

brope teas and dinners to pet educated ant eaters—you know you would!

Clarence of Keokuk turned fiercely upon his accuser. "I would not," he said. "I'd spend it every cent for the brotherhood of man. I've some feelin', I have."

"Yes," interjected Hamburg, "along about dinner time."

Clarence of Keokuk became vehement. "Everything ought to be divided—everything," he declared, pounding his fist upon a hickory chip. "What's yours is mine, Tough. What's mine is yours. That's right, ain't it?"

The Tough took a long pull at his smelly pipe. "Oh, it's de right dope, all right," he agreed, "but tain't human nature."

"I wish I had a million dollars," declared Clarence of Keokuk. "I'd prove it. I'd give it all away. I'd—Great, sizzling cross-ties! Look at this!"

The bunch aroused and peered over the shoulder of the reader at the scrap of newspaper which he had just turned. They read:

"Keokuk, Ia., July 12.—A diligent effort is being made to discover the whereabouts of Clarence J. Richards, who disappeared from this city some years ago. Young Richards is the sole heir to an immense fortune left by the last survivor of the Welch branch of his family."

"Huh!" snorted the Shoshone Tough. "Dey's six of us here. A sixth will do me fine as silk."

"Immense fortune!" repeated Clarence of Keokuk, in a daze. "I

was dead wise to the fact that I didn't belong wid dese thugs and tie-walkers."

"A sixth for me, too," chimed Hamburg. "Gee, Clarence, when does we get our share?"

"In a million years," answered Clarence, dreamily. "I got to go down to the hotel and wash up."

The bunch arose. "We're your pals. We'll go wid you."

"Nary a go—nary a pal!" denied Clarence of Keokuk. "Do you think a gentleman wants to walk into town with a soil-faced, lock-step, hang-dog gang of muts like you chaps?"

With a snarl he turned and vanished into the dark. The gang relaxed by the blazing brush-wood.

"Don't go to givin' any pet rhinoceros dinners, Clarence!" called Hamburg.

It was just two months later that Hamburg read to the Shoshone Tough, in the shade of a Rio Grande water tank, of a birthday party given by C. Johnson Richards, the Keokuk millionaire, whereat the guest of honor was a laughing hyena and the souvenirs were cigar cases of dazzling gold studded with diamonds of Kimberley.

—O—O—

If we should have a war with Russia, our soldiers will have to take snuff in order to make themselves understood by the enemy.

Harry B. Smith, comic opera librettist, has an income of \$150,000 a year. His kind of poetry pays.