

yes, and a pathetic inspiration to the girls who take part in them.

On the whole, then, student affairs outside of the classroom are more sane than they were, and there is every reason to believe that eventually in the right direction will continue. Meanwhile, the layman should not impose upon the student too heavy a burden of blame for his occasional kicks over the traces.

Some of these weird manifestations are chargeable not so much to the individual's slowness as a student, as to his youth. It is characteristic of young people to want to celebrate occasionally, whether there is any-

thing in particular to celebrate or not. The young student is no less young because he is a student. He is therefore entitled at least to as much freedom as he would have enjoyed had he not entered college.

If the student acts foolishly, let him not be excused because he is a student. Let him rather be blamed the more because he has preferred foolishness when he might have chosen wisdom. But let not the man in the street assume the holier-than-thou attitude at every outburst of academic enthusiasm. If he recalls his youth, he may remember that once or twice in his life he was the least bit foolish himself.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

Continued from page 8

The old man with unmarried daughters are bent on stealing him for a son-in-law. Widows and divorcees can't sleep at night for thinking of Sartorial Freddie.

When I disclosed the scheme I thought McCann would care for joy. He leaned back in his chair, and laughed so long and so loud that the two waitresses stopped chewing gum for about a minute and forgot to gaze at the handsome drummer who sat over by the window.

"Great!" he spluttered, when he finally found his voice. "Immense! But will the old man stand for it? Remember, he had put away a powerful lot of cider before he made that statement."

The only way to find out was by asking, and we hurried through breakfast, got some pocketfuls of ten-cent cigars, and strolled across the square to a three-story brick building on which was a sign reading:

SILAS B. HORTON

DRYGOODS, HATS, SUITS, LADIES' BOOTS AND SHOES, AND HOUSE FURNISHINGS

The old man looked none the worse for the cider he had gulped the night before, and was genuinely glad to see us when we appeared at the door of his office. Jack offered him a cigar, while he offered us two chairs. I got down to cases quickly.

"Mr. Horton," said I, "we became genuinely interested in your young friend Gawkey last night, not only in the man himself, but in his political ambitions. For his mother's sake and for the sake of his brother James, who, as you know, is our good friend, Mr. McCann and I want to see him win. We think much we can help. Anyway, we've got our hands. It was our business—Mr. McCann and mine. If you will help put this idea through, we'll help, and Samuel Harkins will help, and Isaac Mumford Gawkey will be the next Mayor of Billport as sure as a cat's paw."

"Will I help?" said Horton. "Will I help? Why, gentlemen, didn't I say last night I'd give my strongest right hand to have Isaac beat Fred Jackson?"

"Listen, then," I told him. "You won't have to give away your hand or your stock. You'll make yourself the best liked man in this section of the country, you'll make your store the most popular merchandise emporium within fifty miles, you'll elect Gawkey, and you'll make a reputation for originality and shrewdness that should carry you to Congress. Understand, Mr. McCann and I want none of the glory. We're doing this for the love of fried chicken."

"And mince pie," said Jack.

WITH Horton's permission I closed his office door, and then unraveled my scheme. The old man listened with gradually widening eyes. His mouth too opened, and his cigar fell out, unnoticed by him. Jack picked it up before it had burned a hole in the rug, and Horton chucked it out the window.

"Stop!" he yelled before I had half finished. Grabbing a pencil and a scratch pad, he did some rapid figuring, rubbed his head a minute, reached out his hand, and said, "Mr. Coleman, you ought to be President—that's what you ought! This is the greatest political scheme ever thought out. Shame it can't be patented. I'll do my part, an' do it to the queen's taste. I'll make money at it too. But I'd do it if I lost ten thousand dollars. When do we start to work?"

I told him to hear me out, which he did, although he was actually shaking with excitement.

"Maybe you play cards, and maybe you don't," said I, when the scheme was bared in its entirety. "One of the fundamental rules in all games played with the pasteboards is never to show the other man your hand. Politics the same way. Nobody but us three, a printer, and a sign painter must know the slightest thing about this until the morning before election—Monday. If your part of the offer doesn't get to women, our

part will get the kids, and once you get all the youngsters of a town working for you you've got the women and the men. This scheme gets both the women and the children, and there isn't a possible chance of its falling down—provided of course that you keep it a dead secret."

Plainly he was itching to shout the news to his clerks, then to grab his hat and run home and spill the news to Mrs. Horton, the two Misses Horton, and to the Gawkeys, mother and son; but he saw the necessity of complete secrecy, and agreed promptly to sit quiet and let us do the arranging.

"We've got to visit four or five towns up the State," I told him; "but we'll be back in Billport Friday. From that time until circus day one or both of us will be in Billport superintending the details of the mayoralty slaughter. Now we're going to call and pay our respects to your family and the Gawkeys, catch a train, and go on our way."

Horton slammed down his desk and walked with us to his home, where we passed a few words with his wife and their charming daughters. Mrs. Gawkey we found in her kitchen, up to her elbows in the ingredients of what she said would soon be a new batch of bread. Moisture appeared in the corners of McCann's mouth, and I had to use force to pry him away, but not until he had found time to accept an invitation for both of us to supper Friday.

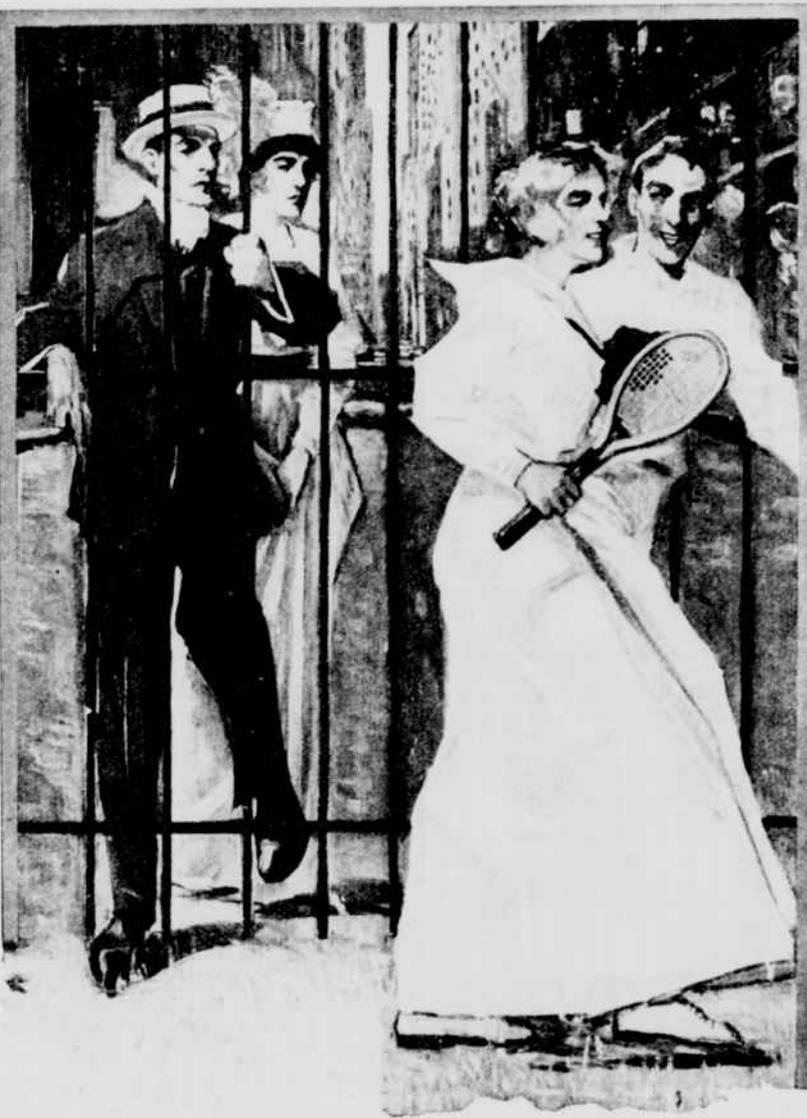
"Please have fried chicken," said I. "Mince pie and biscuits—don't forget them!" said Jack.

A HANDSHAKE with Isaac Mumford Gawkey in his law office, a hasty exit from the hotel, and we were soon on a train headed north. Awaiting us in the next town—Euid, I think—was a wire from Sam, saying he thought he understood the tenor of our messages, and that he had made James Gawkey superintendent of the amusement amphitheater,—whatever that was,—that he had apprised the young man of the reason for his sudden rise in the world, and that until then he had never believed a clown could look happy. As for fried chicken, he was in favor of it; but mince pie must be cold.

It didn't take me long to transact the advance business in these towns; so we had plenty of time to dope out plans for the election in Billport. Jack, who, although he was trailing along just for the fun of it, had never failed to take a lively interest in Sam's circus, now transferred his attention to I. M. Gawkey. Exactly how much of his ardor was due to Mother Gawkey's culinary excellence I am at a loss to say; but he certainly worked overtime revising the copy I drafted, and Friday afternoon, when we landed back on the scene of the impending scrimmage, we were equipped with as fine a lot of underhanded political ammunition as was ever discharged on an unsuspecting populace.

"Now this man Peckham, editor of the Leader," I asked Horton as soon as we could get to his store, "is he strong enough for Gawkey to do the printing and at the same time keep a secret?"

The old man said he was. He also said he had rounded up a sign painter who had two sons working for him. The three could slap up acres of paint overnight and keep their mouths shut. That was all I wanted to know. We showed the merchant our implements of warfare, and he fairly cried for glee. Never, he said, had he seen the likes of us in all his born days. That evening Jack and I stuffed ourselves again with fried chicken, hot biscuits, cold cider, and hot mince pie at the Gawkey home. All the Hortons were there, and we had even a better time than on our first visit. The blond Miss Horton played the piano while her sister sang. "This time little Mrs. Gawkey joined in 'Auld Lang Syne,'" and I must admit that her voice was quite the sweetest of the lot. She had had two letters from James, and didn't shed a tear. She said she



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