

Just Like White Folks

By ELLA SAUNDERS

Hip Lung was jolly, fat, and anywhere between forty and fifty, having, in fact, reached that age where Chinamen remain until they shrivel into old age.

Even though he wouldn't be converted, and was known to burn incense to his joss in the back room of his place in Westchester county, everybody liked Hip Lung.

Paravane, the general manager for the Urban Consolidated, took a great fancy to him. Perhaps that was because he, too, was jolly and fat, though he was nearer sixty than forty.

Mrs. Paravane was not so interested in Hip Lung as her husband at first.

"I do think you might abstain from being so conspicuous, making friends with that Chink," she said angrily to her husband one day on the station platform.

"But, my dear," began Paravane. "Then Hip Lung came smiling out of the waiting-room and looked at Paravane with something like a wink in his celestial eye."

Mrs. Paravane was not a hard-hearted woman. It was simply that nature had made her Napoleonic. She was interested in the Chinese mission school. Only she believed in keeping Chinese in their places.

"I wish I could find a good husband for that little Jim Kang," she said. "She's the dearest little thing, so gentle and affectionate, almost like a white girl."

"Hip Lung!" ejaculated her husband.

"What? Nonsense! He's a heathen!" "The only chance of converting him to white folks' ways, my dear."

Mrs. Paravane saw the point, and Paravane interviewed Hip Lung the next day.

"Hip, you darned old rascal, it's time you got married," said Paravane. "I've found just the girl for you." And he went on to describe Jim's merits.

"How much you pay?" queried Hip Lung. "How much? Not a cent! She's been made into a white girl—don't you understand, you scoundrel? I tell you, Hip, you'll get the grandest little wife in America, modest, gentle, and good—only none of your Oriental tricks with her."

"Oriental?" queried Hip Lung. "No beating and abusing, like you heathen Chinks do—according to Mrs. Paravane, anyway. You've got to treat her white, Hip."

"You bling along," said Hip Lung. Jim Kang stood submissively before Hip Lung, her eyes cast down, her little hands folded respectfully across her breast.

"I take, announced Hip Lung. "You've got to be married by the minister," said Mrs. Paravane, "and if there's any beating or torturing or other underhand business goes on, remember we'll stand by her."

"No underhand," said Hip Lung. The marriage was celebrated in the church. Mr. Paravane gave the bride away, and kissed her in the vestry. Somebody said Mrs. Paravane's remarks on this were really—really—

"I do hope Hip Lung hasn't ill-treated that poor little thing," said Mrs. Paravane, as they returned from their summer holiday.

"Let's go round and see how they're getting along," suggested Paravane. They had just reached the house when suddenly the door flew open and Hip Lung appeared in flight, followed by two cups, a dish, a dishpan, a dish rag, and another dish.

"We—we just came round to see how you're getting on," said Mr. Paravane in confusion.

"Me get along fine," said Hip Lung blandly. "No Oriental tricks. Me white man now. My wife allice same white man's wives, Mistil Pallavane."

Island Half Fertile, Half Arid. A remarkable feature of many of the islands of the Polynesian groups is the luxuriant vegetation on the southeast, or windward side of the islands, in marked contrast to the northwest or leeward side where the forest is restricted to extremely limited patches.

Sharing the Burden. Lord d'Edbroke—Sir, I love your daughter. Have I your consent to pay my addresses to her?

Old Miltrox—Oh, reckon you want to pay your addresses and leave me pay everything else.

Now the chefs want to be recognized as artists. An absurd demand—artists never have anything to cook.

It would not be safe for a retail meat dealer to go up in an airplane. He never would come down.

Brooklyn woman roped her husband to a bedpost to keep him home nights. Another one of those family ties.

The Tacna-Arica situation is reported broadening. But it will have to be stretched to permit a settlement.

HOW

ULTRA-MICROBES MAY BE USED TO FIGHT DISEASE.—In the great realm of Nature every creature preys upon its fellows. Even microbes, the tiniest living things that the most powerful microscope enables us to see, are, for their size, as voracious as the most savage lions.

And now comes an amazing discovery made at the famous Pasteur Institute in Paris. Microbes themselves are attacked, weakened, and finally killed by creatures so vastly smaller than their own minute bodies that we can never hope to see them, however much the microscope is developed.

These creatures—ultra-microbes—can be isolated, bred, and strengthened until they are ready to fall like an avenging host upon the germs of disease. Once research has enabled us to enlist as allies the teeming battalions of these tiny friends, we shall be able to wage a relentless war on sickness.

When, for instance, we are able to turn loose the ultra-microbe of typhoid fever into suspected water supplies, one of our worst scourges will become a thing of the past.

IS PROTECTED BY NATURE

How the Bubble Bug of British Guiana is Enabled to Defy Its Many Enemies.

The bubble bug, a native of British Guiana, is quite as interesting as its name suggests. When the insect is immature, we learn from Mr. William Beebe in the Atlantic Monthly, it wraps itself for safety in a kind of froth of small bubbles.

When the bug has formed a large drop of a clear liquid it forces it into the air as a bubble and then forces out an imponderable amount of oil or dissolved wax and mixes it with the clear liquid; that toughens the bubbles, which continue to pile up until the insect is buried deep.

To penetrate the mass is an unpleasant achievement for small marauders. I have draped a big pile of bubbles, says Mr. Beebe, round the beak of an insect-eating bird and watched it shake its head and wipe its beak in evident disgust.

The bug does three wonderful things with the clear liquid that it exudes—it distills sweet water, it draws nourishment, and it adds to its blood and its tissues a pungent flavor that will safeguard it against the attacks of birds and lizards.

Little by little its wings swell to full spread and strength; muscles grow in its hind legs, which in time will shoot it through great distances; and pigment of the most brilliant yellow and black forms on the coverings of its wings. When at last it creeps forth through the filmy veil of bubbles it is immature no longer, but a brilliant froghopper.

How Grasshoppers Are Destroyed.

Almost as big as a sparrow and endowed with the appetite of an ostrich, the western grasshopper, moving in great clouds, can soon devastate a farm upon which they alight. Their numbers have been kept down in a measure by scattering through the fields a poisoned bran mash, flavored with fruit. A half dozen different preparations were set in the path of these pests to ascertain which they preferred, and vanilla was a warm favorite, though the first place had to be awarded to a dish of amy acetate. This had no fewer than 379 patrons out of 2,074, while the vanilla, second choice, had 242. This discovery will lead to the manufacture of a bait which will certainly reduce the size of these visiting aggregations.

How Boers Use Tobacco.

We regard ammonia as the best thing to alleviate pain from mosquito bites, but in South Africa the Boers always use tobacco, whether the attacking insect be a mosquito or wasp. This tobacco is of granular character, very light in weight, and so dry that it must be smoked in a large pipe, with a metal cover; otherwise the little whirlwinds usually found on the veldt will speedily bear it away. The Boer usually carries his tobacco in a coat pocket, and if a rider meets him on the road with a request for some tobacco he presents his temporary acquaintance with a handful.

How Auto Industry Has Grown.

In 1899 the investment in the automobile industry was \$5,788,000 and this amount of capital was utilized in producing 3,700 cars; 20 years later the capital was estimated at \$1,800,000,000 and the car production was 1,974,000—a 300-fold increase in capitalization and a 500-fold increase in production. In 1904 there were 18,833 employees in the industry with annual wages of \$8,316,000; five years later there were 631,450 employees and the wage roll was \$813,713,000.

How Epilepsy is Fought.

Professor Trocillo, surgeon commander in the Italian navy and lecturer on nervous diseases in the University of Rome, reports great success in treating epilepsy with tetratrate of boron and potassium. In eight cases in an asylum four patients ceased to have attacks, while the other four were so far improved that they behaved better and were less violent.

Around Damascus and Bagdad there is a new dream of empire with Arabesque trimmings.

A prominent composer of popular music says, "Jazz music is still in its infancy." But it's not still.

They have schools that teach domestic science, but why not schools that will teach domestic silence?

Auto intoxication used to be looked after by the doctors. Now it is looked after by the police.

poem by UNCLE JOHN



My little niece has bobbed her hair—which makes her look a trifle queer about her upper story. . . . For she was mighty well supplied with what we call the woman's pride,—in fact, her crownin' glory. . . . I couldn't say that she's improved, by whackin' off the curls I loved—it makes her look so sassy! But—when she's had 'em off a spell, she may look sweeter—who can tell?—or, mebbe, twice as classy!

The Concealed Accounts

By H. IRVING KING

"Guardian, is there any way I can get rid of my money?" The speaker was Charlotte Lander, twenty-two years old, considered very good-looking by everybody and the most beautiful creature on earth by John Fenton.

So when Fenton appeared at the appointed time at Lawyer Norton's office he was anything but at ease. His scruples with regard to Charlotte's wealth rather pleased the old lawyer, who had been somewhat anxious lest some beguiling wooer who had one eye on the fortune and the other on the girl, should capture his ward's fancy.

Lawyer Norton looked at his questioner in blank astonishment. He was a heavy, pursey man, with a bald head and side whiskers. His face was stern, but in it there shone a pair of kindly eyes.

"What in the world put such an idea as that into your head?" cried he. "No, but can I? I mean it."

"Why, I should say, offhand, that there were many ways in which you could get rid of your money—if I would let you. You might throw it off, the Brooklyn bridge, or the Battery, if you preferred that place; or you might hand it over to the United Charities."

"The United Charities?" "Now, look here, Charlotte," said Mr. Norton sharply, "will you stop this sort of talk and tell me just what it is that you are driving at?"

Charlotte blushed, started to cry and thought better of it; looked sheepish, began to play with a pencil on the table before her and, at Norton's abrupt "Come, out with it," said in a wheedling tone:

"Well, guardie, dear, if I don't get rid of my money I can't be married. There! Now you will let me, won't you?"

"My dear Charlotte," replied Norton, "this is positively childish; be-

sides being incomprehensible. Since when, pray, was a young woman's fortune an obstacle to her getting a husband? Explain yourself—if you can."

And Charlotte, with a good deal of roundabout verbiage and hesitation and digression, did explain. She was in love with John Fenton and he was in love with her, but John was poor and had scruples about marrying a rich girl. Therefore Charlotte proposed to divest herself of her wealth.

"It's only my hateful money that stands between us and—happiness," she explained. "And I thought it would be so easy to fix that."

"Hum!" said the lawyer. "Hum! And what is this remarkable young man's occupation and address?" Charlotte gave the required address and stated that John was a mining engineer.

"Now look here, Charlotte," said Norton, "I think you are both as mad as March hares. But having dandled you on my knee as a baby, and been your guardian ever since the death of your parents, I will talk with the young idiot of the second part and see what can be done."

Charlotte gave the old lawyer a resounding kiss on his bald forehead and tripped away full of hope. Her guardian never had denied her anything, and she was constantly resorting to him in her perplexities. Her Aunt Matilda, with whom she lived in an old brownstone house in a side street below Madison

square, was a dear old soul, but perfectly spineless—a nebulous old maid whom Charlotte simply bewildered. Lawyer Norton wrote a note to John Fenton requesting him to call at his office at a certain hour next day. John knew that Norton was Charlotte's guardian and foresaw that the interview would be about.

So when Fenton appeared at the appointed time at Lawyer Norton's office he was anything but at ease. His scruples with regard to Charlotte's wealth rather pleased the old lawyer, who had been somewhat anxious lest some beguiling wooer who had one eye on the fortune and the other on the girl, should capture his ward's fancy.

"Well, young man," said Norton, "my ward, Miss Lander, informs me that you won't marry her because she is rich."

"Oh, no, not that, exactly, sir," stammered John. "But we both thought that if our fortunes were more equal we could be married now and not have to wait until I had accumulated sufficient money to enable me to—more nearly equal as to means, and she very unselfishly promised to arrange matters. You must admit yours—of, sir, that it doesn't look just right for a poor man to marry a rich girl—now, does it?"

"What's your present salary?" "Three thousand a year."

"Humph! When I was married I was only getting one thousand."

"But perhaps, sir, you did not marry an heiress."

"No, I did not. My poor Beesie and I rose in the world together."

"There, sir, that's just what Charlotte and I want to do!" exclaimed John. "You see, I am going down to examine some mines in Mexico and have been promised a share in them. If they turn out all right it will make a rich man of me. I am to get an increase of salary, too. Charlotte and I thought we would like to be married before I go South—if the money part can be arranged—and you have no objections to me."

"I am glad you have come to that at last," replied Norton. "It is rather the custom, you know, before marrying a young lady to speak to her parent or guardian. How much salary do you expect while in Mexico?"

"Six thousand, sir; just double what I am getting now."

"Hum! Well, young man, I am sorry, but I don't see my way clear to let my ward divest herself of her fortune just to gratify a whim. Good-day."

John went out in despair; he flew to Charlotte and they were both in despair.

"We must wait, that's all," they said. But at the end of a week John came to Charlotte filled with a desperate resolve.

"Charlotte," said he, "never mind if you are rich. Hang the money! Let's get married right off."

"Ho! Mr. Fortune Hunter!" cried Charlotte, gayly, "so that is your game, is it? Well, just look here."

And she showed him a letter from her guardian which read:

"Dear Charlotte—I have to inform you that the income from your estate for which I shall account to you until further notice will be \$9,000 a year instead of \$15,000 as heretofore. Your money is invested in securities, and you know that stocks sometimes lose their value. P. I. & C. has gone down to nothing—is practically valueless."

Then they danced a merry saraband—with John's increase of salary their incomes would be equal. They were married within the week. Three years passed. John Fenton was a rich man now and able to spend most of his time with Charlotte in New York. Lawyer Norton summoned Mr. and Mrs. Fenton to his office. "I am getting old," he said. "It is time I gave an account of my stewardship. Here, Charlotte, are the accounts—your original fortune and the \$9,000 a year I have been holding back out of your income. I reckon John is rich enough now to match you."

"But, guardian, you said—"

"I said your money was in securities, and that securities sometimes lost their earning power. So they do. I didn't say that yours had. I said that P. I. & C. was down to nothing. So it was. I didn't say your money was in it. Now did I? There, there. Name the next boy after me and settle on him the money I have been holding out on you. I'll add enough more so that if he wants to marry an heiress her guardian won't be forced into concealing her accounts."

Humorist's Order for Barrel of Siloam Water is Treasured in Small Town of Missouri.

No documentary biography of Mark Twain will have much of a sale in Excelsior Springs, Mo., which does not include a letter written by him in the early '80s ordering a barrel of Siloam water. Excelsior Springs hasn't any

HONEY PHILOSOPHY for 1922 AUTOCASTER

WHEN you get a sliver in your finger it's likely to cause trouble if it's left there. As a matter of fact, after a time old mother nature sooner or later will force it out whether it likes it or not. It just don't belong there. One way or another it's got to get back to where it came from.

When it does then both silver and stick are better off. They're stronger. The chances are both silver and stick must pass through all sorts of changes before they unite again. That's the price they pay for getting away from where they fit.

It's always best to find out where we fit an' not try to break in where we don't belong.

HER RETORT.

I wonder how he got the money to buy an auto.

If you'd spend more of your time wondering how you could get the money to buy one perhaps we'd have a car, too, some day.



"She's the head of their family all right."

"Yes, he's no better off in that respect than any of the rest of us."



WHAT THEN? Here's a doctor says you shouldn't eat when you're worried.

But suppose you are continually worried for fear you won't be able to get anything to eat.

CLEVER. He's a clever artist. What makes you think so? He can not only paint pictures, but sells them also.



RETORT COURAGEOUS. Old Grouch—Here, sir, how is it I catch you kissing my daughter? Sutor—By sneaking in on us, sir.



HER PARTY. The damsel wept. To see accept the girl she fairly hated. While those thought fine had to decline. Or so they sweetly stated.



NOT A CLEAN TAKE. "Can Grace take the high 'C'?" "Not without knocking off some of the bars."



RATHER GREEN. The bride finds house work rather slow. And does some squealing; Take turns now, she didn't know they needed peeling.



REGULAR CUT UP. Blanche seems to be an up-to-date sort of a girl. Up - to - date? Heavens! She's up to everything.



BASED ON EXPERIENCE. I wonder why it is that Briggs has but little respect for old age. Probably because of his long acquaintance with boarding house poultry.



FATE'S SUBSTITUTION. Optimist: The things we fear must never happen. Pessimist: Yes, but we generally get something equally bad.

The wall paper suggests in spots that there ought to be protection against some infant industries.

NUT HAS HIGH

Seed of Pinon is Not as Valued and Commercialized in This Country as in the West.

Few easterners are familiar with the Indian nut, a tree which is valued and commercialized in this country. This nut, known as the pinon, is not as well known in the East as it is in the West. It is a tree which grows in the mountains of the West and is valued for its seed, which is used as a food of mountain Indians.

The wood of the tree produces this seed in the world. It is a tree which grows in the mountains of the West and is valued for its seed, which is used as a food of mountain Indians.

Another peculiar fact about the pinon nut is that it is not native to its native country. It was introduced by the Spaniards in the early days of the settlement of the West.

Records for Swift Projectile From Gun Velocity, but Light Electricity Are Equally

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