

THE MAN IN THE RED CAR.

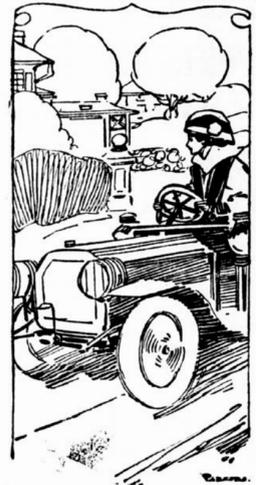
How a Stranger's Logic Turned a Runaway Girl Back Home.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

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Miss Leigh was running away from home. Let the fact suffice for the moment; the young lady's reasons will appear in due time.

It was about 10 of the evening, a crisp, clear night, with a bright moon in the sky. The shadows of bare branches lay black and still; they looked rigid and brittle, as if one could pick them up and break them. The door of the old coach house, recently transformed for the accommodation of automobiles, was open, and there was a light within. But Miss Leigh had been on the watch and had seen Bates,



ALL WAS WELL THIS FAR.

the chauffeur, cross to the kitchen. He would not stay long, yet long enough.

She had meant to take the runabout, but it was in a corner, and everything stood in its way. Close by the door and headed outward stood the red car, which she liked best, but its position determined her choice. Within one minute she was on the road and no one had seen her. All was well thus far.

It would be a run of about thirty miles to the home of her very dearest and best friend in Princeton, where she expected to set up her camp and make a treaty with her father. The friend was happily married. She had abandoned many luxuries for the sake of love and now lived simply in a little house. Miss Leigh was sure of a sympathetic welcome, but she was not equally sure of the road, and, above all, she feared mishap in passing her uncle's house, about a mile from her own. On such a pleasant evening there might be half a dozen young people by the gate.

As she came in sight of that spot, around a turn of the road, she saw two cars beside the way, and she checked her own vehicle very suddenly in a mass of shadow. Thence she looked out keenly and could discern no one in the cars or anywhere about, so she decided to run the gauntlet.

She put on the power, and nothing happened. The propulsive mechanism seemed to be working, but the car did not move.

Miss Leigh had not the least idea what was the matter. She had only a fair weather acquaintance with the red car. She could run it when it behaved well, but its less amiable moods were a mystery. It was now doing its very worst. It would not budge an inch, and it continued to assail the ear of night with a most villainous racket. Miss Leigh jumped out and, after a hasty glance toward her uncle's house, turned to the refractory automobile.

Instantly the girl was stricken into the semblance of a statue, petrified with amazement and terror. There was a man in the red car. The thing was impossible, a nightmare, a piece of black magic. Yet the man was there. He sat directly behind the place which she had vacated, his arms carelessly resting on the back of that very seat. A rough looking man he was, wearing a red sweater, a heavy dark jacket and a queer cap set on the back of his head.

"What's the matter?" said he in rather a pleasant voice. The girl's hands went to her heart. "You frightened me!" she gasped. "The fellow wagged his head slowly. "That isn't possible," said he. "No body can frighten you. You have to frighten yourself. I might hurt you, but nothing in the world or out of it can scare you unless you let it."

"Where did you come from?" she demanded. "Dreamland," he replied. "I must

THE HURRYING BARBER.

Speed Manifested More in the Motions Than in the Results.

"Barbers," remarked the man with the short hair, "are born unable to hurry. Just you go into a shop, as I did the other day, wanting a hair cut, and ask the barber how long it will take. He told me, 'Oh, about twenty minutes,' and I said to go ahead. "That barber honestly believed he was hurrying, but he couldn't leave out those little snip-snaps about the back of the neck they are all so fond

of doing, and he had to cut the hair as if he were chiseling priceless marble. When it got to be about half an hour I said to him, 'You're a pretty bad judge of time, aren't you?' He came back with something about not wanting to turn out a poor job.

"I've known it to happen often in the case of shaving. When you tell a barber to hurry he dashes around on the tiled floor at imminent risk of falling, and he splashes the lather into your eyes and your mouth, but the fact remains that he takes as much time as usual to rub the lather into your

face and as much time to shave you. "I begin to believe there is some sort of rule regarding time that all barbers observe, because I have timed them. Once I asked a barber to hurry shaving me, and he had all the motions, but took up just as much time as when he went along at his usual gait.

"I imagine they believe the customer will be satisfied with the appearance of speed, and that's the reason they run around so and breathe heavily as if winded when changing from one side of the chair to the other."—New York Sun.

force you into an engagement of marriage?"

"I do not understand," she cried impatiently. "My father's interests are involved in this marriage."

"How?" said he.

"Oh, you will drive me crazy!" she exclaimed. "Do you expect me to stand here in the road discoursing of my personal affairs with a tramp?"

"On the other hand," said he gently, "do you expect me to assist you in an act of arrant cowardice? Why, look here! Suppose you'd been in danger in the car. You'd have expected me to save you at the risk of my own neck, and I hope I might have had the grace to try. And now I see you plunging straight at the gulf of moral degradation, and you ask me to give you a push. No; I won't do it!"

"Is it morally degrading to go to my friend's house?"

"Answer me this," said he. "Will your running away help your father?"

"I should think not!"

"Will it help the man you're engaged to?"

"I don't care whether it does or not. But it won't."

"Do you love somebody else?"

"Yes," she cried, half frantic with impatience.

"Will this flight help him?"

"I don't know. I never thought of it. Do you wish me to say that I thought only of myself? Well, I did. I was uncomfortable to the verge of distraction, and I wanted to get away."

"What made you uncomfortable?"

"I've told you—this wretched engagement."

"Why not break it?" The fellow's manner was as bland as a May morning.

"To run away, letting this engagement stand even for the few hours that must elapse before you can communicate with your home, is moral degradation. That's what I meant when I used the term. And, by the way, did you leave any word behind you?"

"No; I intended to telephone from my friend's house."

"And break the engagement?"

"Not necessarily," said she—"that is, not immediately. I hoped to temporize."

"For your father's sake?"

"Yes," said she, with hesitation. "I hoped it might do him some small good."

"This gentleman you're engaged to is rich, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"From New York?"

"Yes."

"What is he going to do for your father?"

By this time Miss Leigh had fallen into the trance that sometimes engulfs a badgered witness in court. She no longer had the strength or the sense to refuse an answer.

"It's something about banks," said she. "My father gets a large interest in several. It will make him very rich."

"And Mr. Walden Kennard gives your father that opportunity because of his affection for you?"

"Yes. How did you know his name?"

"I have heard it spoken. Did you ever care for him?"

"I was fascinated. The man has an extraordinary power."

"And his health?"

"It may have tempted me. But all that is at an end."

"The man you really love is poor?"

"He is not rich. But surely I am going mad! Why—why on earth do I stand here babbling like this? You have made me do it. There is a shrewdness in you that is more than human. You have twisted me around your finger. You are no tramp. What are you?"

"Do you wish to go to your friend's house?"

"I think not," said she. "No; not now. No one who had talked with you for half an hour could do anything but bleed. There is a dire calamity about you that is contagious. And I will do you justice too. You have inspired me with a certain courage. If you can mend the car I will go home."

"And break the engagement?"

"Yes, tonight. I will end it."

He gave her his hand to assist her into the car.

"Your father will not be poorer," said he, "but I think he will be wiser."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean," said he, "that in offering certain bank stock to your father, Mr. Kennard is consulting his own interests solely. His desire for your hand, if you will pardon me, is merely a blind to account for the price at which he offers the shares. He has wrecked those banks. They stand upon the ruins of ruin, and now he is peddling his stock to country capitalists with city ambitions. Your father would have lost every penny that he put in."

The girl was standing in the car, leaning forward and looking down at him.

"Who are you?" she cried.

"To be frank YOUR FATHER WOULD WITH YOU," said he, "HAVE LOST EVERY CENT. I AM A DEPENDENT IN THE EMPLOY OF UNCLE SAM, and I have a warrant in my pocket for Mr. Walden Kennard's arrest. I was sitting in your garage, by courtesy of your Mr. Bates, dictating upon the question whether I should serve that warrant tonight or tomorrow morning, when I sank into slumber and the bottom of this car. So you ran away with me, and here I am."

"CAN YOU MEND THE CAR?" SAID SHE.

"The car gone?" For a trifle you would not have given him cause to suspect that the car had been stolen.

"How do you know all this?" she demanded. "You said that you were asleep."

"I merely guessed it," he replied, "but now I see that it is true. Why are you leaving home?"

"You can have no interest in me," she cried. "You ask these questions merely to emphasize your advantage. I cannot go except with your permission. Very well; name your price. But it must not be high," she added, with sudden prudence, "for I have very little."

"You have all that I ask," he said, "an excuse for your conduct. That excuse must be mine now, for if you continue your flight I shall be responsible."

Miss Leigh stood between two perils. At any moment some one might appear from her uncle's house or Bates' in quest of the missing car. She searched her mind for an available falsehood and failed to find one. She had already confessed too much. This man knew that she was running away. Any falsehood would result in questions and delay. The truth was the quickest.

"There is a guest at our house with whom my father has forced me into an engagement of marriage," she said. "I hate the man. I will never meet him again upon such terms. I am going to my friend's house in Princeton, where I shall stay until this matter can be adjusted."

The man seemed to ponder for a moment.

"You have very singular ideas," he said. "How in the world can anybody



AND SHE SAID SHE WOULD GO HOME.

face and as much time to shave you. "I begin to believe there is some sort of rule regarding time that all barbers observe, because I have timed them. Once I asked a barber to hurry shaving me, and he had all the motions, but took up just as much time as when he went along at his usual gait.

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HIS LESSON.

It Taught Him Just What the Girl Wanted Him to Know.

By ROBERT A. KNOWLES.

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They sat upon the veranda side by side, gazing silently into the soft May moonlight. The air had the haunting sweetness that comes at evening from growing things in their freshness. It was still and dreamily peaceful, a time to soothe human restlessness and human pain.

But it did not soothe Jane. She had been sitting there so quietly all evening that it seemed to her she must jump from the chair, screaming at the top of her voice, in another minute. Under the light shawl she wore she twisted her hands together in an effort to control herself. Yet she continued to stare out at the moonlight as if to behold it were the one thing worth living for.

Rodney was staring out at the moonlight, too, and enjoying it. He liked the stillness; he liked being able to keep silence; he liked to be sitting there beside Jane.

If Rodney had loved her, Jane thought bitterly, he would at least have held her hand. But he did not love her; he only liked her because he had always known her and because she was the one girl with whom he could be perfectly natural. If he wished to be silent with her he was silent; he did not feel it necessary to make the effort to talk. Yet Jane felt sometimes that his dumbness was unendurable. If only he would speak. Evening after evening he came to sit with her in the same way.

Jane had always had hope until tonight. A man who could sit beside a girl as fairly pretty girl, too—on such a night and not make love to her was certainly as near being without a heart as man could be.

Jane gave him up. And in giving him up she gave up also many of the dreams and of her longings, her youth. Slowly her eyes filled with tears. Slowly she forced back the tears and swallowed the choking lump in her throat. But she could not keep back one racking sigh, and Rodney heard it. He rose instantly, reminded of the hour and apparently of her.

"I must go," he said, looking for his hat.

Jane rose, too, with apparent calm. He looked forth at the moonlight again, not at her, wistfully.

"It is wonderful," he said. "Moonlight like that always makes me forget myself. Good night, Jane."

"Good-by," Jane answered strangely, but he seemed not to notice.

Her father stood before the lamp reading a letter as she entered the house.

He looked up at her over his glasses. "Rodney gone?" he asked.

"Yes," Jane's tone was tense.

"Anything the matter?" he inquired anxiously.

She shook her head, with a hard little laugh.

"Nothing at all," she said.

"This letter is from your Aunt Jane," he said. "She wants us to come to see her. It has been nine years since she was here—the same year your mother died. I've never been to see her since she went to Boston to live. But I am going now—we're going. Jane, what's tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" Jane gasped. And to Boston! She turned pale with the suddenness of it all.

By noon next day they had gone. Rodney and baggage. And that evening when Rodney came walking up in the moonlight he found unlocked windows and a locked door. He sat down upon the steps and waited. How strange it was! Jane had not told him she was going away. He sat there wondering until Mrs. Clancy, who lived next door, came trundling her baby past on her way home.

"That you, Rod?" she called in her sweet Irish voice.

"Yes, Mrs. Clancy. Where are the folks that belong here?"

"Why, don't you know? Hush, Teddy, while mamma talks to the gentleman. They've gone to Boston—left at noon today. I can't tell you how long they intend to be gone."

To Boston! And without saying a word to him! Rodney could not speak, and after Mrs. Clancy had waited a moment for him to do so she went on with her baby, leaving him to figure it out by himself.

Jane did not write to him from Boston, and he did not write to her because he did not know her address. And he would not ask for it from any one of the girls to whom he knew she was writing. But he heard things about her—how she was going about with her fashionable aunt, having new clothes made and enjoying herself generally.

The hot summer dragged on slowly. Rodney grew thin and looked pale. He was working too hard, he said.

"Cut it out, Rod," said his mother cheerfully. "You've got money enough and are making more. Why do you want to kill yourself?"

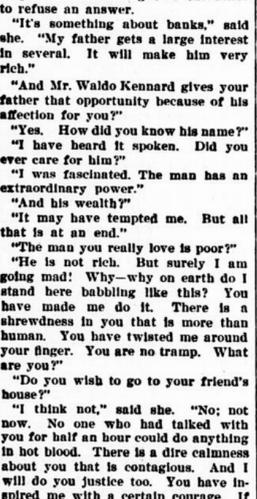
Rodney smiled pathetically and kept on working.

One day Edna Travers told him that she had just received Jane's picture and she looked "dandy." Jane had also written to say she "had three strings to her bow."

Rodney went thin and looked pale. He began to walk past the house and as he grew more desperate, to sit upon the veranda in the silent hours. Jane's little chair was beside his, and he liked to keep his hand upon it, rocking it.

They Used Charles Lamb.

Franking privileges in England were greatly abused in days gone by. The government employes' friends shared them in his opportunities. In a letter written by Wordsworth in 1815 the post said: "By means of a friend in London I can have my letters free. His name is Lamb, and if you will add an 'e' to his name he will not open the letters. Direct as below without anything further." Mr. Lamb, India House, London." Coleridge, too, saw that a postage saved was a postage gained and made use of the Mr. Lamb of the India House—Charles Lamb.



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A PRECOCIOUS DOG.

The Wonderful Feats He Performed For Joseph Jefferson.

By RICHARD BARKER SHELTON.

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There is a story that is told of Joseph Jefferson and the boys that had to do with the training of dogs. It appears that there was a gentleman in New Iberia who owned a very intelligent animal and he was most anxious for Mr. Jefferson to see an example of his prowess. Accordingly he brought him to the island one day and put him through his various tricks, which were remarkably clever.

When the performance was over Mr. Jefferson expressed his appreciation and wonder at what the dog had done, but added that he had an animal that was even more remarkable. As the gentleman seemed to be in some doubt as to the truth of this statement the dog, a dejected, stupid looking beast, was produced, and Mr. Jefferson ordered him to go into his room and bring him a shoe.

Obediently the dog trotted into the house to presently reappear with the shoe in his mouth. Taking it from him, Mr. Jefferson patted him upon the head and told him to return to his room and bring him the slipper for his left foot.

"And, mind you, bring the left one," he cautioned as the animal trotted away.

When he returned to a moment with the left slipper the gentleman could hardly express his astonishment, but Mr. Jefferson waved the matter indifferently aside.

"It is nothing," said he. "However, we will now try something a little more difficult." Then, turning to the dog, he spoke to him very slowly and carefully. "Now go into the library and look upon the bottom shelf on the right hand side of the room and you will see a set of Dickens. Bring me the second volume. Remember, now, the second volume; not the first or the third, but the second."

When the dog returned in a few moments with the second volume in his mouth the gentleman retired in the utmost confusion, declaring that in comparison with such a prodigy his own much vaunted animal was little better than an imbecile.

And I can add that Mr. Jefferson enjoyed the joke fully as much as did the boys, who, according to a preceding article in the prodigy's mouth. As to the prodigy, his one accomplishment consisted of trotting into the house and trotting out of it again.—Nevill G. Henshaw in Bohemian.

Table Mountain.

At Capetown, in South Africa, where the traveler usually has the first glimpse of the continent, is Table Mountain, a magnificent natural curiosity which rises behind the city to the height of almost 4,000 feet and has a level top about three square miles in area. Its resemblance to a huge table is so marked that the dense clouds which collect at times around the summit are referred to as the tablecloth. A pretty little flower which is found nowhere else on earth grows on top, while on the northern side of its base is a similarly rare tree, popularly called the silver leaf tree.

The Slow One.

"Would you," he said after they had been sitting in the dark for a long time, "be angry with me if I were to kiss you?"

She was silent for a moment. Then in tones the meaning of which was not to be mistaken she replied:

"Why do you suppose I turned down the light an hour and a half ago?"

And yet he wondered, poor fool, how often ever as he examined his hand, in the rear were able to pass him in the race of life.

A Chronic Grumbler.

Charles Lamb tells of a chronic grumbler who always complained at what because he had so few trumps. By some artifice his companions managed to fix the cards so that when he dealt he got the whole thirteen, hoping to extort some expression of satisfaction, but he only looked more wretched than ever as he examined his hand.

"Well, Tom," said Lamb, "haven't you trumps enough this time?"

"Yes," granted Tom, "but I've no other cards."

Not Desired.

Having at enormous pains got her length, breadth and thickness about right, the woman favored a sign of relief. "No fourth dimension in mine, if you please!" she exclaimed, with unmistakable feeling.

Some one aver that the feminine mind is not attracted by metaphysics anyway.—Puck.

Precedent.

"Will that young man ever go home?" demanded the irritated head of the house.

"I guess so, father," replied the magnificent. "He always has gone."—Washington Herald.

A Good Guess.

"Does your father know you smoke, little boy?" asked the inquisitive stranger.

"I guess not," replied the bad boy. "He doesn't look up his cigars."—Detroit Free Press.

A Useless Rule.

He (teaching her bridge)—When in doubt it's a good rule to play trumps. She—But that's just it; when I'm in doubt I don't know what the trump is.—Philadelphia Record.

Even when a woman thinks she is worth her weight in gold she would hate to get too stout.—Philadelphia Record.

Availability.

A nobleman was once showing a friend a rare collection of precious stones which he had gathered at a great expense and enormous amount of labor. "And yet," he said, "they yield me no income."

His friend replied, "Come with me, and I will show you two stones which cost me but 25 each, yet they yield me a considerable income." He took the owner of the gems to his gristmill and pointed to two gray millstones which were always busy grinding out grist.—Success Magazine.

UNIMPRESSIONABLE BARRINGTON.

A Scheme That Did Not Turn Out as Was Planned.

By RICHARD BARKER SHELTON.

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"You must be very nice to her, Ted," said Mrs. Wainwright thoughtfully. "Indeed, you must monopolize her while she's here."

Ted Barrington blew out a cloud of smoke and smiled lazily.

"Must I, now, Annette?" he said. "Whyfore and wherefore?"

"She's dangerous," said Mrs. Wainwright, with the air of one imparting select and exclusive confidences. "She's a disturbing element. I rely on you to keep the peace of the house while she's here. Fact is, Teddy, dear, she's a most incorrigible and heartless flirt. The last time she was here she left in her train a cohort of heartless swains that was positively appalling. It's perfectly dreadful to have a jolly little house party disrupted as that one was."

Barrington squinted his eye thoughtfully as he looked away to the great blue bulk of the hills rising in the distance against a perfect sky.

"And so, Annette, I am to be the sacrifice, as it were, am I?" he chuckled good naturedly. "Won't somebody else do? I'm lazy. I'm having the time of my life here just being lazy."

"I have come to you," said she with deep conviction, "because you are one of the few men I know whom I believe can remain heart whole under all circumstances. Oh, don't look so conceited about it. The ghastly truth of the matter is that you are much too indolent and self satisfied to fall in love. Therefore I make this appeal."

"Oh, if you put it that way now," said he in mock protest.

"I do," said she. "You must, as I say, monopolize her while she's here. Make her think she has made a conquest. Take her sailing and motoring and riding, understand? Make her think your case is very, very desperate."

"Oh, you women—you scheming, far-sighted women!" he complained. "Set your duffering heart at rest, Annette. For old sake's sake I'll do my best. When is she coming?"

"This afternoon. Hubbard has gone down in the trap to meet her."

A rumble of wheels sounded in the roadway. A trap drawn by a smart cob turned into the drive. Mrs. Wainwright nodded meaningfully toward it and withdrew, and Barrington, turning his lazy eyes toward the drive, saw in the approaching trap a vision of wavy hair and pink cheeks and flowing veil that was not at all unattractive.

"Well, well," said the unimpressible Barrington, "it's not such an awful thing to be the appointed sacrifice, after all."

An hour later Mrs. Wainwright was presenting him to the girl, and something in the older woman's eyes warned Barrington that his duties were to begin at once. Therefore he stepped nobly into the breach.

"Oh, I say, Miss Gray," said he, "are you fond of motoring? You are? Good! Wainwright has a little peach of a car in the garage. Suppose I get it out and show you how it can take the hills round here."

"Oh, jolly!" she declared.

They motored until dinner time, and at the after dinner bridge Miss Gray was Barrington's partner. And the following days he followed out Mrs. Wainwright's injunctions to the letter. "Ted, you are perfectly splendid," she declared one evening as he sat smoking on the veranda.

"Always glad to oblige, Annette," he drawled.

"You do it so well I almost think sometimes you're not at all, averse to the role I've assigned you," she said musingly.

"I'm much too indolent to fall in love. I'm safe," he said in the same queer voice.

Mrs. Wainwright leaned anxiously toward him. "Ted, do be careful," she warned him. "I didn't think for a minute—"

"You are quite on the wrong tack, Annette," he said composedly. "Your suspicions are utterly without foundation. Where on earth did you ever get such childish ideas?"

Yet Mrs. Wainwright, once in her own room, sat looking out thoughtfully. And at last, more perturbed than she cared to admit, she tapped on her husband's door.

"Tom," she confessed uneasily as her big husband, swathed in a gorgeous bath wrap, opened the door, "I believe I've made a mess of things."

"Well," he said cheerfully, "you're not without precedent in the matter. Annette. How have you done it? Unburden yourself."

"It's Ted and Francesca Gray. I—I—"

"You mean you're afraid he's lost his head?" Tom Wainwright asked. "Nonense—nothing of the kind; not a symptom of it. Go to sleep, Annette. He'll take care of himself."

Mrs. Wainwright felt decidedly heartened, but when, two days later, she found Ted Barrington all alone by the old sundial in the gardens behind the house, his hands clinched and his face hard, a quick fear and an equal swift contrition gripped her heart.

He had not heard her noiseless approach. She hurried to his side. At the sound of her steps he looked up and grinned rather sheepishly.

"Ted," she cried, "I know it now. There is no use denying it."

"Why this commiseration spilled for unworthy me?" he said, with an attempt at nonchalance.

"I saw your face just now."

"Oh, did you?"

"You'd better confess," said she. "It's my fault, anyway. Maybe I can help you."

"You're quite right, Annette," he said quietly—so quietly that it cut her to the quick. "The impossible has come to pass. My case is desperate."

"Has she refused, then, and laughed

at you?" she asked anxiously.

"She has not," said he, "and please heaven she'll never get the chance. I think I know how to make a graceful exit from a mighty trying situation. I've said no word of it to her, nor shall I. I couldn't quite stand having her refuse me. I really couldn't, Annette. She's going away this afternoon. I think I can hold my tongue in leash."

Mrs. Wainwright arose without a word and left him. Ten minutes later she was back again. He was still sitting there by the sundial.

"You're a brute," she announced flatly and uncompromisingly.

Barrington stared at her.

"Haven't you any eyes in your head?" she demanded almost angrily.

Barrington frowned. "My dear Annette," said he, very much puzzled, "this is not at all like you."

Long and searchingly and also disapprovingly Mrs. Wainwright looked at him.

"Well," she said at last, "I have just seen Francesca, and if you are worth the tears she's wasting on you I'm very much mistaken. She may have been heartless before, but if you had any eyes, as I said before—"

"Huh!" Barrington interrupted her. "Say, where is she—where is she, Annette? Down by the river, you say?"

A brown streak that might have been Ted Barrington went tearing across the lawn in the direction of the river. Mrs. Wainwright sat watching him with shining eyes.

He Knew What They Would Do.

Sir Charles Locock, who was the physician attending Queen Victoria at a certain period of her reign, was once commanded by her majesty to proceed to Berlin and report on the condition of her daughter, the crown princess. On the return trip, stopping at Dover for a hasty luncheon, he was enabled to snatch a glass of poor sherry and a piece of questionable pork pie.

After the train had pulled out and Sir Charles had been locked in his compartment he began to feel drowsy and to fear that faintness was overtaking him. Immediately he thought to himself:

"They will find me in a faint on the floor and bleed me for a fit, and I need all my blood to digest this pork pie."

Thereupon he hurriedly drew out his pencil, wrote on a piece of paper and stuck it in the hand of his hat. Then he resigned himself to the deep sleep that came upon him. He did not wake until the train had pulled into the London station, and, still dazed by his slumber, he jumped into a carriage and was driven home.

The grins of the servants and the exclamations of his wife were followed by the inquiry from one of the children, "Oh, papa, what have you got in your hat?"

Then he remembered his experience on the train. Taking out his hat, he removed the large white paper on which he had scribbled this petition to the general public:

"Don't bleed me. It's only a fit of indigestion from eating some condemned pork pie!"

Investment and Speculation.

When any one is buying a coat or a fishing rod or a rose tree or laying out a cellar or setting up a library, either he knows what he wants, where to get it and what to pay for it or else he takes earnest counsel with his friends and with the most trustworthy professional advisers that he can find and uses all the wits that he and others can bring to bear on the subject in order to make sure that his purchase is prudently conducted. He attends sales, rummages in shops and discusses the matter in his club until he has voted a nuisance. If only half as much time and trouble were devoted to the careful selection of investments there would be fewer bad companies, unscrupulous promoters and ornamental directors, the world would be very much richer, and its riches would show less tendency to gravitate into questionable hands.—Cornhill Magazine.

The Good Time.

Frequently you hear a rich man abused because he stays on the job when that made him rich instead of spending his time gadding about the earth in search of a good time. But it is hardly fair to assume that avarice and greed prompt such action or even that it is a lack of faith in humanity. Very likely the work done represents the good time for the man who stays at it after all need and work is passed.

It is certain that the man who has ideas of what constitutes happiness, and the man who selects loafing is apt to change his mind in time if he tries it. Doing nothing is harder than work, and if a man has spent many years at work, learning little of play, work brings him more enjoyment than the butterfly existence.—Atchison Globe.

Reconciled.

Visitor—I don't see how you can reconcile yourself to being a farmer. S. Seeder—I couldn't if I didn't see one of you city men once in awhile.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Old English Libel Suit.

Parliamentary reform was ably upheld by Lord Brougham, especially during the great reform debates of the last century. On one occasion, when anti-reformers were trying to bowl him down by imitating the sounds made by various animals, among which the braying of the ass was most recurrent, he waited for a pause and then remarked impudently that by a wonderful disposition of nature every animal had its peculiar mode of expressing itself and he was too much of a philosopher to quarrel with any of those modes. This was no less severe than the famous libel on the Earl of Limerick, calling him "a thing with human pretensions," which appeared in the Times in 1831 and for which the printer was fined £100 and condemned for an indefinite period in Newgate.—London Chronicle.

Mr. Ferguson—Did you have a good time at Mrs. Highmore's tea, Laura? Mrs. Ferguson—No; I was miserably homesome.

Mr. Ferguson—Lonesome? Mrs. Ferguson—Yes; I was the only woman there who hadn't been having trouble with her help.

Chesse In Soup.

Chesse is almost always a nice addition to a soup. Besides being agreeable to the palate, it adds nutriment to the soup if it is not rich in itself, like the tomato and the vegetable soup. Any good yellow chesse can be utilized in this way, even ordinary American chesse. In foreign households clear consommé and other soups are often accompanied by grated Parmesan chesse.

Rogues are always some way. Mrs. Ferguson—Yes; I was the only woman there who hadn't been having trouble with her help.

HOOKING ALLIGATORS.

A Florida Sport With an Element of Uncertainty in It.

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"Hunting alligators at night with a bullseye lantern and shotgun is tame sport compared with what is called a gator hunt in Florida," said an old Floridian who is visiting New York. "I mean the feat of capturing an alligator alive and then towing the fellow to high ground through mud and water from what is called in Florida a gator hole."

"The gator fishermen first find the hole, which is indicated by an opening in the surrounding grass in the midst of a dense growth of vegetation, where the ground is very smooth by the alligator in his pulls in and out. Sometimes these gator holes are in the nature of a cove in the bank of a stream and may be fifteen or twenty feet deep, and if so it is not an easy matter to get the animal out.

"The fisher is supplied with a long pole with a metal hook on the end. He takes a strong rope and throws it about the entrance of the hole. Then the fisher runs with the hooked pole down the den and waits and listens. If he finds a gator in the hole he teases the beast by poking him until the gator in a rage finally grabs the hooked pole and is pulled out of the hole. It is with uncertainty that he is dragged forth, for it is not known whether the catch is large or small. The fisher does not know whether to get into shape to run or to fight. Out the gator comes, bellowing and roaring mad."

"After the gator is dragged to the surface he is in his rage turns and rolls and finally twists himself up in the rope or noose that has been previously prepared. With the assistance of the others in the party the gator's legs and mouth are tied and the gator is a prisoner."

"The gator is for the most part caught in marshes where the ground is soft and slushy and too wet for either horse or wagon to enter. The fishers are compelled to carry their catch to higher ground, there to be loaded into the waiting wagon, and the hunt is ended."—New York Sun.

UNCONSCIOUS WORRY.

Born of the Habit of Taking Things Too Seriously.

A great many people worry unconsciously, says O. S. Marden in Success Magazine, and they don't understand why they are so tired in the morning, why their sleep was so disturbed and troubled.

This mental disturbance is often caused by the habit of taking things too seriously, carrying too great a weight of responsibility. Everywhere we see people who take life too seriously. Most of us are like the motor-man who not only starts and stops the car and tries to keep from running over people, but also feels tremendous anxiety and responsibility about the motive power.

One of the most helpful lessons life can impart is that which shows us how to do our work as well as it can be done and then let principle take care of the result. How often have we been amazed to find things come out much better than we anticipated; to find that the great unseen power that governs our lives through a wilderness of trial and tribulation into the open has guided our life ship through the fogs of difficulties and of sorrow, through storms of hardships and losses, safely into port.

The pilot does not lose heart when he cannot see his way. He turns to that mysterious compass which sees as plainly in the fog and guides as faithfully in the tempests as when the sea is like glass. We are in touch with a power greater than any compass, greater than any human power that can extricate us from the most desperate situation.

Family Floriculture.

George Blank, the stage manager, is a lover of nature and a hater of overcasts and umbrellas. Recently during a violent rainstorm he called on his mother, entering her presence wringing wet.

"George," said she firmly, "you ought not to expose yourself in such weather. You will get pneumonia."

"But, mother," exclaimed George, with a theatrical wave of his hand, "why should I fear the rain? Does it not nurture the grass? Is it not life to the flowers?"

"It is a long time," said the good woman, closing a window, "since you were a flower."—Success Magazine.

Origin of the Word Academy.

Academy was a wealthy Greek of Athens who lived several hundred years before the birth of Christ. Among his possessions was a beautiful grove, where young men used to congregate and listen to the teachings of wise men, such as Plato and Socrates. This developed into the school of modern times, and these modern schools take their name "academy" from the old Greek, Academus. The real meaning of the word academy is a school for boys.

Sterilized.

"Have you," inquired the city visitor, "a moss covered bucket about the place?"

"No, sir," answered the farmer. "All our utensils are sterilized and strictly sanitary."—Kansas City Journal.

No Danger.

The Lady—I'd buy you a nice pearl handled knife for your birthday, but on superlatives. I'm afraid it would cut our friendship. The Man—Cheer up! No knife a woman buys could ever cut anything.—Cleveland Leader.

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