

There's Many a Slip

Captain of the Mary Jane Threw Away the Love of Widow Wells When He Heaved Love Slippers at Playful Dog.

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By EARL DERR BIGGERS.

The captain of the brig Mary Jane held a pair of embroidered slippers up to the gaze of his disgusted mate. "Beauties, ain't they?" he inquired admiringly. "Orrible," said the mate, with a wink. "Made 'em with 'er own little 'ands," continued the sentimental skipper. "They're big," growled the mate. "Slippers or 'ands?" inquired the captain warmly. "Either," returned the mate cheerfully. "Sour grapes," suggested the master of the Mary Jane. It was a well-known fact that the mate had also been an ardent wooer of the fair donor. "Oh, are they grapes?" said the mate, closely examining the embroidery. "I thought they were turnips or cabbage."

per, entering the cabin unexpectedly, came upon the mate with the precious slippers in his hand. The drawer from which they had been taken was open. "Wot's this—wot does this mean?" demanded the captain angrily. The mate's grin was a bit sheepish. "It come to me in the night," he said, "that mebbe I was wrong—mebbe they was beautiful slippers, after all. So I thought I'd run down an' ave a look at 'em."

er, took out the slipper, an' closed the drawer again. "Nonh's a very wonderful dog," the mate reminded him; "you've said so yourself, many a time. There's never been no feat too marvelous for Noah to perform, according to your stories. Why, takin' that slipper ud be mere child's play fer 'im. Remember the time 'e opened the door o' a red-hot oven an' stole—"

Whistled One Tune Cook on John Henry Suffers Attack of Insanity from Overindulgence in Favorite Air While at Wheel. Copyright by the Adams Newspaper Service, New York. By EARL DERR BIGGERS. The skipper of the John Henry stood on the deck and gazed wonderingly at the distant quay, where he beheld the newly-hired member of his crew indulging in unusual and picturesque contortions.

"Not bein' used to the work o' a ordinary A. B.," said the cook, with equal warmth, "ow do you expect me to keep awake? I arsk you that." "Tain't none o' my business 'ow you do it," was the skipper's short reply. "Only you gotter do it, that's all. And he walked away."

awful thing! I knowed a man onct 'oo 'ad it; 'e thought 'e was a animal o' some kind an' used to roar fearful." "The only man I knowed 'oo 'ad it thought 'e was the prince o' Wales," put in Joe Martin, "an' 'e allus mistakin' the fo'c's'le fer the throne room!"