Properly Accorded High Position.

Fifty years ago Queen Isabella was dethroned, and Spain threw off the yoke of the Bourbons and inaugurated a new order of things, looking at least to the establishment of a constitutional government, if not a government of the people.

Espartero, duke of Vittoria, was placed at the head of the state. He had occupied that position on two former occasions. He aided in securing the succession of Isabella, and successfully led her armies in putting down the Carlists. In the insurrection of 1840, caused by the law suppressing the freedom of speech in the town councils, Espartero became head of the government and was confirmed in that position by the cortes, and was appointed regent during the minority of the queen. He was deposed in 1843 and had to fly to London for safety. In 1847 he was regalled to Spain and by the revolution of 1854, which drove the Queen Mother Christinia and Narvaez from the country, he was again placed at the head of the government, a position which he resigned in 1856. Espartero was born in 1792. He was the son of a wheelwright, commenced life as a common soldier in the Spanish army and gained his honors and titles by his own ability as a soldier and statesman.

RANK HIGH IN POLITENESS

Belgians Unable to Forget Courtesies Though Death in Appalling Form Was Imminent.

The Belgians are the most polite people in the world. Yesterday seven correspondents traveled to Audenarde. We were informed that we might cross the Escaut and proceed in the direction of Ghent. As our two motor cars came over the ridge before entering the town they were spotted by an eagle-eyed observer in the German lines, and as we reached the entrance of the town and left from our cars, preparing to enter on foot, a shell whizzed over our heads and exploded dully in a rain-soaked field 50 yards beyond the road. Another followed about the same distance short. Then they came so fast that I lost count. Gas shells they were, and we donned our masks and made for the cars.

The lieutenant in charge of our party bowed to the oldest correspondent and bade him enter the car. The latter, being Belgian, in turn bowing to his neighbor, motioned him into the car. He demurred, and then followed some Alphonse and Gaston moving pictures until someone motioned to me to enter the car. I did. Then they all piled in. And as we raced down the road two Thielt shells spitefully spluttered along the muddy road.

Amethysts for Mourning.

Amethysts will be much worn in this country during the post-war period as mourning jewelry. Amethysts and jet are the most widely used mourning stones. The vogue of amethysts in the mourning was fixed after the Franco-Prussian war, when the gems became popular in France and Germany.

An abundance of good amethysts are found in the mountain region of the western United States. The best amethysts come from Cambay, in India, from Ceylon, Persia and Siberia. There are also large amethyst mines in Uruguay. The war, which curtailed imports of all gems to the United States, gave American amethysts a wider market than they ever had before.

Good Reason for Leaving.

"Have you had any experience in newspaper work?" said the editor of a large paper to an agitated little man who had applied for a job.

"I should just think so. I was editor of the Muddlesbury Mail until yesterday."

"And what made you leave the paper?"

"Well, it was like this: The chief of police down our way was supposed to be a dangerous man with a revolver, and so I tried to keep the right side of him. I wrote a paragraph about him, and said he was Muddlesbury's greatest asset. The intelligent compositor, of course, left out the 'et' in 'asset,' and that is how it got into the paper."

Bread—An' Butter—An'—Apple Butter

By BARBARA KERR

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She was a little brown wisp of a thing, sitting in a big chair propped upon a box to make her just the right height to stir the apple butter. She could rest the long handle of the stirrer on the arm of the chair so it would not be so heavy, then she could keep the paddle moving over the bottom of the great copper kettle. To help keep the rich butter from sticking to the bottom of the kettle her mother had thrown in a number of bright, new copper cents thoroughly cleansed with hot vinegar and salt. If the apple butter was not scorched, Sarah Jane was to have all the pennies for her own, besides, of course, all of the good bread and butter and apple butter that she could eat all winter.

It was an ideal October day. Along the fence was a riot of color, with now and then a sumach, like an immense bunch of scarlet geraniums or a clump of goldenrod. The pokeberries with their purple inkwells mingled with the browns, russets and greens of summer weeds and a great profusion of wild grapevines. And Sarah Jane approved. The air was spicy with the fragrance of cooking apples and cider. The great copper kettle hung over a slow outdoor fire near the springhouse, and the long stirrer moved rhythmically over the bottom, pushing the pennies about ceaselessly.

Sarah Jane was droning an improvised little song which she attuned to the swish of the pennies and the gurgle of the apple butter as it surged through the holes in the wooden paddle of the stirrer:

"Peter—pitter—patter—putter—
Bread—an'- butter—an' — apple butter—
Too much hard cider will make you stutter—"

"Well, hello, little poet! How do you know? Tried it? I've brought the rest of your cider from the mill, but it's not hard. Where's your mother?"

Ashamed that anyone, especially Milo Ward, the idol of her childish heart, should have heard her silly little song, Sarah Jane hung her head in mortification. She would have run away, but she was mindful that Duncan farm was famous for its apple butter, which had never been burned. She tried to pull her little brown bare feet up under her skirts and almost upset her precarious perch.

"Look out for the throne!" cried Milo, as he caught the chair and righted it on the box. Then, seeing her embarrassment, he took the stirrer from her hands, saying gently: "Don't mind me, little Say-Jane. Let me give the stirrer a few whirls while you find your mother for me."

Sarah Jane needed no second bidding. She found her mother, but would not return to her post till Milo had delivered the cider and gone. She heard him say to her mother as he was leaving: "I guess I teased Say-Jane, Mrs. Duncan; tell her I'll have better manners next time, for I'm going away to college."

October came and went in the valley. Other children, sons and daughters of the farmers, went to college. Many of them, after finishing, returned no more, but took up their lives in various ways in other places. One who did not return was Milo Ward, for his family had moved away and the Ward farm was sold. But Sarah Jane could not remain away; the old folks at home needed her. She and her mother still made apple butter, but not in the big copper kettle, for there were so few now to eat it.

Then war broke out, and Sarah Jane, patriotic and sweet and wholesome as her own valley, wanted to do her bit. She would make apple butter for the soldiers. She brought forth the copper kettle, and as she sat patiently stirring her thoughts reverted to that other October day when she was so mortified, and she and her mother laughed over the memory.

When the apple butter was done and set away to cool in great stone jars, Sarah Jane made a market basket full of apple butter sandwiches and took them in to the station, for she had been warned that a troop train was coming.

She delivered the delicious sandwiches into eager hands thrust through the windows till she had just one left, when she saw a soldier hurrying to meet her. Thinking that he was coming for the treat she held it out to him, crying out her wares in her musical contralto: "Just one of my famous apple butter sandwiches left. Warranted pure cider, fresh from the Duncan farm."

"Bread—an'—butter—an'—apple butter!" mimicked the soldier. "And it's little Say-Jane, too. Don't you tell me you don't remember me!" and he took the sandwich and the hand, too.

"I remember that you promised you'd have better manners next time, and now you've reminded me of that awful moment—"

"When the queen's throne toppled—and when I tried to fix it she abdicated—"

"It looks as if you were intent on scaring some one else into abdicating," remarked Sarah Jane with a sweep of her basket toward the train—"the way you go flying through the country, not even stopping to see the old home place."

"Who says so?" bantered Milo. "I have a 26-hour stop-over. I was going out to your place, hoping you'd invite me to stay, and then take me around to see the old places. Besides one apple butter sandwich is only tantalizing when you haven't tasted the Duncan brand for so long."

Sarah Jane for a moment was tongue-tied with a rush of her old childish diffidence. "Oh, have a heart!" he pleaded, as he took her basket from her arm. "I'm sure your mother would bid me welcome."

"Yes," assented Sarah Jane demurely, "mother is such a good patriot, she'd do anything for a soldier."

"I've a great mind to make you apologize right now for that remark to an old schoolmate, little Say-Jane," he threatened as he helped her into the roadster. "We are going to cut out all the hero stuff. I'm not making an international appeal. In fact, it is a sort of domestic matter. I've bought the old farm and I'm going to talk business to you—'

"Be careful!" warned Sarah Jane in a panic. "I'm not a good driver—it just about takes all my mind—"

"Oh, in a case like that, I'll take the wheel, or else we'll stop at the old hedge, under that big hedge apple tree, and I'll tell you why I did not come sooner."

As he drove through the sweet-scented lanes he set about giving, as he termed it, a strict account of himself. And it must have been quite satisfactory to all concerned, for while 26 hours' leave is all too short, it was still long enough to convince Sarah Jane of his sincerity. Of her love for him she had been convinced years ago. So when he left for the front it was with the understanding that when he returned the old Ward farm was to be again occupied by Wards, and if the old copper kettle was not needed for ammunition it was to have a place in the Ward granary between seasons of apple butter making, when there was any to be put up for winter use.

"Bread—an'—butter—an'—apple butter."

HEIGHT THAT FEW ATTAIN

Not Many People Can Boast Their Complete Guiltlessness of the "Seven Deadly Sins."

The "seven deadly sins" are pride, envy, lust, avarice, anger, sloth and gluttony.

The fathers, the sages, the wise men of the world, handing down from one generation to another through the centuries what they had observed and learned, at last agreed that all our spiritual and mental miseries, as well as most of our physical sufferings, come from an indulgence in the thoughts and actions included in the above-mentioned list of sins.

Old-fashioned people used to keep this list constantly before them, and their spiritual and physical health progressed or declined in the measure that they were able or unable to control their thoughts and appetites.

In these modern days we are still surprised to learn that the list of seven deadly sins was ever even made, and we are more surprised to know that it is a list which really covers the whole moral scheme of existence.

The man who can finally subdue himself into a state in which he does not break any of the laws for which the seven deadly sins stand as infringements, may well congartulate himself. He is what we would call a pretty good man, and we would like to have him as a neighbor. Not to be proud, not to be envious, not to be lustful, never to be avaricious or angry, nor to be a lazy man nor a glutton, means that you need fear no man or devil, and that you certainly shall not be afflicted with gout.

"Be good and you will be happy." There's many a saying, but there is none better than that.

HAD GLIMPSE INTO FUTURE

Man in Seventeenth Century Saw Wondrous Possibilities in the Development of the World.

One hundred and four years ago, at this season, the war of 1812 was practically over. Peace was signed, at Ghent, on the evening of December 24, 1814; and then things moved fast, according to existing standards. On December 26, one of the American secretaries left Ghent for London, and on January 2, 1815, he left England for New York, where he arrived some time in February, and his news was immediately delivered to the citizens by printed handbills. Other cities, however, had to remain in ignorance during the time it would take a fast rider to urge his galloping horse over the roads between them and New York. The telegraph was not yet invented, although Joseph Glanvil, a seventeenth century preacher with an interest in the possibilities of invention, had told the Royal society that "to confer, at the distance of the Indies, by sympathetic conveyances, may be as usual to future times as to us in literary correspondence." Glanvil, by the way, also told the Royal society that "to those who come after us, it may be as ordinary to buy a pair of wings to fly into the remotest regions, as now a pair of boots to ride a journey."

Recalls Wasted Time.

"I happened to be late at a meeting the other day and somebody asked who Ann Brown was and I didn't say a word and I happened to think just then that somebody is always late to everything and that somebody is always early to everything. If I give a formal dinner party somebody always comes early when I'm in the dining room giving my final orders to the butler, and then again after everything is all ready I have to wait 15 minutes for a tardy guest and get real fussy but must not show it. I'll bet," says Ann, "that I've wasted thousands of hours of my young life being on time for engagements of all kinds."—Exchange.

Bees Move 150,000 Tons.

The honey crop of the United States for 1918 having been estimated by the department of agriculture at about 250,000,000 pounds, the American Botanist estimates that as the nectar of flowers does not become honey until worked over and partly evaporated, the bees must move as much as 150,000 tons of material to produce this crop, exclusive of the honey eaten by themselves. Of this product, about one-half is from the nectar of white clover, with two other leguminous plants—alfalfa and sweet clover—as the next important sources.

UNNECESSARY CALLS

DOESN'T it seem strange that the telephone company should ask you not to make unnecessary calls?

THERE was a time when the telephone company openly and consistently advocated free use of the wires, even for social conversations. But times have changed. Let's get the big job cleaned up first and do our social and non-essential talking later.

WE must still save telephone calls in order to conserve labor and materials. As to what is an unnecessary call, it should not be hard for each to decide that for himself.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY

NOT ABOVE CARRYING BUNDLE

Spirit Shown by New York Man May Explain Why He Has Become a Millionaire.

The following story, which suggests that some millionaires are no more "stuck up" than the rest of us, is printed in Forbes Magazine: A Broadway (New York city) street car conductor was about to forbid a man carrying a huge roll of carpet to enter his car—the bundle was so huge that the conductor feared it would block the aisle. The bearer of the burden, however, smiled at him so amiably and deposited his long parcel promptly at the far corner of the platform that the conductor hadn't the heart to remonstrate. This was at Thirty-third street, opposite a department store. At Forty-second street the passenger shouldered his bundle and walked off. He carried it to one of New York's newest skyscrapers and immediately proceeded to lay it upon the floor of one of the reception rooms there.

He was the owner of the skyscraper! He was Irving T. Bush, millionaire creator of the famous Bush terminal, a veritable city within the city of Brooklyn, owner of a large shipyard and of other projects.

To friends who chaffed him, Mr. Bush explained that the rug caught his fancy while in the store, and he particularly wished to have it laid down before a reception that was to be held at the Buyers' club (in the Bush building) that day. But as the store could not make immediate delivery, why, the only and the natural thing for him to do was to shoulder it himself. The spectacle of a millionaire lugging along such a burden in a street car and in the street did not strike this particular millionaire as in any way funny.

MIGHT CALL IT ABOUT EVEN

City Brother Had Not a Great Deal the Best of His Relative in the Country.

Dr. Samuel Schwab claims that the oldest good story is the one about the boy who left the farm and got a job in the city. He wrote a letter to his brother who had elected to stick by the farm telling of the joys of city life, in which he said:

"Thursday we auto'd out to the country club and we golfed until dark. Then we trolleyed back to town and danced until dawn. Then we motored to the beach and Fridayed there." The brother on the farm wrote back:

"Yesterday we buggied to town and baseballed all afternoon. Then we went to Ned's and pokered till morning. Today we muled out to the cornfield and gee-hawed till sundown. Then we suppered and then we piped for awhile. After that we staircased up to our room and bedsteaded until the clock fived.

Very Possible.

A Kansas City business woman the day before Thanksgiving received a box of chrysanthemums, which she proudly set upon her desk for the delectation of her fellow workers. The mums really came from a rival business concern, but when the other girls wanted to know who sent them she only smiled and said, "the florist," in her most mysterious manner.

"Come, come," they said. "Tell us who."

"I shall not," she bantered. "I'm married and it wouldn't do to tell the truth about it."

"But," interjected the office anthology, "perhaps the truth would make you free."

He Knew the Cashier.

Young Leslie Harris, on his initial visit to a Pico Heights church, was extremely interested when his father started to take up the collection.

Unable to stand the strain, he deftly eluded his mother and attached himself as convoy to papa, following him down the aisle with his eyes growing larger and rounder as the money flowed in.

This method of obtaining wealth was new to him, but he thought he knew its destination and as the ushers reached the rear of the church and turned for the solemn march to the pulpit his voice rang over the room. "Give it to me, dad; I can take it to mamma!"—Los Angeles Times.

NO ATTRACTION NOW.

Mrs. Gotham—I met your friend, Mr. Huggins, today.

Mr. Gotham—(over his paper)—Oh, did you?

"Yes. And he said you never called to see him at his office any more."

"Oh, did he?"

"Yes. You know you used to like to call at his office very often."

"Yes, I know."

"Well, why don't you now?"

"Well, you see, he had some trouble with his girl stenographers and typewriters, and he's got the cheesiest lot of female key punchers now you ever saw!"

An Uncertainty.

"I've voted for you every time you ran for anything," said the visiting constituent.

"I trust," replied Senator Sorghum, "you feel that your course was prompted by good judgment."

"I can't tell for sure. Sometimes I think it's good judgment and sometimes I think it's just a forgiving nature."

No Longer Vexed.

"I suppose some of these public questions vex you a great deal?"

"No," said Senator Sorghum. "I have ceased my efforts to solve every problem that arises. The way to keep questions from vexing you is to be the fellow that asks them instead of the fellow that tries to answer them."

NO IDLE BOAST.

Doyle—O'Brien likes folks to know now that he's wan iv the min higher up in the polace department.

Boyle—Arrah, what illvated him?

Doyle—A horse! He's bin app'inted a mimber iv the thraffic squad.

The Limit.

A careful man is Daniel Dent,
As careful as you'll meet;
If he paid you a compliment,
He'd ask for a receipt.

A Puzzle.

Nell—There is one thing which puzzles me about the women in business.

Belle—What is that?

Nell—What do they do about it when they get all those sealed proposals?

The Way of Life.

"The thoughtful girls are those who make life worth while."

"Yes, but it is giggly ones who get married first."

Paradoxical Boast.

"Through staying at home, he boasts that he is doing his full duty."

"Oh, that full duty business is only an empty boast."

The Idea.

"How queerly that hen is acting. Do you think she is hatching a plot?"

"I rather think she is plotting a hatch."

A Prudent Precaution.

"That politician says he has divorced himself from politics."

"Then you may be sure he has secured alimony."

Physical Impossibility.

"There cannot be many rumors in this place."

"Why not?"

"Because the atmosphere is so close."

Naturally.

"What did your motorist friend do with the muffler you worked for him?"

"I think he automatically cut it out."

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