PROFESSOR SHORTY MSCABE RELATES A ROMANTIC INCIDENT IN NEW YORK LIFE BY SEWELL FORD

ID you shut the hall dear? That's right. There's no bella' wont's Battle to most in latre why? time. Say, if they don't quit R. I'll get to be one of these nervous prestrators, that think themselves sick

presidenters that think themselves sick about without half tryle. Sere, I'm just convalescent from the last shock.

How? Now make a guess. Well, it was this way, I was sittle right here in the front effice, results the sportlet in the front estate in the story and taking too regular morning augusts when the doesn't morning augusts when the doesn't make the story of t

"If you mean McCabe," says I, "I'm

discovered.

'Is it that you are also by the name of Shortee?' says he.

'Shorty for short.' says I, "and P C. D. on the end to lengthen it out—
Physical Culture Director, that stands for. Now, do you want my thumb-print, and a enapehot of my family-

That seemed to sture him a little; but he revived after a minute, threw out his chest, lifted his slik lid, and says, selemn as a new notary public takin' the outh of office: "I am Raron Patch-You look it," says I. "Have a

"I am," says he, gettin' a fresh start, Baron Palchoull, of Darmstadt and

"All sight" says I, "take the settee. How are all the folks at home?" But say, there want any use tryin to jolly him into makin a short sut of it. He'd got his routes of parade all

But say, there want any use style to Jolly him into makin a short sut of it. He's got his routs-of parade all planned out and he meant to stick by it.

Professeur McCabby "says he.

"Don't." says L. "You make me feel like I'd been translated into Fronch and zas running a mackiline. Call it Me. Abs- a bee, nite."

"One thousand pardona" says he, and tries again. The time he gots it—almost, and I lets him spiel away. Oh, masma: but I wish I could say it the ways hedd? It would let me on the Protor chrout; if I could. But holled down and skinmed, it was all about how I was a kind of safety-deposit want for everything he had to live for.

"My hopes, my fortune, my happleses, the very breath of my living, it is all with you," says he as a wind-up, fittin' a Carneo proe, arms out, toes in and his breath countin hard.

How was that for news from home? I she was the she was a point as for news from home? I she was the she wa

"If you've got credentials from Sadle," sife I, "it's all right. Now, what's doing? Does she want me to match samples, or show you the sights along the White Lane?"
"Ab, the adorable Sadie!" mays he,

rollin his eyes and puffin' out his cheeks like he was tryin' the lung-tester "I drive with her. I sit by her side—one day, two day, a week. Well, what happens? I am charm, I am fasinate, I am become her slave. I make a resist. I say to myself: 'You' You to resist. I say to myself: You! You are of the noble Austrian blood; the second cousin of your mother is a grand duke; you must not forget! Then again I see Sadle. Pouff! I have no longer pride; but I only luff. It is chough. I sak of her: 'Madam Deepwarth, where is the father of you?' She say he is not. Then the uncle of your I demand. She say! The shy on uncles.' But to who, then,' I ask, 'must I declare my honorable passion?' Oh, she say, 'tell it to Shorty McCabe.' Ha! I leap, I bound! I go to M. Pincktey, 'Tell me,' I say, 'where is to be found ons Shorty McCabe.' And he sends me to you. I am come." ends me to you. I am come."
On the level now, it went like that.
Maybe I've left out some of the frills,
but that was the groundwork of his

says I, "you're a regular come. on. I guess the adorable Sadie has handed you a josh. She's equal to it." But that got by him. He just stood there, besterin' up and down on his patent leathers, and grimin' like a

"I say," says I, "she's run you on a lin', dropped you down a coal-hole, you get wise?"
Did be? Not so you would netice it.

Did he? Not so you would notice it. He soes on grinnin' and testerin', like he was on exhibition he a museum and I was the audience. Then he gets a view of himself in the glips were the safe there, and begins to put down his astrachen thaich, and punch up his puff tie, and dust off his collar. Ever see one of these peroxide cleak models doin a marrir past the show windows on her day off? Well, the Baron had all those modions and a few of his own. He was ornamental all right, and it

He was ornamental all right, and it wasn't any news to him, either.

About then, though, I begins to wander if I hadn't been a little too sure about Sadie. There's no tellin', when It comes to women, you know: and when it hit me that perhaps after all, shed made up her mind to tag this one from Austria, you could have fried an

Look here, Patchoull;" says I, "la this straight about you and Sadje? Are

you the Winner?" "Ah, the adorable Sadie?" says he, comin' back to earth and siappin' his solar plexus with one hand.

We've covered that ground," says "What I want to know is, does she Cot-ton?' says he, hump-

his eyebrows like a French ballad "Are you the fremage?" says I. "Is yourself? Have you made good?"



"Well, all I've got to say is that I'd never thought it of Sadie; and if she sent you down here on approval, you can tell her I'm satisfied, if she is."

I figured that would far him some, but it dim't. He looked as pleased as though I told him he was the ripest berry in the box, and before I knew

there? says I The Baron saw It.

the family pockerbook.

the family pockerbook.

Course, it wa'n't any of my funeral, but when I thinks of a sure-enough live one, like Sadie, that I'd always supposed had a head like a billiard table, gettin'daffy about any such overstuffed frankfurter as this specimen, I felt like some one had shoved a bine quarter on me. Worst of it was, I'd held the step-ladder for her to climb up where such things grow.

small of his back in the mirror; when in comes Pinckney, with that little sparkle in his eyes that I've come to know means any kind of sport you're a mind to name. "Hello!" says he, givin' the Baros, a hand. "You found him, sh? Hello, Saurty Got it all fixed, have you?" "Say," says I, pullin' Pinckney over by the window, "did you put this up on the?"

He said he didn't, honest

conducting such affairs as this you'll pardon me. I'll make it clear

Well, he did, and a lot more. It seem that the Baron was a ringer in the se where Sadie and Pinckney had been do ing the week-end house-party act. He'd been travelin' on that handle of his, makin' some broad jumps and quick shifts, until he'd worked himself up from a visitor's care at a second-rate down-town club, to the kind of folks that quit New York at Easter and don't come back until the snow files again. They don't equint too close at a title in that crowd,

First thing the Baron hears, of cours is about the Drowsy Drop dellars and the giel that's got 'em. He don't lose any time after that in makin' up to Sadie, He freezes to ber like a Park Row winxtree boy does to a turkey drumstick at a newsles' Christmas dinner, and for "Mi Libris Cum Darnhi." AUTRORS. He must have got a glimmer from newsles'

sches me a lot to think that Sadie's fall for any such wad-huntin' party as

"What he!" says Pinckney. "Here's a complication that we hadn't suspected."
"Meanin' which?" say's I.
"Perhaps it would be better to postpone that explanation." says he; "but I sympathize with your state of mind. Shorty. However, what's done is done, and meanwhile the Baron is waiting."

EDITORIAL PA STORMS

derbolt of the Papacratic Party, po-

ing strictly fresh advice on our table.

can't teach the hen how to lay eggs.

the American Baby on a par with gold!" has fired the Our financial discovery: "Declare

gold'" has fired the country. The White House has telegraphed: "Con-gratulations: You are herewith the

most useful citizen of the United States, vice Jake Rils, retired."

Under these circumstances we have

panion.

edy for the present exasperating de-lays in rendering decisions in the

our trusted companion and friend, T.

Roosevelt. Chief Justice, with the

S. Supreme Court, by appointing

We call on all Pas to work for Us

and the Republic! Down with Ma Domination! Down with Changes in

Fashion! Down with King Alcohol! Under our administration we guar-

less work and more wage

No Promise of Prosperity is Genu

"Decisions on Everything At

decided to nomi

President and will

conduct our victo-

rious campaign ex-

clusively through

Pa's Home Com-

for

"The omelette

litical antiques from the other ties have been dropping in and lay-

Our reply to them is:

We are the hen.

(A)

OURSELF.

Once!

Ever since we launched our thun-



"BEGGIN' HER TO FLY WITH HIM AND BE HIS'N."

"No Jims nor Joes?" says L.

"The Baron is accustomed to reckoning in francs," says Pinckney, "He means two million dollars."

two million dollars."
"Two million cases?" says 1, catching my breath. Well, say! I had to take another look at him. If I could think as well of myself as that I wouldn't ask no better.
"Patchouli," says I. "you're too modest. You shouldn't put yourself on the bargain counter like that."

and infirm lamp wicks.
that the spring hair cutting reports from the agricultural centers

indicate a banner crop, that our mammoth circulation is

growing mammother every day.
that our gifted magazine writers

knot was tied, a mere matter of ten mil-, bishop, who comes here for handball and stunts like that. I was still feelin' a bit ugly and wishin' there was somethin

"Has he made up his mind that be wants my wad, too" says I to Pinckney. "No." says he. "The Baron has discov-

"Perhaps it would be better to postpoint find caphaciton," asys lie," "mill of the continue of the caphaciton," asys lie," "mill of the continue of the caphaciton," asys lie," "mill of the continue of the caphaciton," asys lie, "mill of the continue of the caphaciton," asys lie, "mill of the continue of the caphaciton," asys lie, "mill of the continue of the caphaciton," asys lie, "mill of the continue of the continue of the continue of the caphaciton," asys lie, "mill of the continue of

"No" only because she thought you

Fellow-Prince: I am working that

were striking for a loan.

side of the street myself.



"OH, HOOK AWAY: I AIN'T TELLIN' WHAT SADIE DID NEXT."

"Oh, sure," says I. "That's my steady job. A marriage license, eh?"

I had a nineteenth-story view of the scheme he'd built up. He means to go back heeled with the permit from me, with the little matter of the two million ready all cinched, and the weddin' papers in his inside pocket. Then he does the whirlwind rush at Sadle, and as he dopes it out to himself, figurin' on what a crusher be in, he don't see how he can lose. And I suppose he thinks he can buy a marriage license most anywhere, same's the red does in one of Beinsco's anneets. And pretty soon, when I thought my little grand-stand play'd had a chance to sink in, I throws a good siff one into the bare. But he wasn't to sleft, Though, and Sadle behind him, both lower than the passed us on the stairs just now," says you wanted.

a marriage license most anywhere, same's you can a money-order.
With that I has a stroke of thought. They don't bit ma very often, but when they do they come hard. I had to go over to the water-cooler and grin into the

"G'wan!" says I over me shoulder, shoe laces and co "You was born a loke. Sit down and cool you to go do it." off: for it's your next," and with that I It was while "

off: for it's your next," and with that I goes at the bug again.

Say, it ain't much of a trick to fight the bus, y'know, Most any Y. M. C. A. kid can set the kneek of catchin' it on his elbows and collar-bone, makin' it drum out a tune like the finish of a Dutch opera. And that's about all I was doing, only chuckin' a few extra pounds into it maybe. But if you don't know how easy it is, it looks like a curtain-raiser for manisaughter. And I reckon the Baron hadn't any idea I'd strip as bunchy as I do.

Course, there's no tellin' just what went on in his mind while he stood there. Swifty says his mouth come open gradual, like a bridge draw that's being swung for a tug; and his eyes began to bus out, and the noble Austrian assault-and-

"If the professor would be so oblige," buttery blood faded out of face same's the red does in face same's of Belasco's

"Did he leave any word?" says I.
"He hast said 'Roh!" and jumped into a cab," says Pinckney.
"He didn't hurt you, did he?" says

# Taking Care of Precious Papers The Declaration of Independence Cannot Be Seen Until 1923.

to a man who wanted to see with his own eyes the original copy of the Declaration of Independence, or what is left of it.

The permit, however, must have died abounded that the document be kept dark and dry, and their recommendation had been presented at the Department of State it would have enabled its helder to have the first yiew of the Declaration of Independence that has been had since the Spring of 1983.

No one has seen the document for five Some by and the time comes, in 1923, for Some by and the time comes, in 1923, for

No one has seen the document for five years. It is locked up in a safe in the library of the State Department and not even the officials of that department get out to look at it.

Even before 1903 it had been kept in the

before that. In fact, there had been too much of a good many things; too much folding, too much rolling, too much hand-ling and, alas! too much stealing of its

ling and alas! too much stealing of its immortal language by a wet press copying operation resorted to in 1829.

This was tried as a means of securing a facsimile copy. It was good enough for the copy, but it was powerfully had on the original, for it resulted in transferring to the copy the ink which belonged on the old parchment itself. Not content with swiping its ink, the Government put the document up on exhibition in a nice, bright light, so that visitors could decipher the traces of ink which remained. loher the traces of ink which remained. For 28 years the Declaration of Inde-pendence hung in the light, and the long-er it hung there the more necessary the light became, for the ink that was left grew paler and paler until it was hard to make out any of the signatures except the big black name of John Hancock. Finally it became evident that if any. ning except the parchment was to be left ne document would have to be kept in

In 1966 the late John Hay, then Secre-tary of State, appointed a committee to

gone by and the time comes, in 1923, for

taking another photograph.

In the safe with the Declaration of independence reposes also the original copy of the Constitution of the United States.

It is not on exhibition, but if doubt se to safe, but it was often brought out for ad-miring citizens to scrutinise and to ex-ciaim over. Since 1503 the light of day has not failen on it. profinced to set such fears at rest.

There is nothing the metter with the Constitution; that is to say, not with the document itself. The ink is all right, the provisions clear—so far as the writing goes. It is shut up in the safe to pre-serve it from the fate of the Declaration

Finwer o' Madonna.

"Mother, mother I dreamed a deem mat night!
A dream of beauty and loveliness bright.
Oh, I dreamed that you were a sweet rose

And far from the eyes of the world I lie,"

"Nay, little child, thou art but meadow flower, And I shelter you safe from the wind each & hour."

## that our gifted magazine writers have never been more successful in plain that "Chateau" is your lanaverting millions of readers than at guage for "Shanty." She will find it out for herself that there is a growing desire to Marchese: All depends on how find out if Uncle Joe Cannon is you put it. Say that your parents

that China will soon be Japanned. conduct a well-known public organ.

to endow a \$1,000,000 home for aged The lady you mention probably said

# THE FATAL EGG; or, A WOEFUL WOOING CHAPTER I. "Help! Unhand me!" The silvery voice of Willie Colander, the beautiful vest-model, rang through the gorgeous corridors of the Hollyhock Apartments.

Scarcely had the cry ceased to vibrate, ere the herculean form of Susan Endive, the Lady Chauffeur, flew up the magnificent onyx staircase. Hurling her heavy diamond brooch at the door, she broke a panel and

sprang through. A startling scene met her gaze.
On his knees was Willie Colander. A tall dark woman stood over him, grasping him cruelly by his delicate wrist. Our first step woman was strangely beautiful. She was richly dressed in a royal purple when we are inaugurated will be an instruction of the model o

Yet all the art of a Parisian dressmaker could not conceal a malignant sneer that distorted her lovely face from her shoulder to her ear Susan Endive entered, she heard Willie Colander say in a trembling but musical voice:



"No! I will not marry you, even though I am poor but honest and you are the Dukess of Arfenarf! may destroy this weak body, but my heart shall remain faithful in a gentlemanly manner to peerless Susan Endive, the Lady Chauffeur!" A wild, sweet joy flooded the being of the Lady Chauf-

feur at these words. With one wonderful bound she soared through the air and alighted lithely before Willie Colander's cowardly assailant. "Ha!" exclaimed the Dukess. "What do you wish. low-born she-churl?"
"Listen!" cried Susan Endive. Grasping the other's

Even before her ear had sprung back into its place, the Dukess had sprung as white as the best A No. 1 starch. Her powerless hand released turned as white as the best A No. 1 starch. Willie Colander, who ran to the elegant and commodious Madagascar cosy corner and crept sobbing under the couch.

Foiled again, I believe!" muttered the Dukess of Arfenarf, pulling her-"Folled again, I believe: muttered the Dukess of Artenari, putting herself hastily together. "Give me five minutes of your valuable time, and I will confess all and more, too."

"So be it," said Susan Endive. "But note well, tony and stylish scion of a haughty race! At the first sign of treachery, your life blood will splash all over the swell trimmings of this first class family apartment

'Follow me!" replied the Dukess. "We will repair to my suite." As the Lady Chauffeur turned to go, a smile of she-devilish glee lit up the otherwise dark features of the female nobleman. "The landlord will

It was not until 15 minutes after they had vanished that the lovely, tear-stained face of the beautiful vest-model emerged from under the couch "Oh. Susan. Susan! My beauteous Queen!" he murmured, clasping his bejeweled white hands. At this moment the sound of a terrible explosion, was heard.

WILLIE COLANDER. ear, she drew it toward her and hissed into it.
"Who took the railroad rebate?"

have more than that to repair!" muttered she.
"Hey?" asked Susan Endive.
"Nothing!" replied the Dukess of Arfenart.

(This thrilling serial will be continued in our next.)

# MESSAGE from the White House a few weeks age amounced that the President had given a permit to preserve it. The committee found it man who wanted to see with his own

A message from the white has a few weeks ago announced that the President had given a permit to a man who wanted to see with his own

There had been too much light of day

So it went into retirement into the safe, being brought out only upon special re-

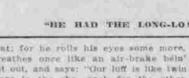
The pride of a garden all fair to see." "Nay, child, but a common there brake

"Mither, mother I dreamed a dream last night! A dream of rapture and joy and delight.
Oh, I dreamed that I was the rose that
grew
All white and stainless at the heart of you."

"Mother, mother I dreamed a dream last A dream of terror and grief and of fright, I dreamed that the Winter with key breath. From thy trembling bough hurled me down to death"

"Hush thee child, whatever the biast may bring.
After black Winter shall blow the green Spring!"
--Edward Wilbur Mason in the National Magazine.







"And have you been introduced to these?" I says, flashin' a big, wrist-size wad of tens and faces. Oh, he was acquainted, all right. "Well," says I, "Sude's got enough of these put away to fill two carts like that."

that,"
Fetch him? Why, his fingers almost burnt a hole through his gloves.
"Ah-h-h!" says he, and takes a little time out to picture himself dippin' into

I was gettin' rawer to the touch every minute, and was tryin' to make up my minute, and was tryin' to make up my mind whether to give the Baron a quick ron down the stairs, or go off an' leave him to dislocate his neck tryin' to see the small of his back in the mirror; when in

It's said he didn't, honest.

"Then take your fat friend by the hand," says I, "and lead him off where things ain't liable to happen to him."

"Why, what's up, Shorty?" says he. "Haven't you given him your blessing, and told him to go in and win?"

"Switch off!" says I. "Tve heard enough of that from the Baren to last me a year. What's it all about, anyway? Suppose he has laid his plans to Mirnerize Sadie; what's he want to come hollerin' about it to me for? I'm no matrimonial referee, am I?"

I knew somethin' was ticklin' Pinckney inside; but he put up a front like a Special Sessions judge. "Baron," says he, callin' over to Hatchouli, "I forgot to mention that our friend, the professor, desan't understand the European system of conducting such affairs as this it.



modern line, only slight-

MISFIT LIBRARIES: Uncalled-For Libraries Must reduce my stock & for the season. Every-thing marked down 25% below cost! Apply

"I READ IT IN A BOOK " ly shop-worn.

