

to Denver he had talked over his testimony with a Mr. Hopper, a private detective in the employ of Strouss.

So evidently Strouss has not deserted Mrs. Patterson so completely in her hour of need as she herself believed he had.

It was all that Mrs. Patterson could do to manage to drag herself to court today. An hour before court opened, she still was hysterical.

She had been hysterical ever since Saturday afternoon, when she broke forth into wild weeping, and cried to the prison matron of the county jail:

"Don't let them take me back to that stand. Oh, please, don't! That prosecutor is killing me by inches. He is going to have me hanged. I don't know what I am saying when he questions me. He does not give me a chance to answer one calumny before he is accusing me again. He is killing me."

All through the night her hysteria continued, and Sunday morning physicians had to be called in. They shook their heads after examining her. One of them spoke bluntly:

"If that woman is subjected to any more of what she has been going through, they might as well send her to an asylum now. She'll need to go in the end, because her brain will snap unless the strain is relieved."

Heartless old Doc Wiley would cut druggists' profits down to 40 per cent if he had his way.

A MERE TRIFLE

Once on a time in the long, long ago,

A man built an automobile
A car which should make all the others seem slow,

A wonder of rubber and steel;
Its motor was perfect, its chassis was great,

All racers it seemed to outrank,

But it never did travel at any swift rate

For he left off the gasoline tank.

Our navy is mighty in ships and in men

(And gee, but the Jackies can shoot)

Its spirit is fine as it always has been

And grand is its fame and repute,

There's strength in the engines that drive every ship

So swiftly and straight to their goal

But they wouldn't go far at that grand little clip

(We're lacking colliers for coal.)

And a fleet without coal is about the same rank

As an auto without any gasoline tank.

—o—o—
Whatever can a fellow do
When all the world is black and blue?

Don't worry, all is right, good fellow,

So long as the old world don't turn yellow.