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THE THINKING GERMAN

By SARAH BAXTER

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Being a woman with no children and not content with the occupation housekeeping alone gave me, I decided to go into the business of raising squabs for market. Having ample room in my back yard, I erected dovecotes there and put in a dozen pairs of pigeons. About the time I began to think of selling my surplus on counting my young birds I missed several of them. There was a leak somewhere.

Behind our place, facing on another road, was a shanty in which lived a German cobbler named Hans Schreiber. One night, hearing a noise in my back yard, I went out with a dark lantern and flashed it on Schreiber getting over the back fence. He was warned that the next time he was caught in our yard he would be prosecuted under the law. He put on a great deal of injured innocence, but continued to steal my squabs. Finally I caught him again, had him arrested and the next morning appeared against him in court.

"Jutch," he said to the court, assuming the expression of a martyr, "I leaf it to you wedder a poor man like me can affort to eat squap. How wouldt I know I like squap if I don't know how dey taste. I got to puy 'em first, hafn't I, to know wedder I like 'em?"

"That's a very ingenious argument, Hans," said the prosecutor, taking up the case, "but it won't work. Did you never taste any kind of game—duck, quail, snipe?"

"Neffer. Do you take me for a shentleman?"

"You've eaten young chickens, haven't you?"

"Frollers! You think I can affort to eat frollers? All t' frollers go into t' houses of shentlemen like you. Besides, ven t' frollers are two years olt I don' like 'em."

"How can a broiler be two years old?" asked the prosecutor. "I should consider a chicken two years old a pretty aged bird."

"A froller not pe two years olt! H'm! Yo' go to t' colt storage house. Yo' fint 'em t'ree, four, fife years' olt."

"We're not trying the cold storage men," said the prosecutor. "We're trying you, Hans Schreiber, for stealing Mrs. Perkins' squabs. What did you eat for breakfast this morning?"

"Sausage."

"Anything else?"

"Brent und coffee."

"Are you sure you didn't eat squab?"

"Sure."

"Hans, did you ever hear of Herr Roentgen?"

"No."

"He discovered a process by which one may look inside the body and see what's there."

Hans looked uneasy.

"Now I'm going," continued the prosecutor, "to use one of these machines to look inside your stomach, and if I find squab there his honor will send you up for a long term. If you will confess I'll ask him to let you off with a small fine—just enough to pay for the birds you have stolen. Now, will you submit to the test or confess?"

"Vat is t' principle of t' machine?" asked Schreiber.

The lawyer was a bit staggered.

"The principle is that a peculiar light called the Roentgen ray illuminates a man's inside and shows what is there."

The prisoner thought awhile, then said:

"I like t' see how dat is done. You show me vat you hat for breakfast dis morning, und I tell you what I do."

"Come, come," said the lawyer sternly, "enough of this. Send for the machine."

He whispered to an attendant to go to an optician near by and bring a certain instrument he designated. When it arrived the German looked at it with much interest. It consisted of two brass cylinders, with glasses at each end, mounted on an upright.

"Now, Hans," said the attorney, "before applying the test I'll give you one more chance. Will you confess?"

Hans hesitated. The instinct of investigation indigenous with his race struggled with his fear of detection. At last he said:

"If you fint the squap in my stomach how long for I go to shail?"

The lawyer looked at the judge, who was watching this new method of trial much amused.

"Thirty days," said his honor.

"I risk it," said Hans. "Look into my stomach."

"I withdraw the charge," I said, coming to the lawyer's rescue.

"The charge is withdrawn," said the judge, struggling to repress laughter. "Prisoner, if another such charge is made against you and you are proved guilty I'll send you up for six months."

"I vants to see," said the prisoner, "vat vent truh my stomach dis morning."

"That's not necessary now," said the prosecutor, "since the charge has been withdrawn and his honor has dismissed the case."

"Jutch," persisted Hans, "I vants to know if the machine can do the vonderful tings the shentleman says it can do. I'm ready to go to shail to find that ouet."

The judge winked at the prosecutor, who placed the tubes against the German's stomach and, after pretending to look into it, said to the judge.

"Since the case has been dismissed, your honor, I will say that squab is plainly visible in the man's stomach."

"Haw, haw!" laughed Hans. "Dot machine is no goot. I didn't eat squap this morning. I eat a shicken vot I took from anudder voman's henroost."

Riding a Colt.

If a young colt is ridden or driven several miles over cobblestones or even over a pike or gravel road he may be stove up for life. A colt's legs and feet are filled with soft and tender bones, and his muscles and sinews are easily stretched and torn. Bones are not iron, and they easily crumble under strain and pressure, and tendons often pull loose from where they are grown to young bones, and they cannot be grown back again. It takes a colt of almost iron legs even at two years old to carry the lightest boy and run fast as far as a mile. Few race horses ever pull through training with good sound legs and feet.—New York Press.

Early Newspaper Ads.

Advertisements in newspapers, as we know them today, were not general till the beginning of the eighteenth century. In fact, prior to that time it was dangerous to attempt such a thing. For instance, there was a penalty of £50 for advertising a reward with "No questions to be asked" for the return of the things stolen, half of which was paid by the advertiser and half by the printer. In addition to this, there was a duty on advertisements according to the number of lines, which amounted to anything from a few pennies to several shillings per ad. This duty was not fairly abolished in Great Britain until the year 1853.—New York American.

The Governess' Paradise.

Any English governess may do worse than go to Majorca if the case mentioned by Mrs. Mary Stuart Boyd in "The Fortunate Isles" can be taken as typical. "She will not get a large salary," she says, "for money has a higher value in Majorca than in Britain, but she will be treated like a princess. I know of one case where a Palma family, who had engaged an English governess, went to the trouble and expense of having a bedroom specially decorated and furnished for her, after a high art chamber pictured in the 'Studio,' that the expected guest might feel more at home than if her room had been fitted up in the native fashion."

Always.

Time haunted her. She laughed at him, she resorted to a thousand devices whereby to discomfort him, but he was not to be shaken off. At length she lost her temper.

"Can't you see," she flared out reluctantly, "that there's no room for you where beauty dwells?"

"There is always," Time rejoined, touching his scythe significantly, "room for one mower!"—Puck.

THE MERE MAN'S VIEWPOINT

THE STOUT HEART WINS

By BYRON WILLIAMS

THE woman to whom has been revealed the truth knows what a mistake it is to give oneself despair. Then everything is lost! History teems with stories of men and women who but for despair might have won. Literature is loaded with instances of individuals who by holding out a little longer might have "lived happily ever after."

Sir Tannhauser, the legendary hero of Germany, escaping from the thraldom of sensual passion, sought absolution at Rome from the pope, who said, "You can no more hope for pardon than this dry wand can bud and bear leaves."

Tannhauser, giving up to despair, went his way, and, behold, the pope's staff miraculously sprouted! Messengers were sent to find Tannhauser, but he was gone. Instead of hoping he had abandoned himself to the awful blackness of sorrow and had disappeared.

Woman, Tannhauser would have been absolved, he would have been restored to happiness and to love, if he had stood out against despair.

Consider the case of the Babylonian lovers Pyramus and Thisbe. To the tryst at Ninus' tomb came Thisbe. Driven away by a lion, she fled to a place of safety. Pyramus, arriving at the tomb and believing his beloved Thisbe was dead, gave himself up to despair and killed himself. Thisbe, returning, found her lover cold in death and took her own life.

Had Pyramus embraced hope instead of despair the story would have had a most delightful ending, or might not have been written at all.

In Matthew Arnold's poem, "Tristram and Iseult," Tristram, lying wounded, awaits the coming of Isolde. If the white flag were hoisted it was she that approached. When told the sail was black Tristram gave up and, courting death, died before Isolde, under the white sail, arrived.

Just a little more hope, just a little more faith, and all would have been well.

How many defeats have been turned into victories by some brave heart that refused to be conquered! How many armies have gone down to defeat because they lacked a leader possessing the characteristic that makes a man fight on and on against great odds, defying defeat, knowing no conqueror, acknowledging no subjugator!

And you, woman, no matter what your fight is, no matter what the load you are carrying, do not enter the slough of despond, do not despair. Some time there will come relief, some

THE STOUT HEART WINS.

time the sun will shine, some time right must conquer might.

Despair dulls the mind, stops the flow of pulsing blood in your veins, makes an invalid of you. Hope feeds the spirits and quickens the body. In the garden of hope grow flowers for every hand. Hope is an enchanter, a tonic, a panacea for all ills.

All about me in the city I see men who have given up the battle in the turmoil of trade. I see men broken and dispirited, men who have abandoned hope and embraced despair. Henceforth for them there will be no sun shining through their cypress trees. All ahead is blackness and oblivion.

They are the wreckage that floats up from the great sea of endeavor, the debris of commercialism. Upon the shore of failure there lie thousands of these wrecked hopes that now are symbols of despair, but upon that long shore line cannot be found one man with hope in his heart.

Hope is an old friend. It comes to us at cradle time and will be constant and true, even beyond the grave, if we will but make a confidant and a companion of it. Despair is a stranger that comes to us later in life to give tears to our eyes and aching pains to our hearts.

Despair usurps the place of happiness and, rude beyond measure, drives from the citadel of our being all those things that make life glad and happy and worth living. And when all the dear things of our being have been beaten out of us by this monster it gives nothing in return but sorrow and bitterness and woe.

Be on your guard, madam. When despair leaves its visiting card at your front door take warning lest it come again and again and ruin your life.

CHEAP PAVEMENTS DO NOT PAY

"The concrete highway laid by the city from Overland Park, southward to the city limits, near Petersburg, is not proving satisfactory," says the Denver, Colorado, Times. Mayor Speer said today that the concrete probably will be covered with tar and sand, or with some other mixture in an effort to save it.

"'The concrete highway near Overland Park, said the mayor today, was laid as an experiment.'. "Concrete is cheaper than asphalt or other paving material, and we were anxious to use concrete if it was found practicacle. It is breaking off where heavy wagons have run. This kind of highway has no resilience, is solid, noisy and brittle. We probably will cover it over with a coating of tar and spread some gravel on it. This will make it waterproof. We do not know that the coating will not wear off in a short while.'" Adv

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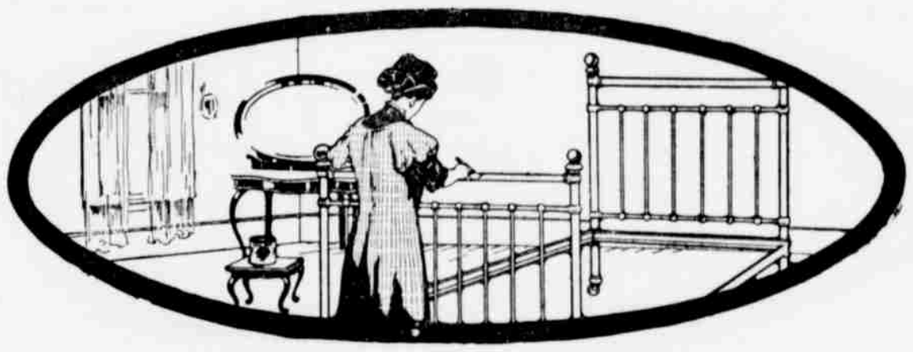

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