

Edward Blake: College Student.

By Charles M. Sheldon.

Continued from last issue

I've tried to practice with one hand and a foot, but it doesn't work. It's a difficult feat. Say, it wouldn't be a bad scheme, would it, to get the girls to tie my ties for me? Do you think any more of the girls than you used to, you old misogynist? Have you been falling in love with anybody?"

The unexpected question embarrassed Edward in a way he had not anticipated. He did not venture to say a word, and, to his relief, Willis did not wait for an answer, but rattled on about something else. "Mother sent her regards to you, of course, and she's awfully glad to have us together again. Mother thinks you're a paragon or a peri, and she isn't far out. Hope you'll keep me going straight." And then Willis started to whistle, and Edward did not ask him about his drinking—whether he had given it up. The fact that he had come home from the banquet apparently without having indulged in anything was hopeful, and Edward was relieved at the thought that Willis had reformed.

But in a few days he was undeceived. Willis was popular with the fast set in college and in great demand at whist and poker parties. The society dinners were frequent that fall. He had plenty of money, and Mrs. Preston very foolishly indulged him in that respect. It was no secret to Edward that Willis bet and gambled. They were two vices that Edward had a perfect horror of. In so far as his morality was Christian. He could not bear the thought of either vice, in which Willis indulged without scruple. At the football game that fall Willis lost \$50 which he had put up on the game. He mentioned it with a laugh to Edward.

"I'll get even when we play the return game. One season I cleared \$200 on the games." Edward listened to him coldly and did not even remonstrate. If he had been a Christian, he might have pleaded with him, but his self righteousness simply made him scorn the whole affair. His esteem for Willis suffered. Nothing but the recollection of Willis' generosity to him kept him from threatening to leave him—that and his mother's appeal.

But matters grew more and more trying for Edward as the fall term went on. One night Willis came home very late and, in company with a crowd of boisterous students, all of them partially under the influence of liquor, broke into the physiological cabinet and took out the college skeleton. They hung this outside the window of one of the quietest, most inoffensive men in college and put under it a sign that read: "This is My Funeral. Services All Day. No Flowers." After perpetrating this nonsense, which they called fun, they came back into the hall, broke in a few doors, waked up everybody, had a little fight with the janitor and wound up the night by opening the college hydrant and flooding the basement of the chemical laboratory.

The next morning Edward, who had been awakened and kept awake for several hours by the disturbance, said to Willis just before they went over to chapel, "If you get drunk and make a fool of yourself again, you can get some one else to room with you."

"Oh, pshaw! What's the use making a fuss over a little fun?" exclaimed Willis, with a short laugh. But he was evidently somewhat disturbed by Edward's manner.

"I mean what I say," replied Edward briefly.

For two weeks after that Willis straightened up and behaved beautifully. Several of the offenders of that night were apprehended by the authorities and suspended. Willis escaped, with his "usual good luck," he said, commenting on it afterward.

But one morning, about 2 o'clock, he came back from one of his nights out and came into the room singing boisterously. He was very noisy and took out his blacking materials, whistling a loud tune as he worked.

In the morning, before Willis came out of his bedroom, Edward was busy in his own room, and finally when Willis came out and called to him he did not answer. He crossed over the large room and stepped to the door of Edward's room.

"Hello, old man! What you doing?" "I'm doing what I said I would. I'm going to leave you. I can't room with a drinker any more."

Edward had his trunk out and was packing his things into it. The sight completely sobered Willis.

"Do you mean it?" he asked quietly as Edward looked up at him.

"I certainly do," exclaimed Edward. "Then," said Willis, "you are willing that I should go to the devil alone? You're a nice friend, you are."

Edward looked up at him, still kneeling by his trunk.

CHAPTER X.

"It's not a matter of friendship," began Edward, with even more than his usual doggedness. "It's simply a matter of necessity. I've stood the racket as long as I can stand it. If you're bound to make a fool of yourself, I don't know that I am bound to room with you and suffer from it."

"No, you'll look after Edward Blake all right enough!" retorted Willis, either purposely or unconsciously probing down into the real selfishness of Edward's moral attitude.

Edward turned and went on with his packing, and Willis went back into the other room.

There was a silence of several minutes. Then Edward came out of his bedroom and gathered up his books and a few other things that belonged to him and went back into his bedroom with them. He packed them in and flung down the lid, locked it, strapped the trunk and came out into the room and took down his coat and put on his hat.

"Want any help about getting your trunk down stairs? You had to have some about getting it up," said Willis as he wheeled about from the window where he was standing and faced Edward, his hand in his pocket and a smile on his face that hurt Edward more than if he had struck him. The words and the tone reminded him irresistibly of that first meeting, when he had befriended him during that first blow of great trouble. And here he was leaving him when perhaps he ought to stay by him. And the promise to Willis' mother—was he true to that?

If Willis had uttered a plea then, it is possible Edward might have reconsidered his action. But Willis turned around to the window again and began to whistle a tune. It was, unfortunately, the same tune he had whistled the night before, and the sound irritated Edward again.

"Here's my key," he said shortly, going over to Willis' table and flinging it down.

"All right," said Willis quietly. Then he suddenly turned around and faced Edward, and there was actually a tear in his eye.

"Won't you shake hands, Ned, before you go? I don't blame you a bit. Before George, I wonder you've stood it as long as you have. But I don't want you to bear me ill will. I'll go to hell fast enough without your helping to push."

The unexpected attitude of Willis almost upset Edward. He put out his hand silently and shook Willis', and as he did so his eye traveled down the empty coat sleeve. And, again, if Willis had waited just a second Edward might even then have changed his mind. But he turned around to the window and resumed his whistling, and Edward slowly went over into his bedroom and dragged out his trunk, put it out in the hall, shut the door and went down stairs, leaving the trunk against the wall at the end of the upper passage.

He had not the slightest idea as to where he would go or what he would do for a room; but he felt the need first of a bit of solitude, and he went off into a piece of woods down in one corner of the campus and had a time all by himself, during which he cooled off a little, although when he came back up on the hill he had not changed his mind concerning the step he had taken and was, if anything, more deeply convinced that he had done the right thing for himself. The only thing that troubled him much was the thought of Willis' mother. Would she consider Edward false to his promise that he would do all in his power for her son? Had he exhausted all possible efforts to save him, or had he deserted him just because of the annoyance and discomfort of a few unpleasant times with him?

He had been such a stickler for the truth and for keeping his word that this one thought made him uneasy. It was Saturday, and there were no classes, so he walked slowly over to the ladies' hall, thinking to see Freeda, and tell her about the matter, with a more or less vague feeling that in arguing with her about it he could persuade himself that what he had done was justified by the facts.

Freeda came down into the parlor after a few moments, and Edward with his usual directness told her what he had done. She looked very serious and questioned him rather closely.

"Do you think Mr. Preston has been drinking more this term than he used to?" "There's no doubt of it," Edward replied decidedly. "He's been out often. He is getting worse all the time."

"Are you sure you have taken the best way to help him?" "Well, Freeda, what can I do? I can't stand the breaking into my sleep and the annoyance generally. I've got myself to consider some, haven't I?"

"I suppose so, yes," replied Freeda slowly. "Did he seem to care much about your going?" Edward told her something of the scene that took place. Freeda listened attentively.

"He's not altogether bad, do you think?" "By no means, Willis has some noble qualities. Why, Freeda, I'm in college now, perhaps, on account of his generosity. That's what plagues me some. That, and—and—my promise to Mrs. Preston."

"What did you promise her?" "Why, I made a general sort of promise to her that I would do all in my power to help Willis. But what can I do in this drink matter when he himself confessed that he had repeatedly broken the promise he had made to his own mother? I don't seem to have any influence over him in this direction. That is what I said to Mrs. Preston."

"Do you think you will have any influence over him now?" "I don't know. Anyway, he's to blame for all this trouble. He knows he's wrong, and he can't blame me for his own foolishness."

"It seems dreadful, though, Ned, to think of him going to the bad this way and no one doing anything to stop it. Do you know?"—Freeda stopped and looked at her brother very thoughtfully as if she was in doubt about giving him her confidence—"do you know, Ned, if it is possible some one of the girls might have influence with Mr. Preston. I think I know of one who could help him some."

Edward looked at Freeda anxiously. It was the first time in the conversation that he had given a thought about Willis' feeling for his sister. Was it possible she— He asked a question cautiously, but at the same time with his usual love of the truth: "What girl could help him?" "I think Ida could. In fact, Ned—this is entirely confidential and you must not breathe it to a soul—I am sure Ida thinks a good deal of Mr. Preston. Ever since his return from the Philippines she has admired him. If she should use her influence, she might help him to break off his drinking."

Edward listened in silence. Here was a little complication with a vengeance. For the first time in his life he knew what jealousy meant. It was true he had, ever since his talk with the president, been able to control and even direct his feelings in regard to Miss Seton. But the thought that she might care more for the reckless Willis than for himself, the upright, added a touch of bitterness to his feeling for Willis that he had not yet experienced.

He was so disturbed by this feeling that he did not stay much longer with Freeda. In answer to her question as to whether he didn't think Ida could help Willis he replied shortly that he didn't know, and soon went away to brood over this new chapter in his own little tragedy.

Before the end of the day he had found an empty room in one of the other halls and had moved his trunk into it. He secured a few pieces of furniture from a student who was selling out, and very late that night he went to bed thoroughly unhappy, restless over the whole business, angry with Willis, with Freeda for making the suggestion about Ida and with himself in general for being several kinds of a fool in coming to college at all.

Next morning he felt a little better, and a little ashamed of himself besides. But all through the day he was haunted by the dread of getting a letter from Mrs. Preston. He could not make his action seem quite right in the face of his promise to her. And as the week went by he watched for his mail with increasing nervousness. But when another Saturday had gone and the letter the truth dawned on him that perhaps Mrs. Preston knew nothing about the affair. Edward had a returning wave of his old liking for Willis come over him as he began to realize that Willis had not written anything to his mother about it and probably never would.

It was at this point that Edward showed the better side of his character, especially in the matter of his truthfulness. He sat down that night and frankly wrote Mrs. Preston a full account of his leaving Willis. He did not attempt in this letter to hide the fact that it was largely on his own account, for the sake of his own peace and quiet, that he had left Willis. An answer came promptly that week. It was in some particulars exactly what he had anticipated. In other ways parts of the letter surprised him.

It was a matter of great surprise to me—Mrs. Preston wrote—that you had left Willis. I write me every week, and he said nothing about it in his letter that I received yesterday. I am sore grieved and pained that I can tell you. I know I do not excuse Willis for his conduct. I say, he has been breaking my own heart for years now. He knows full well the consequence and yet he chooses his course. I never to you that his grandfather was a drinking man. I used to boast of his temperance in drinking. I say any man was a fool to let the habit get better of him. He also claimed the same for me, he called it, to do as he pleased, and on occasions that I know of he resorted to and restrain the liquor drinking in his own neighborhood. His son, Willis' father, was born with a taste for liquor, and I think he never touches a drop, but Willis is suffering from the same of his grandfather. Willis is apparently a victim of the passion that his grandfather indulged in so boastfully and without any apparent personal harm. Oh, when will men learn the terrible truth of what they do or are will be repeated some time in the future. I will do all that I can, and if they don't suffer some one will in the future? It seems to be one of the invariable laws of God. But what have you done, Mr. Blake? Are you sure you have acted in the best way? Was there no other way for you to do but to leave my son alone? What influence will you have now? Did you plead with him as you might, or did you leave him in anger? Suppose I, his mother, had abandoned him after all the times he has annoyed and disappointed and even ignored me and my prayers. For more than seventy times seven I have forgiven him on my knees before God. That is because I am his mother, while you were only his friend. But did you do all that a friend ought to do? God help me not to be unjust to you. I have tried to realize the position in which you were placed. But if our Father in heaven dealt with us too severely how many of us would ever come into the kingdom? What I fear for Willis now is that he will go down faster. He will become more and more reckless and make his friends miss among the fast set than heretofore. If in any way you can still prevent this, I pray God you will do so. I do not know any other student in college who has any power over him. I have thought to write the president, but I know he is burdened with a great load, and I hesitate. If I have said in this letter things I should not, pardon me. You never can know the heartache of a mother for her firstborn and only son. The Lord bless you and give you success. Your friend, Lucia Pearson.

Edward reread this letter gravely. The last part of it added to his self accusation. At one time that same evening he was almost on the point of going over to see Willis and talk over matters. But his pride and also his natural obstinacy in keeping at a thing he had once decided upon kept him back. He answered the letter, after a fashion, and said in it that he would serve Willis in any way he could if opportunity offered. All the time he was writing it he felt more or less like a hypocrite. Was this friendship? Had he done all that a friend could do? The questions faced him repeatedly as he tried to go on with his college work and were seldom out of his mind. Along with it all was present that tinge of jealousy and bitterness toward Willis that dated their real beginning from his talk with Freeda.

So the winter term went on, rather unsatisfactorily for him. He was discontented from a number of causes and was not getting out of the course what satisfied him. He had a real pride in keeping up his rank in class, however, and in spite of his troubles he managed to retain interest enough in his regular work to do his best. There was another matter, also, that

began to interest him, and, for a time at least, it drew his mind away from thoughts of Willis.

His paper route was in the heart of the city and took him into stores, business offices of lawyers and doctors and into some places that he knew were evil. There was one place, especially, a large room at the top of an office block, that he very soon came to understand was nothing more nor less than a professional gamblers' resort. Generally he simply opened the door and flung the paper in without stopping. He had too many stairs to climb and too big a load of papers to stop anywhere on the route. But occasionally, as men were going in and out, as he came up to the door, instead of throwing the paper down inside where they would stop on it, he walked in and put the paper on a table. The proprietor of the place one day asked him to do so every time, as his customers carelessly kicked the paper on the floor if it was thrown down there.

So, after awhile, as Edward fell into the habit of entering the room regularly, he gradually came to understand just what was going on there. There was an ordinance in Raynor that winter against gambling devices; but it appeared to be a dead letter, and there was hardly a pretext of secrecy about the matter of running the machines and the tables. In this particular place the violation of the law was open and bold. Crowds of young men thronged it every night. One evening, when the paper was delayed by an accident and the carriers were all two hours late, Edward noticed when he went in several college men from the fast set, and among them Willis, who was trying one of the new machines recently set up in the establishment.

It was this sight of Willis in this place that really started Edward to think about the iniquity of the whole business. We have spoken of his wholesome horror of the vices of gambling and betting. This horror was inborn in him. With all his faults of self righteousness, his firm love of truth and fairness gave him a real feeling of indignation toward such a vice as gambling, and the sight

of Willis and the thought of what it meant to him gave him sober thoughts on the subject, and he could not drive them away. Mrs. Preston's prediction concerning Willis' more rapid fall smote Edward as he thought of all he owed Willis for the paper route and many other old time kindnesses. This feeling grew on him until he could not resist the growing conviction that he ought to do something. But he did not know just what to do, and finally, in his perplexity, he went to President Royce and told him about the affair.

The president listened with growing seriousness. "I had no idea that matters were so bad in Raynor. How many of these gambling places are there on the street?"

"I don't know, sir. Williams, who carries a route on the other side, told me the other day that there were two

big places in the west block. I know of three smaller places at the end of my route down by the river."

"How many of the students did you see in this one place?"

"I think eight or ten in all. Of course I didn't stay long enough to notice much. But there were at least that many."

"You say that Mr. Preston was among them?"

"Yes, sir," said Edward, with some reluctance.

"Preston has been going down faster than ever lately. I've had to have him in here twice within the last two weeks and warn him. I fear he is in a very bad way. I'm sorry for his mother. Of course I know you have left him. Are you sure that was a right step?"

"No, sir, not altogether," replied Edward in a low voice.

"Well, my boy, we will not discuss that now. The question is what to do about these gambling dens in Raynor. They must be stopped if possible."

The president was silent a moment. Then he spoke abruptly.

"Are you willing to testify against the place, Blake?"

Instantly Edward confronted the situation and understood what it might mean. In the first place it would mean an enemy on the part of the proprietor. Then rose in his mind the question of spring. He entered the place unchallenged because he was on the paper route. If now he used that advantage to bring testimony against it, the fact, when it came out in court, would mean the loss, not only of that one customer for his paper, but probably of several other keepers of disreputable places. He would have the whole crowd of lawbreakers down on him, and it would damage his prospects seriously. But, on the other hand, here was a real moral danger. These men were enemies of society. Had he no duties as a citizen toward society? Was he to plead as an excuse for noninterference the probable loss that would come to him if he testified against the wrong? Was not this just what the average citizen was constantly doing? He knew well enough that the real owners of the block where the gambling was going on were the members of the business firm on the ground floor. They were men who passed as respectable citizens in Raynor because of their wealth and social standing, and yet they took the rent from these gamblers and knew what was going on and all for the sake of the money that was in it.

Edward was not too young to know and understand these facts, and in his heart he had long had a contempt for these real owners of the building who, while walking about like good citizens, were in reality accomplices and deserved stern punishment for their own lawlessness due to their love of gain. The president was watching him closely and knew exactly what was

passing in his mind. When Edward looked up, he was strengthened in his final resolve by the look on the president's face.

"Yes, sir; I'm willing to testify in the case," he replied.

"Are you? Then I will go with you," said the president quietly.

"You go with me," exclaimed Edward slowly.

"Yes. Why not? Are these young men in peril not my young men? Is it not the duty of the citizen to do his part in the republic in times of peace and lawlessness as well as in times of physical war? What I have asked you to do is nothing more than what the law expects every good citizen to do. According to the ordinance, if I remember it rightly, all that the law requires is that an eyewitness of the gambling testify to the use of the gambling device. I know enough about the condition of local politics in Raynor to feel convinced that appeals to the authorities will do very little good. Preaching and praying and teaching have got to be supplemented with some kind of action that the people of Raynor will respect. We need an old fashioned revival of righteousness in Raynor."

Edward listened in astonishment, and yet his admiration for the president increased as he went on. He had a respect for that kind of courage and began to think less of his own possible losses and more of the probable amount of criticism that the president would suffer for such a course. "When do you think we had better go, Blake?" the president asked after a short silence.

"One time is as good as another," said Edward.

"Say this evening, then. I'll start with you from the newspaper office."

Edward Willis will never forget that little experience with President Royce that evening. When the time came, they went up the stairs and entered the room together.

It was, as usual, pretty well filled, although there was a much larger crowd present later in the evening. Their entrance provoked no especial notice at first. Several boys and young men were at the tables and a number were trying the new device that Edward had seen Willis try. So they had time enough to take note of details and had started to go out again when the proprietor of the place, who had seen the president when he came in, rose and went over to the door.

"State your business here, you!" he said, planting himself in front of the president.

"State yours, sir, first!" replied the president, standing up with an athletic strength that made the man recoil. The president and Edward walked together to the door, and the man backed away from it. The crowd in the room nearest them had turned to see what was going on, but before anything else was said the proprietor had turned back. The president and Edward went out and down the stairs unmolested.

They at once went to the authorities and swore out a complaint under the ordinance, and that evening the place

was raided by the police, who arrested the proprietor in the very act of removing his apparatus, having a suspicion of what was coming. To relate briefly the results of all this action on the president's and Edward's part, after many delays of the law and much technical skirmishing on the part of the attorneys for the accused, the proprietor was convicted and sentenced.

The conviction frightened all the other gamblers in Raynor and closed every den in the city, for a time at least. The owner of the building was also guilty under the ordinance, but an attempt to convict him failed owing to his social influence and the use of his means, and nothing ever came of the attempt. And yet it is said that the poor man as well as the rich man has equal justice shown him in our courts. Does any one in America today dare deny that wealth and social position have it in their power to defeat justice in our courts? If they do not have that power, how does it happen that so often wealthy offenders escape the penalty of the law they have violated?

The entire affair caused a great stir in Raynor. There was a good deal of criticism of President Royce's course. Good citizens who were very indignant always when mention was made of lawlessness in the city and wanted to know over their coffee and morning paper why something was not done by somebody to prevent such lawlessness said that President Royce had done a thing unbecoming a president of a college. So undignified and—and—well—so lacking—in the—the—best judgment. But the ordinance expressly provided for testimony to convict. The law of the state plainly said that it was the duty of every good citizen to inform the authorities of a breach of the law. The president was a citizen, like other men, and he had simply done his duty. What was there wrong about that? Well—it was a very undignified thing to act as a spy—to enter such an infamous place—to contaminate himself with touching the thing, so these good citizens said, and yet they were the very men who never did anything themselves except to find fault with the people for electing bad men to office or for not enforcing the law in some way. The good citizen of this country, of this type, will take his rightful place some time alongside the lawbreakers and be labeled with his true name, which is "Bad" citizen, with a capital letter "B" for "Bad."

To be continued.

First-class board at reasonable rates can be obtained at the Red Front House.

E. W. Grove
This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

A Midnight Escape.

It was midnight as a thundering knock came at the door of room No. 44, Phenix hotel.

"What is wanted?" asked the occupant as he sat up in bed with furiously beating heart.

"We want you! Open this door!" "Never!"

"Then take the consequences." The man sprang out of bed and hurriedly dressed himself. His face was pale and his hands trembled, but he shut his lips with a determination to sell his life dearly. He heard foot-steps moving in the hall, and presently his door was burst from its hinges and a dozen men burst into the room. They found him standing with a revolver in each hand and the light of battle in his eyes.

"You may hang me," he said in a low, tense voice, "but 12 of you will go into the other world before me." "Who said anything about hanging?" inquired a voice.

"But you have come for that. Twelve years ago in this town I killed four men. You have recognized me and have come for revenge."

"Not much, stranger. We don't know anything about the four men and don't want to. You live in Missouri, don't you?"

"I do." "Well, what we wanted to ask was whether three of a kind beat a straight in your state."

"They do not." "Then that's all, and you can go back to your snooze. Sorry to have disturbed you, but we had a dispute and wanted to settle it."—New York Sun.

Man's Fool Age.

A medical man has discovered that neither in youth nor old age is a man likely to make the biggest fool of himself. Extreme youth usually is considered not to have arrived at the dignity of years of discretion, yet a homey proverb would have us believe that "there is no fool like an old fool." This medical observer has broached the theory that there is an "aberration period of middle life," between the ages of 37 and 62. "It," he says, "a careful examination be made of the preventible disasters of the last 20 years and of the ages of those who were held responsible by the verdict of mankind for such lamentable issues, there will be found a strange coincidence in the range of their ages."

Here is an interesting and practically inexhaustible field for investigation. Politicians who are "agin the government" may trace the blunders of an administration to the sinister influence of some boss who was passing through the fatal period at the time, and "regrettable incidents" of all kinds, in war or peace, may be traced to their true origin. In time no doubt we shall appreciate the necessity of requiring all public men, on entering the fatal period, to take a five years' holiday and to resume work only when they have passed the age of aberration.—New York Press.

The Hardest Head Yet.

Cheerful Rastus hobbled painfully into the office of the city physicians, supported by two abbreviated broom handles.

"Well, Rassy, how is the limb today?" inquired one of the young men in charge.

"To'ble, to'ble," replied Rastus, grinning like a new moon.

"Ah, tell us," he said as the dressings were changed. "Ah, 'ze heard all kin's stories about niggers' heads—how hawd dey is an low psumptions it becomes er white man ter tempt ter break 'em—but hebbe tell ye de down knock an' it t'el ye runs agin de real t'ing. Me an dis feller wuz workin together puttin up a b'ler, an a dissertation ariz between us, an Ah in de 'zurance of me feller's kinked wid all me mite. Well, Ah reckoned ter strike him on de head, an Ah did. Deed Ah did! Careful him sump. He nevah moved—no, sump. But de reaction didn't do er t'ing but break free of me toes, an dat's what Ah heere fo'—ha, ha, ha! Huh, huh!"

And cheerful Rastus, with the broken toes, laughed hilariously while the physician readjusted the splints.—Detroit Free Press.

Like a Cat on a Wall.

A Scotch highland minister was very fond of commenting on each verse as he read it out. On reading the precept, "Walk circumspectly," he said: "Ye've all seen an cat, my brethren, walking on the top of a wall covered w' broken bottles and bits of glass. See hoo it lifts as fit and then anither fit and hoo slowly and carefully it puts it doon, to keep clear of the sharp bits of glass. And so, my brethren, in this world o' snares and pitfalls, we should be like the cat on the wall—we should walk circumspectly."

Close Resemblance.

Mrs. Talkso's husband was reading an advertisement which asserted that "the mail is quick, the telegraph is quicker, but the telephone is quickest, and you don't have to wait for an answer."

"Ah," he reflected, "in one particular that reminds me strongly of Mrs. Talkso."—Baltimore American.

Thought It Was a Proposal.

Scene, cab stand near London. Lady, distributing tracts, hands one to cabby, who glances at it, hands it back and says politely, "Thank you, lady, but I'm a married man." Lady nervously looks at the title and, reading "Abide with me," hurriedly departs, to the great amusement of cabby.—Spare Moments.

The men-of-war of the Romans had a crew of about 225 men, of which 174 were oarsmen working on three decks. The speed of these vessels was about six miles an hour in fair weather.

Never mind who was your grandfather. Who are you?—Proverb.