"S'Matter, Pop?"

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By C. M. Payne

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE. BY EVERYBODY.

The Hedgeville Editor.

PERRIN KELLY says he never drinks to excess because he hasn't got the capacity.

The odds are three to seven that Dr. Watt's next patient will live.

Dr. Horn says that very few men can be as much of a man as a woman is when she is having a tooth pulled.

Mr. Derks says when his wife gets on the side of a cloud that has the silver lining she shuts her eyes.

"I heard your deal resulted in $2,000 clean profit."

"Well," hesitated Mr. Presise, "I wouldn't go so far as to say that, but it made a profit of $200."

HE was suffering—or, rather, his car was suffering—from punctured tire, irregular engine, defective sparkplug and a threatened dearth of gasoline. Wherefore it behooved him to seek the garage with all speed. He stopped a farmer.

"Where is the nearest garage?" he demanded.

"'Bout a mile up the road," returned the son of toil.

The autoist nursed his machine along with loving skill, but the garage was a good five miles beyond. Coming back along the same road, with machine repaired, he met the same farmer.

"Your 'miles' up here are pretty long," observed the autoist in fierce sarcasm.

"Wa'al, yes, they be," admitted the yokel. "But," he added in defense of his home district, "they're gol darn narrow."

"How is your brother getting on in the army?"

"Oh, splendidly. He's so clever they let him skip the first lieutenancy entirely and made him a second lieutenant."

"COACHING has become a science," he said, according to the Detroit Free Press. "The coach is to the baserunners what the commander is to the soldiers on the battlefield.

"And the coach does all this with his mouth. No wonder, then, he's considered rather loquacious, eh? He's always being accused of loquacity, you know. I've even heard him likened to Mrs. Tung.

"'Wasn't your wife tired last evening after such a hard day's shopping?' a friend once asked Mr. Tung.

"'Oh, very,' he replied. 'Why she could hardly keep her mouth open.'"

"Say, is it harder to get along with a girl or without one?"

"Both."

If You Wed a Genius.

IT is fine to be a genius. But it isn't always quite as pleasant to be his wife. Here are a few cases that seem to prove it: Shakespeare's married life is supposed to have been miserable. We know that Milton's was. Bernard Palissey's wife starved while her husband burned up her furniture to further his pottery inventions. Neither of Napoleon's two wives was happy or well treated. Julius Caesar was a notoriously bad husband. Henry of Navarre was a worse one. Byron's wife was made wretchedly unhappy by her husband. So was Shelley's. So (according to certain biographers) was Dickens's. Thackeray's wife spent most of her wedded days in an insane asylum (although this was no fault of her husband). Lawrence Sterne's wife was neglected, as was Boswell's. Nelson's wife was forced to leave him. These are but a handful of instances out of hundreds.

Queer Methods of Some Artists.

A FRENCH art critic writing of the way in which the artist, Claude Monet, works, says that he paints the same picture over again in different colors, giving ten different copies.

Lately, Monet, in order to work close to nature, takes ten canvases with him each day and accordingly as the light changes he places on his easel the canvas that corresponds most closely to the moment with which he began, to meet the effect he desires to seize.

But he does not paint entirely from nature. He makes pictures from memory. In proof of this the critic points to his several views of the Grand Canal at Venice, where he has taken all kinds of license.

Monet, however, is not alone in this. Millet, the much admired Millet, painted all his landscapes in his workshop. So he had no difficulty in painting after nature, for he had plenty of time in his atelier to do his arc-en-ciel (rainbow), which outdoors hardly lasted two minutes.

The painter Harpignies has told his friends of the days when he worked beside Corot in the garden of the Luxembourg.

"I saw him," said Harpignies, "painting a great tree in the middle of a walk where there was no tree.

"'Where do you get that?' I asked him.

"'In here,' he said, tapping his forehead.

"Then he began to paint some nymphs under the trees.

"'Where do you get these nymphs?' I asked him.

"'Oh, I see them,' he answered quite simply."

A NEW WEDDING MARCH.

The bridal party came into the east parlor of the beautiful home led by the strains of Mendelshies wedding march.—Brighton (Iowa) News.

Bessie's Vacation

4—OLD FAUNTS AND NEW

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.)

By Eleanor Schorer

The little rustic post-office held a bunch of joy for Bessie. Bob wrote that he was coming for a week-end. So Bessie's little feet were busy all that day climbing the mountainside, discovering new haunts and pretty places where she and Bob could spend their time. And in the slow-going days that intervened Bob found consolation in visiting their favorite haunts in the city.

ELEANOR SCHORER.

The public is warned against a young woman who is going among women's clubs representing herself as Eleanor Schorer.

Betty Vincent's Advice

On Vacation.

MY dear girls, a great many of you are about to go on your vacations. Please accept a few words of caution. Do not let the holiday spirit influence you to do things of which you will later disapprove.

Do not "pick up" acquaintances while you are away. It is always an illbred and frequently a dangerous thing to do.

Do not laugh loudly and indulge in other boisterous practices at public places of entertainment.

Do not give your photograph and home address to every casual acquaintance who asks for it.

Do not wear absurd and immodest clothes under the impression that you are being "smart."

Short Acquaintance.

"R. S." writes: "I met a young man at a friend's house, and he walked home with me. Then he wanted to know if he could call on me regularly. Do you think I should allow it, on such short acquaintance?"

I don't see why not, if the young man made a pleasing first impression. You can always drop him, if you wish.

"F. C." writes: "I am a business woman, twenty-nine years old, and I am in love with a man who has asked me to marry him. But with my salary I am capable of making as comfortable a home for myself as he can give me. Shall I marry?"

Certainly, if you love him.

"J. K." writes: "Shall I pay a girl for a telephone call? I asked her to ring me up because it was inconvenient for me to phone her."

The situation is awkward. You should arrange to do your own telephoning unless you know the girl very well.

Domestic Dialogues.

by Alma Woodward

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Herbie and the Train.

Scene—A New York railway station.
Characters—Mr. and Mrs. Black and Herbie (six).

MR. B. (scowling)—For heaven's sake, what have you got in this suitcase that makes it so heavy? A couple of flatirons?

Mrs. B. (calmly)—No, I haven't got a couple. I've only got ONE.

Mr. B. (gasping)—What? You've really got an iron in this thing? Well, will you tell me what the——what you're going to do with an iron for two days at the seashore?

Mrs. B. (explaining)—It's always a good thing to have a warm iron to put at your feet; and you know those shore places get very damp and chilly at night, and if Herbie should catch cold in bathing I'll be mighty glad a have it along, and——

Mr. B. (lately)—I'm going to open the case this minute and take that thing out!

Mrs. B. (emphatically)—YOU ARE NOT! Do you think I want my nightdresses and things to roll all over this station?

Herbie (piping up)—Say, ma, look at them orange colored things over there!

Mrs. B. (coldly)—Have you got the tickets, Ferdinand?

Mr. B. (hotly)—Now, you KNOW I haven't. What do you ask me that for? Just to hear yourself talk?

Mrs. B. (mildly)—Aren't you disagreeable, Ferdie? You new s used to be like that!

Mr. B. (solemnly)—No, I never used to be lots of things. A goat, for instance, or a pack mule!

Herbie (second wind)—Say, pa, look at them orange colored things over there!

Mrs. B. (ignoring her son)—Well, for goodness sake, go BUY the tickets or we'll miss the train.

Mr. B. (sweetly)—Well, madam, if you'll tell me which one of the fifty-nine windows I'm to go to to purchase tickets for Squam Beach I'll be glad to obey you.

Mrs. B. (impatiently)—ASK some one! Aren't there enough employees around here to suit you? Honestly, you make me mad! You'd rather drag us ten miles out of our way than ask a single question! You don't want anybody to know that you don't know everything, you——

Herbie (third lap)—Ma, look at them orange colored things over there! They got somethin' in 'em, ma!

Mrs. B. (taking it out on Herbie)—You can't have anything to drink, understand me? Don't let me hear you ask for a thing!

Herbie (logically)—Well, if you don't hear me ask, ma, I don't get it. That's a cinch, eh? An' my throat feels sore, ma!

Mrs. B. (nervously)—Where does it feel sore, darling? Oh, baby, tell mamma where it feels sore!

Mr. B.—Yes, Herbie, tell mamma in what part of your body your throat feels sore!

Mrs. B. (indignantly)—You go buy the tickets! That's all you need to tend to. I can take care of my child!

Mr. B. (meekly)—Oh, for my part, he can drink all the orangeade in sight, but I hate to see a little, trusting thing like you buncoed, my dear!

(Mr. B. starts to buy the tickets.)

Mrs. B. (seriously)—Now, Herbie, sweetheart, mamma wants you to tell her really whether your throat feels sore.

Herbie (blandly)—Honest, ma, it hurts fierce! Maybe it's not a reg'lar sore throat, ma, maybe it's only an April Fool one, an' if I drink somethin' maybe it won't hurt so awful, ma!

(Mrs. B. produces the nickel and leads her offspring to the trough. He drinks—SLOWLY. He wishes to do it.)

Mrs. B. (looking around)—Where's papa, Herbie?

Herbie (indistinctly)—I don' know.

(Just then there are wild gesticulations from the other side of the huge station. Mr. B. is flagging his family, trying to inform them that they have exactly three-quarters of a minute to catch the train.)

Mrs. B. (wildly)—Come on, Herbie, papa wants us!

Herbie (trying to the surface of the orangeade)—Jus' a minute!

Mrs. B. (grabbing him)—No! You gotta come NOW!

Needless to say, the family misses the desired train, also, that the next one is one hour and a half later.)

Herbie (as they drift back into the waiting room)—Pa, you know them orange colored things over there has got——

(Here Herbie is extinguished, suppressed, stifled and otherwise choked!)

The Day's Good Stories

Stewed Weathercock.

THE irascible man had ordered a chicken, according to the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, but he wasn't satisfied.

"Waiter," he yelled, "bring a charge of dynamite and a hatchet and an extra double steam-power cider hammer. This chicken's got to be carved even if it is made of dreadnought steel."

The waiter was desolate. "Very sorry, sir," he said, "but that always was a peculiar bird. It even objected to being filleted. This bird, sir, actually flew away, and we had to shoot it, sir, yes, shoot it—it flew on the top of a house and——

"Say no more," said the old gentleman. "I see it all now. You shot at it and brought down the weathercock by mistake. John, my friend, all is forgiven."

Why All Stood in Water.

IN our North of England town there was a shiftless man who would never accept gifts outright, although he was always demanding on charity, says Al Priddy in his book, "Through the Mill."

He painted landscapes, and my aunt, when benevolently inclined, would hire him to decorate our walls with rural scenes, highly colored in glaring tints, as if nature had turned color blind.

There were cows in every scene, and Aunt Millie noticed that all the cows were up to their knees in water. Not one stood clear on the vivid green hills.

"Jeeney," she remarked to the old man, "why do you always put the cows in the water?"

"It's this war, Mrs. Brindin," the old artist responded. "You see, ma am, I never learned to paint hoofs."

The Worst in the Country.

"ARE you the landlord of this hotel?" asked the good who had his baggage on the porch.

"I guess I be," answered the man with pale eyes.

"Well, I want to hand this little sentiment to you. Your hotel is positively the worst I have ever seen in this country, and I've travelled all over it."

"I know it," answered the landlord. "And I have a kinder pride in it. Lemme tell you something about it. Every time we get beat outer a board bill it's sure some satisfaction to know that we got the best of the feller that done it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Question of Values.

JAM always did attract little Arthur and he persisted in helping himself, in spite of his mother's orders.

One day she caught him in the act, the jam pot in one hand and a large spoon in the other.

"Arthur, you naughty boy!" she said sadly. "Why do you always disobey me and steal the jam?"

Arthur's sweet blue eyes turned heavenward, and a little smile stole around his lips.

"I was just wondering, mother," he murmured gently.

"Wondering! What do you mean, child?" asked his exasperated parent.

"Well, mother, I haven't tasted the jam yet," explained the lad. "And I was just wondering if it's nice enough to be whipped for!"—Answers.

The Man in the Brown Derby

A Great Summer Story of New York

By Wells Hastings

(Copyright, 1911, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Mason Ellsworth, a young New Yorker, consents for a large income to marry Nancy Bond, whose Uncle Ephraim wants to get rid of her. Mason and Nancy go to a Pennsylvania farm, where they fall genuinely in love with each other. They are aided on by a mysterious man who calls himself Dr. Morrison and who wears a brown derby. Doubting that their marriage was performed by a regular clergyman, they plan a second marriage. Mason goes to the nearest town to get a license. On his return Nancy has vanished, having been kidnapped by Morrison and a trained nurse. Mason starts in pursuit. He traces her to Buckingham, where a Mrs. Lathrop joins him in the hunt. Later an eccentric old gentleman named Ogilby lends him money for use in finding Nancy. Mason learns that Nancy is imprisoned in a sanitarium at Winford. Mason and Mrs. Lathrop go to Winford. That night Mason scales the walls of the sanitarium and finds the barred window of Nancy's room. Together they try to plan some means of escape. The next morning Mrs. Lathrop goes to the sanitarium with Mason. He tells Dr. Mayhew the president, that Mrs. Lathrop is his rich aunt, whom he wishes to lock up in order to get her money. While remaining there a nominal prisoner, Mrs. Lathrop bribes a nurse and gets word to Mason as to how the place may be entered at night. Mason gets into the sanitarium. He encounters, in one room, an old man who begs to be released. Going to the next room, seeking for Nancy, Mason is locked in.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Encounter.

WITH the surprise a wave of sheer and utter disgust swept over me. I had come very sure of myself, quite certain that before an hour had passed I should have Nancy free again and that she and Mrs. Lathrop and I would be well on our way back toward the village. I meant to do all this, as I have said, by stealth; but I had quite realized the possibility, or even probability, of some sharp personal encounter, and in my heart of hearts I had secretly looked forward to it.

But suddenly to find myself trapped and bolted in had not for a moment entered into my reckoning. I had been caught and locked up like a schoolboy, and for a while a sickening sense of humiliation triumphed even over my anger, a sense that sapped at my strength like a very fever. Even now I hate to recall the moment, to bring back again to memory the petulant and weakened force with which I put my shoulder to the door, only to hear a little groan of its double bolted oak, and the rough-voiced, unfeminine giggle that answered my effort from the other side.

I tried the door again and again without success, but whether it was indeed beyond my strength, still languorous with disgrace, I do not know. But at any rate, although I made the oak cry aloud and again, bolt and panel still held and all I got for my effort was a bruised shoulder.

Nor, when I had tried the window, did I have any better success with the bars. I could bend them a little, to be sure, bend them with what seemed to me a great effort, about as much as they had moved under my hand from my insecure purchase among the ivy the night before. So that it almost seemed to me that the bars must have been changed, that my coming had been planned for and expected; and I sickened still more at the thought.

So certain did this idea become to me, that I took no comfort from the fact that these bars, too, were rusty, that their heavy surfaces were so channeled and scarred by corrosion, that my gloves, and even the palms of my hands, were cut and torn. Because now I could not tear them away I felt that they were other than those which I had bent so easily the evening before, which certainty added by implication the certainty that I had fallen into a well-laid trap. I felt that when I at last found Nancy again I could scarcely look her in the eyes, but must stand with bowed head before her like some birched booby.

After an eternity of this sort of thing I felt in my pocket for my matches, only to find that I had lost them. Sullenly I thought back until I remembered. I had struck one match when I first found the room in darkness, but, in my surprise at the barrenness its flare revealed I must have dropped the box which held the others. So now I went down on my hands and knees, and, becoming the creeping thing I already felt myself, fumbled the floor in search of them. At last, near the door, I recovered them, and by the light of the first one found the fixture and lit the jet.

This really was the room which had been Nancy's. That, my first glance in the jumping, flickering light showed me. Every trace of her occupancy had gone, except the great chair with its tattered covering, which had distinguished her own room from the others. But even to my groping in the dark I had known it to be Nancy's room.

For a while I was so selfishly absorbed in the thought of my coming shame when I should find her, that even my curiosity was deadened; but with the bare little room so lately hers, and now so plainly before me in the jumping gas light, I began to wonder, at first in a faint, subconscious sort of way and then with a sudden leaping apprehension, where they had taken her.

I suppose that I had felt, even without a full realization, that she was only somewhere else in the building, that in moving her from this room they had simply put her in another; and that, once I was out, I should find her wherever she was. But now as my vague disquietude took a more concrete form and sprang in a moment from numb speculation to positive dread, the thought of that menacing figure of the man in the brown derby came before me, and I found myself standing stark afraid, cold with dread and a consuming, murderous rage; for, of a sudden, I had remembered the "dark room."

It was at this moment that the door swung open, and the man in all the world whom I most desired to see stepped in. I had not heard the bolts undone, but now I heard them slip softly into place behind him.

I think he had meant to meet me with some mocking commonplace, but he must have seen the murder in my eyes, and like a wise man determined to bide his time; for almost as the door shut I found myself looking into the mouth of a revolver.

"Sit down," said Doctor Morrison, very quietly.

Very reluctantly I turned and took the great, tattered chair which had once been Nancy's. I wished with all my heart to remain on my feet; for standing, I could better watch my opportunity, and when it came, take advantage of it. But this was probably the reason he desired me sitting, and it was perfectly evident that he wished nothing better than some excuse for pulling the trigger. When I was once seated, however, he began to laugh.

"Your particular form of insanity," he began, "interests me extremely. I assure you that we have very few patients who come here of their own accord. In fact, in all the time that I have been connected with this institution, I do not remember any one who realized that he must stay here for life, voluntarily seeking such a lengthy course of treatment and confinement."

"Where have you put her?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "this is another peculiar feature of the case, one of the rarest coincidences in my judgment in all psychopathic history. You doubtless believe, and I suppose will calmly assert, that you were married a short time ago, and that some one has taken your wife away from you. You will say your name is Ellsworth, and that you were married to a Miss——what's her name? ——Bond, I believe is the name. That wouldn't be so funny, except for the coincidence; and that, to my mind, is screamingly humorous.

"You may not believe it, but I forgot, that, of course, is exactly what you do believe—but we have a young lady here whose name really is Bond, whose peculiar form of hallucination is much like yours; that she was married a short time ago (and this will amuse even you, incredible as it may seem), to a man named Ellsworth. I really must write a paper about it. Of course the thing may be simply a coincidence, and yet I cannot believe but that I have discovered a new form of hallucination, which I propose to call 'telepathic insanity.'"

I watched him very carefully as he spoke. He was evidently much pleased with himself, and the cold, close-set eyes almost sparkled with pleasure. Once or twice he even waved the revolver in a sort of explanatory gesture, a gesture which I soon hoped to make him repeat. I saw him at close quarters, a man almost as tall as I am, whose thick, sloping shoulders, long arms and broad, muscular hands promised a strength beyond the ordinary—a strength which, if he would only wave the revolver a little farther to one side, I might test without too much risk of leaving Nancy without a protector.

"Do you propose to keep me here indefinitely?" I asked, more for the sake of saying something than from any curiosity as to his answer.

Dr. Morrison smiled.

"I really can not say," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders; "that will be a matter for the other doctors to decide at some future time. Perhaps in a few years they might manage to effect your cure and so release you. Personally I am severing my connection with the institution. I may be overstepping ethical boundaries in making this confession to a patient, but great good fortune makes fools of us all. I am going to be married, Mr. Ellsworth."

"Might I inquire," I asked, "if your plans include bigamy?"

"Now, Mr. Ellsworth, now, now—be calm. The more you try to master that hallucination of yours, the nearer you are to a cure. I am going to marry Miss Bond, an old patient of mine who is almost cured."

The revolver waved so far this time that my muscles tautened for aspring.

"Cured?" I repeated.

"Yes; we have great hopes of our new treatment. We have her——"

"Yes," I prompted, "you have her——"

"Perhaps I had better not tell you."

"Just as you like," I said, as indifferently as I could, lowering my eyes that he might not see the sudden murder in them.

"Well, you'd better hear then, after all," said Doctor Morrison. "Just before you dropped in here, we thought it best to remove her to the dark room."

"Where?" I managed to say.

"The dark room," answered Doctor Morrison, and pointed indefinitely down and to the right with the hand that held the revolver, so that, as I came up and struck him in the face, his first bullet went behind me into the floor.

(To Be Continued.)