



HUMANS

BY THREE MEMBERS OF THE RACE
Illustrations by a Fourth



TALES OF A JEALOUS WIFE XII.—Harold Tries to Join the Army—Perhaps

By THOMAS L. MASSON.

(Synopsis of previous chapters: Mr. and Mrs. Harold Peaseley move to the delightful suburb of Brightville, owing to Mrs. Peaseley's jealousy of her husband. Mrs. Abercrombie Pelter, the acknowledged leader of Brightville society, seeks to take Mrs. Peaseley into a re-establisment with Mrs. Peaseley and is discovered with her by Mrs. Peaseley and Mr. Pelter, but she turns the tables on his wife and accuses her of infidelity. Further ancestry, arrives on the scene and gives its aid to the Pelters, and save the day by giving a grand reception on their own account.)

AUNT JANE'S New England blood was up. "When is this reception of Mrs. Pelter's which you refused to attend?" she asked Myrtle.



The three of them began their journey.

"On the twenty-seventh."
"And this is the second of the month. There is no time to lose."
"Steady," said Myrtle, "you are not going to give our reception on the same afternoon?"
"My child," said Aunt Jane, "I fear that you don't understand the whole and awful way of this generation of vipers as I live in. The only way to win is to beat down the other man's game. Certainly I am going to give our reception on the twenty-seventh. Mrs. Pelter's invitations are now out for that day, aren't they?"

"Yes."
"Then she cannot change her day. Now we must work hard to make this affair of ours a success. We will draw everybody away from her."

Harold Peaseley, who had apparently been doing nothing, but had kept up a really powerful listening, now said nonchalantly:

"I suppose you ladies will be fairly busy during the next week. Can I be of any assistance to you?"

"No, sir," said Aunt Jane emphatically. "I was born and brought up on two rules of life. One is that if you want a thing done you must do it yourself. The other is that when you have anything important to do around the home get rid of the boys."

Harold, who like some restive Irish terrier was trying to slip his head and nose over the surrounding country, and who had already made secret if tentative plans with his old side partner Tom Pitt, now saw his chance to escape. But like a wise and prudent General he knew that if he betrayed any anxiety to get away his motive

would be immediately suspected. So he proceeded to adopt the opposite tactics.

"My dear Aunt Jane," he said, "I insist upon helping you and Myrtle out. I will if necessary get off from the office, although I don't mind telling you this is the busiest season of the year with us, and just devote myself to making this reception a success. First, let me move all the furniture in the house. I shall also be glad to take down all the pictures. Then I'll help you fix up the grounds and—"

Aunt Jane raised her hand.

"Stop!" she exclaimed. "Myrtle and I will manage this affair, thank you. If we need your help you'll let us know. You can hang around at a safe distance. Myrtle, how many taxicab men are there in town?"

"Two."
"We must see them both and engage all the taxicabs they have for the twenty-seventh. We must cut off all communication between Mrs. Pelter and her friends on the twenty-seventh."

Myrtle looked at her pretty eyebrows.

"What for?" she asked.

"Revenge! Revenge and success!"

"Morely dear Aunt Jane's system of frightfulness," mused Harold.

Aunt Jane, who never even suspected that she looked like Von Tzipitz, declined to reply, but looked him a pointer.

"Here's a paragraph," she said, "which must appear in the society column of this week's local paper. It is our opening gun."

The paragraph said:

"Miss Janet Seelpratt of Hawtuck, Mass., is visiting at the home of her niece, Mrs. Harold Peaseley of Persimmon avenue. Miss Seelpratt is one of the most distinguished New England women of the present day, a member of the

Daughters of the Revolution, vice-president of the Colonial Dames, officer of the Society of Cincinnati, K. C. B., G. A. R., B. O. G., S. O. S. and P. D. Q."

"That will do for a start," said Aunt Jane. "Now besides the taxicab men we must see the florist, the folding chair man, the caterers and everybody else, and engage them all for the twenty-seventh."

"But there's nothing else I can do—are you sure?" said Harold.

"Nothing," replied Aunt Jane firmly. "You're only in the way here."

Harold went up to Myrtle and folded her in his arms.

"My darling," he said, with tears in his voice, "remember that I have always loved you."

Myrtle, much affected by this outburst, especially as he had accused her, even though unjustly, of flirting with another man, was about to respond when Aunt Jane interrupted.

"Come! Come!" she said. "This is no time for silly love."

Aunt Jane had the New England moving fever on her. The light of justness furniture and boiled dinner and apple pie and coffee had been in her eyes. Harold, wailing his hand sadly, with a faint gesture that Myrtle had cause to remember later on, disappeared down the village street. On his way to the train he left the paragraph at the office of the local paper. The editor greeted the paragraph with tears of joy.

"Just what we needed this week," he said, "our society column needs strengthening."

"My Aunt Jane would strengthen anything," said Harold.

"You haven't got the lady's photograph, have you?" said the editor.

"Just run a cut of Bismarck," said Harold gaily, "and nobody will suspect the difference."

Then he passed out into the unknown. Brightville knew him no more, at least not that evening.

The unknown was, however, in reality the society of our old friend Tom Pitt. And yet, to be perfectly truthful, it must be confessed that Tom Pitt, while of considerable importance, was only a fraction of the unknown. There were others among them a mysterious individual who united with Tom Pitt formed what may be termed a duality of the powers of darkness. Unto this duality Harold Peaseley now made his flight.

Tom Pitt in a fast runabout met him two hours later at the corner of a certain street.

"I got your message," said Harold, "and by an act of Providence I am here. What is the programme?"

Tom Pitt smiled that cosmopolitan smile for which he was noted.

"The programme," he said, "is—everything. Which is our own business."

"Safe in Brightville, in the arms of Aunt Jane. She and dear Aunt Jane are all wrapped up in the details of a reception in which they hope to put one over on Mrs. Pelter. Aunt Jane is posing as the only and original Colonial Dame now in captivity, and she expects that the natives will flock around her. When she finishes her present plans all the highbrows and bridge players in the vicinity will be eating out of her hand. So you see these ladies will be so preoccupied that they will have no time to waste on poor little ME."

"But your wife is still jealous of you?" asked Tom Pitt, who had not forgotten the intense occasion when Myrtle came near stabbing him to the heart.

"Yes," said Harold, "but I think that life in the suburbs has made her a trifle more philosophical. They say that if a woman can only live in the suburbs long enough she gets so that she actually resents her husband's coming home at night. But let us talk no more of marriage. Let us talk with the dance, for joy rides is confined, as Oliver Herford might have said if he had thought of it first."

A few moments later they were joined by the party of the third part, who proved to be no other than our old friend Pelter. The three of them then began their journey into—where?

Let us thank Providence that it is always the author's privilege to draw a veil over the most turbulent and reckless scenes of life. What happened during the next thirty-six hours therefore shall be a blank page in our history. Besides, it is well known to every biologist, zoologist, geologist and paleontologist, that these gentlemen in deadly earnest can do to one perfectly good metropolitan in a given time.

Mrs. Abercrombie Pelter, when her husband did not come home that evening, nor yet the next, did what all experienced suburban married ladies with migrating husbands do under those harrowing circumstances. That is to say, she did nothing. She had been informed before his departure that Mr. Pelter might be detained, so she let it go at that—and played bridge harder than ever.

But Myrtle:

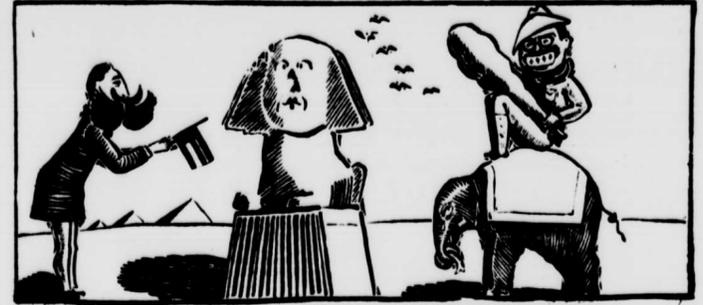
Only the blood and iron rule of Aunt Jane could have kept the excellent temperament under fire control. Both of them worked feverishly over the reception. But all through the first night

THE WEEK IN RHYME

By DANA BURNET.

OUR aeroplane establishment
Has undergone a shakeup.
Will Shakespeare's Tercentenary masque
Has donned its merry makeup.
The Kronprinz William still avers
That Paris is his hobby.
His trip through France
Has gone askance.
And peace is in the lobby.

The President is blown about
By diplomatic breezes,
No sooner is his heart on fire
Than suddenly it freezes.
His Monday mood is pale but proud—
On Tuesday, how it mellows!
His statesman's craft
Is in a draught—
Herr Bernstorff at the bellows.



Sir Hughes and the Egyptian Sphinx.

Sir Hughes and the Egyptian Sphinx
Will run, we hear, together.
The Colonel said it looked as though
We'd have a bit of weather.
The Elephant has left its Baras
For less archaic quarters,
The tipping woe
Is doomed to go—
How pensive are the porters!

The sinking of the Sussex was,
We gather, quite informal.
An heiress wed her serving man—
The news seems almost normal.
The Czar would like a Turkey wing
To keep his Bear from starving;
But when the war
Is safely o'er,
John Bull will do the carving.



John Bull will do the carving.

Two thousand men are left to guard
This broad and simple nation.
But there! We have our Trust in God
And Bryan's bold oration—
And if the foe should ever come,
(From which the fates defend us!)
We'll merely smile
In gentle style,
And beg him to befriend us.

'Tis said mosquitoes will not bite
The man who's optimistic.
To loose one's hair upon the air
Is painfully artistic.
Japan is arming to the teeth—
Ourselves should know the reason.
But thoughts like these
Disturb our ease—
And baseball is in season.

Myrtle moaned and tossed until in the small hours Aunt Jane's tall form, robed in alabaster white and carrying a lighted candle, towered over her.

"My child," said Aunt Jane, "do not mourn. Probably Harold has enlisted in the army to defend his beloved country. Even now he may be drilling. Do not seek to call him back. You owe the State one husband anyway."

"Do you think so?" muttered Myrtle. "Harold, I know, is brave; very brave."

"Yes, Myrtle," said Aunt Jane, "and heaven knows our army needs another man."

The second day dawned bright and fair. Fortunately there was enough to keep them busy in getting ready for the reception. Myrtle, however, managed to elude Aunt Jane's vigilance for a moment in order to telephone to Harold's office. They did not know quite where he was. They thought he had suddenly been called out of town. To lift the veil for an instant, at that moment Harold himself didn't quite know, where he was. But that is another story.

That evening Myrtle became feverish. Her den was to call up the chief of police and notify army headquarters. Aunt Jane sternly reproached her. That lady was an uncompromising fatalist.

"It is predestined," she declared. "If your husband has met with an untimely end he composed. If not he will eventually come back. In the meantime we must work on those decorations."

Myrtle was cheered up by this sunny, bright-eyed way of looking at things. But later, through the dark watches of the second night, her frenzy gradually increased. Aunt Jane, who would have made even Bismarck tremble in his boots, stood over her with iron will.

"We may hear from the morgue at any moment," she said. "But be calm, my child."

At 3 o'clock on the morning of the third day the telephone rang. It was long distance.

"Is this you, Myrtle?" came a very faint voice. "This is Harold. I will be home on the first train. Have the ambulance meet me at the station. I mean our car. I am still alive, but need a good rest. Will tell you all when I see you."

CONFESSIONS OF A MAN IN A HURRY

By BURGESS JOHNSON.

IT isn't my fault that I'm in a hurry. I recognize its undeniability and at times its futility, but it's a racial heritage by this time, and much harder to cure than some mere individual habit formed by myself alone.

I don't know who started it, but I think it was my great-grandfather. He began life amid leisurely surroundings. His neighbors never hurried much, and he didn't either. For instance, it always took him about two hours to dress, after spending ten minutes in deciding between a purple suit with mauve stockings or a pink suit with gray accompaniments.

He was an ambitious man, and extended his business affairs to distant towns, and finally as far as Boston. Then he got some one to start a weekly stage route to and from the colonial metropolis. He used that stage regularly—in fact, he had a commutation ticket on it.

At first he would begin to get ready for the trip about two days before the stage started, and take his time about it. But before very long he began to cut it closer. In an odd way he recalled the fact that sometimes he didn't begin to get ready for that trip until the day before, and his wife often grew quite nervous for fear he might miss the stage.

His son, my grandfather, you can easily see, had a bad example before him. In his day he ran the stage twice a week. He had inherited the business, so he bought a commutation ticket.

It was something of a sport, it seems, and the stage made a point of driving past his house for his special convenience. It passed at eleven, and he never once thought of beginning to get ready to start until about dawn of the very same day. He extended the business, later, in other directions, and once a year or so he would make a dashy Western trip by canal boat. He lived a busy life and so surrounded himself with an atmosphere of hurry that even his death was hastened, and he never saw much of railroads.

While my father was still young a daily train service took the place of the stage in Boston. He never went every day, but when he did he was casual about it until perhaps an hour before the train left. Then he rushed. He never arrived at the station more than twenty-five or thirty minutes before train time. Once in his haste he left his umbrella in the station. Fortunately he had the conductor when they were only five or six miles out, and the train went back for it.

His worst habits of hurry, however, were due to the fact that horse cars came into his home city. He gave up his own horse when that occurred, and his time was no longer his own. He was constantly hurrying to catch the half-hour horse car to one place or another. It would never stand for any one who was more than two blocks away, and while it would wait for passengers to shake hands all around as they prepared to get out, it would seldom let them finish prolonged conversations.

Hurry was getting into the general atmosphere in his day, and it affected him seriously. I took to commuting as a child takes to coasting. When I first started I allowed three-quarters of an hour for dressing, half an hour for breakfast, fifteen minutes to get to the station and five minutes for buying a paper and seeing the news. In a few days I had my routine started. Now I dress in fifteen minutes, breakfast in ten, get to the station in eight and catch the train as she starts. I have gained one minute and a quarter by crossing a lot, jumping a fence and boarding the train as it pulls past.

Trolleys in our town run on a five minute headway, but I get in a lot of extra time coming rather than wait for the next. Other people hurry as well as I, and those who are already on a car don't want it to wait for those who are not.

The family business has moved to New York, and the hurry of a New Yorker is to the hurry

of a Bostonian as mercury is to molasses. Even New York funerals go at a gallop. This is not because the person chiefly concerned is anxious to get where he is going, but because the funeral director is afraid some mourner may die on the way, and so attempt to avoid the expense of a separate funeral.

When my commutation train reaches the city I run for a subway express. I could get a seat on the local, but by fighting my way into the express train I gain three and three-quarter minutes between the station and the office. The express elevator in my building gets to the seventh sixth floor two minutes sooner than the local, and so I run for that.

What do I do when I finally arrive? Oh, sit and gossip for half an hour with my partner before we get down to work.

Yes, he's worse than I am; he lives in an-



My great-grandfather took two hours to dress.

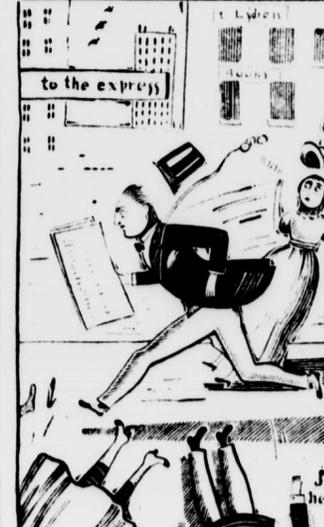
other suburb, and he's always out of breath. Trains on his road are so arranged that he always has to leave places a few minutes ahead of everybody else. He always misses the final minutes embrace of the hero and the heroine at a show, and the second plate of ice cream at a party. He has to run.

He even runs to catch the next compartment in a revolving door, and when he gets through it he stops a while to get his breath back. He always finishes in a food course restaurant to save time, and after lunch he plays checkers, of course if he stopped to think about it he would admit that his hurry is inconsistent, but consistency has no place in New York anyhow.

The only thing that moves as slowly in New York City as it does everywhere else in the United States is the process of digestion, and undoubtedly something can be done about that. We are working toward it with our prodigious foods, and before long capsule restaurants will be universal in the business district. It is probable that pneumatic times will deliver some

to the express

My father contracted the habit of running for trains.



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pressed lunches to the business man at his desk, and it is also probable that in some way the tube can take care of the digestive processes en route, so that when the meal reaches the man everything has been done except the swallowing.

I do not claim that any of this haste in my particular case is necessary. I dash to the office in order to sit and chat blithely for half an hour after reaching it. I rush pellucid through lunch in order to stroll around after it. My partner runs for the revolving door in order to get on the other side as quickly as possible, but he does not use the time he has saved when he arrives.

The chances are we could accomplish almost as much by using canal boats, because the enforced idleness on board would give time for thinking processes, as well as digestive ones, and better would last correspondingly longer and be

ALL ABOUT SUNSETS.

SUNSETS occur at irregular intervals, when there are appropriate clouds in the sky, and also people. No sunset is complete without one or more persons. Indeed, it is not too much to say that without this necessary accompaniment there would be no sunset.

Sunsets, like modest young girls, are noted for their heightened color when gazed at. Their positions are very changeable and greatly affected by the weather. As yet no one has been able to linger. Just when you are beginning to enjoy your sunset and wish that it might stay a bit longer it has faded.

THE FABLE OF THE ANT AND THE BUTTERFLY—By John Held



I CAN MAKE A LEMON MERINGUE PIE, BETTER THAN ANYONE IN THE WORLD

I CAN SWEEP A HALL BETTER AND CLEANER THAN MOST FOLKS

I AM AN EXPERT WALL PAPERER

AND AT PLAYING THE ZITHER I HAVE HISTORIC TALENT

NO GLADY I CAN NEVER MARRY YOU BUT I WILL HIRE YOU AS HOUSE-KEEPER

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER IT IS APRIL OR JANUARY

MEADOWS PICK UP THAT HAIRPIN, I'M VERY WEAK THIS MORNING

SLUCDA YOU WILL HAVE TO READ MY MAIL I AM TOO TIRED TO HOLD THIS TEACUP

DARLING! LAY AT YOUR FEET MY UNOLD FERTILIZER FACTORIES! MY SEASON PASS TO THE POLO GROUNDS AND LIFE! MARRY ME!

MORAL HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES N'T

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