

Lincoln Signing the Call for Volunteers—Scene in Birth of a Nation

NED WOODMAN OPERATES FOR BLUES

Ned Woodman, the jolly Chicago cartoonist, who invented and drew those funny full page puzzles which appeared several years ago in the Chicago Record Herald, says he has been operated on for appendicitis, but that was to remove the appendix. He operates on his audiences for "blues," and that is to remove the blues. He gives laughing gas while the operation is in progress and his operations are always successful. He has not lost a patient for years.

Wholesome instructive features are not omitted during these operations, for his appreciation of serious things is as deep as his sense of humor; but whatever he compels his audiences to take in the way of sober material is generally so pleasantly flavored as to be decidedly "easy to take."

Whenever this genial operator gets in your vicinity do not fail to be in the first clinic he holds, and let him "cut out" that groan which has been bothering you for so long, and operate on you for the removal of the blues. It is decidedly popular just now to have Woodman operate if you have even a symptom of the maladies mentioned.

Another interesting thing about him is the fact that the material which he uses is of his own manufacture—he does not use stuff from Riley, Geo. Ade, Bill Nye, and others.

Some of his operations are quite remarkable, and it is even said that he has grafted in a backbone for some men where there was none before. It is probably true that "a good laugh is the best tonic," so do not forget to take a little of Ned Woodman's tonic this summer at the Chautauqua.



Mack's Definition.

A successful vaudeville playlet nowadays must have every ingredient of a successful two dollar drama. It must have directness of purpose. It must lead unswervingly to its denouement. A three-act drama is one-third piffle, one-third explanation and one-third substance minus the piffle and the explanation.—Willard Mack, in Dramatic Mirror.

Reaching an Understanding.

A big row was going on in an Aitchison home and finally, the Globe says, one of the neighbors rushed in and said to a woman who was red in the face from screaming at a very angry looking man, "Look here, what's the matter?" "Oh, it's nothing," said the red-faced woman, "Father and I are having a perfect understanding, that's all."

Simply This.

"Come in and have it charged," was the inviting sign in front of a place of business in a certain town. A stranger, being somewhat low in funds, walked in briskly. "I understand that I can get things charged here," he said, addressing one of the employees. "Only storage batteries," replied the other man.

ACROSS THE BROOK

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

"Oh, wait a moment, Mr. Winters," Grace called. "I want to tell you something—a very special friend of ours is coming on this afternoon's train. Will you take me to meet him, please?"

"Certainly. A—a man, I suppose?" She nodded. "Mr. Carver—you will like Horace immensely," she said enthusiastically.

"I don't suppose you'll have time to take any more rides in the little red car," he said glumly.

"I'm afraid I won't have much time," she admitted. "You have been so kind—and given me so many delightful excursions in the car. I shall always remember the dear little red car," she smiled.

"Long after you've forgotten the owner?" he asked quizzically, as he strode away.

She called after him to tell him that Horace Carver was coming on the 4:10 train. He nodded grimly and went on his way.

Grace watched him, a fine, upstanding young man, a successful farmer, a power in the village, a man with a future ahead of him, people predicted. "If he were only our sort," thought Grace, remembering Horace Carver and his social prestige. She had often wondered why her plain, practical parents criticized the indolent Horace and his pleasure-seeking life. Only last night Mr. Pitt had declared that the girl who married young Winters would be mighty lucky.

She amused herself with this thought and then, finding that it was not unpleasant to consider, dismissed it in a panic of fear.

Ferd's little red car was at the door. But the little red car seemed reluctant to meet Horace Carver and by the time Ferd had coaxed it up to the railroad station the 4:10 train had come and gone and the station agent reported that the solitary arrival had crossed the road and taken the short cut through the woods to Mapleshade farm.

"We will overtake him on the wood road," said Ferd confidently.

The wood road wound through miles of oak trees. Thunder rumbled ominously, the sun darkened and was hidden from view and warm drops of rain pattered on the leaves.

"We can reach the top of the hill and run home across the pasture," called Ferd above the pattering rain. "What shall we do with the car?" shivered Grace. She was afraid of the sharp lightning flashes.

"Leave it up at the top of the hill. I'll spread a rubber blanket over it," "Poor Horace," sighed Grace. "I'm afraid he will get awfully wet."

"He won't mind that," reassured Ferd carelessly.

Grace wondered if Horace would mind. She knew he would; he was very particular about his clothes. She liked to see a man fussy about clothes; although Ferd wore his well-fitting garments with a careless unconcern that was vastly becoming.

"Why am I always comparing these two men?" she asked herself indignantly. "I expect to marry Horace some day—oh, is it time to leave the car?" she asked as Ferd stopped the machine and got out.

"Yes. Let me help you put this dust coat on. There you are!" He covered the little car with a rubber blanket, and together they hurried down the hillside through the driving rain.

When they reached the brook, Horace Carver stood there hesitating.

"This is certainly a long way from civilization," he muttered, gripping his suit case and hatbox with dripping fingers.

"Why didn't you wait?" asked Grace. "We were on the way to meet you when the car became—"

"Very balky," finished Ferd crisply.

"And now, Mr. Carver, we have to cross the brook to get home—the sooner we get there the more comfortable we shall be."

"Cross the brook—how?" demanded Horace, glancing across the fifteen-foot space.

"Wade—or I'll carry you over," proposed Ferd.

"You'd better carry me—I'll get pretty wet the other way," agreed Horace, and he permitted Ferd to take him on his shoulders and convey him across the stream.

Ferd made another trip with the suit case and hatbox and then went back to Grace, looking rosy and moist with the rain.

"Shall I carry you over—or will you wade?" he asked in a low tone.

With a fluttering heart Grace made her decision. "Carry me, please," she whispered, knowing that she wanted to feel his arms about her.

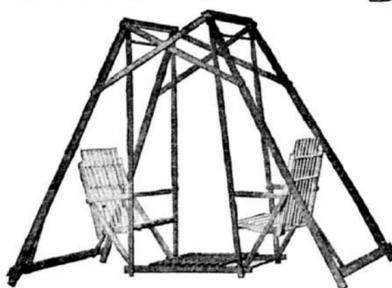
Horace watched them coming, his eyes narrowed jealously. How long the rustic took to wade through the shallow stream. Once his foot slipped on a smooth stone and he held Grace tighter. At last they were ashore. Ferd's white shoes and trousers dripping from the brook.

Reluctantly he released the girl and she slipped to the ground. But she still clung to his wet hand. "Come, let us hurry, Ferd!" Together they ran, and forgot all about poor Horace trudging behind with his luggage.

"Are you sure?" asked Ferd as they ran.

"Sure!" panted Grace, flashing a glance up at her bronzed giant. (Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

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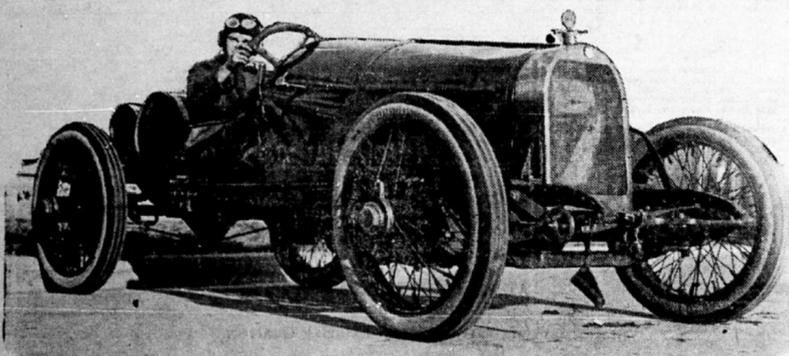
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