

WILLY TAGGED THE BARON

PROFESSOR SHORTY McCABE RELATES A ROMANTIC INCIDENT IN THE NEW YORK LIFE

BY SEWELL FORD

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"Do you say the girl was right?" There was a little smile on his face as he looked at the professor. "I'm not sure," he said. "I'm not sure."

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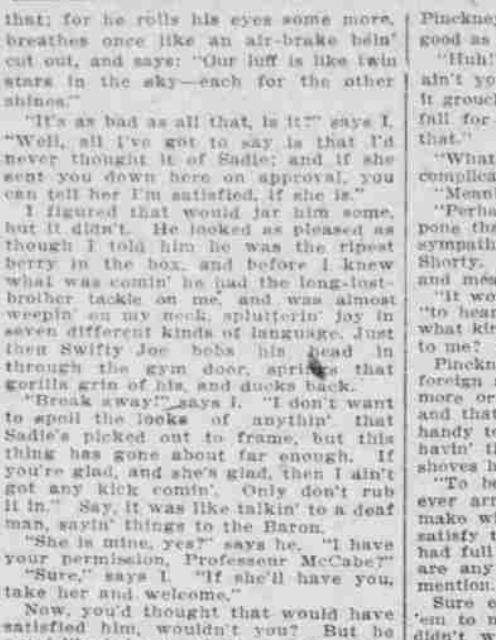
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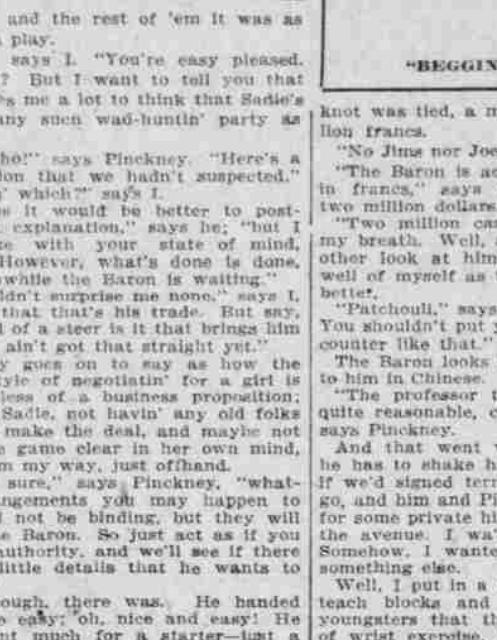
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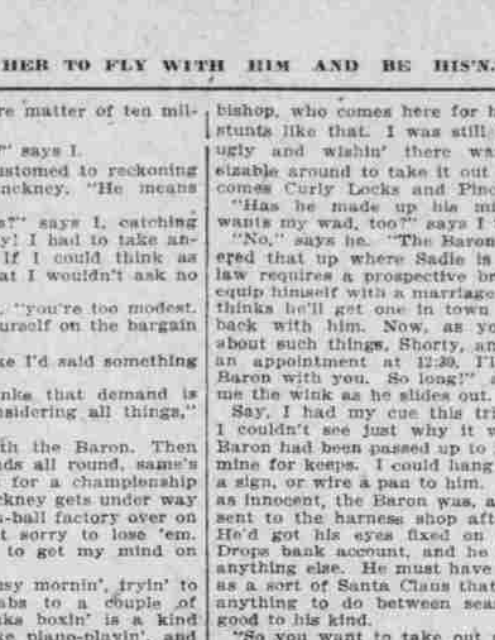
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HE HAD THE LONG-LOST BROTHER TACKLE ON ME



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



OH, HOOK AWAY! I AIN'T TELLIN' WHAT SADIIE DID NEXT

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REPLIES TO SUFFERERS

By Prince de Satan.

Foreigner: You should take pains to propose in a loud, distinct tone. The lady you mention probably said "No" only because she thought you were striking for a loan.

Fellow-Prince: I am working that side of the street myself.

Baron: It isn't necessary to explain that "Chateau" is your language for "Shanty". She will find it out for herself.

Marchese: All depends on how you put it. Say that your parents conduct a well-known public organ.

That there is a growing desire to find out if Uncle Joe Cannon is loaded, as the Duke of Ardenar, that China will soon be Japanned.

THE FATAL EGG; or, A WOEFUL WOOING

CHAPTER I

"Help! Unhand me!"

The delivery 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. Even as she leaped, Susan Endive perceived with a pained pang that the woman was strangely beautiful. She was richly dressed in a royal purple and pink near silk gown, trimmed with real Valenciennes inserted a la Filet Mignon, and relieved in Gothic mural style with large buttons de trop.

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. Just as 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 Duke's of Ardenar! You 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 Chauffeur at these words. With one wonderful bound she soared through the air and alighted lithely before Willie Colander's cowardly assailant.

"Hah!" exclaimed the Duke's. "What do you wish, low-born she-churl!"

"Listen!" cried Susan Endive. Grasping the other's ear, she drew it toward her and hissed into it:

"Who took the railroad rebate?"

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

"Followed again, I believe!" muttered the Duke's of Ardenar, pulling herself hastily together. "Give me five minutes of your valuable time, and I will confess all and more, too." "But note well, tony and stylish gipsy of a naughty race!" At the first sign of treachery, your life blood will splash all over the swell trimmings of this first class family apartment house!"

"Follow me!" replied the Duke's. "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 have more than that to repair!" muttered she.

"Nothing!" replied the Duke's of Ardenar.

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 beautiful Queen!" he murmured, clasping his bejeweled white hands.

At this moment the sound of a terrible explosion was heard.

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Taking Care of Precious Papers

The Declaration of Independence Cannot Be Seen Until 1923.

A MESSAGE from the White House a few weeks ago announced that the President had given a permit 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 a-borning, for it did not further materialize. If that permit had been issued and had been presented at the Department of State it would have enabled its holder to have the first view of the Declaration of Independence that has been had since the Spring of 1903.

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

Even before 1903 it had been kept in a safe, but it was often brought out for admiring citizens to scrutinize and to explain over. Since 1903 the light of day has not fallen on it. It has been so much hidden that it has been too much hidden to be taken out of its hiding place. It has been so much hidden that it has been too much hidden to be taken out of its hiding place.

This was tried as a means of securing a facsimile copy. It was good enough for the copy, but it was powerless had on the original, for it resulted in transferring to the copy the ink which belonged on the original parchment. Not content with swiping the 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.

For 50 years the Declaration of Independence hung in the light, and the longer it hung there the more necessary the light became, for the ink that was left grew paler and paler until it was hard to read. The ink of the Declaration of Independence is the ink of John Hancock. Finally it became evident that if anything except the parchment was to be left, the document would have to be kept in the dark.

So it went into retirement into the safe, being brought out only upon special request.

In 1903 the late John Jay, then Secretary of State, appointed a committee to