The Iron-Worker's Daughter

BY

HOWARD FORRESTER.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Gripp glanced from one to the other. It was a significant glance he cast upon Atherton, however. The latter reddened, then grew pale as he turned to the young man. A meaning smile illuminated Gripp's evil face. Mayberry, noting it, marveled what it meant, but the next minute Mr. Gripp disappeared.

"Would he avail himself of any information he may have obtained listening to you?"

Mayberry had doubts of Mr. Gripp. He desired to hear what the puddler thought.

"Would he? Would a cat steal cream? Would a dog steal a bone? I believe Gripp would cheat his own grandmother."

Atherton's tone was tense with excitement as he added: "But if he does steal my idea—well, he'll never rue it but once."

"In that case, what you and I must do is to get to work at once. Like you, I wouldn't trust Gripp, further than I could throw a church by the steeple."

Then they, too, left the restaurant, and as they walked on they talked about the plans for demonstrating the value of Atherton's process. Presently Mayberry said:

"Would it not be as well for us to settle on something? Say, for a consideration, you give me authority to represent you—or give me the refusal of your patent for so many days. In case I do not dispose of it to your satisfaction, or succeed in interesting men who have means to give the process a thorough trial, then that will end it."

"That is business-like, too."

"I could show the paper to the person I have in view."

"To be sure. I'll give you any time in reason."

"Say thirty days."

"Or sixty, for that matter. Say sixty days and done with it."

"Let us step in here. I know these people very well.

Atherton looked at the sign over the door. It read "Mead Bros. & Co."

"I will be obliged to you for a piece of paper and pen and ink," said Mayberry to a clerk who occupied the front office, and who nodded to Mayberry smilingly. The clerk passed the articles toward him, and Mayberry hastily penned the paper he deemed necessary to the business in hand. He finished the writing, passed a dollar to Atherton, and the last-mentioned was placing it in his pocket, when his glance followed that of Mayberry's, who was gazing curiously at some person in the inner office.

Atherton's eyes were turned in that direction also, and he beheld a man talking earnestly to the eldest of the Mead Brothers. Mr. Mead was nodding slowly, but approvingly. The man who was talking to him was speaking earnestly and rapidly. His back was to the door, which was opened that instant by one of the clerks. Mayberry and Atherton could hear Mr. Mead's response. It was uttered in very clear, distinct tones.

"If your invention is what you claim, you may consider me good at any time for from twenty to forty thousand to begin with. Convince me—make me see through your eyes—and I will advance all that may be required."

"Then I need go no further."

"Not if you desire to do business with me."

"Precisely. We understand each other. I will call in to-morrow—at any hour most convenient to you."

"Make it the same as to-day."

"Good day, Mr. Mead."

"Good day."

The man turned and beheld Atherton and Mayberry looking straight at him through the door.

It was Jackson Gripp.

When Mayberry glanced at his companion, Atherton was deathly pale, and trembling. Whether it was with passion—whether he was trembling with anger or fear, or both, Mayberry could not determine. Atherton suddenly bade his young companion good day, and hastened out of the office alone.

Mayberry asked himself the second time that day why Atherton was excited in Gripp's presence. It was plain that he could not look on Mr. Gripp unmoved. And now there was no room to doubt Mr. Gripp's aim and true character. He was trying to sell Atherton's process. More than that. He was dealing with the very man Mayberry had resolved to speak to first concerning the new process.

While Mayberry was turning these things over in his mind, Mr. Gripp passed out, and turned in the same direction Atherton had disappeared.

CHAPTER VII.

Arthur Mayberry was at a loss to know what to do—whether to enter and broach the subject uppermost in his mind to Mr. Mead, or call the next day.

Then, with the impulse born of youth and hope, he resolved to determine the matter then and there. He entered the inner office, and inquird if he could have audience with Mr. Mead. One of the clerks inclined his head to the door of Mr. Mead's private room, and Mayberry entered. Mr. Mead greeted him cheerfully.

"I have called upon a business matter, Mr. Mead. I will occupy as little of your time as possible."

"If it concerns you, there is nothing pressing me just now," said Mr. Mead, in a kindly tone.

"It is concerning a new process for making iron."

"Ah! Your own?"

"Oh, no! I am sorry to say I am not able to invent, or likely to discover, anything so valuable as the idea I desire to interest you in."

"Well?"

Mr. Mead looked so frank and kindly that Mayberry was induced to speak freely and at great length. He outlined—described all that Atherton's process would accomplish. He was unable to enter into details; that was left to the practical man—the discoverer of the new process.

There was something in Mr. Mead's manner—it was his silence, possibly—that puzzled the young man.

"This is not your idea, you say."

"It is an idea a puddler named Atherton has worked out."

"Are you sure it is his idea?"

"Quite."

Mr. Mead was silent. Mayberry recalled the language Gripp had been answered in.

"You observed a gentleman here a few minutes ago?"

"I did—Mr. Gripp."

"He has the same idea. He professes to be able to accomplish the same results in the same time."

Mayberry was surprised. Not because he thought the act foreign to Gripp's disposition and character; he was surprised now that his worst apprehensions were realized. He was decisive, however. It was one of the peculiarities of Arthur Mayberry that whatever he took in hand he carried out.

"Well, this simplifies the situation wonderfully, Mr. Mead. Will you please look at that?"

He presented for the manufacturer's inspection the paper Atherton wrote his signature on in Mr. Mead's front office a few minutes earlier in the day.

"This is quite clear. I understand the case, I think."

"The idea can't be Mr. Gripp's and Mr. Atherton's, too?"

"No."

"It has been stolen by one from the other."

"I confess the same thought has occurred to me."

"And because Mr. Gripp has the first—"

"No. You are wrong. Really, I have no idea who is entitled to the discovery."

"But, since Mr. Gripp has been before me, you very naturally ask yourself how many more may have an inkling of the new process Atherton claims."

"Exactly."

"Would Mr. Atherton himself be able to convince you who has the sole claim?"

"I would have to hear Gripp's story, also."

"If I could inform you when and where Mr. Gripp obtained all the information he possesses on this subject, and the real discoverer would corroborate every statement I make, would you be satisfied?"

"Certainly. Your word would be ample, Mr. Mayberry."

"Well, then, it simply resolves itself into this: I will demonstrate that Mr. Gripp never dreamed of such a thing as this new process until the last hour—that all he knows he learned from a conversation between Mr. Atherton and myself the past hour."

"This puts Gripp in a very bad light—very."

"He puts himself in a bad light."

"Yes—yes—to be sure. But it is none the less disagreeable to think of."

"To a man like you, Mr. Mead, who has earned all you own by square, straightforward dealing, it must be disagreeable. I now pronounce Jackson Gripp a thief. And in good time I will prove him a thief. Can you give me a hearing to-morrow?"

"Yes—call at least an hour earlier."

Arthur Mayberry walked away, resolved to expose Gripp's rascality. He was walking quickly, his mind intent on Gripp's hardihood and cheek, when he encountered his fellow-clerk, Parker, and two young ladies.

One of the ladies was soon to be Mrs. Parker, the other was her sister. Mayberry saluted the group, and stopped to exchange greetings, when the young ladies turned to look at one of their own sex.

"Such a pretty girl!"

"Pretty! she is more than pretty," said Parker's affianced. "She is a beauty."

"If she was only as well dressed as she might be."

"Dress or no dress," persisted Parker's affianced, Miss Bruce. "Nan, if I had that girl's face and figure, I'd not give a groat for fine dress. Am I not right, Mr. Mayberry?"

Arthur Mayberry blushed furiously. Ralph Parker laughed.

"Who is it, Mr. Parker. I am dying to know."

"Well, I don't think Mayberry ever spoke to her in his life, but he saved that young lady's life the other day at the risk of his own. She is the daughter of one of the workmen in the mill."

Then they besieged him, woman-like, until he told them the story.

In the meantime Mayberry was making his way to a friend's office, a young lawyer in whom he could confide, and whose friendship had been manifested in divers ways and on numerous occasions.

But his mind was not occupied altogether with Atherton's new process. Atherton's daughter was in the foreground. Her light step, her bright, beautiful face, with her wonderful clear eyes, that seemed to look through him at a glance, was before him.

And now, since the Misses Bruce pronounced her pretty, he knew it was not fancy on his part. He was thinking of her, of the marvelous manner in which she escaped a horrible death through his instrumentality, when, upon crossing a street, they were brought face to face.

Was it fancy? No. She blushed when he doffed his hat quickly, saying:

"Miss Atherton."

"Mr. Mayberry."

Then she passed on, while the young man repeated her name to himself.

"Atherton—Atherton. That's as good as any name in the city—sounds as fine, even if she is a puddler's daughter. A puddler's daughter!" he added mentally. "Pooh! in a land where a railcutter may be, has made himself, President, the daughter of any honest workingman may become the foremost lady in the country."

Then his pulse quickened as he thought he would have the pleasure of seeing and speaking to her in the evening. He would be compelled to see Atherton, to arrange for their interview with Mr. Mead on the morrow. And if there was no one else—why could he not pay his court to this young girl? Who had a better right? Aye—who had as strong a claim on her?

Then he blushed again, for shame, that an act of spontaneous sympathy—an act almost heroic—should be by him placed on the scales, to be weighed against the love that comes, and is, unsought.

He called upon his young friend, who was, indeed, more profoundly versed in the law than many an old practitioner, and related all that had transpired—the conversation Gripp had evidently overheard, and the use he had made immediately of the knowledge he had thus surreptitiously acquired.

"We can make Mr. Gripp sing very small," said the young lawyer. "That is an easy matter. Tell your friend the puddler he need not worry over Mr. Gripp in the least."

It was not until he was in the street again, and alone, that Mayberry suddenly remembered his engagement with his friend and fellow-clerk, Parker.

"There is but one thing for me to do," said Mayberry to himself. "I must see Atherton before supper, or not later than supper time at the most."

Then he asked himself, as his steps were lightened by the anticipation of an early meeting with Miss Atherton, if there was such a thing as love at first sight, and he pretended to think he was a fool; but all the while he was planning how he could manage to dress so as to look his best, before supper, and yet be in time to meet his friend Parker and keep his engagement with that young man.

"Hang it!" Arthur Mayberry exclaimed mentally. "Now I know what they mean when they talk about love and business being too much to manage at one time."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Ah! Pray come in."

Was she pleased to see him again so soon? There was nothing in her manner save surprise. The "Ah!" escaped her lips ere she could control herself.

"My father is not in. I am looking for him every minute."

Now that he had a good opportunity to observe her, she was not in the least flurried. He was the one who felt ill at ease. She was calm, composed. And she was the first to speak again. How easily she led the conversation.

"What a delightful day it has been."

"Very. I hope you enjoyed it."

"I always do. I don't think anybody enjoys good weather, or gets more good out of sunshine, air, a beautiful sky—all that we can see—than I do."

"I see you manage to get some good out of boks."

"I do. I can live with books—but you owe something to the world. It isn't at all necessary to be a bookworm; do you think it is?"

He said he did not. Then, gradually, but very naturally, the conversation drifted into an exchange of views, of likes and dislikes, of favorite authors, and then—how strange the sensation was to him, it was altogether new—Arthur Mayberry discovered he was not as familiar with the excellencies of several noted authors as Miss Atherton, who, however, never quoted a line. She was so simple, so unaffected, and so genuine in her manner, that he said to himself, "How this girl would astonish the Bruces and their set if they could only hear her."

From which it may be inferred he was head over heels in love, as indeed he was. As for Miss Atherton, she regarded him as one of the handsomest and most intelligent and unaffected young men she had met. And once or twice she remembered that but for him she would not be sitting there talking to him.

Her father was unaccountably delayed, she said, but the time sped very fast, and it was very agreeable to sit and talk to a young man who did not use superfluous words, or laugh at his own dull jokes, or weary one with commonplace remarks.

It was a surprise to him when he learned, incidentally, that she was going to the concert that evening. He was jealous in an instant. Who could he be? What sort of a fellow did he lok like? Some rough, coarse fellow, posibly, not at all fit to wait on a girl who displayed such taste as Miss Atherton revealed. He was consumed with curiosity. And he was very careful to conceal the fact that he was going to the concert.

The simple truth was that Atherton was very fond of music. He was devoted to music in his youth, and even now was a member of the church choir, in which his daughter's voice was accounted the finest. Atherton and his daughter rarely missed a fine concert or new opera. But how could Mayberry know this?

"I fear I may interfere with your arrangements if I remain longer," said Mayberry, rising.

"If you refer to the concert"—she smiled—"I don't think I ever required more than fifteen or twenty minutes, at most, to get ready to go anywhere."

Mayberry thought of the long "half-hours" he had sat in sundry parlors, waiting the appearance of his lady friends. They were getting on famously, these two—yet not a word had been uttered that could possibly indicate their estimate or appreciation of each other, when suddenly the door opened and Atherton entered. As his eyes fell upon Mayberry, his manner underwent a change. Instead of welcoming him, instead of holding out his hand, he said in a constrained manner:

"We meet once again."

Mayberry, scarcely knowing what to attribute the change to, answered at random:

"Yes, twice in the same day."

Then he remembered how much was at stake, and plunged into the heart of the matter.

"Mr. Atherton, I have made an appointment for to-morrow, when we will call on Mr. Mead."

"To-morrow." Atherton's eye was on his daughter.

"If you cannot go to-morrow, make the time to suit your own convenience. Your presence will be absolutely necessary—and the sooner the better."

Atherton, who was standing, still averted his gaze as he replied: "I don't think I can go to-morrow."

Mayberry waited for him to name a day, but Atherton continued silent, until his daughter interposed.

"Can you not fix a day, father, that will suit you both? Mr. Mayberry has been waiting some time to see you."

"I don't know—I can't say——"

The puddler stopped suddenly, and laid his hat aside. Mayberry's pride was touched. Possibly something had caused the puddler to change his mind. Perhaps he regretted the terms he had made with Mayberry. Perhaps he could do better, and wished he had not been so precipitate. Or possibly other causes were at work. Mayberry with his usual decision, cut the knot at once.

"If you have changed your mind since we have talked it over, I will return the paper you gave me."

"No, no! I did not ask you to return the paper," said Atherton, in visible distress now.

"That is the very reason I feel I must return it now, Mr. Atherton," said Mayberry as he produced the paper and handed it to Atherton.

Then, as the puddler took it reluctantly, Mayberry added coldly, "If at any time I can serve you in this matter, you may command me."

"O! very well. Just as you please—just as you please," answered Atherton. "I wanted time to think, but since you've returned it—why that's an end of it."

He spoke in a cold tone also. Mayberry, whose hand was on the door knob, bowed to Miss Atherton, said "good evening" to her father, and was gone.

When he was outside, he felt like one who was stunned. It seemed as though the world had no longer anything to interest him. What had happened to Atherton? What did it mean, anyhow? And Irene! Was this the end of his dream? Did all love dreams end as abruptly as this one?

When they were alone, Irene Atherton turned to her father.

(To be continued.)

NOT CATEGORICAL.

Persians Deem a Blunt Direct Answer Impolite.

No self-respecting Persian ever answers a question by a bold affirmative or a blunt negative. He always reserves a margin. Wilfrid Sparrow, a tutor to the Persian royal children, asked Mirza Saleh, a turbaned linguist, in regard to a servant, Haji Isma'il.

"Is he honest?"

Mirza Saleh was busy with the pages of a dictionary.

"Little—take care—Haji Isma'il's God—money is," said he.

"That is no answer. I want one word. Is he honest?"

Mirza Saleh closed his eyes in meditation, opened them and shook his head, closed them again, and then sat buried in thought, his fingers on his eyelids. By and by he looked up, baffled.

"One word, sahib?" said he, as one who should assert, "The task is impossible.

"Certainly. One word."

He shut his eyes for the third time, as if he would keep the truth from popping out unawares. When he opened them at last, it was to search for the English of the word he had chosen. When he had found it his face broke into an expansive smile.

"Sahib," he cried, triumphantly, "de-fi-ci-ent!"

"Deficient is good."

"It is not bad," he replied, in a tone of modest pride.

"I will engage another servant, then," said the Englishman, laboriously, in Persian.

"It behtar would be, sahib."

The World's Sponges.

Greek and Turkish sponges have been known to the trade for hundreds of years. Syria furnishes perhaps the finest quality, and shipments are made from Tripoli and Latakia to Paris, London, Trieste, Hamburg, New York and Piraeus. During the last fifteen years, however, the output has greatly diminished, owing to the introduction by Greeks of diving apparatus, which proved ruinous to fishermen and fisheries alike. It is estimated that the annual exportation of Syrian sponges at present hardly exceed $85,000 in value. In the adjoining territorial waters of Cyprus sponge beds are being worked with varying success. Sponges were exported from that island in 1898 to the amount of $10,425, and in 1899 $28,835 worth were shipped. Egypt, Barbary, Crete, Rhodes, Samos, Calymnos and other islands of the Turkish and Greek archipelagoes also produce sponges for export. A large share of this trade was formerly in the hands of merchants with headquarters in Smyrna and Trieste, but it is now centered in London and Piraeus. The United States annually buys sponges abroad to the amount of about $500,000.

The Widow's Cruse.

The man who is seeking for a pertinent illustration is wise if he turns to the Bible; for there is matter for our light as well as for our serious arguments.

The New York Times says that when J. J. Hill, the president of the Great Northern, started out from New York with a party of friends, there was great curiosity as to the destination and object of the cruise. The public thought it had a right to know, but when it asked Mr. Hill, he only smiled, and replied, vaguely:

"Labrador."

"But, Mr. Hill," said one of his interviewers, "do you mean that your cruise has no definite end? Can't you even say when it will terminate?"

"No," said Mr. Hill, with a smile. "This cruise is just like the widow's cruse of oil. It will last just as long as it needs to; and it won't be wasted, either."

Straw Shoes for Horses.

The praiseworthy fashion of providing horses with straw hats as a guard against the sun is common, but it is doubtful if the Japanese idea of horse-shoes will ever be generally adopted, though it may have much to recommend it. In that country straw instead of iron is employed for the purpose. The shoes are made of ordinary rice straw, braided very tight and firm, making a surface the size of the horse's hoofs and about half an inch thick. They cost about two cents a pair.

Unripe Love.

"What is 'platonic friendship,' anyway?"

"That's the feeling a young grass widow and her admirer experience while they're waiting for her divorce to be granted."—Philadelphia Press.

New Reading of the Line.

"Such sporty clothes as our minister was wearing on his vacation! Did you see him?"

"Yes, and what neckties he affected. His motto seems to be 'Best is the tie that blinds.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Not an Infliction.

"Don't you think that young man is afflicted with a swelled head?"

"No," answered Miss Cayenne; "he's not afflicted with it; he enjoys it."—Washington Star.

The ideal chaperon is simply out of sight.

Tomato Soup.

For this soup use one-half of a can of tomatoes, or one pint of fresh stewed tomatoes. If you use the canned goods, don't leave the other half in the can; pour it in a china bowl, and if convenient cook it a little before you put it away. It will keep in a cool place two or three days. It is said that people are poisoned by using canned goods only because the article is allowed to remain in the can after it has been opened. But about the soup—one-half can of tomatoes, one pint of water, a small onion chopped, a bay leaf and a sprig of parsley boiled together for fifteen minutes. Press through a fine colander, return to the kettle and add a teaspoonful of salt, two of sugar and a shake of pepper. Rub together one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour, and stir into the soup when it boils; stir until it thickens. Serve with squares of toasted bread.

Chocolate Creams.

Dissolve two cups of fine confectioner's sugar in a half cup of water, set upon the fire, and let it boil rapidly for twenty minutes. Turn out on a platter and stir with a large spoon till cool, adding at the same time a tablespoonful of vanilla extract. When well creamed, butter the fingers and work it up in small balls. Prepare half a pound of chocolate by setting it over a steamer till melted; then thrust a long pin into the balls and dip them in the chocolate, laying them upon buttered paper to dry.

Escalloped Eggs.

Six hard-boiled eggs, one-fourth pint of cream, butter the size of an egg, a little parsley chopped fine, one-half tablespoon flour. Mix the cream, butter and flour and cook until thick. Place in a buttered baking dish alternate layers of sliced egg and bread-crumbs seasoned with salt and pepper, until the dish is filled, having a layer of crumbs and bits of butter on the top. Mix the cream and parsley together and pour over the whole. Bake in a quick oven till brown.

Cream Puffs.

Into a pint of boiling water stir a half-pound of butter. Stir until it boils; put in three-quarters of a pound of flour, boil for a minute, turn into a deep dish and cool. When cold beat into it, first, the well-whipped yolks and the stiffened whites of the eggs. Drop by the spoonful upon oiled paper spread in the bottom of a baking pan and bake to golden-brown puffs. When cold cut a slit in the side of each and fill with a cream filling.

Cream Toast.

One-half cup cream, one-half cup milk, one-half teaspoonful salt, a small lump of butter. Melt the butter and add enough sifted flour to make it stiff. Mix the milk, cream and salt and pour slowly over the butter and flour, keeping the mixture smooth by stirring. When thickened, strain and pour over toast. Serve hot.

Rice Cake.

Beat up three eggs to a stiff froth, put them in a double boiler, and stir briskly on the stove for eight minutes, then add slowly three ounces of fine sugar and quarter of a cup of ground rice, also flavoring to taste. When all is well mixed, pour into a buttered pan and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

Peanut Brittle.

Boil together a cup each of molasses and brown sugar, a tablespoonful of vinegar and two tablespoonfuls of butter. When a little dropped in cold water is brittle add a cup of blanched peanuts; remove at once from the fire, add a teaspoonful of baking soda, beat hard and pour into buttered pans.

Stewed Squabs.

Clean, tie down the legs and wings and put a piece of bacon on the breast of each bird. Put a few slices of bacon in the bottom of a kettle and put the squabs on them; cover with stock and let them stew gently until tender. Serve on toast, and pour the stock slightly thickened around them.

Brief Suggestions.

a little salt will make a delicate, wholesome supper for children.

If mutton chops are rubbed over with lemon juice before broiling, their flavor will be much improved.

Rice cooked in milk instead of water has a much richer flavor. It must be watched closely while cooking, as it will burn quickly.

To soften hard water add a little borax. Water thus softened is wholesome for cooking purposes and is useful in laundry for whitening clothes and effecting a saving of soap.

A thin flexible steel knife is one of the most useful of kitchen utensils. This can be used for many purposes, for loosening cakes from the tins, for icing cakes, scraping dishes or cutting delicate cakes and puddings whose lightness would be quite ruined by using a heavy dull knife.

If the paraffin paper, which comes in the packages of fancy biscuit is saved and used to wipe the bottom of the irons on ironing day the effect on the smoothness of the irons and the temper of the maid will be quite noticeable. There is just a sufficient quantity of wax in the paper to make it a splendid cleanser.

GIVING HIM A SHOCK.

Old Chief Insisted that It Was Mighty Power that Hoisted Him.

"I was a clerk in the trader's store at the Pawnee agency for three or four years," said a Detroit grocer the other day, "and, of course, I had a good chance to study the Indian. There was a chief named Leaning Tree who never smiled or laughed. He had no curiosity. He had no interest in anything belonging to the white man—not even whisky. He was the nearest thing to a stone man you could find, and his imperturbability vexed me. I made up my mind one day to arouse him or perish.

"The chief used to come down to the store every morning and sit on an empty barrel on the porch. I put half a pound of powder under that barrel and one summer's morning Leaning Tree took up his usual roost. I waited about fifteen minutes and then fired the fuse. Ten minutes later there was an explosion that sent the chief twenty feet high and ten rods away, and of course, there was a rush from every side to learn what had happened.

"The old chap must have felt his hair curl and been greatly mystified, but he got up without the slightest loss of dignity and when asked to explain he struck his breast and replied:

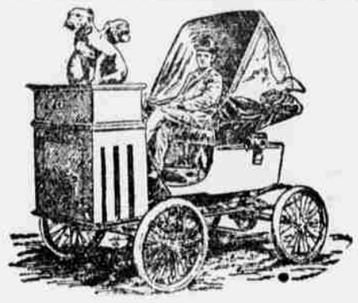
"'Heap lightning—heap strike—heap go up, but no heap hurt me! Let more thunder come..

"His dignity was a good thing for me," said the ex-trader, according to the Detroit Free Press. "There was an investigation, and they would have made it hot for me, but when the officers questioned Leaning Tree he proudly answered:

"'No powder—no blow up. Lightning—thunder—earthquake—big wind. But was I a child to be afraid? Barrel—humph! Powder—humph!'"

AUTOMOBILE AMBULANCE FOR CATS AND DOGS.

The automobile has been applied to a wide variety of uses since it became popular in America, but it is believed that the city of Cleveland has the only one which is used as an animal ambulance. Dr. W. H. Staniforth, of that city, has an infirmary for dogs and cats and makes a specialty of their treatment. For some time past he has used an auto especially designed for taking patients to and from his hospi-



AUTO DOG AMBULANCE.

tal. The rear portion is similar in design to the ordinary runabout, but the front portion has been enlarged to sustain a platform containing a wooden case, which is divided into upper and lower sections, the upper portion being used for cats and the lower portion for dogs. The sides of the case have slits protected by wire to admit the air, while each contains a dish of water. The portion for the dogs is divided also into two sections, so that three or four canine patients can be taken at a time. The accompanying illustration shows the doctor making his rounds in the automobile, with his two pet bulldogs, who usually accompany him.

SHE WASN'T THE REAL THING.

Betrayed a Woeful Ignorance as a Social Queen.

She looked like "the real thing." The women in the corridor, who were also becomingly groomed, looked after her enviously as she swished rhythmically past them into the reception room at the end of the hall and the men supplemented this attention with admiring nods and softly modulated "Whew-ew-ews."

The dozen people already gathered in the reception room reading and talking were likewise visibly impressed with the general excellence of her manner and appearance and every one of them would have been willing to take oath that there wasn't a kink in up-to-date life that she was not familiar with.

By and by the charming creature began to give evidence of an uneasiness that went a little ways toward dispelling the illusion. She looked doubtfully about as if seeking something she wanted badly, but didn't know how to get. Presently she spied a little black knob far up on the wall near the door and she stood up on her tiptoes and turned it gingerly. In an instant darkness had settled upon the face of the reception room and all who sat therein.

"O-o-oh!" squealed the women and "Thieves!" ejaculated the men. The apothesis of grace and culture wailed loudest of all.

"What has happened?" she cried.

"You've turned off the electric lights," said a porter who had rushed in to prevent a possible crime. "What did you want?"

"I wanted to call a bell boy," sobbed the apotheosis, according to the New York Times. "I thought that was the button."

Plausible.

Pa—"I've noticed most children prefer chocolate candy to any other kind. I wonder why that is?"

Ma—"Doubtless because it makes their hands and faces dirtier than any other kind."—Philadelphia Press.