

SCRAPS OF HUMOR



SOME DIPLOMAT.

Henry Watterson believes that if one has opinions they are worth sticking up for and that the editor who has no backbone is no editor at all. He says: "I despise a chap like Stewart, who used to run a dinky paper in a dinky town near Louisville. One day the office boy tripped into his private office and said: "Mr. Stewart, there's a man outside says he's got to see you."



SELF MADE

The Sire: Home again and broke. And when you left you said you were going to make a name for yourself. The Son: Oh, I've done that, all right. All my friends call me Piggy.

Job Jingles. The teller's task is not complex—To check the cash And cash the checks.

True. "What is your opinion of the possibility of communicating with the dead?" "I'm not worrying about that. But I am certain of one thing, there is a positive chance for better and kinder and happier communication with the living if we'd all make the effort."

Innuendo. "One of my cows swallowed my pocketbook," announced the chatty milkman. "Any money in it?" "Forty dollars." "Well, I hope your milk will be a little richer," said the grouchy customer.

Demonstration. "The emerald is my birth stone. What is yours?" "Judging from the blows fate is always giving me, I guess my birth stone is a brick."

The Ladies' Convention. "Why do you insist on calling on Mrs. Hefton for a speech? You know you don't really admire her." "I want a chance to heckle her."

A Perfect One. Lawyer—The prisoner can prove that at the time this fight took place in the main street, he was in an adjacent alley. Prosecutor—Oh, he wants to prove an alley-by!



WHAT THEY ALL THINK "Are you satisfied with your present position?" "No, I ought to have the boss's place but he doesn't seem willing to resign in my favor."

A Long Tack, at That. "Betwixt an auto and a yacht. One difference is," said Wall. "A yacht can stand upon a tack And get no hurt at all."

The Precise State. "Don't you think it is rude to interrupt your wife when she is talking?" "I never thought about its being rude, but I know from experience that it is dangerous."

A Waggle Employer. Mistress—Let me see! What's your name? Maid—Minnie, mumm. Mistress—Well, Minnie, if you'll only do the maximum of work we'll get along nicely.

Taken at His Word. Creditor—It's put off and put off until I'm sick and tired of it. I suppose I shall have to wait until the day of judgment for what you owe? Debtor (resembling work)—Er—yes. Better call late in the day, though.

Squelched. "I hear your husband has left you. Do tell me all about it. I never liked that man, anyhow! How did it happen, honey?" "Oh, he just died. That's all there was to it."

The VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"Has Poundstone returned your car?" he queried. "Why, yes. What makes you ask?" "Oh, I had a suspicion he might. You see, I called him up and suggested it; somehow his honor is peculiarly susceptible to suggestions from me, and—"

"Really, I believe you're happy today." "Happy? I should tell a man! If the streets of Sequoia were paved with eggs, I could walk them all day without making an omelette."

"I must be nice to feel so happy, after so many months of the blues." "Indeed it is, Shirley. You see until very recently I was very much worried as to your attitude toward me. I couldn't believe you'd so far forget yourself as to love me in spite of everything—so I never took the trouble to ask you. And now I don't have to ask you. I know! And I'll be around to see you after I get that crossing in."

"You're perfectly horrid," she blazed, and hung up without the formality of saying good-by.

Shortly after Shirley's departure from his office, Bryce had a visit from Buck Ogilvy. The latter wore a neatly pressed suit of Shepherd plaid, with

one of Mac's old friends down to Willie's purposely to call on him and invite him out for a time; but Mac wouldn't drink with him. No, sir, he couldn't be tempted. On the contrary, he told the tempter that he had promised to give him back his job if he remained on the water wagon for one year; he was resolved to win back his job and his self-respect."

"I know what your plan is," Ogilvy interrupted. "Listen, now, to father's words of wisdom. Didn't you hear me tell that girl and her villainous avuncular relative last night that I had another ace up my sleeve?"

"That was not brag, old dear. I had the ace, and this morning I played it—wherefore in my heart there is that peace that passeth understanding—particularly since I have just had a telegram informing me that my ace took the odd trick."

"You will recall that from the very instant we decided to cut in that jumping-crossing, we commenced to plan against interference by Pennington; in consequence we kept, or tried to keep, our decision a secret. However, there existed at all times the possibility that Pennington might discover our benevolent intentions and block us with his only weapon—a restraining order issued by the Judge of the United States district court."

"Now, one of the most delightful things I know about a court is that it is open to all men seeking justice—or injustice disguised as justice. Also there is a wise old saw to the effect that battles are won by the fellow who goes there first with the most men. The situation from the start was absurdly simple. If Pennington got to the district court first, we were lost!"

"You mean you got there first?" exclaimed Bryce. "I did—by the very simple method of preparing to get there first in case anything slipped. Something did slip—last night! However, I was ready; so all I had to do was press the button, for as Omar Khayyam remarked: 'What shall it avail a man if he buyeth a padlock for his stable after his favorite stallion hath been lifted?' Several days ago, my boy, I wrote a long letter to our attorney in San Francisco explaining every detail of our predicament; the instant I received that temporary franchise from the city council, I mailed a certified copy of it to our attorney also. Then, in anticipation of our discovery by Pennington, I instructed the attorney to prepare the complaint and petition for a restraining order against Seth Pennington et al, and stand by to rush to the judge with it the instant he heard from me!"

"Well, about the time old Pennington started for San Francisco this morning, I had our attorney out of bed and on the long-distance telephone; and at nine o'clock this morning he appeared in the United States district court; at nine-fifteen the judge signed a restraining order forbidding our enemies to interfere with us in the exercise of a right legally granted us by the city of Sequoia, and at nine-thirty a deputy United States marshal started in an automobile for Sequoia, via the overland route. He will arrive late tomorrow night, and on Sunday we will get that locomotive out of our way and install our crossing."

"And Pennington—" "Ah, the poor Pennington! Mon pauvre Seth!" Buck sighed comically. "He will be just twenty-four hours late."

"You old he-fox!" Bryce murmured. "You wicked, wicked man!" Buck Ogilvy lifted his lapel and smiled luxuriously at his white carnation, the while a thin little smile played around the corners of his humorous mouth. "Ah," he murmured presently, "life's pretty sweet, isn't it?"

"Three Long, Loud, Raucous Cheers for Uncle!"

a white carnation in his lapel, and he was apparently the most light-hearted young man in Humboldt county. He struck an attitude and demanded: "Boss, what do you think of my new suit?"

"You lunatic! Don't you know red bloods should never wear light shades? You're dressed like a negro minstrel."

"Well, I feel as happy as an end-man. And by the way, you're all chirked up yourself. Who's been helping you to the elixir of life? When we parted last night, you were forty fathoms deep in the slough of despond."

"No less a divinity than Miss Shirley Sumner! She called this morning to explain that last night's fiasco was none of her making, and quite innocently she imparted the information that old Pennington lighted out for San Francisco at one o'clock this morning. Wherefore I laugh. Te-he! Ha-ha-ha!"

"Three long, loud raucous cheers for Uncle. He's gone to rush a restraining order through the United States district court. Wonder why he didn't wire his attorney to attend to the matter for him."

"He has the crossing blocked, and inasmuch as the mayor feeds out of Pennington's hand, the Colonel is quite confident that said crossing will remain blocked. As for the restraining order—well, if one wants a thing well done, one should do it oneself."

"All that doesn't explain your cheerful attitude, though." "Oh, but it does. I've told you about old Duncan McTavish. Moira's father, haven't I? Ogilvy nodded, and Bryce continued: "When I fired the old scoundrel for boozing, it almost broke his heart; he had to leave Humboldt, where everybody knew him, so he wandered down into Mendocino county, and got a job sticking lumber in the drying yard of the Willits Lumber company. He's been there two months now, and I am informed by his employer that old Mac hasn't taken a drink in all that time. And what's more, he isn't going to take me again."

"How do you know?" "Because I make it my business to find out. Mac was the finest woods-boss this county ever knew; he used to not assume that I would lose the old scoundrel without making a fight for him, do you? Why, Buck, he's been on the Cardigan payroll thirty years, and I only fired him in order to reform him. Well, last week I sent

light some more, m'sieur. And I have 'feel ashamed' for those Black Minorca feller. Always wiz him ez ze rifle, or ze club—and now ez ze rifle. Cochon! When I fight, I fight wiz what le bon Dieu give me."

"You appear to have a certain code, after all," Bryce laughed. "I am inclined to like you for it. You're sporty in your way, your tremendous scoundrel!"

"Mebbeso," Rondeau suggested hopefully, "M'sieur likes me for woods-boss?"

"Why, what's the matter with Pennington? Is he tired of you?" "The color mounted slowly to the woods boss's swarthy cheek. "Madoiselle Sumner, he's told me pretty soon he's goin' to stop all these fight. An' when Madoiselle, he is in these country—I like him. I feel sad, M'sieur, to leave dose beeg trees."

"I am fine woods-boss for somebody," he suggested hopefully. "You think Miss Sumner dislikes you then, Rondeau?"

"I don't think. I know. He sighed; his huge body seemed to droop. "I am out of zee good luck now," he murmured bitterly. "Everybody, she hate Jules Rondeau." Again he sighed. "Dose beeg trees! In Quebec we have none. In zee woods, M'sieur, I feel—here!" And he laid his great calloused, hairy hand over his heart. "When I cut your beeg trees, M'sieur, I feel like hell."

"That infernal gorilla of a man is a poet," Buck Ogilvy declared. "I'd think twice before I let him get out of the country, Bryce."

"Whose salt he eats, his song he sings," quoth Bryce. "I forgive you, Rondeau, and when I need a woods-boss like you, I'll send for you."

At eleven o'clock Saturday night the deputy United States marshal arrived in Sequoia. Upon the advice of Buck Ogilvy, however, he made no attempt at service that night, notwithstanding the fact that Jules Rondeau and his bullets still guarded the crossing. At eight o'clock Sunday morning, however, Bryce Cardigan drove him down to the crossing. Buck Ogilvy was already there with his men, superintending erection of a huge derrick close to the heap of obstructions placed on the crossing. Sexton was watching him uneasily, and flushed as Ogilvy pointed him out to the marshal.

"There's your meat, marshal," he announced. The marshal approached and extended toward Sexton a copy of the restraining order. The latter struck it aside and refused to accept it—whereupon the deputy marshal tapped him on the shoulder with it. "Tag! You're out of the game, my friend," he said pleasantly.

As the document fluttered to Sexton's feet, the latter turned to Jules Rondeau. "I can no longer take charge here, Rondeau," he explained. "I am forbidden to interfere."

"Jules Rondeau can do ze job," the woods-boss replied easily. "Ze law, she have not restrain' me. I guess, mebheso, you don't take dose theings away, eh, M'sieur Cardigan. Myself, I lak see."

The deputy marshal handed Rondeau a paper, at the same time showing his badge. "You're out, too, my friend," he laughed. "Don't be foolish to try to buck the law. If you do, I shall have to place a nice little pair of handcuffs on you and throw you in jail—and if you resist arrest, I shall have to shoot you. I have one of these little restraining orders for every able-bodied man in the Laguna Grande Lumber company's employ—thanks to Mr. Ogilvy's foresight; so it is useless to try to boat this game on a technicality."

Sexton, who still lingered, made a gesture of surrender. "Dismiss your crew, Rondeau," he ordered. "We're whipped to a frazzle."

A gleam of pleasure, not unmixed with triumph, lighted the dark eyes of the French-Canadian. "I tol' M'sieur

"When I Cut Your Beeg Trees, M'sieur, I Feel Like Hell."

Sexton she couldn't fight M'sieur Cardigan and win," he said simply. "Now mebhe he believe that Jules Rondeau know something."

"Shut up," Sexton roared petulantly. Rondeau shrugged contemptuously, turned, and with a sweep of his great arm indicated to his men that they were to go; then, without a back-

ward glance to see that they followed, the woods boss strode away in the direction of the Laguna Grande mill. Arrived at the mill office, he entered, took down the telephone, and called up Shirley Sumner.

"Madoiselle," he said, "Jules Rondeau speaks to you. I have for you zee good news. Bryce Cardigan, she puts in the crossing today. One man of the law she comes from San Francisco with papers, and M'sieur Sexton say to me: 'Rondeau, we are whip. Deemess dose men, and now I deemess myself. Mebheso bimby I go to work for M'sieur Cardigan. For Madoiselle I have no weesh to make trouble to fire me. I quest. I will not fight dose dirty fight some more. Au revoir, madoiselle, I go.'"

And without further ado he hung up. "What's this, what's this?" Sexton demanded. "You're going to quit! Nonsense, Rondeau, nonsense!"

"I will have my time, M'sieur," said Jules Rondeau. "I go to work for a man. Mebheso I am not woods boss for heeb, but—I work."

"You'll have to wait until the Colonel returns, Rondeau."

"Then you'll wait till pay day for it, Rondeau. You know our rules. Any man who quits without notice waits until the regular pay day for his money."

Jules advanced until he towered directly over the manager. "I tol' M'sieur I would have my time," he repeated once more. "Is M'sieur deaf in zee ears?" He raised his right hand, much as a bear raises its paw; his blunt fingers worked a little and there was a smoldering fire in his dark eyes.

Without further protest Sexton opened the safe, counted out the wages due, and took Rondeau's receipt.

"Thank you, M'sieur," the woods boss growled as he swept the coin into his pocket. "Now I work for M'sieur Cardigan; so, M'sieur, I will have zee switch engine weeth two flat cars and zee wrecking car. Dose dam trash on zee crossing—M'sieur Cardigan does not like, and by gar, I take heem away. You understand, M'sieur? I am Jules Rondeau, and I work for M'sieur Cardigan. La, la, M'sieur!" The great hand closed over Sexton's collar. "Not zee pistol—no, not for Jules Rondeau."

Quite as easily as a woman dresses a baby, he gagged Sexton with Sexton's own handkerchief, laid him gently on the floor and departed, locking the door behind him and taking the office, he paused, jerked once at the wire, and passed on, leaving the broken ends on the ground.

In the roundhouse he found the switch engine crew on duty, waiting for steam in the boiler. The withdrawal of both locomotives, brief as had been their absence, had caused a glut of logs at the Laguna Grande landings, and Sexton was catching up with the traffic by sending the switch engine crew out for one trainload, even though it was Sunday. The crew had been used to receiving orders from Rondeau, and moreover they were not aware of his recent action; hence at his command they ran the switch engine out of the roundhouse, coupled up the two flat cars and the wrecking car, and backed down to the crossing. Upon arrival, Jules Rondeau leaned out of the cab window and hailed Bryce. "M'sieur," he said, "do not bozzer to make zee derrick. I have here zee wrecking car—all you need; pretty soon we lift him off zee crossing. I tell you, eh, M'sieur Cardigan?"

Bryce stepped over to the switch engine and looked up at his late enemy. "By whose orders is this train here?" he queried.

"Mine," Rondeau quickly answered. "M'sieur Sexton I have tie like one leetle pig and lock her in her office. I work now for M'sieur."

And he did. He waited not for a confirmation from his new master but proceeded to direct operations like the horn driver and leader-of-men that he was. With his late employer's gear he fastened to the old castings and the boiler, lifted them with the derrick on the wrecking car, and swung them up and around onto the flat cars. By the middle of the afternoon the crossing was once more clear. Then the Cardigan crew fell upon it while Jules Rondeau ran the train back to the Laguna Grande yards, dismissed his crew, returned to the mill office, and released the manager.

"You'll pay through the nose for this, you scoundrel," Sexton whimpered. "I'll fix you, you traitor."

"You feez nothing, M'sieur Sexton," Rondeau replied imperturbably. "Who is witness Jules Rondeau tie you up? Somebody see you, no? I guess you don't feez me. Sacre! I guess you don't try."

CHAPTER XVII.

Colonel Pennington's discovery at San Francisco that Bryce Cardigan had stolen his thunder and turned the bolt upon him, was the hardest blow Seth Pennington could remember having received throughout his thirty-odd years of give and take. He was too old and experienced a campaigner, however, to permit a futile rage to cloud his reason; he prided himself upon being a foeman worthy of any man's steel.

On Tuesday he returned to Sequoia. Sexton related to him in detail the events which had transpired since his departure, but elicited nothing more than a noncommittal grunt.

"There is one more matter, sir, which will doubtless be of interest to you," Sexton continued apologetically. "Miss Sumner called me on the telephone yesterday and instructed me formally to notify the board of directors of the Laguna Grande company of a special meeting of the board, to be held here at two o'clock this afternoon. In view of the impossibility of communicating with you while you were en route, I confided to her wishes. Our by-laws, as you know, stipulate that no meeting of the board shall be called without formal written notice to each di-

rector mailed twenty-four hours previously."

"What the devil do you mean, Sexton, by conforming to her wishes? Miss Sumner is not a director of this company," Pennington's voice was harsh and trembled apprehensively.

"Miss Sumner controls forty per cent of the Laguna Grande stock, sir. I took that into consideration."

"You lie!" Pennington all but screamed. "You took into consideration your job as secretary and general manager. Damnation!"

He rose and commenced pacing up and down his office. Suddenly his desk, watching him respectfully, "You fool!" he snarled. "Get out of here and leave me alone."

Sexton departed promptly, glancing at his watch as he did so. It lacked five minutes of two. He passed Shirley Sumner in the general office.

"Shirley," Pennington began in a hoarse voice as she entered his office.

"I cannot trust you to manage my financial affairs in the future."

"What is the meaning of this directors' meeting you have requested?" "Be seated, Uncle Seth," the girl answered quietly. "If you will only be quiet and reasonable, perhaps we can dispense with this directors' meeting which appears to frighten you so."

He sat down promptly, a look of relief on his face. "I scarcely know how to begin, Uncle Seth," Shirley commenced sadly. "It hurts me terribly to be forced to hurt you, but there doesn't appear to be any other way out of it. I cannot trust you to manage my financial affairs in the future—this for a number of reasons, the principal one being—"

"Young Cardigan," he interrupted in a low voice. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

HISTORY MERELY A LESSON

Paints Pictures Only That They May Be an Inspiration to Future Generations.

History does not relate for the sake of relating; it does not paint for the sake of painting; it relates and paints the past that it may be a living lesson of the future. It proposes to instruct new generations by the experience of those who have gone before them, by exhibiting to them a faithful picture of great and important events with their causes and their effects, with general designs and particular passions, with the faults and virtues that are found commingled in human things. It teaches the excellence of prudence, courage, and great thoughts profoundly meditated, constantly pursued, and executed with moderation and force. It shows the vanity of immoderate pretensions, the power of wisdom and virtue, the impotence of folly and crime. Thucydides, Polybius, and Tacitus undertake anything rather than procuring new emotions for an idle curiosity or a worn threadbare imagination. They doubtless desire to interest and attract, but more to instruct; they are the avowed masters of statesmen and the preceptors of mankind.—Victor Cousin.

Friendship. The loftiest test of friendship—understood as companionship—is the power to do without it. And in this world of external confusions and separations, there is often such need we do not yield the friendship, but must forego the companionship. Then comes the proof of our capacity for sacrifice, our loyalty to the Highest of all. We turn our faces from each other, but never our hearts, and walk our opposite ways. Gradually the heavens widen and deepen above us; we find ourselves breathing new, yet strangely familiar atmospheres, sweet with the breath of the old affection; we see ourselves—each sees the other—met once more in a Presence which has never forsaken us—the presence of one who puts his cross into the hands of all holiest friendship, saying "Conquer by this!" There is no danger of losing love, here or hereafter if it is only real; for love is the one indestructible element in the universe.—Lucy Larcom.

State Has Had Nine Capitals. The first complete report made in connection with the Raleigh and Wake county community study shows that the state of North Carolina has had nine capitals, as follows: Bath, Eden, Brunswick, Filingmton, Newbern, Hillsboro, Smithfield, Fayetteville and Raleigh. The reason for so many lay in the custom, prior to 1791, of transferring the seat of government to the place of residence of the government or to the temporary meeting place of the assembly.

Charles V Had Faith in Women. The famous emperor Charles V, who was accounted one of the ablest rulers of his time, had such confidence in the ability of women to govern that he appointed three successively as regents of the Netherlands.

It is a case of intellectual farming, when a man's feelings are harrowed

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BOY IS BRANDED WITH HOT FORK

Cruel and Unusual Punishment Meted Out to Child by San Francisco Teacher.

FOR CHILDISH PRANK

Tot Alleged to Have Been Dragged to Stove and Held While Instrument of Torture Was Heated—Woman Is Arrested.

San Francisco.—An improvised branding iron, pressed white hot into the tender flesh of his right forearm, was the cruel and unusual punishment meted out to four-year-old Carroll Kent Cooper, son of Mr. and Mrs. Marion Cooper, of the Chancellor hotel, by the woman principal of an exclusive San Francisco kindergarten. According to the woman's own admission, the branding was punishment for a childish prank.

Mrs. Louise Q. Lyle, principal of the Claring Cross kindergarten, is alleged to have dragged the terrified boy into the kitchen and held him near a stove while she heated the instrument of torture, an old-fashioned fork. With the flesh seared deep the boy ran screaming to the grounds of the kindergarten, where he was found by his seven-year-old brother, Marion.

Charges against Mrs. Lyle have been preferred with the California Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, on the strength of the child's story and a letter of admission written by the principal to Mrs. Cooper. Mrs. Lyle is under arrest.

Scarcely less terrified than the injured child, when she saw the livid burn on his arm, Mrs. Cooper immediately complained to M. J. White, secretary of the society. White conferred with Attorney Ramsey Moran and it was decided to cause Mrs. Lyle's arrest.

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