THE TIDAL WAVE

By A. HOWARD

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Archibald Christopher Van Dyne sat in church, a pious calm on his countenance and the tail of his eye directed toward his fiancee, Miss Arabella Whitney, who sat beside him.

He was trying to remember if there had ever been a time when he had not been engaged to Arabella, he was wondering why they were engaged, and he was predicting savagely that they should never marry.

Just because their fathers had been partners and lifelong friends, Arabella, when a spotted red infant, had been jestingly betrothed to the five-year-old Archibald, and as the children grew older the jest had gradually become serious, and the two families had always assumed that the marriage would take place as soon as Arabella was old enough and Archie was through sowing his wild oats.

Archie's wild oats were of the mildest kind. He neither smoked nor drank, he worked faithfully at his job, and was in the house every night at ten-thirty.

That Sunday Archibald wore a flaming tie which indicated accurately the chaotic state of his moral being, for he felt within himself the flowering of a mighty love, and Bella was not the object of this overwhelming passion.

So, for the first time in his life, Archie regarded the blonde Miss Whitney with aversion, and when the sermon began his thoughts drifted away, not to Arabella, but to Leona Lepage.

Leona, the star of the Dixie Stock company, had floated, a vision in pink tarlatan, onto the stage of Morgan's Lyric theater, one night of the previous week, and standing there on one toe, with the other pointed gracefully skyward, she had kicked herself into the heart of the callow Archibald.

Hence the resplendent tie and the depressed countenance beside Arabella.

After church Archie strayed down to the Travelers' house, where Leona was staying, and settled himself in the corridor, hoping to catch a glimpse of his adored. Nor was he disappointed, for soon there was a swish of skirts on the stair, the tap of heels on the stone floor, and Leona, decked for conquest, swept into the room.

Perhaps she had noticed the mild-eyed youth who attended every performance at Morgan's, or perhaps the appealing look of adoration now cast toward her moved her easy heart, for after passing Archibald she paused, turned, and came toward him.

"Pardon me," she murmured, fixing her large eyes on Archibald from beneath the shades of her enormous hat, "but have you seen Gyp, my dog? He ran away, and I am sure he came this way."

Leona looked up and down the corridor, but Archie looked only at Leona.

"Yes," he answered, with the boldness born of love, "I am sure he went this way. Suppose we go and look for him."

Marveling at his own temerity, he set forth from the hotel with Miss Lepage on his arm, and with shaking legs started down the street in nervous pursuit of the lost dog.

"Where shall we go?" cried Leona in maidenly helplessness. "Which way did you see him go?"

Archie reddened; he was a very truthful youth, and mendacity did not come easy to him.

He tried frantically to think of some place where a runaway dog would be likely to go.

Leona, however, saved him further embarrassment by pausing in front of one of the larger restaurants, and remarking, as she eyed the viands in the window:

"Don't you think he went in here?"

"No," answered Archie emphatically. Still, Leona held her ground.

"I'm sure he did," she said.

Then Archie perceived the drift of her remark.

"Of course he did," he cried, with enthusiasm, and, blushing a beautiful pink at his stupidity, he led Leona proudly in, even gaining the courage to order "hot dog" from the astonished waiter.

From that day on Archibald lived as one in a dream.

Though he paid an occasional perfunctory visit to Arabella to keep the peace with his family, his real life passed in a roseate world inhabited only by himself and Leona Lepage.

In the daytime he haunted her hotel, and night found him an enthralled spectator in the front row of the Lyric. His mother, finding the florist's bill in his room, and marveling at its size, remarked that Arabella had better begin her trousseau; but she suspected nothing, though Archie nearly gave himself away at times.

In spite of other mishaps, Archie's romance progressed. Leona was graciousness itself, and only one cloud darkened his heaven.

In Michael O'Duffy, leading man of the stock company, Archie feared a rival. Miss Lepage and O'Duffy had been friends for a long time; in fact, Leona once confessed to Archie that she felt like a sister toward Michael.

After that, Archie writhed inwardly whenever he saw the two together on the stage, and he developed a morbid habit of comparing himself, to his disadvantage, with the leading man.

The Dixie Stock company having given "East Lynne," "In Old Kentucky," and "The Black Crook" with great success, Watkins, the manager, give it as his opinion that they could now afford to risk a little on the classics, and as Michael O'Duffy also thought that the time was come to work for glory and not for filthy lucre, "Romeo and Juliet" was decided upon.

At the first performance, Archie sat, red and uncomfortable, in the first row and held his own hands, while O'Duffy, in velvet trunks, his red hair covered with long black curls, sat on a stone parapet with his arm about Leona.

Leona had carefully explained to Archie, with copious illustrations, the difference between real and stage kisses; but now, as she leaned against the beautiful O'Duffy, Archie distrusted her, and he stretched his neck unmercifully to see if they were really holding hands.

Mr. Watkins, having decided to do the classics, was determined to give Shakespeare a fair chance, and the stage-setting for the balcony scene was, in the words of Michael O'Duffy, a "she-derve."

It was the lake that gave Archie his inspiration, for he knew that the life-like undulations on its surface were made by the regular movements of the "supes," who knelt in rows beneath its green-baize waters. He would be a wave at the very next performance, and discover for himself if Leona were true or if the kisses that Juliet bestowed on Romeo were as real as they looked.

The following night the curtain rose at Morgan's on the same resplendent scene, but Archie was not in his usual place. Leona, however, did not seem to feel his absence, as, leaning over the balcony, she stretched her arms to the electric moon, and inquired with deep feeling:

"Romeo, Romeo; wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

Archie, watching her from the bottom of the lake, thought that she had never looked so beautiful.

Then O'Duffy appeared, and, gazing on him with a soulful expression, Juliet inquired tenderly:

"Are thou not Romeo and a Montague?"

To which Romeo replied, with much ardor:

"Neither, fair maid, if either you dislike."

Adding flippantly, in an undertone: "Me name's O'Duffy, but you can call me Mike."

Juliet was not at all disturbed by this irrelevancy; and when O'Duffy, who had declared against long-distance love-making, climbed up on the balcony and took her in his arms, the dialogue progressed finely, in spite of Romeo's slightly Irish accent.

"My bounty is as boundless as the sea. My love as deep."

She spoke with an intensity which communicated itself to the inflammable Irishman; and O'Duffy, springing forward, caught her in his arms and imprinted a real, a resounding, an unmistakable kiss on her carmine lips.

Instantly there was a roar from the depths of the lake.

"Look at Venus, rising from the sea," cried a voice in the gallery.

Archie heeded it not.

"I'll teach you," he cried, shaking with rage; "I'll teach you to kiss my girl."

O'Duffy recognized his rival.

"Come on and teach me!" he yelled derisively, throwing off his cloak.

In an instant the two were locked in the fast embrace of deadly hatred, while Leona, screaming wildly, leaned over the parapet.

"Go it, Venus!" shrieked the delighted audience.

"Punch him, Romeo!" cried the balcony.

Mr. Watkins dashed out upon the stage.

"Come down!" he shouted.

The balcony was high, the ladder weak, and Mr. Watkins was no featherweight. He raged in impotence.

"Come down!" he shrieked, shaking both fists at the combatants. This time O'Duffy answered:

"Come down, did you say? He's coming!"

With that he seized Archie by the waist and flung him over the parapet down into the lake, where the "supes," held by the baleful eye of the foreman, knelt in stupefied silence.

With muffled cries, the waves rose up and scattered in all directions, and Mr. Watkins, from the bank of the lake, made a dive for Archie, and O'Duffy stretched out his arms for Leona.

She, however, preserved her presence of mind and, realizing that her false hair was falling off, saved the situation by ordering down the curtain.

The next day the aunts, the sisters, and the mother sat beside Archie's bed, murmuring in gloomy whispers about the sad accident that had befallen their hero the night before, as he was crossing a crowded street on his return from a prolonged meeting of the Young Men's Benevolent association.

"My son," said the mother, patting his hand, "Arabella has been so sympathetic. Shall we announce the engagement next Sunday?"

"Yes, mother," came meekly from under the bedclothes.

"But first," continued the good lady firmly, "before the wedding you must get some rest. You have been working hard lately. You don't eat. You don't sleep, and you are falling off."

"Yes, mother," answered Archie, now penitent.

Then, with a gleam of life in his battered, blue eyes, he added:

"You're right, mother. I noticed last night that I seemed to be falling off."

Valuable New Metal.

A new invention, called conducting aluminum, which is said to be creating a profound impression, has been made by Dr. George Giulini, the most famous expert in the aluminum trade, states Consul Philip Holland, Basel, Switzerland, in a recent report. This new metal is produced by putting the ordinary aluminum through a special patented process, by which it acquires the same mechanical qualities and capacities as bronze, copper and brass without changing its specific weight. It is said that the price of the new metal can be kept within very low limits, so that, even at the pre-war prices of other metals, it will be able, by reason of its smaller specific weight, to compete with copper and brass very favorably. The fact that the new metal is a conductor will make it especially in demand in the electrical trade.

APPLES WERE RIPE

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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Evelyn roamed aimlessly, but with exceeding enjoyment, through the lovely Long Island road. She hoped her destination would be the Nassau station and thence by train back to the city, but Evelyn's country jaunts did not always lead her in the direction she fancied she was going.

On this particular Saturday afternoon in late September she was anywhere but near the Nassau station. Evelyn was not, however, aware of this fact nor of anything save the extreme freshness of the air and the joy of being away from the small office on Broadway, where she read numerous stories by authors and authors in the making. Each Saturday, as it rolled along in the summer time, found her far from Broadway and sometimes too far in the heart of the country for her own safety. On more than one occasion she had been forced by the shades of night to beg a night's lodging in the nearest farmhouse.

Evelyn always reserved the time between Saturday afternoon and Monday morning for herself. During the week she was, as an editor, at the beck and call of anyone who chanced into the office, and so every week-end she gave to her own company and took her tramps alone. It was thus that she managed to slip into her office chair Monday mornings with a clear vision and eyes unwearied and cheeks fresh with color of new life.

"You great big beautiful sun," she whimsically remarked to the crimson ball that was slowly climbing down behind the trees; you seem to have just dashed across the sky today, and yet I suppose you have really taken your leisure." Evelyn heaved a sigh, for this was Sunday evening and the next morning would have to see her at her desk heaped high with manuscripts.

She was swinging past an orchard in which the apples were red and ripe and casting their fruity fragrance into her hungry senses. Evelyn couldn't remember having wanted anything in the way of food as much as she wanted some of those rosy apples.

Desire harnessed to physical ability tempted her to leap over the fence and pilfer her choice from the orchard just as any small, hungry boy would do, but conscience bade her proceed farther and perhaps secure her apples honestly from a farm hand.

Evelyn was rewarded for her honorable intentions by seeing a sign a bit farther on which stated that apples were for sale, and she pranced joyfully through a dilapidated pathway overhung with grape vines to a shockingly unkempt but curiously charming cottage.

She knocked in vain on the paintless door and finally with an unladylike vehemence. However, there was no response, and Evelyn's desire for apples only increased with the difficulty of procuring some.

Discouraged, she started away, but as she passed the odorous orchard, she decided to help herself and leave payment for what she took.

She selected six beauties, pondered a moment as to their selling price and took a 50-cent piece from her purse, rummaged among notes, powder puffs and numerous feminine appurtenances until she discovered an errant handkerchief. Into this she put her money, and with a short bit of string secured it to the branch or an apple tree—one that would catch the eye of the farmer when he should return to his ramshackle cottage.

Munching contentedly at an apple, Evelyn continued her way along the road, and in the course of time arrived back in the city and at her small apartment, the rent of which had been raised to a schocking height only the day before.

It was during the month of November—Evelyn remembered well the day—that she received a splendid story from one of the newer writers.

"He may have been struggling for years and years," thought Evelyn, "but his name is only creeping about magazine circles now."

She had not forgotten the incident of the apples, because her brain seldom erased any of her wonderful etchings of country rambles. They were all very precious to her and this story coming from the pen of a vivid writer gave Evelyn a fierce hunger for the days of a summer past.

She knew, of course, that the incident of the story was just one of the dainty accessories to a good story—that finding of fifty cents in a handkerchief tied to the branch of a tree. It had been brought into the story as one of the quaint experiences of one who dwelt on the broad country road.

So unusual was the coincidence of that idle moment of her own having drifted into this stranger's story and that very story having come into her own editorial hands that Evelyn was tempted to carry on the other side of the tale. She wanted to dash into a taxi, take a train for Glen Cove and the ramshackle cottage, find the young author seated before a fire with his pipe in his mouth dreaming of more stories, fall madly in love with him and live happy ever after.

Instead of that Evelyn dictated a most editorial letter to John Cutstone telling him that his story was charming and offering him $150 for it. She added also that she would be interested in meeting him should he be in town in the near future.

So John Cutstone was in town in the near future. In fact, he took the first train out of Glen Cove after he had motored down to the village post office and got his letter from Evelyn Monroe, editor of the "Boast."

It was, as always happens in the best of fiction, a case of almost instantaneous love—at least, the instant Evelyn found her hand in that of John Cutstone she had a wonderful feeling of contentment. John knew that with Evelyn's eyes looking into his he had found something he thought only existed in romantic fiction.

"Your cottage is painfully in need of paint," was the editor's stupid remark.

"I will paint it next spring," John promised. "I was too busy gardening and writing all these stories that have been bringing me in big checks to do any dolling up around the place." Had his eyes been anywhere but fixed steadily on her face John would have turned in surprise to ask: "And how do you know anything about my shack?"

"I happen to have been the poor city worker who purchased the apples and left my best handkerchief ——"

"By jove, no! I have speculated a hundred times beside my fire as to the identity of that quaint wanderer, but never for a moment expected——" A wonderful blush springing into the editor's cheeks reminded Cutstone just in time that he had only three minutes before met Evelyn Monroe, and that even in the best of fiction the hero isn't quite likely to propose on so short an acquaintance. "So—famous a person," he tactfully finished and watched the blush recede unwillingly.

"You are to be the famous one." Evelyn said with sweetly serious eyes fixed on the author; "your touch is very, very charming. A rich and broad experience in life as you go along year by year should produce in you the power to become a writer of the highest order."

It was Cutstone now who flushed, but his eyes did not waver from the vision that was before them—a vision rich and broad and so wonderful as to make the editorial office seem a thing of fragrance and flowers and blue skies.

"I am on my way to those experiences," he said softly, "and I am a fairly swift runner."

NEW YORKERS HONOR POET

Cottage Where Edgar Allan Poe Lived and Dreamed Has Been Preserved for Posterity.

Edgar Allan Poe is America's best-beloved writer abroad, according to Vicente Blasco Ibanez, the famous Spanish novelist. The author's greatest afternoon in America was the one set aside for a quiet visit to the humble and tragic home of the author of "The Raven" and "The Cask of Amontillado."

Poe's cottage is a quaint little one-story frame house, painted white, on the Grand Concourse on the upper fringe of the city. The ground around it has been dedicated and is known as Poe park. The building is just the same as it was when Poe lived there in company with his fantastic satans and ethereal sweethearts.

A party of five went with Ibanez. It was just dark when they arrived at the Poe home. The air was chilly and dank, as Poe would have said. Six or seven candles sputtered feebly against the walls and threw fantastic shadows into the small bedroom where, so history hath it, the author of "The Raven" had spent so many nights of anguish and unearthly vision.

It is strange but there are very few New Yorkers who know where Poe lived and they have never seen the park or the little tragic cottage. The only indication that it was the home of the genius of the odd is the little black raven painted in the front.

There is a little porch, much like a modern doll-house porch. At night Poe used to sit out there alone with the stars, smoking and dreaming. Then he was in the wilderness, for New York was many miles away. Off to his right was the Hudson and the Jersey coast.

Around about him were all sorts of night cries. He loved the mysterious wails, the ghostly shadows that creep about at night. Many ambitious writers go there at night now to drink in the mental pictures that came to Poe—but instead are howls of the Bronx kiddies, the honk of the auto, the grind of car wheels and all the complex noises of a congested center.

British Convict System.

The largest British convict prison is Dartmoor, writes T. C. Bridges in the New Illustrated, and here the number of prisoners may rise at times to as many as 1,200. At Dartmoor the buildings have all been constructed by convict labor, the gas is made by them, the cooking done by them, while convicts grow the vegetables, care for the live stock and cultivate the farm. They make, mend and wash all the clothes, both for themselves and for their warders; they make and mend their boots, while all the utensils used in the cells—the tin cups, dishes and jugs—are made on the spot.

Production of Turpentine.

This country supplies practically half of the turpentine and rosin used in the world. In the five years 1910-15 it produced 31,800,000 gallons of the former and 3,700,000 barrels of the latter. In 1910 the value of the turpentine and rosin exported was $35,935,000.

Valuable Tool Chest.

War created many ingenious devices, developed in the time of stress to aid the fighting men on the battle-front, but capable of adaption to the needs of peaceful industrial armies. One of these is a mobile tool chest, described in Popular Mechanics Magazine. It resembles a field artillery caisson, in which are packed implements and supplies in great variety and quantity, and is recommended for building contractors, lumbermen, road builders and others who require a compact, easily moved tool carrier. Among the articles packed in the box are shovels, mattocks, mallets, sledge hammers, pliers, wrenches, extra handles for axes and picks, ropes, pulleys and wire, besides many others.

Emerald an Early Gem.

The emerald was prized as a gem as early as 300 B. C.

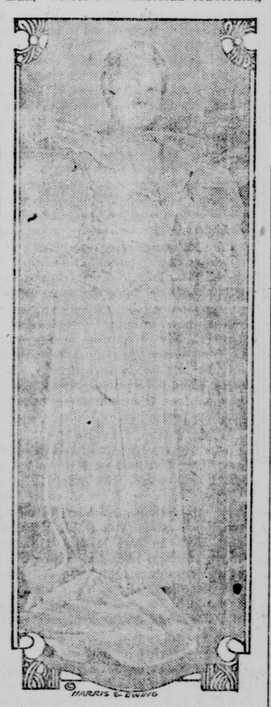
FILIPINAS GET BALLOT BEFORE AMER. SISTERS

Senora de Veyra Describes Status of Women in the Philippines.

The Filipino woman is destined to be in the world's spotlight more than ever before as a result of the news just received by cable from Manila to the effect that the Philippine senate has passed the equal suffrage bill giving women full political rights with men. This would indicate that the Filipina may beat her American sisters to the ballot box.

The Filipina has many admirers who predict she will make good if she gets the vote, just as she has made good in the very important role she has occupied in the family and business life of the Philippines ever since the introduction of Christianity in the islands three centuries ago.

"America's advent in the Philippines discovered a wonderfully interesting, responsive little being, the Filipino woman," writes one American concerning



MRS. JAIME C. DE VEYRA.

A Filipina who is doing important work for her people in the United States.

the Filipina. "Mothering the only Christian people in the far east, she holds a place of authority, love and respect in family and social life that is not accorded to women in countries neighboring the islands, or in India, China or Japan."

A Filipina who is doing an important work for her people in the United States is Mrs. Jaime C de Veyra, wife of the resident commissioner from the Philippines. Not only has she frequently addressed the wives of members of Congress in Washington as to conditions in the new Philippines, but she has visited various cities, speaking before women's clubs. The senora wears, in giving her talks, one of the beautiful gowns of her home land, a delicate pineapple fabric, hand-woven and hand-embroidered, shaped like a gauzy-winged butterfly.

"In many ways the path of the women of the Philippines is easy," says Senora de Veyra. "Laws made by her have combined the best of American and Spanish precedents and she has come into her own with far less struggle than either her American or her Spanish sisters. Married women may hold property in severalty. They are guardians of their own children. These are vested rights and cannot be taken away from her.

"Professional opportunities are as good for women as for men in the land from which I come. The Filipina is by custom the dictator in the home. She is usually the keeper of the family treasure. Practically all of the small shops in Manila are conducted by women. Women are already members of the Philippine Bar Association—a thing still impossible in Great Britain. They are also successful as physicians."

Life is really a fifty-fifty proposition for women in the Philippines, according to the senora, who has taken such a prominent part in women's work there that she has sometimes been referred to as "the little mother of them all." She was the assistant matron of the Normal Hall Dormitory for Girls when she married. She speaks English fluently and puts her little talks "over" with real tact. She has four children. An evidence of her enterprise was her action last year in mastering shorthand so she might be "useful to her husband at home in the evenings in case he wishes to dictate a few letters or a speech."

Orator Not Dependent.

John Bright's notes for a speech were written on a visiting card. Lord Asquith is the authority for this statement, but it does not appear quite to harmonize with Bright's recorded practice of using several half-sheets in the case of important speeches. He certainly was not dependent on his notes however, being always able to repeat verbatim any of the sentences which came to the applause which greeted them, had been inaudible to the press

SOME FACTS AND FANCIES ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES

There Has Been Much Misrepresentation in America About People and Conditions.

By MAXIMO M. KALAW,
Secretary of the Philippine Mission.



Maximo M. Kalaw.

A certain lady at the St. Louis Exposition saw at a ballroom a brown complexioned man in faultless evening dress and accosted him with the inquiry, "I suppose you are Japanese, sir?"

The man addressed replied, "No, madam."

"Then you must be Chinese," she said.

"No, I am not. I am a Filipino," he replied.

"How's that?" asked the lady. "I thought they were all savages living in the woods."

"Well, I'll tell you how I came here," he said. "A month before I left the Philippines I was living in the woods, but the American Governor decided to catch as many wild men as possible, train them and send them over here. So here I am, just as you see." And the St. Louis lady actually believed him.

That is what you would call fancies about the Philippines. The fact is, however, that the 11,000,000 Filipinos and their ancestors have been civilized and Christians for 300 years; that the non-Christian population, according to the census of 1918, is only 500,000, and even these are not all uncivilized.

Another fancy is that not until the coming of the Americans were school buildings seen in the Islands, roads built, or substantial houses erected. Do you know that for hundreds of years the Filipinos have had colleges and schools and that the University of Santo Tomas is only twenty-five years older than Harvard? That as early as 1836, out of a population of 4,000,000 people, there were 841 schools for boys and 833 for girls? That in 1892, eight years before the coming of the Americans, there were 2,137 schools?

"To grant self-government to Luzon under Aguinaldo would be like granting self-government to an Apache reservation under some local chief." Thus spoke a former President of the United States during the Filipino-American war. Exaggeration could be an excuse at a time when the dignity of the American people demanded the extinction of Filipino opposition, but do you know that the Philippine Republic, before the American occupation of the Islands, had the approval of prominent Americans who were on the spot—like John Barrett, Director of the Pan-American Union, who compared it favorably with the Japanese government? That Admiral Dewey considered the Filipinos better fitted for self-government than the Cubans? That they had drafted a constitution at Malalos which elicited the approval of distinguished Republicans like the late Senator George F. Hoar? That before the coming of the Americans they had produced national heroes like the martyred Jose Rizal, denounced by a Republican congressman, Representative Cooper, as the noblest victim that has ever fallen into the clutches of tyranny?

And do you know that the Filipinos have not had for hundreds of years any caste system, blood distinction or royal families, and that, unlike their oriental sisters, they are the only Christian people in the orient?

People have pictured an ignorant mass of Filipinos, illiterate, poor, living a life of servitude for a few wealthy land owners and foreigners, with no houses or farms or property of their own. Do you know that 70 per cent. of the people above ten years of age can read and write and that this percentage of literacy is almost as high as some of the states of the Union? That it is higher than in any country of South America, higher than the literacy of the Spanish people, and unquestionably above that of any of the new countries recognized in Europe? Do you know that there are a million and a half farms in the Philippines and that 96 per cent. of these farms are owned by Filipinos. In other words, that out of the 11,000,000 Christian Filipinos, 8,000,000 of them at least live on their own farms, with houses of their own, independent of any absentee landlord or foreign master? That 91 per cent. of the urban property consisting of houses and lands is owned by the natives of the Philippines, and only 9 per cent. is in the hands of foreigners? Yet these are facts cabled by acting Governor Charles Emmett Yeater to the War Department from the recent census estimates.

Having solemnly promised the Filipinos their independence and having gone before the world as the champion of self-determination, the Filipino people cannot understand how America can consistently refuse to make good these promises.

CLIMATE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

The Philippine Islands have a mildly tropical climate. The nights are cool and sunstrokes are unknown. The temperature record for the past thirty years shows an average of 80 degrees.

[illegible] Knowledge.

Knowledge is more than mere sagacity. Animals and savages display this to a remarkable degree. Real knowledge is due to familiarity with mental and physical properties. It knows the relations of materials and the reactions of their mutual contact. Knowledge is the child of experience and the [illegible] of mental digestion of facts [illegible]. It submits [illegible] and submits [illegible] volts from [illegible] gain power.

BUILD YOUR MOVIE

Here Is the Scenario for a Real Thriller.

Being the True and Authentic History of Muggerby Biffgang, With Full Explanation of His Long Stay in Jail.

Synopsis of preceding chapters:

Muggerby Biffgang is a dangerous criminal—a gambler for high stakes—a man mighty hard to catch because of his uncanny impersonal genius. The detectives follow him to a restaurant of underworld rendezvous, surround the place, put a squad on the roof and two under the cellar.

They go in, only to find a waiter and several customers. They search and research the place, arrest the whole bunch, only to find that Muggerby Biffgang had been the very cook who had generously given them each a piece of dried apple pie and whom in gratitude they had left behind. Things are getting desperate for the police force. Several times they have burst into his gambling den only to find nothing; no faro tables, no roulette wheel; not even a deck of Old Maid cards.

Dear, dear! Then one day, Chinchilla, the pretty daughter of a Spanish sombrero, rushed into headquarters and informed the police of a dangerous counterfeiting den. She has heard the clinking of coins, and curses. But the police fly on the instant and it is only when they have gone 40 miles that they remember they had forgotten to ask Chinchilla where the den was.

However, they scour and find it and break in upon the counterfeiters with wielded clubs and drawn revoivers. And Joy of Jubilations! Who should be the leader of the band but the treacherous thug, Muggerby Biffgang, the great and dangerous gambler of millions! Seizing the unlawful paraphernalia, they kick the whole gang into jail. But mystery of mysteries!

The only things they find in the junk are double-headed pennies. The plot is apparent. In shooting the pennies and by taking heads, the gang always played to win. Very simple. The warden of the jail asks each prisoner the same queer question. "Do you play checkers?" Afraid that this is some sort of a trap they each say "No!" very vehemently.

But Muggerby, when his turn comes, is so deep in thought that his caution deserts him and he says: "Yes!" The next day all the prisoners are released but Muggerby, who is given a year's sentence with 11 months off for good behavior.

MDLV.

"Dear warden," asked Muggerby, 20 years later, now a white-haired man, "why, when my sentence was a year, have you kept me 20 years?"

"Because, dear prisoner, you were the only one who could beat me at checkers around here, and I've kept you here until I found out all of your pet moves," answered the warden, wondering why Muggerby had never asked him before.—Detroit Free Press.

Change in French Marriage Laws.

That the age of bride and bridegroom need no longer be inscribed on the marriage certificate is a new rule in regard to French marriages. It is sufficient if they are declared of age, or over thirty, a statement of specific age being unnecessary.

Hitherto it has been necessary to have the banns posted up on the door of the town hall for ten days, including two Sundays. The latter clause in the rule has been abolished, while if desired, the civic authorities can celebrate the marriage at the house of either the bride or bridegroom says London Tit-Bits. Two witnesses instead of four will also in future be sufficient.

The names of the respective parents will no longer appear in the official publications. The mother of one of the contracting parties will in future have the right to oppose the marriage, a right which before was only attributed to the father.

Game Laws Working Well.

Wild duck and wild geese, since the federal migratory bird law took full effect under a special treaty with Canada and Great Britain, have been steadily increasing. They have grown more tame, too, and in places where they have found a welcome and where they have been fed and protected they now flock by the thousands. In the city limits of Oakland, Cal., there is a small lake where wild geese and ducks have been fed, and within a few years that lake, even though it be within the city, has come to be the mecca of thousands upon thousands of ducks which in previous years were unseen there.

Tree-Spraying Apparatus.

One of the developments of the fight against tree pests is a mobile power sprayer that is touring the middle west, working in certain localities only so long as its services are demanded, then moving to another field. A solution containing arsenate of lead is used in the sprayer in warm weather, and one made with lime and sulphur in cold weather.—Popular Science Monthly.

Nailed at Last.

"Aren't you a bit of a profiteer on these eggs?"

"No," protested Farmer Corntossel. "It's the hen. She insists on the most expensive food in unlimited quantities."

No Shoes for Traveling.

A few of my friends and I went to a station nearby to camp and pick blueberries. On the first day, while traveling through some swamp land our feet became wet. That night I built a fire and placed my shoes and socks on a log near the fire, intending to watch them until they dried. I fell asleep and my footwear burned. The next day I went home on the train barefooted, to the amusement of all the passengers.—Chicago Tribune.

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