

in at least one instance it failed to "invis."

One young man with a memory of a girl in his heart and the imprint of her father's boot in—another place, applied for invisible oil. He bathed in it, and went to call on the young lady. But if the oil worked and no one could see him, how would she know he was there? Anyhow he was spared all such worry, for her father met him at the door, and the young man was plainly visible, being kicked down the steps.

Another bather was run down and hurt by a wagon, and this time the power of the oil was vindicated. "I didn't see him," said the teamster, in defense.

"Sure not," replied the victim. "I was invisible."

The trial before Judge Landis is not in full swing yet, as there has been trouble in securing two interpreters to translate the book, which is in Polish, the same way.

LATE NEWS

Attorneys for Armour and Co., today entered a plea of not guilty before Judge Landis in the federal court to the charge of violating pure food and drugs act in "shipping decayed eggs" from its Chicago plant to Seattle, Washington, to be sold there.

Joe Ketchel, Chicago pugilist, who dropped unconscious at the end of a bout at the Naval Training station at Waukegan, Ill., died today. Bill Walters, Joe's opponent placed under arrest.

Edward McCann, former inspector of police, who was con-

victed of bribery, wants job and began court proceedings in the Circuit court to set aside the order discharging him from the police department.

Nalice Dooley, 18, who was found wandering in the storm Wednesday morning don't know where she lived or how she was lost in the storm, her mind is a blank. Police are trying to find her parents.

WINTER LONGINGS OF A SMALL BOY

I'm longing for the summer,
I'm waiting for the heat,
I want to romp the ballfield
Where the fellows always meet

I'm sick and tired of winter,
His mournful skies of gray—
I'd like to trade the whole of it
For one bright summer's day.

There's naught to do in winter,
Just go to school, that's all,
And it's pretty tough, I'll tell you,
When you'd rather play baseball.

Don't think I hate the schoolroom
I don't, and mean it, too,
It's after school I'm talkin' of—
It makes a fellow "blue".

Of course a-skating you can go,
(And freeze an ear or limb),
But that don't count one-two
with me,
In summer you can swim.

I'll tell you I'll be might glad
When summer comes to bat,
And we can play baseball again,
If it's only One-Old-Cat.