

The Golden Wedding

By Genevieve Lee

Alan Ware was twenty and Mary Watson was eighteen when they ran away to get married because Mary's brother objected to the visits of his prospective brother-in-law.

Bruce Watson objected because his own life was soured. He was five years the senior of Mary, had inherited the family estate, had doubled and tripled it in two years and was a rich man. Then he ran across a beautiful but frivolous girl, who lured him on to love and eloped with a circus actor, leaving Bruce the laughing stock of the town. From that moment Bruce Watson was shut out of his heart all human sympathy and she submitted, except when it came to Alan Ware. She loved him devotedly and ran away with him to get married.

"I cast the unworthy creature out of my life forever," pronounced Bruce, and he kept his word. Thereafter he interested himself no further in her doings than to coldly listen to a friend, who told him of the poor, but happy tramps, who had settled down on a little leased farm twenty miles distant.

The years went on. Bruce Watson became a recluse. He lived in a sumptuous manner, his gains increased, he had leisure to indulge in such fads as appealed to his fancy, for he practically had nothing else to do. He toyed with numismatics. He had a very unique collection of coins. He bought rare old books. These efforts at banishing ennui filled in his life, but there was no real happiness or interest at base.

He heard about his sister frequently, in a casual way of his only, however, he turned a deaf ear to particulars.



"They Shall Have a Real Golden Wedding, if I Get Jugged for It!"

Her husband had turned out a steady, industrious man and Mary a contented, sweet-tempered woman.

Once, driving along a country road in his splendid equipage, Bruce passed them, but as erect as a statue, as cold and unfeeling as ice.

So nearly half a century passed away. Bruce Watson was an old man, shriveled, snarling, unhappy. Time had as well touched the sunny brow of Alan and had faded the clear eyes of Mary. Through all the years, however, love had grown. They had no children, but those of the neighbors were there frequently, visitors and fast friends. They grew poorer and poorer as the years wore away. Oftentimes the larder was empty; it became a struggle to round out the year free of debt. They had in later times adopted a bright and affectionate orphan girl, little Lois, who gave to them of the fullness of her heart and was a cherished companion of their lonely life.

She came home one day, a ragged, half-starved tramp leaning on her shoulder for support. He was Jim Darby, he had told her when she had found him nursing a broken ankle by the wayside. Her adopted parents had associated rare human sympathy in her tender soul. She feared no rebuff when she led the castaway up to the porch of the little home and seated him in a rustic chair.

"There, be as comfortable as you can till I tell mother," the bright, winsome creature told Jim Darby. "She will do the rest."

Packing of the Loaded Cane. The loaded cane has gone out of fashion, principally for the reason that such a thing is a source of danger lying around loose, as a cane is apt to do; but a whistling cane has been invented by which help may be summoned by one who is attacked and for any person unable to make an outcry. The apparatus is entirely hidden in the handle of the cane, but yet exposed sufficiently to be quickly reached by the hand of the person carrying it, and one or three hard compressions will cause a whistling noise, which will attract instantly the attention of anyone within a distance of several hundred yards.

Vacation and Efficiency. It is the change, really more than the rest, that is of so much value in a vacation. Besides the absorption of the fatigue products there is an opportunity given those functions which have remained inactive and sluggish, and even atrophic, to exercise and develop. It is a restoration of balance, and the hand and coarse country work is restful and invigorating. For indoor workers this sort of a vacation means a new lease on life. Very often a border line case of tuberculosis is maintained a little longer above the line by a proper vacation. The increased tendency to arteriosclerosis and other degenerative conditions, as well as premature senility, nearly all the result of high pressure and efficiency, can be much neutralized by periodic vacations, a vacation free from the grind, of course, but also from the worry incident thereto. The vacation is a therapeutic measure come to stay.—New York Medical Journal.

Where He Slept. Mrs. Flatbush—My husband is always complaining of the church bells waking him up Sunday mornings. Mrs. Bensonhurst—Is that so? "Why don't you turn the bells ever wake your husband up?" "Oh, no. They never ring after he gets to church."

Women pause to reflect—when they see a mirror.

There was no falling of her earnest promise. The homeless tramp was given a comfortable bed in the garret. He was nursed and fed and told that he was welcome to such as they had until he was well enough to resume the road.

"Which is my natural bent," observed Jim, "and something along it I'm going to find something to pay you back for all your kindness."

Innocent, inexperienced Lois saw in fancy their grateful patient delving hard at honest work to keep his pledge. In his secret mind Jim chuckled as he recalled a certain demitche twenty miles or more distant. There its embroiled master had set his dogs on him, not, however, until the keen-eyed mendicant had caught sight of glowing wealth in the library of the mansion.

He was well and strong, as he announced at the breakfast table one morning that he would be no longer a burden upon them.

"Better stay over a few days, friend," invited bluff, kind-hearted Alan Ware.

"Yes, at least for today," supplemented Mary. "For—Alan, I suppose you had forgotten it, but we were married just fifty years ago today."

"I remembered it," came the prompt, but muffled response, and a tear rolled down the speaker's cheek, "our wedding. I hoped you had forgotten it, for there hasn't been much of gold, or even silver in this house during the half century."

"But oh! what true, pure gold of love, and trust, and faith!" cried Mary, springing up, and she put her arms about his neck. "And as to the other gold—why, Alan, dear, we've always kept and revered this. Don't you remember—brother Bruce gave this to me only a week before we ran away and got married."

Mary removed from her neck a chain and locket. It contained the portraits of her parents. She placed it on the table and it should remain there all day, she declared, as a reminder. She planned a fine dinner to celebrate the occasion. Jim Darby went outside, deeply thoughtful.

"They shall have a real golden wedding, if I get jugged for it!" soliloquized Jim and he left the house for that grander one twenty miles away. He was not home at dinner time. Mary and Lois, returning to the house just before dark, stared strangely at the table as they entered the house. In its center was a little heap of gold coins and a blurred, misspelt note. It read: "For your golden wedding—Jim Darby."

"Why! what can it mean?" marveled Mary, and then, picking up a box from the floor which had evidently been the original receptacle of the coins, she uttered a kind of a scream.

What Jim Darby had done was to rob the brother of his kind hostess and the box he had stolen bore on its side his name and a description of the rare coins it contained. In a flash Mary surmised the truth.

Nothing would do but Lois must instantly proceed to the next town, seek out Bruce Watson and restore the filched treasure and explain. Lois had a sweetheart who offered to drive her to Wadhams and back very willingly.

Bruce Watson regarded his visitor with suspicion and dislike. He roused up, however, as Lois told her story and restored the stolen coins.

"A golden wedding? Those paupers! The display must have been opulent!" he sneered. "Oh, no," amended Lois, and meaningly, for she was an intelligent little being. "There was a real gold memento, Mr. Watson—a locket you gave your sister, containing the portraits of your father and mother."

If a shot had struck him it could not have had more effect. He paled and quivered. A simple word had unlocked the sealed storehouse of his memory.

She was beside him, her arms about his neck, in tears, pouring out the story of two patient, gentle lives, full of the love and tenderness he had missed. He waved her away finally, too choked up with emotion to speak.

And later—he invited, and there came into his life the joys of reconciliation, and the peace his soul had longed for all those dreary years.

Lovers' Dialogues. "You do still love me?" "Yes." "And you haven't fallen in love with any girl up at college?" "No." "Do you love me as much as ever?" "Yes." "And will you always love me?" "Yes." "And there's no one else?" "No." "Just me?" "Yes." "How can you sit there and lie so?"

A Native Acacia. Southern California boasts one native species of acacia, the cat's claw (a Groggii), which is but a shrub in that state, but becomes a tree in Arizona. It bears small pale yellow flowers and an abundance of very sharp thorns.

Janitor Complained of Feeling Miserable. Then Ended His Life by Crawling Into Furnace. Marshfield, Wis.—Chris Kottmeyer, aged fifty-four, was janitor of the Agler Opera House building here. The other night he complained of having a cold and feeling miserable. Next morning, as the thermometer dropped and the wind blew a gale, the building became cold. An investigation was made, and Kottmeyer, burned to a crisp, was found in the asphalt. He had crawled in so far that it was necessary to have a mason cut the wall to get the body out. A coroner's jury decided that he had committed suicide by broiling himself under the grates.

Urges Church Dances. Marlon, O.—Rev. C. Bernard Runnalls of St. Paul's church appealed to his congregation from the pulpit recently to hold church dances bimonthly in the parish house. He favors church dances to wipe out public dance halls, where girls are unprotected. "Church rules against pleasures develop an appetite for them secretly. We must outwit the devil at his own game by substituting for each vice, and the church dance should replace the saloon dance," he said.

CUPID AIDED BY MARS IN COURTSHIP

Couple Who Had Not Seen Each Other in 18 Years, Soon to Wed.

New York.—A romance, which began during school days in England, will result in a few months in the marriage of Miss Gertrude Mary Fletcher, clerk in the office of the British paymaster at Dover, and Claud Deaehurst Bingham, importer and exporter of New York city.

Until last Monday, when Miss Fletcher arrived here on the steamship St. Paul of the American line, Mr. Bingham had not seen his fiancée in 18 years. He was only a boy when his parents left Dover for Niagara, to make their home. His uncle, Herbert F. Bingham, who died several years ago, was the British consul at Greytown, Niagara.

Mr. Bingham, and Miss Fletcher became engaged to wed eight years ago.



Braved the Submarines and Mine Fields.

through correspondence. Business demanded that Mr. Bingham remain in this city and Miss Fletcher said "it required little coaxing on the part of my fiancée for me to brave the submarines and mine fields to come to him." The uncertainty of mail deliveries after the war began caused them to decide on this move. There was remote danger of their not recognizing each other at the pier—they had taken precautions to exchange photographs at intervals.

Miss Fletcher, who is twenty-four years old, is brunette and has wavy hair. She had little to say when asked about the unusual romance in her life. "I suppose this marriage was arranged for you and Mr. Bingham by your parents?" the reporter asked. "No such thing," interposed Mrs. D. P. Bingham. "This wonderful romance is all their own, and I am glad their separation has ended."

COURT ADVISES WIFE TO SHOOT HUSBAND

Kansas City, Mo.—Mrs. J. L. Reece was ordered furnished with new bullets for her revolver by Judge Klernan, after she had shot at her husband and missed. Both Mrs. Reece and her husband were arrested when the police were called by neighbors.

Reece was not in court, forgetting his cash bond. His wife appeared and told the judge her husband came home drunk and abused her. For protection she got a revolver and fired twice, missing her aim. "Sergeant, fit this woman's gun out with new bullets," ordered the judge. "Get enough bullets to practice with," advised the judge. "If you run out, come and get some more and whenever your husband comes home and starts to beat you again, don't miss! If you miss him again, I'll fine you."

BURNED SELF TO DEATH

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Drainage Warms Soil. Heat is the chief essential for plant growth, and one of the principal factors in making soil warm is good drainage. The surface soils of well-drained lands are almost invariably several degrees warmer than those of poorly drained lands. Drained soils also warm up faster after cold spells and much earlier in spring. It is certain that dynamiting heavy soils will pay.

The skin of the whale is split into four thicknesses, and each thickness makes a stout and substantial leather.

HOME TOWN HELPS

OLD AGE BECOMING TO BRICK

Tones Bleach Out and Grow Soft as Years Go By—House of This Material Should Be of Simple Design.

Brick houses grow old beautifully. Brick, if it is good in color and texture, takes on age becomingly. Brick tones bleach out and grow soft as years go by, giving that happy effect of fitness so prevalent in nature. "Brand-newness" wears off quickly and a brick building soon sinks into harmony with the trees and flowers surrounding it.

Brick is of every tone and hue, from light buff to purplish black. Some shades are beautiful and some are not, so the same discriminating taste must be displayed in selecting brick material. In considering brick, remember, first, that there is no such thing as "style" in architecture. That is to say, style in the sense that this type or that type is in style or out of style and accordingly should not be used.

Brick houses can be built of any shape or size, but brickwork deserves some consideration as to the form. Do not build your brick house the same shape you would a frame house, for brick is a very different material from lumber. Generally speaking, brick houses should be of simple rectangular form, with here and there a plain bay window or wing. It is difficult to build brickwork when the outline of a building is too complex, and for that reason the most practical designs for brick houses are somewhat simple in character.

Brickwork is excellent when combined with cement plaster. This is a favorite type of design in England where country houses are remarkably successful, and where the compositions seem to harmonize so well with the beautiful landscape conditions.

DON'TS FOR HOME BUILDERS

Serious Thought Should Be Given to Things That Should Be Omitted From New Building.

If you are intending to build a home, as doubtless you are, don't in planning devote all your energies to the things you need in the building, but rather give serious thought to the things that can well be omitted, thereby saving you expense and future trouble and annoyance. Some of these are briefly outlined in the following "don'ts": Don't, when planning the home, forget that there is just one best layout for the house on any plot, and that layout can be determined only through long, patient and careful study of all the surrounding conditions.

Don't forget that the unsightly radiator may be successfully concealed by grilles. There are to be had special grille designs, suited to the various orders of decoration.

Don't, when laying out the lighting system of the new house, fail to plan for adequate switch control. This is one of the most important features in the well-equipped modern home.

Don't, if you wish to "live an air of spaciousness to the rooms, fail to eliminate all unnecessary details.

Don't plan your new home without taking into consideration the possibilities of the grounds. In those days of out-of-door living, the garden, the pergola, the sun-room, the arbor and the tea-room are all really extensions of the house itself.

Civic-Industrial Clubs.

A survey of the interesting reports of the civic-industrial clubs fostered in Chicago's highschools by the Association of Commerce shows activities, actual or contemplated, which may broadly be characterized as follows: Book exchange, branch library, savings bank, parents' and teachers' association, promotional work in grammar schools for highschool work for children at settlement houses, sanitation, commercial geography, promotion of thrift, flower planting, work for a longer luncheon period, police and fire protection, survey, military fire drills, Christmas gifts of food, bundle day, improvement of vacant lots, advertising committee, scholarship efficiency committee, general repair committee, collection of waste paper for library fund, "keep to the right" movement, preventing accidents and confusion in school life and thereby training the individual for the same practice in public, beautifying school grounds, information from colleges and universities about ways and means of self-help, use of neighborhood newspapers for school publicity service, birdhouses in neighborhoods, Thanksgiving baskets and rifle clubs.

For Protection of Bridges.

To prevent loss of metal due to the cutting action of locomotive blasts, asbestos sheathing has been used by the Western and Atlantic railroad on its bridges. The loss of metal is caused principally by the blast rather than by corrosion or effect of gas. Instead of using brass bolts as first planned for all cases of exposed heads below the sheets, a satisfactory protection was obtained by using a one-third portland cement mortar and asbestos fiber, placed as a hemispherical covering over bolt heads by using a cup-shaped form in a small block. The bolt protection has remained intact.

Negro's Skin Turns White

Others of His Race Call Him a "Hoodoo" and Women Try to Kill Him.

Enrie, Ark.—An aged negro, hotly pursued by three negroes armed with an ax handle and heavy sticks, dashed through the streets here the other day. The old negro was handcuffed by his age, and the women had given him a sound beating before they were stopped and arrested.

The negroes excused their attack on the ground that the old man is a "hoodoo," and that he has been practicing his sorcery on the negroes in the vicinity, causing them all sorts of bad luck.

They loudly announced that they will give the aged one but five days to leave town, under pain of further beating. The negroes' belief that the old man is a "hoodoo," probably arises from his appearance. His skin has turned white except for a streak about the eyes giving him an uncanny look.

DYING CHIEF IS VICTIM OF SPELL

Blames Medicine Man of Tribe for Wishing Fatal Malady on Him.

OLD BELIEFS ENDURE

Contact With Civilization Fails to Eradicate Ancient Superstitions Among Indians of the Northwest.

Pendleton, Ore.—Ancient superstitions of Northwest Indians have not been eradicated by contact with civilization. The death here recently of Chief No Shirt (Sis-mah-ho-ma) of the Walla Walla showed the ancient traditions and beliefs of his forefathers still live. In his last illness the old chief steadfastly refused to be treated by a white physician.

All Indians of the Northwest tribes at one time were believers in animism—that is, they endowed all animals and inanimate things with souls or spirits, which were not inseparable from the objects to which they belonged. Whenever an Indian boy was born he was given a "weyekin," that is, the spirit of some animal, bird, fish, insect or serpent was selected to shape his destiny and guard his life. The animal from which he derived his "weyekin" was sacred to him forever. Through his "weyekin" the old Indian believed it possible for him to work evil upon another person, providing his "weyekin" was more powerful than the "weyekin" of his enemy.

Cast Evil Spell Over Chief.

Old Chief No Shirt believed Sheslow-hemmy, through his "weyekin," had cast an evil spell over the chief. His own "weyekin" was not strong enough to overcome that of the medicine man and he told his people that unless Sheslow-hemmy withdrew his "weyekin" their chief must die.

The medicine man is thought to have superior ability in the control of his "weyekin" and in getting its assistance. He evokes the aid of his "weyekin" by tom-toms and other weird means and projects his evil thoughts through his "weyekin" into his victim.

Sheslow-hemmy, who is known familiarly among his tribesmen as Big Jim, is one of the last of the old medicine men on the reservation.

The death of Chief No Shirt removed from the reservation one of the most influential Indians in the West, and the last of the old-time chiefs.

Stuck to Things of Past.

No Shirt was the leader of the faction that adhered to things of the past. He resisted every innovation brought by the white man. His last fight was



Evokes the Aid of His "Weyekin" by Tom-toms.

to prevent the allotment of tribal lands. When the Indians of the reservation on January 2 voted in favor of the proposed plan, the chief called a council of his own and was again defeated after hours of heated debate. It was then that he decided to go to Washington, D. C., and appear before the Indian Bureau in behalf of his plan. His last illness prevented the trip, and even while he was dying came the dispatch that Senator Lane of Oregon had included in the Indian bill a provision for the allotment of tribal lands.

Chief No Shirt succeeded Chief Homli in the late eighties. Homli was the son of Peu-poo-mox, the chief who was killed by the whites while held as a hostage during the battle of Walla Walla river in 1856. The successor to Chief No Shirt will be chosen by a tribal council, to be called soon.

Only Part of India Under Britain.

The notion prevails in the United States that all India belongs to the British and is administered by them. This is an utterly erroneous idea. A very large and populous part of the peninsula is in the possession of its own people, and is ruled by them, with little or no interference from the British. I have coined the term "Indian India" to differentiate between the India belonging to Indians and that in the possession of the British. Indian India, with its area of 850,000 square

Playing Safe.

Daughter—Father, dear, did you say I could have the piano when I got married?

Father—Yes, dear; but don't tell the young man who is calling on you, or he might get cold feet.

HASHIMURA TOGO DOMESTIC SCIENTIST

WALLACE IRWIN TOGO'S MOVING DAY

Dear Sir: Kindly please notice my detachment from employ of Hon. Mrs. & Mr. Anna G. Sulz, Cornstable, N. J. I shall tell you how they carefully came to remove their home without including me among furniture.

One morning Mrs. Hon. Mrs. arrive to kitchen and observe me singing Japanese opera amid dishes.

"Togo," she says, "date of Maxtime will soon arrive up. Max Day are come when nervous prostration are enjoyed by all Homes which must travel for their health."

"I should like learn this education," I say it.

"You shall," she promises. "Kindly to begin at once. Firstly you may take through house-bearing all pictures down and all carpets up. We must move on Wednesday before our leave stops doing so."

"I shall obey with faithful mania," are promise from me.

So I do so to any extent. I seek forth with tack hammer and am so earnest from labor that entire residence look quite cyclone.

But Hon. Mrs. Sulz would not agree to this wisdom. When plaster cast of Mr. Dante, famous inferno, fell over and stroked me on forehead with his sharp nose, Hon. Mrs. make loudy ouch.

"Awful," she yellup. "Why must everything break that strikes you?" "I am grieved," This from me. "If that poet gentleman had less soft head it would not explode when striking mine."

When Hon. Sulz, important gentleman of Hon. Taft resemblance, retire homewards that night, he look round with anxious thumbs.

"I wish women could vote," he exaggerate, "because then they would get less time for housekeeping and home would be left comfortable once in a while."

At lastly morning of May date arrive. I hear noise of considerable "Whoa!" befront of house. Look see! Three swollen wagons resembling circus was there while 3 drivers, assisted by enlarged Irish, spoke language to horses wearing overalls.

I rush downwards to open door and all Moving Vanners rosh inwards intending to make jiggeren with furniture.

"O please!" collapse Hon. Mrs. while them 6 Vanners looked cruelty at piano while unrolling their giant muscles. "O please be gentle with my home!"

"Mrs. Lady," say Hon. Post Mover, making chawto-bacco, "strong men are always kindest." With such ditation he embrace Hon. Piano with terrible Turkish elbows and knock off several legs by removing door-knob which brushing top close. Assisted by considerable Irish, Hon. Piano make crashing music by stumbling into Van.

Pretty soonly all that Home was ejected outward into street. Ancestors, coal-scuttles, landscapes, dictionary, dustpan, etc., all waited down stairway on top of that great music.

Pretty soonly, when that Home were completely tied down in wagons, Hon. Mrs. arise upwards from her nervous prostration and say so to me, "Togo, can your brain do some intellect?"

"I shall be entirely brilliant, if brain is not," I promise.

"Well, if so," she snigger, "I wish you would ride on front wagon with Chief Housebreaker and tell his brainless mind the number of new house where it should go."

"Where shall it be?" I inquest.

"Remember this number exactly—125 North Orange Street. Can your memory assimilate it?"

"Dogginly!" I insure.

"Remember—125!" she holla while Hon. Vanload chuckle off.

This job of bossing boss make me entirely enlarged in my sensations which feel like German army.

Pretty soonly we arrive up to home entitled Number 125. O such landscape of expensive house! Front lawn extending on all sides, considerable pompous windows, goddesses in iron nightgowns standing near fountains, and front door of considerable brass resembling Senators. Joy inflamed my ears.

While thinking this intelligence I stood forth and commanded all those enlarged Vanners like Napoleon moving into France. Firstly we go to front

"Mantality of Mice! Do You Not Know Difference Between North and South?"

door of new home for open him so furniture get in. How strange! Hon. Key seem disabled to unlock it. Howeverly much we twist and fumble, it make no impression on that brassy opening.

"You have got wrong key," say Chief Mover. "But not be discouraged. I was once a burglar. Therefore I can deceive that lock into opening himself."

With talented thumbs and several pocket-knife he straggled & ratched until—O suddenly!—Hon. Door click apart and there we stood in grandly hall resembling theaters.

But what I see there? Surprise! That home we entered were entirely filled with furniture of boastful appearance. Sofas, statues & gilty upholstery stood everywhere looking natural.

"Last family have been too sluggish to move out in time," glib Hon. Vanner. "Shall we throw out this proud furniture and wedge ours in?"

"Gentlemen with so much duplicate tables should lead double lives," grumble Hon. Boss Teamer. "Shall we move inwards?"

"With immediate quickness!" I signify, making Admiral Tirpitz eyebrow.

So all Moving Vanners do so with immediate strength. Sooner than before all that Sulz home was walking into midst of grandeur which look quite smobish to see so many plain chair & table piled up in midst of that Car of Russia parlor. No room was for another piano, yet we pile him next.

When all this jobs were completely finished, that house look like a judge after Republican banquets—entirely grand, yet too filled to feel comfortable.

However! When all those Vanners say "Giddap!" and drove away in Gen. Direction of more beer, I set alone in house. 4 hours I await idly doing nothing. What had occurred to kill all Sulz family that they do not come to reside in this new palace? I was confused. Night time approach up. I could hear ghosts creaking under piano, so I lit \$10,000 chandelier in dining-room and ate crackers while pretending I were King of Portageese expecting revolution.

Silence was interrupted by noise. What was? I heard many footprints walking into house—and while it was too soon to hide, 2 real-estate, 6 police, Mrs. Sulz, Mr. Sulz, child & dog walk inwards.

"How you get in here?" howell Hon. Mrs. with voice.

"I move in," I narrate calmly. "This are number you told."

"It are right number but wrong house," she suggest. "I told you North Orange Street. This are South Orange Street."

"Would that make some importance?" I ask out.

"Mentality of a mice!" she aggravate. "Do you not know difference between North and South?"

"There are no difference," I explain with Abe Lincoln expression. "That were settled by civil war."

But before I could complete finishing my talk, more civil war elapsed while Hon. Sulz, police, real-estate, child & dog poke me through mixed furniture while I elope away like an old-fashioned egg escaping from Dr. Wiley.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly, HASHIMURA TOGO.

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