R PARCELIUS

ued from page 17.)

er rounded chests, and
ds out ready with the
hou grip.

to have you come up
for dinner, if you can,'
ain.

rcelius had flushed as if
elt naturally rattled at
us.

ise?"

Up to the chapter

I didn't understand—"
other Parcelius; but we
han to be placed upon
of Peterkin Tamales.
y politely interrupted.
ou down to the hall in
arranged to have dinner
ve forty-five. That will
hours."

far from the chapter

s. We can have a car-
" alleged Granny, with
nt. But our distinguish-
sponded valiantly, as

nplore you. That won't
We allowed ourselves
. "Er—I shall go, with
the chapter house, you
t know about the chap-

ered Spuds and I: "got

not be late for the

we assured. "We'll
In plenty of time."
would you like me to

can. We're here to
p."
nes thought that he
efully convoying him—
post of honor on his
atting in on the left
ould. Spuds and I clos
we steered a triumph-
street. Ever and anon
Zeta Zip or Sig
n Whoopsilon or
of agglome
intimac
st and
No

key viv-
ter was, for-
ght. Even the
ars and coats in-
sweaters, and most of
ions were on the couch-
had been primevally, in-
e floor. 'Tis true that
ng-gloves was on the
uple of caps were stuck
er; but otherwise the
narred by human vile-
freshmen and Medics,
was abruptly changed
frat. hymn, and then
ded forward, greeting
their sinewy outstretch-
noble newly-washed

uest was visibly affect-

ll, each and every one,
ds," he bubbled.
was a genuine old-
Tamale Tau—one of the
nly he chanced to be a
while we were hovering
anding mix-up, a wee
a voice which never
obeyed and never has
e Tau at old Peterkin.

" grinned Jo-Jo, our
ebov-steward when not
through having locked
his books, on the third
how those Japs study!
went, in grand march,
faith that maybe the
urned on one side and
er. I trusted also that
noticed Jo-Jo's barber
occasion borrowed out
he Mu Mu girls' Jap.
neer thing happened.
was juggling the first
and we were set on our
the instant when our
ive the signal by stick-
u, said guest hazarded,
ushing:
e not omitted some-

like to wash?" blurted
d all the freshmen at
and that was what we

ew of us still retained
civilization.
ou little brat," hissed
n with horror I caught

ones's head the bald cen-
proffered to us a-down
heard Granny saying,

take the lead, Brother

s murmured grace, and
confused that he drip-
a poised bowl of soup
ck. But Biff was game.

Well, albeit shamed by a swigger from some heathen in the Sophomore division, we were glad to have that grace. It made us think that we were going to get something especial—that it was wise to have it before instead of after. Jo-Jo's cooking was likely to be flavored with Greek roots and ancient history. Habitually he concocted with reading specs on and a book in each hand.

The innovation by Brother Jones rather put us off our stride; but under the inspiration of Granny and Biffy and the rest of us who had been in training at home we gradually drew up even again until, when the first mouthfuls of steak had been Fletcherized so that they would pass a fourteen and three-quarters collar, we were going strong.

Granny told his only funny story. As we helped Brother Jones laugh nobody would have suspected that we seniors had heard the story twenty-two times, juniors seventeen times, sophs eleven times, and freshies already six times. That was our Jap's duty; to practice his mathematics by keeping track.

Dink started in on a story, but it had a swear-word in it, and we choked him off. No use sending Brother Jones to the Y. M. C. A. lecture stage with a swear-word echoing in his mind. Biff tucked his napkin under his chin to save his tie, and Spuds' knife clinked once on his teeth. So we were at ease and were comfortable. And Brother Jones was O. K., too.

"Pass Brother Jones the bread, Jo."

"Have some potato, Brother Jones."

"Let Jo help you to some meat, Brother Jones. Nice piece of steak waiting for you."

Brother Jones wasn't fooled a bit by that first bluff; he was wise; he'd been at a frat. house before. There never is any more steak. Or if there is, it's for hash.

Pretty soon we felt out a little more, with remarks such as these, to make our guest [illegible] Granny led.

"[illegible] at Stanford, so [illegible] fact, Brother [illegible]med not certain. [illegible] and Biff tried.

"[illegible]ertainly did clean 'em [illegible] this season; didn't she, [illegible] Jones? Must have a great sys- out there."

"I dare say," responded Brother Jones. "But I really haven't noticed."

"But how about Whitman Memorial?" prompted Dink, hopefully.

"Where is that, may I ask?" responded Brother Jones.

So of course he hadn't been there—which was fortunate, inasmuch as Dink had forgotten the location.

Yes, sir; from Columbia to Tallahassee Agricultural we made a water-haul. Nothing doing. Humph! But undiscouraged we continued our well meaning little repartees, and switched to Egypt. Granny elucidated on the pyramids, Biff on mummies, Dink on flatfoot architecture of the human anatomy as portrayed by the native artists, Sawbones on embalming. I on Cook round-trips; we faintly interested our guest, but he plainly was holding in, lest we steal his thunder from him. That was legitimate, only he could have trusted his brother Hot Tamale Taus. Jo-Jo took notes. He learned a lot, this dinner. Suddenly—

"When I was at college—" began Brother Jones; and we pricked our ears. But he merely desired to state that when he was at college they boarded in a club at $1.20 a week, and lived well, too. Possibly something about our meal called up this recollection; but we did not love being reminded of the fact.

Following our pleasant social intercourse and pie we adjourned to toothpicks on the side—mainly on the outside for those who used them mostly on the inside. Herewith some of the hardened devotees of the noxious weed immediately sneaked off to hit the pipe; Granny grandiloquently materialized a cigar that looked like the kind smoked by Prexy himself in the seclusion of his home (Granny and Prexy were pals) and offered it to Brother Jones. Brother Jones declined! While we were resuscitating Gran and two freshmen, Biff rushed to the front, having produced from the ice-box, whither we had exiled them, his chef d'oeuvre—the Egyptian cigarettes made on Clark Street, Chicago.

"Probably you would prefer one of these, Brother Jones," he suggested, politely. "They're the best we could get, on short notice. They're either Egyptian or dago."

Brother Jones even angrily brushed him aside.

"Young man, I have never contracted the habit and I hope that I am too old to learn. And I cannot—no, I cannot refrain from saying, my young friends and brethren, that I am more than pained, I am shocked, at the indulgence I see"—he might have said "smell"—"in this vice in this chapter house."

"We'll cut it out, if it's offensive," apologized Biff, hastily. "Didn't know. Pardon us."

"It's not offensive to me; but it's ungodly," reproved Brother Jones.

So it was, if he referred to Spuds' old pipe. We agreed with him on that point. Anyway, the fellows, who could not exist without their post-prandial nicotine needs, must retire in the fortieth room. However, no a murmur was heard. Brother Jones was proving a disappointment, to certain respects; but he was a Hot Tamale Tau, and that we must not forget. Granny and Dink and Biff and the rest of us under self-control remained loyally with him.

Just to develop the jollity and help him along to the uncorking point we showed him our scrapbook of dance programs, and of other relics that portrayed the glories of Hot Tamale Tau at old Peterkin; and all the annuals with the jokes about us, the pictures of us; and Dink told a story that he knew—knew almost as well as we did.

Brother Jones's center of jollity (that bald place) grew rosy, as if being warmed up; and we were quite cosy.

"When I was at college—" he preambled; and Granny dived into the hole in the line.

"By the way, where was that, Brother Jones?" he invited, casually.

"Columbia, wasn't it?" argued Biff.

"Whitman Memorial!" hinted Dink.

"Tallahassee Agricultural!" proposed Shad.

"Rolla!" guessed I.

"My college?" queried Brother Jones.

"Yes!" we chorused. "Where you joined the fraternity."

"Oh! I came into the great brotherhood at Joseph and Ebenezer University."

A dreadful pause ensued. Brains were racked. Dink broke the ice in another spot.

"Didn't know we had a chapter there," he confessed.

"Oh, yes. A chapter house—" but a fierce turmoil interrupted further confidences.

The three blindfolded freshmen, with stuffed salt bags, were in the ring pitching impromptu amidst the precincts of the once fair dining room! Oh, the swats! 'Twas beautiful. Promptly we abandoned our prize literature—left the archives of Hot Tamale Tau and old-Peterkin—left them on the floor—and prepared to devote our minds to physical culture.

"What's the matter?" implored Brother Jones, as we rose en masse.

"Just a little fun," explained Biff. "See them? Come on where you'll have a better view."

"Come on, Brother Jones," we all bade.

Oh, revelry of a high-toned kind reigned supreme, and we thought that Brother Jones would feel at home; that in his breast would revive the spirit of his old days at Joseph and Ebenezer. One blindfolded fresh had advanced to the fray with huge strides; swinging his salt-bag like a war-club; a second had dropped cannily on one knee, listening for an opportunity; the third stood stock still, jabbing into thin air. Fresh number one stumbled and fell over fresh number two; fresh number three charged delightedly forward, groped for the source of the racket, and fell to pounding his weapon flail-like upon his fallen enemies. Presently these latter arose in red wrath and battle-royal ensued—really a sweet little fracas. So—

"Come on, Brother Jones," we encouraged.

But when we looked back, Brother Jones was gazing in a wabbly fashion after us, and upon his erstwhile jolly countenance sate strange paleness and bewilderment.

"Come!" we beckoned. The three fresh had each other in a corner; they were mad; they didn't care how hard they hit. Goodness me! Dearie dear! We wished that Brother Jones would hurry.

But he shook his head.

With some natural reluctance we tore ourselves loose and went back.

"Wont you join us?"

"No; excuse me, but I must be going. I—I thank you, but I must be going."

That was more disappointment, for the moot court and Jo-Jo as a monkey were still to be staged. However—

"If you think best," granted Granny. "We'll take you down. But first we must have the closing hymn, you know. Can't omit that—the ring chant of Hot Tamale Tau. I'll get the fellows."

So he hustled and stopped the circus and untangled the three fresh, and got the fellows together, and assembled for the ring chant.

Perhaps they didn't have that at Joseph and Ebenezer in Brother Jones's time, for he was green. However, we formed the ring, with him following the instructions. You know the Hot Tamale Tau ring. It's not secret. Fellows stand in a circle, right leg of one engaging left leg of next, and hand joined with hand behind backs all the way around. Brother Jones passed the leg-work, but joined hands. And we sang the famous closing hymn of Hot Tamale Tau—The Star Spangled Banner song of the noble frat.

Oh, it's great to be a Hot Tamale
Tau!
It's great to clasp a brother by the
paw!
But there's nothing like the know-
edge
That as soon as you leave college
You can squeeze this earthly cosmos
by the craw!

Oh, you must be a Hot Tamale Tau,
'Rah! 'Rah!
Or you can't go to Heaven when you
die! 'Rah! 'Rah!
You have but to show your pin
And Peter'll let you in,
And you'll always have the extra piece
of pie! 'Rah! 'Rah!

Then we rendered our yell: three sneeze and a whoop-up which flung out hands and legs into the air.

This left Brother Jones a bit breathless.

"I must go!" he gasped, hastily. He made for the hall. "I must go. I did not realize—it was rather a different—er—program than I had expected. Had I known, beforehand—"

"You'll be in time. It's only seven-thirty," assured Biff. "We can make it in ten minutes, easy."

We all swarmed into the hall with him, and hustled him into his coat and hat.

"Thank you," quavered Brother Jones, who seemed much affected at the parting, prospective. The bonds of Hot Tamale Tau are as aforesaid, in the preamble to this sad tale. They stretch only with pain; and they bust never. "I will say good-night, then. Good-night, my dear boys." He was flushing with his jolly flush—and if he was to uncork, now was the supreme and final moment. But he merely added: "I should like to have had a little different parting—something a little more significant of the principles of our order—" He may have been upon the verge of offering us a stein, to eke out our harmless art collection; or a new piano. You never can tell. However, he concluded: "I can only say, bless you, bless you; and good-by."

"Hold on. We're going with you," informed Gran.

"What! All?"

"Sure. We escort you down."

Also we'n go in with him—deadhead. This we did not announce, but the other was enough. He brightened wonderfully, with real pleasure.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "I didn't ask you. I was hoping. I shall be delighted, brothers, delighted. And will you attend? This is a surprise. Bless you again."

I heard Spuds gurgle rapturously over the scheme; and with mutual congratulations emanating from our expectant visages we flocked forth. To be guests for nothing, of an Egyptian lecturer, is worth the price. As previously forecasted, the Y. M. C. A. hall is at the campus, only three blocks away; and when within half a block just to let the interested populace know of our existence and our late honors, we struck up a song for Hot Tamale Tau:

Oh, you must be a Hot Tamale Tau,
'Rah! 'Rah!
Or you can't go to Heaven when you
die! 'Rah! 'Rah!

But ere our finale of three sneezes and a tiger for Brother Jones had tootled out in second breath, with lift of hand and frantic halt he cut it off.

"I beg of you! Not here! Isn't that the place?"

"No; opposite corner, brother," instructed Biff, as cheerfully as possible under the circumstances. "This is the Methodist church."

"Then it is the place! I am shocked! They may have heard—!"

"But the Y. M. C. A. auditorium is yours, isn't it, Brother Jones?" prompted Gran.

"I didn't understand so."

"Certainly it is! that's what the bills say," we assured. "Lecture on Egypt, Parcelius H. Jones, April 10, Y. M. C. A. auditorium, eight o'clock."

"But, dear me! I have no lecture on Egypt."

"We beg your pardon. We thought you wanted the Y. M. C. A. hall. You are Brother Jones?"

"Yes, I'm Brother Jones, I trust."

"Parcelius J. Jones?"

"Potiphar J. Jones is my name."

Uh!

"The distinguished lecturer upon Egypt?"

"The very humble evangelist, for church and soul."

Uh!

"At the Y. M. C. A."

"At the First Methodist church, of this city, for one week."

Uh!

The world reeled off a few reels of stars; and Granny spoke.

"We beg your pardon. We were glad to entertain you—but we thought that you were a brother Hot Tamale Tau. We were directed to the St. James and we saw your name on the register. The—ahem—circumstantial evidence was presumptive of your guilt."

Granny loved the legal sound of himself.

"Yes? My dear boys! Then it has been a mistake all 'round. We are brothers, just the same, but I took you for members of that glorious band, the brethren of the Holy Grail—an organization of the Christian youth militant, with chapters throughout the United States. I was," he added, generously, "a little surprised at the furnishing of your house; but then, you know, we are blessed with chapter homes in many towns and cities, and I am frequently entertained—although I would say, without criticising, that the program usually takes a little different tone from that employed by you, my dear boys."

We had started from the house twenty-four strong; but during the recent moments I had felt an ebbing in the human tide, and a chilly back. A hasty glance revealed us to be about eleven weak.

"We're sorry—" faltered Gran. "This is the Methodist church. It seems to be lighted for you."

"You're coming in, though, aren't you?"

"Not tonight, thank you," we chorused. "We must study."

Brother Jones was disappointed.

"I understood that you were," he said. "Come tomorrow night, or next. We have services all the week. Good-night, then; good-night. Er—I confess I did find the chapter house a little different from those heretofore visited by me. But—good-night, and bless you."

So we parted from him.

"Great Scottibus!" murmured Gran—his strongest cuss-word since he had the girl-back-home and life-insurance with a tontine policy. "Where do you suppose Brother Parcelius is?"

We didn't know. But we darted across to the Y. M. C. A. building to find out. A little knot of people were reading a notice on the board outside:

Jones Lecture Postponed. Train Delayed.

ART TREASURES FROM INDIA.

The Queen has presented to the Indian section of the Victoria and Albert Museum a series of beautiful and highly interestin examples of Mogul, Rajput and Tibetan industrial art.

The most important among them is the toilet-tray of a Mogul Princess, of rock crystal, exquisitely carved and drilled with repetitions of a flowering plant motive; the sunk decoration was originally jeweled in the Mogul manner, the hollows being inlaid or filled in with soft gold set, with cabochon rubies and emeralds.

This tray was made in Delhi during the sixteenth or seventeenth century, and was evidently the work of one of the celebrated jewelers attached to the court of Akbar the Great or of one of his immediate successors.

A depression in the center marks the place where the Begum's toilet box, also of jeweled crystal, would have rested.

Two silver-gilt and enamel perfume boxes, made in Lucknow during the seventeenth century and formerly the property of the last King of Oudh, and a Mogul kalamdan—a box to hold writing materials—of carved ivory are notable specimens of Indian art.

Other items in the collection are a Rajput kalamdan of ivory, painted with sprays of flowers; a powder flask of rosewood, inlaid with engraved ivory, mother-of-pearl, and buffalo born; an embroiderer's workbox of Shisham wood, partly veneered and partly inlaid; and a Tibetan betel box of brass, formerly gilt.

The Queen's gift is exhibited in the central case of room 2 (adjoining the entrance hall) in the Indian section of the museum.—London Express.

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There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

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