The SKY-MAN

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS. W. ROSSER

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SYNOPSIS.

Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the army in disgrace and his affection for his friend, Lieut. Percy Hunter, turns to hatred. Cayley seeks solitude, where he perfects a flying machine. While soaring over the Arctic regions he picks up a curiously shaped stick he had seen in the commander's hand. Mounting again, he discovers a yacht anchored in the bay. Descending near the steamer, he meets a girl on an ice floe. He learns that the girl's name is Jeanne Fielding and that the yacht has come north to seek signs of her father, Captain Fielding, an arctic explorer. A party from the yacht is making search ashore. After Cayley departs Jeanne finds that he had dropped a curiously-shaped stick. Captain Planck and the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are in hiding on the coast. A giant ruffian named Roscoe had murdered Fielding and his two companions, after the explorer had revealed the location of an enormous lodge of pure gold. Roscoe then took command of the party. It develops that the ruffian had committed the murder witnessed by Cayley. Roscoe plans to capture the yacht and escape with a big load of gold. Jeanne tells Farnshaw, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Farnshaw declares that it is an Eskimo throwing-stick, used to shoot darts. Tom Farnshaw returns from the searching party with a smashed sextant. Percy Hunter is found murdered and Cayley is accused of the crime but Jeanne believes him innocent. A relief party goes to find the searchers. Tom confesses his love for Jeanne. She rows ashore and enters an abandoned hut, and there finds her father's diary, which discloses the explorer's suspicion of Roscoe. The ruffian returns to the hut and sees Jeanne. He is intent on murder, when the sky-man swoops down and the ruffian flees. Jeanne gives Cayley her father's diary to read. The yacht disappears and Roscoe, alone to capture it, are revealed. Jeanne's only hope is in Cayley. The seriousness of their situation becomes apparent to Jeanne and the sky-man. Cayley kills a polar bear. Next he finds a clue to the hiding place of the stores. Roscoe is about to attack the girl when [illegible] of the sky-man swooping down. Measures are taken to fortify the hut. Cayley kills a wounded polar bear and receives the first intimation that Roscoe possesses firearms. A figure in the fire stirs up Hunter's body and Roscoe, finding it, removes the dead man's rifle. He discovers that Cayley is a human being and not a spirit. The ruffian is baffled in his plan [illegible] between the hunter and Jeanne take refuge in the cave where a fierce storm keeps them imprisoned. They confess their love for each other. Cayley, meeting to seek the ruffian and kill him, finds Roscoe's cave.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

Probably no apparition of the monster he expected to find there—no sight of him towering expectant, armed, anticipating all that Cayley hoped to do, and ready to frustrate it, could have been so terrifying to Philip as the thing he actually saw, which was—nothing. At least, so far as a first glance into the cave would reveal, his enemy was not there.

Cayley shuddered, not with fear, and yet with a sensation stronger than disgust. It was as if a leopard had been standing over the deserted lair of a lioness. A wild beast's lair it was and not a human habitation.

The floor was littered with feathers and half-gnawed bones. The rocky walls dripped with oil soot of its hideous cooking. The foul air of the place was actually irritant. But the real horror of it lay in the fact that Roscoe was not there.

Cayley's reasoning faculties attacked that blind, irrational horror with all their force. From the condition of the fire it was evident that Roscoe had been gone several hours. It was almost certain that he would return soon. Cayley's arrival in his absence really gave him an immense advantage. A man always comes unwarily into the place he calls home. If Roscoe came back now he would have no chance at all against Cayley's quick spring and the flash of the long knife-blade.

Certainly it was reasonable to expect that Roscoe would wait for another month or two before setting out on any serious sort of expedition, and, if that assumption were correct, he might be returning to the cave at any moment.

He strode abruptly back to the cave-mouth. As he did so, however, his eye alighted on something that made him pause—something so strangely out of keeping with its surroundings that it caused him—or he thought that was the reason—a sense of recognition, almost of familiarity.

The thing which so evidently did not belong to Roscoe that it seemed almost to belong to Philip himself, was a gold locket. It lay on a flat bit of rock, which seemed to serve Roscoe's purpose as a table. The objects which surrounded it—an irregular piece of raw walrus hide, an overturned bottle of whale oil, with a smoky wick in it, a sailmaker's needle and some ravellings of canvas, together with some scraps of food—all spoke so loud of Roscoe and made such a contrast with this bit of jewelry that Cayley's action in stooping to pick it up was automatic.

He held it in his hand a moment as if he did not know quite what to do with it, then put it in his pocket and went out of the cave. Only during the moment when it had first caught his eye had it easily commanded his attention at all. By the time he got outside of the cave he had forgotten it.

Two or three breaths of the clear air outside of the cave were all he needed to revive him, physically. But to his surprise they did not suffice to rid him of the feeling which he regarded as superstitious, namely, the impulse to fly back to Jeanne as fast as wing could carry him.

He had every reason to believe that she was safe, he told himself. She was armed with a heavy revolver, was a good shot and had plenty of nerve. She was in a place, the only avenue of access to which would give her a tremendous advantage over any invader. So that, even supposing the worst—supposing that Roscoe's absence were taken to mean that he had gone to make an attack on the pilot house, there could hardly be a doubt that Jeanne would kill him.

His reasoning was all based on the assumption that the pilot house was inaccessible to any wingless creature except by way of the ice chimney. Even now, when his fear for the girl was amounting to a superstition of almost irresistible intensity, it did not occur to him to question that.

He steadied himself as best he could and crouched down in the shelter of the big rock to await Roscoe's return.

He had hardly settled himself here when he saw something that made him shake his head impatiently, and swear a little. It was the winking glow of an aurora borealis, off to the north.

Cayley gazed at the spectacle unwillingly, but still he gazed. And, somehow, though he fought the feeling desperately, it began to assume a personal significance to him—a significance of mockery. The whole sky was quivering with vast, silent laughter. Was it because he, with his fancied cleverness and daring in finding Roscoe's lair and waiting for his return to it, was really doing precisely the thing that Roscoe would have had him do? Were those sky-witches laughing over what was happening up at the pilot house while he sat here and waited?

No intelligence, no same power of consecutive reasoning can resist this sort of thing definitely, and at last Cayley's power of resistance came to an end.

He sprang to his feet, at, last, dripping with sweat, in spite of the cold, caught up his bundled wings, unfurled them and took the air with a rush. Once he had jerked himself aloft to a height a little above the crest of the cliff, it was hardly more than a matter of seconds before he came opposite the dome-like mound of snow which covered the pilot house.

There was no light shining out of the tunnel entrance. But that was as he had expected it to be. He made it out easily enough, and in another moment had alighted there.

"Jeanne!" he called.

It was not the exertion of flight, but a sudden intolerable apprehension that made him breathless. The word had halted a little in his throat. Exactly as he uttered it he saw down the tunnel, and in the pilot house itself, a tiny spark of fire, and heard the click of steel against flint.

What the spark illuminated were the fingers of a gigantic, hairy hand.

"Jeanne!" he call'ed again, and now his voice came clear enough. "Wait a minute and I'll make a light for you."

CHAPTER XXII.

In the Pilot House.

Cayley had been right in assuming, as he did in his conversation with Jeanne, upon the subject, that Roscoe and the other people of the Walrus had never noticed the ice chimney, nor suspected the existence of the pilot house upon the cliff-head. Also, he had followed correctly the track of Roscoe's mind in the deduction that the two latest castaways upon this land—that is, Philip and Jeanne—must have perished in the great storm which began on the night when he fired the hut, and continued for so many weeks that he, like them, lost all trace of reckoning.

During the storm he had lived in the cave, much as Philip and Jeanne had lived in the pilot house on the cliff: he had, that is to say, in some purely automatic fashion, kept on existing. The mere momentum of a mature man's vitality makes it hard for him to die. But when the storm abated and milder weather came, he bestirred himself, as Cayley did, and set about digging a tunnel of his own through the great drift which had blocked the entrance to his cave.

The next time the moon came up, after he had completed the tunnel from the cave, he set out down the beach toward the ruins of the hut.

It was not mere curiosity which actuated him, nor any lurking fear, but simply the hope of making some an vage from the wreckage of the hut, or possibly, from the bodies of his two victims, in case he was lucky enough to find them. He had no doubt at all that they were dead.

His pleasure over the quantity and condition of the stores he found in the ice cave compensated for his disappointment over not finding the bodies of his two latest victims.

Evidently they had not even attempted to use such shelter as the ice chamber afforded, for it showed no mark of human habitation at all. They had probably wandered outside and died in one of the near-by drifts. Perhaps he would find them some day. For the present, however, the stores occupied his whole attention.

Very methodically he set to work, carrying them off to his own cave, working without fatigue and without intermission—working so long as the moonlight lasted.

He was just setting out with his last load when, glancing skyward to see how long the light would hold, he caught a glimpse of Cayley on the wing. The sight occasioned him no return—not even momentary—of the old terror. He cursed a little because he had not his rifle with him; the sky-man soaring slowly and not very high, presented a mark he could almost certainly have hit.

It was surprising, of course, to see him alive, but Roscoe, in his present state, never thought of looking to supernatural means to account for the fact. Indeed, he was hardly more than a moment in approximating the true explanation. There might well be, he supposed, up somewhere in the face of the cliff a cave, or shelter, of which he knew nothing, and easily accessible to anyone who happened to possess a flying machine.

Skirting the cliff and keeping well in its shadow, he made his way with his last load, back to his cave. Here he spent a few minutes cleaning his rifle, making sure that the mechanism of the breech was working perfectly, and filling its magazine full of cartridges.

The moon was just setting, but the sky was still bright enough to give him a good hope of making out Cayley's winged figure against it.

Roscoe squatted down in the lee of the great hummock of ice, surveyed the heavens with keen, practised eyes, munching on a strip of dried walrus-meat which he had brought with him and waited very contentedly.

He had not long to wait. Long before the moon twilight had gone out of the sky he saw in it silhouetted against it, the sight from which he had once fled with such mad terror—the broad expanse of the sky-man's wings.

Instead of firing, he scrambled up to the top of the nearest ice hummock and from there watched Cayley' flight to his landing place.

He laughed aloud when he saw that it was not in the side of the cliff, as he had feared, but quite at the crest of it—where it was as accessible to a man who could climb a bit as to one with wings.

He did not move from his attitude of strained attention on the summit of a little ice hill, until he saw a faint glow of golden light diffusing itself from the mouth of the tunnel that led to the pilot house. Then, with that queer shuffling gait of his, which was neither walk nor run, he began making his way inshore, over the ice, toward the foot of the cliff.

Cayley's tunnel was not at right angles to the crest, but bore off diagonally westward. Roscoe had noted this fact, and he figured it out from the top of the promontory, which formed the western boundary of their strip of beach, he should be able to command a view straight into the tunnel. And, there was at this point a precipitous trail up the cliff. No one but Roscoe would have called it a trail, but that was the way it existed in his mind.

His calculation of the angle of the tunnel proved to be correct, for from his newly-gained origin of vantage, he could see straight into the pilot house and make out clearly enough two figures there.

Once more he was tempted to fire, and might have yielded to the temptation had not the light been put out before he had fairly got his eyes adjusted to the distance.

It is to be remembered, always, that he knew nothing whatever of the ice chimney, and suspected no connection between the hut and the pilot house, except by the air. For anything he knew to the contrary, Jeanne might be able to fly, as well as Philip, or he to carry her with him upon his flights. Consequently, he did not suspect, when he saw Cayley take to flight again, that this action had any reference to himself; nor that the woman who was left alone would be on her guard against him.

The moment he glimpsed the shadow of Cayley's wings against the stars he began making his way, cautiously, over the crusted snow, toward the pilot house. The door was closed, but there was a light shining out through a crack beneath it. It was a glass door, but something had been hung over the glass so that he could not see into the interior.

Both Jeanne and Philip had made the mistake of assuming that the only way of access to the pilot house, except to Philip with his wings, was the ice chimney. It was a natural mistake enough—one that almost any but a practised mountaineer would have made.

Furthermore they had no reason—either of them—for anticipating an attack upon the pilot house while Philip was gone. They had been living here, now for weeks, in unbroken security. So, though the girl obeyed Philip's injunction literally and scrupulously, she did it without the slightest sense of personal danger, and indeed she would hardly have had room for such an emotion even if there had been a much more reasonable ground for it.

She was sitting beside the oil stove, in one of the farther corners of the room. The chimney hole was in the corresponding corner. The revolver lay on the table in the middle of the room, a few paces behind her. The pilot house door was directly in line with it, and almost exactly behind her back. The door was hinged to swing inward.

When it burst open she attributed the fact to no other agency than the wind. She had drawn the red-bound book upon the bench beside her and rose, rather deliberately, before she turned round.

As she did so Roscoe sprang forward to the table and seized the revolver. Her failure to turn immediately had given him the second he needed to take in the strategic possibilities of the room.

His rifle was a clumsy weapon in close quarters. So, as he sprang forward, he dropped it and made for the revolver instead. It only needed a glance at the girl to convince him that she was unarmed. Quite deliberately he broke open the breech of the revolver and satisfied himself that it was loaded. Then he looked up again, blinking at the girl.

It was no wonder that Carlson and Rose had mistaken her for the ghost of the man their leader murdered. She looked like her father as a woman may resemble a man, and her whiteness, her fineness, her delicacy all increased rather than diminished the credibility of the idea that she was in fact his spirit.

The hand which held the revolver dropped nervously at his side. He swallowed hard, and wrung his cruel lips with his other great hand. It was then that the girl looked up into his face. It was then she uttered her first cry.

For she saw that he did not mean to kill her.

Suddenly Jeanne's eyes detached themselves from his face. A look of sudden alarm came into them, and she raised her hand to her throat, as though she were choking. She was looking past Roscoe, and straight down the snow tunnel.

"Philip!" she cried, "take care; he's here."

The snow tunnel was empty, and for aught she knew, her lover's body might be lying mangled in the monster's cave. She had thought of that before she tried the trick. But, even if that were so, that cry of hers might lead the monster to steal one uneasy glance at the door behind him; and even that would give her time enough. If he had not killed Philip, but simply eluded him, he would turn instantly.

That was what he did. He sprang round with a suddenness which belied a perfectly genuine, commonsense alarm. And then he found himself in darkness.

He understood at once that he had been tricked. Without wasting the time to turn back and look at Jeanne, he sprang toward the pilot house door. He thought she meant to attempt to rush by him, gain the snow-tunnel and throw herself over the crest of the cliff. He had not misread the sudden loathing he had seen in her eyes when they met his face.

In the open doorway he wheeled round, triumphantly. She had not got ahead of him that time. He laughed aloud into the darkness, and then spoke to her, with a vile, jocular familiarity.

But he got no answer, in words or otherwise. There was no outcry, no stifled sobbing. Nothing at all but sigh and whine of the wind.

He moved forward, groping in the dark, but stopped when he felt the pressure of the table across his thighs. He could do nothing without a light. He would re-light the candle, first of all, and then he would find her.

He took a bit of flint, a nail and a rope of tow from his pocket. He struck a spark, but it failed to kindle the tow.

It was at that instant the flame alighted.

Philip sprang clear of his planes, left them as they were there at the tunnel mouth, and walked steadily upward the pilot house door.

Roscoe, on hearing his voice the first time, had dropped the articles which encumbered his hands and groped on the table for the revolver. Before he could put his hand on it Cayley spoke the second time.

At that, wanting no weapon, confident that he needed none, his great arms aching for the feel of the sky-man's flesh beneath their grasp, he moved a step nearer the door and waited.

He saw Philip cross the threshold, unseeing — suspecting, apparently, nothing; saw him, at last, within hand's reach.

Just as he touched him he uttered a scthing oath, and his great hand fastened, for Philip's knife had struck through, clean to the hilt, and just below the heart.

The effect of the shock was only momentary. With a yell of rage, he sprang upon Cayley, crowded him back against the wall, tore at him blindly, like a wild beast, and finally getting Philip's right fore-arm fairly in the grip of both hands, he snapped it like a pipestem.

In a moment Cayley got round behind him and with the crook of his good arm round Roscoe's neck, he succeeded in forcing him to release his grip and in throwing him heavily.

As he lay, his body projected through the doorway, out into the tunnel.

Philip left him huddled there, and went back to the table. He found Roscoe's flint and steel beneath his hand; but it was a full minute before he could summon his courage to strike a light, for the inferences from Roscoe's presence here in the pilot house began to crowd upon him now, grim and horrible. But he struck a spark at last, lighted a candle and looked around.

The reaction of relief turned him, for a moment, giddy, as the glance about the room convinced him that what he feared worst had not happened. But another thought occurred to him, almost at once, when he saw the cover had been removed from the top of the ice chimney.

In his mind, of course, that represented the way Roscoe had come. What, if Jeanne, unable for some reason to defend herself, had chosen, as the lesser evil, to fling herself over the cliff from the tunnel mouth?

The moment he thought of that he went out into the tunnel, stepping over Roscoe's body to do so. He went to the edge and looked over, but it was too dark to see. The light of the aurora which still blazed in the sky, dazzled his eyes, without lighting the surface of the world below.

He must go down there, in order to be sure. His hut not stopped to furl his planes when he alighted, and they had wedged themselves sideways into the tunnel, still extended and so ready for flight in an emergency.

He righted them and slipped his arms through the loops that awaited them. He stood for a moment, testing the right wing tentatively. There was a play about it that he did not understand. So far as he could see nothing was broken. The fact that it was his own arm did not occur to him.

He was just turning to dive off the cliff-head when, suddenly, he saw the great form of the man he had supposed to be dead, rise and rush upon him.

Philip's knife had, indeed, inflicted a mortal wound, but a man of Roscoe's physique lets go of life slowly. He was bleeding to death, internally, but the process was, probably, retarded by his huddled position as he lay there in the tunnel.

So he had lain still and awaited his chance. Cayley was standing quite at the edge of the cliff, and the man's momentum carried him over. His clutching hands grasped Cayley's shoulders, and they went down together, over 600 feet of empty space.

For Cayley the space was all too little. As they went over he thought that he and his gigantic enemy were going down to death together. Instinctively, and much quicker than a man can think, he swept his great-faced forward and flung himself back in an attempt to correct the balance destroyed by the great weight that was clinging to his shoulders.

They were, of course, bound to go down. Neither his strength nor the area of his planes was sufficient to support them both in the air. But in the position into which he had flung himself they would go down a little more slowly. He would gain, perhaps, a precious second more.

But he did not waste even an infinitesimal moment in any struggle against the force of gravity.

Twice, with all his might, he sent his left fist crashing against the face, the staring, horrible face, that confronted his own. But still that convulsive, dying grasp held fast.

They were now more than a here 200 feet above the ice. With a supreme effort, an effort whose suddenness availed it better than its strength, he wrenched himself free and the great weight dropped off. Another effort, the instantaneous exertion of every ounce of force he possessed, corrected the sudden change of balance and prevented him from falling, like the great, inert mass he had just cast off.

Trembling, exhausted, he managed to blunder around in a half-circle, slanted down inland and stumbled to a landing on the beach, not 50 yards from the ice-clad ruins of the hut.

As he did so, the thought was in his mind that during his struggle in the air with Roscoe, he had heard a cry, which neither he nor his antagonist had uttered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Watched Cayley's Flight to His Landing Place.

Went Down Together.

6600 WEIGHTS ARE WANTED

Pure Food Law Causes Sentiment in Favor of Full Measure.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Since the national pure food law went into effect there is a general sentiment against all forms of "holding" buyers, which extends to the fruit growing interests. Cantaloupes should contain the full quantity which they are supposed to represent, the barrel a barrel, the bushel a bushel, and the quart a quart. Otherwise they should be so marked as to indicate the amount they contain. Heretofore the pear box received in New York from the West contained forty pounds, whereas an actual bushel of pears weighs fifty-six pounds. Western growers pack their apples in tiers or layers irrespective of weight. In the future the box will have either to be changed so as to allow the actual quantity or the quantity given on the package. Growers or associations order large quantities of boxes in advance, and it is not possible to switch off on a new package on short notice. Nevertheless, it is a good plan to give full measure rather than short measure, all things considered, and if marketing conditions and expense does not favor this, change them so that they will and leave the grower a fair profit.

SEPARATOR NOTES.

Some trouble is experienced by hand separator users in not being able to get satisfactory results from their machines after they have been using them for a few months, while no such trouble was experienced at first. Test the setting of the machine with a good level consistently. Unless a separator is kept perfectly level it will not run properly and the bearings will be ruined.

Another common fault is in not careless in the turning. If the machine is turned too slow or irregular you cannot get the best of results, regardless of the make of separator that you have. Time yourself with a watch every few days and make sure that you are turning the machine as fast as it should be.

Read over your instruction book often, you may find that you have been neglecting something important to the best working of your separator.

Do not get into the habit of changing the cream screw every few days. The threads on the screw will become worn so that the screw will turn itself while the machine is in motion. When once the machine is regulated to skim satisfactorily it should not be changed; the variation in the thickness of the cream due to the season of the year will not be enough to effect the separation of the milk at any time.

THE ARKANSAS APPLE CROP.

The apple crop of Arkansas this year should amount to about 2,500 cars— a light crop or about three per cent. The government report for July shows the condition of the crop to be 47 per cent of a full crop—growers estimate the condition.

The use of a covered or partially covered milk pail will add materially to the cleanliness of the milk.

Use your skim milk. Five pounds of skim milk have been found equal to one pound of grain for pigs.

Shorts and bran make an excellent ration for sows that are suckling pigs.

WANTED—Young men and ladies to learn telegraphy. We guarantee positions. Call or write for terms. SOUTHWESTERN RAILROAD and TELEGRAPH SCHOOL, 215 West Second St., Little Rock, Ark.

FARM NOTES.

Stop the churn as soon as the butter granulates if you want to work out all the buttermilk.

Culling the pullets may seem a small matter to many, but it adds dollars to the year's profits.

A bull tied in the stall will get lazy and useless, besides making extra work in his care and feed.

Sows should be bred in time.

There is no question that beef on the relish stings just as well as dairy cattle do.

The most expert judge cannot select a dairy bull by appearance alone.

Great care should be used in watering horses. A little and often is the best way.

Never sacrifice a good mother or a prolific sow.

Put the litters out of the heating of the sows.

You can hardly push pigs too fast, providing you use the right kind of food.

The cleanse the feed and feeding places the better the quality of the pork in all.

Sheep do not drink much water, but what they have in drink should be absolutely pure.

Push the sow hard and early spring pigs, and get them to market early.

Chilled or frozen shell eggs will not produce as many chicks as fresh, well-cared for eggs.

It is conducive to health to feed hogs when they can have the range of the pasture field.

The successful farmer endeavors to raise all the feed needed for his cows on his farm.

MILLIONAIRES MUST UNITE

Humanitic Calls on Them to Stand Together Against the Arrogance of the Laboring Classes.

Never has the arrogance of the laboring classes stood out so painfully as at present. The gatemakers have struck, our brass polishers have struck, machinists and typefitters have struck, and now the union has inferred upon the messenger boys.

Fellow-millionaires. United we stand, divided we fall. Let us now make a solemn covenant together. Let us, the masters, the employers of labor, strike. Let us discharge from our employ every laboring man on the payroll, from the second hairdresser to the youngest helper in the shops. Man and boy, woman and child, let them be cast out. Let us pay no more taxes to a government which has refused to protect us, and thereby throw out of work the horde of policemen, soldiers, constabulary, and the like who now live on our bounty.

Then, fellow-millionaires, scorning the assistance of all these turbulent elements, let us deprive them of their jobs by sowing our own wheat, kneading our own bread, making our own clothes and building our own houses.

Make no mistake. I call for a general strike. Let the mob manage as best they may. If they starve because we will not give them work, their blood will be upon their own heads.

Millionaires of the world, unite! You have nothing but your property to lose, and you have a fresher, fairer, finer world to gain!—Puck.

Take Kaiser to Task.

Emperor William of Germany is in receipt of a singular petition forwarded to Berlin by the Passaic (N. J.) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It calls attention to the fact that "in the fine equestrian statue of your majesty erected at the entrance to the new railway bridge at Cologne the tail of the horse is docked." The petition sets forth that "your majesty is no doubt aware that the docking of the horse's tail constitutes one of the worst cruelties practised on a dumb beast." It adds, "In our humble opinion it would be a mistake to leave the statue in its present form. A beautiful long tail might be put in the place of the stump. Such an alteration would not only add much to the beauty of the statue, but would also [illegible] criticism regarding your majesty's feelings toward a humane cause." The emperor has not yet replied to the petition.

Does Nothing Else.

Bejax (at the show)—"That pretty circus girl on the left threatened to leave the company unless she was given a speaking part."

Cordia—"Did she get it?"

Bejax—"You bet she did. The management [illegible] her."