wain Made Appetite Subject of His Humor

Mark Twain dealt slyly with the emptiness of introductory speeches and the fullness of his own appetite in a letter lent to the Missouri Historical society by a relative, Cyril Clemens of Webster Groves, president of the Mark Twain society.

"I was on the point of starting," he wrote, "when a committee requested me to remain here and introduce Gen. Joseph R. Hawley (successively editor, governor of Connecticut, congressman and senator) to a political mass meeting. This was a great surprise to me, for I had supposed the man was comparatively well known. I shall do what I can to blow the fog from around his fame.

"Meantime will you kindly see that the portion of your banquet which I should be allowed to consume, if I were present, is equitably distributed among the public charities of our several states and territories? I would not that any partiality be shown on account of political creed or geographical position, but would beg that all the crates be of the same heft."—Kansas City Times.

Recalling Last Battle Fought on English Soil

There is a strange story behind the memorial on Sedgemoor, the scene of the last battle fought upon English soil.

It is nearly 250 years since this historic fight took place, and until the "stone of memory" was erected, visitors might easily have tramped over the ground without realizing the fact.

The moving spirit in the erection of the memorial was an old lady of seventy-three—Miss E. Winter of Chedzoy. Some years ago she had a vivid dream, in which she was urged by a ghostly visitant to raise a memorial to the men who died at Sedgemoor.

A strange contrast may be noted by those who visit the battlefield today. There is an R. A. F. camp near at hand, and modern fighting planes often circle above the moor where Monmouth's followers fought with scythes and billhooks.—London Answers.

Migrations of Sea Fauna

A recent lecture on the haunts and customs of the sea fauna revealed that since the opening of the Suez canal fishes and crustaceans had migrated from the Red sea and the Indian ocean into the Mediterranean sea, chiefly on the Syrian coast, where they drifted with the currents. It took a certain species of crab 30 years to cross the canal, but henceforth it multiplied rapidly and settled all along the Syrian coast. The same region is now completely bereft of lobsters, while a big crustacean called sea cicala and huge shrimps, eight inches long, from the Indian ocean have successfully colonized there.

Inspired Writings

Burns wrote much "when he felt like it." Many of his poems were inspired—driven from him by some familiar goddess of music and sentiment. He composed "Tam O'Shanter" at a white heat. Then, also, there is the amazing instance of Beckford's "Vathek," originally written in French and later translated, and written, we are assured, at a single sitting. One of the world's masterpieces—a literary inspiration if ever there was one. —Boston Herald.

Champion

When the fleet came in recently, a bunch of gobs invaded San Pedro on carefree shore leave and it was not long before they got into an argument with some longshoremen regarding their respective athletic prowess and physical supremacy.

"Listen, gob," bellowed a big fellow, "I've got a six-inch chest expansion."

"That ain't nothing," spoke up the sailor. "See that black spot on my chest? When I take a breath, that's a four-masted schooner."

Not a Highbrow Preacher

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright.)

MOLLY AYRES stood before her bureau contemplating herself in a mirror that sent back an image somewhat distorted. But Molly was not shocked at what she saw. She had grown used to the imperfections of the mirror. She judiciously dabbed a very little powder on her nose.

The door opened and before she had time to leave her bureau or hide the powder Sally Hayden, her unceremonious neighbor, flopped in upon her.

"Where you going, girlie?" she asked.

"I'm not going anywhere," said Molly, covering the powder box and putting it in the top drawer.

"Well, you're a queer kid," yawned Sally. "Prinking when you're going to stay home. Come on in my room. I'm going to do my nails—bring your things and we can do ours together."

"I'm sorry," faltered Molly. "But I'm going to chapel. It's Wednesday night, you know—"

"Lordy," was the word that escaped Sally's lips. "Excuse me, but that's not in my line."

"Well, as long as we live in a cooperative boarding house, we ought to go, it seems," faltered Molly. "It's only once a week—"

The rapid-fire clang of a gong on the first floor sounded the call for the chapel service and interrupted Sally. Molly hurried off without apologies.

Sally found one of the other boarders to join her in her manicuring session.

"It's funny about Molly," she said. "I knew she was an awful good kid and likes to go to chapel, but the funny thing is that she was prinking for it. Maybe she's vamping the parson—"

"That's just what she is doing," replied her companion, "only a country girl like Molly doesn't know how to vamp. Haven't you heard? It's a scream."

Sally said she hadn't heard and her companion continued.

"Well, there's a young fellow from the theological seminary—Jim Granger's his name—that has been preachin' here Wednesday nights. Of course Molly went. The girls say he is real swell looking, but, gosh, what's the use of making eyes at him!

"Well, anyway, Molly went and sat right up front and this fellow, he looked at her all the time and couldn't keep his eyes off her. Of course Molly goes every Wednesday, but now she sits in the back. That's just the sort of thing that a girl like Molly would do. But the fellow seems to keep his eye on her just the same."

"Pooh," scoffed the other. "Of course a highbrow like that wouldn't want to marry a poor homeless kid like Molly. But those students are human same's any other fellows. He might want to have a good time with her. Molly's kind o' pretty—"

As the weeks passed, Molly's eyes became brighter and the smile on her face was more and more well established. Then Sally dropped the bomb that changed all this.

"Say, le'me tell you, Molly, before it's too late," she said. "You're awful interested in this young preacher. I know that a highbrow fellow like that, good looking and all, isn't going to marry a little girl like you, even if she is sweet and good and pretty. I'm telling you now so's maybe you won't break your heart over him later on."

These words of wisdom apparently had their effect on Molly. At any rate, when some of the girls planned to go to a certain well-known and historic eating place, famous for its fish dinners, Molly was persuaded to joint the party.

"It's funny Molly would go chapel night," said one of the group.

Another laughed. "Not so funny. That Jim Granger isn't going to preach. Another student's been appointed."

Molly was in something of a daze as she entered the historic old restaurant with the group of six of her companions, and walked as one in a dream as they seated themselves at a table by a window.

The ringleader beamed, laughed and then passed a few words with the waiter. "Did you lamp our friend?" she asked when the waiter, beaming also, had hurried kitchenward. "He's the swell guy that preached at prayer meeting. He's working his way, he says, and that's how he happens to be here. I guess we'll get extra big portions." Then she looked quickly over at Molly. "Say, he's the one that took such a shine to you, isn't he?"

But Molly merely blushed happily and let her eyes drop by way of answer. For it had already crossed her mind that the gulf that Sally had pictured between them might not be so impossible of crossing after all.

The next evening and the next and the next Jim Granger called at the boarding house after his work as waiter was over. A week later Sally dropped in for a visit. Molly met her in the hall, tried to say something and ended by putting her arms around the other girl's neck and shedding two or three happy tears.

"Jim and I are engaged," she said. "Jim Granger—my divinity student. He isn't a highbrow and he isn't stuck up or anything. He's just every-day Jim and earns money as a waiter. So of course he couldn't hate me very much just because I am only a soda fountain girl."

Witty American Preacher

Dr. Matthew Byles, a preacher and famed for his wit, was arrested in New York in 1776 as a "pernicious" Tory. He was subsequently tried, convicted and sentenced to confinement on board a guardship, and to be sent to England with his family in 40 days. Later the sentence was changed to confinement in his own house. A guard was placed over him and then removed, then replaced and again removed, whereupon the doctor exclaimed that he had been guarded, reguarded and disreguarded. He called his sentry his observ-a-Tory.

The Girl With the Ukulele

By BRUCE F. RICHARDS

(Copyright.)

BILLY GREEN was rather inclined to be out of sorts. He had just made a place for himself in the social circles of the town where his firm had sent him, when he received orders to hand the office over to his successor and to go on himself to Clarkville to organize and start a branch in that lively little city.

Billy didn't know a single soul in Clarkville, and while he had no doubt that he would make friends and business acquaintances in time—that didn't help him on the first lovely Sunday afternoon that he found himself at leisure.

Well, at least he could take his classy little roadster and drive out to the lake which offered a delightful spot nearby for those who wished to enjoy an afternoon close to nature.

Following a woody road, he drove slowly on down to the edge of the lovely sheet of water which glimmered through the trees. The end of the trail found him on a little bluff pleasantly sheltered, although there were camps up and down the shore, and happy children playing and wading on the sandy beach.

Billy pulled a magazine out of the pocket on the door, but before he had opened it his ears caught a quaintly melodious sound, and craning his neck, he saw an extremely pretty girl swinging along the pathway, as though she were the only person anywhere around.

She was fair and her hair of the bright auburn tints Billy particularly admired. Her features were regular and her form shapely. There was no doubt about this, for she was wearing a green bathing suit. Over that was a colorful cretonne coat which floated wide open in the breeze. Her little feet were covered with low, white canvas shoes, and her stockings rolled down to the top of them.

She was strumming a ukulele, occasionally breaking into a low snatch of song as she approached. Billy might have been a thousand miles away for all the notice she took of him, but in spite of that his heart was going pit-a-pat, rub-a-dub, and he was wondering who she was and how he could make her acquaintance.

By this time she had passed his parking place, and he noticed that under her arm was tucked a large towel.

The watcher in the car followed the girl with the ukulele with his eyes, noticing that she went into a cottage just beyond. He decided to await developments. Presently two girls came forth from the cottage all ready for a plunge into the lake. Billy wondered how he could introduce himself and make a favorable impression.

Billy Green's philosophy in life was that if you want to do anything, the course to pursue is to stop, make a plan, and then put that plan into action. That was just what he did now.

He made up his mind to wait until the girls came back from their swim, and then while they were inside of the cottage, to go over, rap at the door and ask to borrow a pail in which he could carry water from the lake to his radiator. He knew this was a shameless subterfuge as he had filled the radiator that very morning, but he wanted to meet the girl with the ukulele.

The girls stayed in the water a long time. Billy kept track of the green-clad figure as it swam about gracefully, or dived from the raft.

At last he saw the girls come up from the beach and run dripping to the cottage. Discretion caused him to wait a few moments.

Before long he heard the strum of the ukulele and reasoned that his lovely mermaid was ready for callers. He hoped—yes, he prayed, that she would be the one to open the door! But she wasn't for when that door opened he found a motherly looking, white-haired woman eyeing him inquiringly.

Although Billy always carried his courage right with him, he found himself stammering and apologizing profusely for his intrusion.

"I'm a stranger around here," he explained, "so I don't know where the nearest service station is. I have just come to Clarkville and this is my first visit to your lovely lake."

He handed her a neat business card which read, "William E. Green, Superintendent Big Chief Oil company."

The lady looked up quickly.

"You don't happen to be Billy Green from Stoneham, do you?" she inquired eagerly.

"The very same," laughed Billy, "but—you have the advantage of me."

"Of course," she responded. "The secretary of the Big Chief Oil company happens to be a brother of mine, and knowing that I was summering here, he wrote and asked me to invite you out to the cottage, as you would doubtless be lonely in Clarkville. He thought you might like to meet my daughter Barbara and her friends. Sally Eldred is here with her ukulele. She and Barbara have just been for a swim. Do come in and meet them, as I assure you any friend of my brother's is always welcome."

Two minutes later Billy found himself being formally introduced to Barbara Matthews and Sally Eldred. Sally still had the ukulele under her arm, and Billy's heart sang with joy.

Barely loud enough to be heard the ukulele vibrated softly to the melody of the "Indian Love Song."

Despite Lack of Pedigree

An outcast dog—a yellow one, at that—up at Blind River, Ont., rescued a kitten that was drowning in a vat of water, and then went on with being an outcast and a wanderer. Evidently, as with the human race, a long pedigree is not necessary to the performance of courageous and unselfish deeds.—Toronto Globe.

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