



any one would think I'd been burnin' my ledgers, the way you're workin' the Ivins pump act on me! I've been runnin' the studio, and I ain't been usein' any other pup fund, either.

But I'm wise to what you're drivin' at , and I expect you might's well have the whole of that Sir Bertie business. Fast it, I wan't lookin' for anything else.

girl like Sadie on that foreign bunch, and let it get noised around that she has a wad big enough to stuff a mattress with, there's bound to be some excitement among the noble poor.

She hadn't been there a month before we begins to get all kinds of re-First it was Lord 'Alf'n'alf, ports. then It's Baron Hochheimer, and next it's Duke Suideovitch, with a few counts and princes on the side; until I wouldn't have been much surprised to bear she was comin' home wearin' of Sadie's old friends, and I wouldn't I wouldn't have been much surprised to hear she was comin' home wearin'

double-decked crown and bringin' a throne chair as excess baggage. What was I thinkin' all this time? Say, when it comes to plannin' out what Sadle'll

"If she's made up her mind to put her stenell on somethin' of that kind." says J, "why, it's hers, that's all. And If she don't let the from the says she. "Sir Bertle Entwistle is to be with us, you know. But you'll come if you can?" says J, "why, it's hers, that's all. And if she don't want 'em, they'll hear about it." Along at the law of the theyer it. Along at the law of the theyer it.

Along at the lass of it, though, I'd kind of lost track of her, and it begun to look as if she'd settled down over there for good; when one day Pinckney shows me her name on ,the passenger list, and says: "I suppose you will be down bright

and early to see the steamer come in; ch, Shorty?"

"Huhl" says L 'Me waltin' at the dock! For why?"

"But you're anxious to see Sadie again, aren't you?" says he. What gave you that idea?" says I.

"Oh, ho!" says he, and them snappy black eyes of his open wide like he'd dug up something new.

"Ah, lose it!" says I. "You and your 'oh, ho's'! Huh!" But say, just between us, that was

only a steer. I'll own up I was some Anyway, I takes pains to int rested. be posted on when the boat's sighted off Sandy Hook, when she's due at the pler and about the time Sadle would be apt to be trippin' down the gangplank. "Chee!" says Swifty Joe, after I'd

phoned for the fourth time, "you must" be expectin' some one special on that boat, or is it a bluff?"

"One of them guesses is right, Swifty," says L But I takes it all out in usin' the

wire, stickin' close to the shop all day and lettin' on to myself that I didn't care where she was or how she looks. Then comes that stuff in the evenin' papers tellin' about this Sir Bertie Entwistle, who's come over in the same ship.

Seems he was a good deal of a whale. Sir Eertie was. Not that he's ever done anything special for himself; but he's had the right kind of grandfathers, and has always been mixed up with the

or eight months, and she's been movin' fills out the column describin' the two in the king row, too. Me? Ah, say! stunnin' American beauts that was

Which don't mean that I'm feelin gay about it. I'd been hopin' she'd left all that truck on the far side of the water. This bringin' one over with her, though, kind of put frost on' the dahlias, and I guess I wa'n't none coo cheerful. It was when I was right in the middle of my grouch that I'm rung up by Mrs. Purdy Peil. Now I want to mark it up that she means well most of the time, Mrs. Purdy Peil does; most of the time, Mrs. Purdy Pall does; and the way she puts it to me about my bein' down on theslist for a little wei-

come home dinner she was givin' that

think of leaving you out: but-" "Sure!" says I. "I'm much obliged, too. And it's too bad, ain't H, that me havin' a date with my Sunday school class may make me hand in the re-

And with that I rubs the whole pro-ceedin' off the sinte. Sadie and me had been good friends for quite some-time, and we'd thought more or less well of each other, even after she got to travelin' high; but I didn't have to figure long to see that if she'd entered hegself for the Sir Bertle sweepstakes there wa'n't any use in me hangin' over the fence. It was me for the background, lookin' as pleasant as I knew how. You couldn't blame Sadie, could you't I didn't. Never could find much fault with her programme, any-way.

Just by way of keepin' my courage up, though, I plans out a little solitaire celebration of my own. I goes the limit, too, includin' evenin' clothes, callin' a csh, and orderin' dinner at the swellest joint on Broadway. That's where I was, under the pink candle shade, guessin' at which fork came next, and havin' an expensive and lonescme time of it, when I looks up and sees Pinckney makin' for me in tow of the head waiter. I could ac-count for how he'd happened to locate

me, as I'd left word at home; but why he wa'n't at the Purdy Pells with the rest of the bunch was a puzzler. He don't give me a chance to ask, either. "Well, yon're a nice one, Shorty!" says he.

48

"There's times when I almost believe it myself," says I, "and then again---" "Why aren't you at Mrs. Purdy Pell's dinner?" says he.

"Maybe my reanon's as good as yours," says I.

"Nonsensel" says he. "Tell me this, though: you were asked, weren't you?" "How foolish!" says I. "Sure!" "And you knew it was for Sadie?"

goes ou. She mentioned that, too," says I "I he goes guess I ain't bein' much missed.

"Hey, gar

check-the

though." "Well," says he, "you have guessed wrong, and by acting the chump you've stirred up all kinds of a row. Sadie thinks you were left out, and insists that if you had been invited you would and has always been mixed up with the swell push, it bein' Walesy and Eddie know if her word is doubted and-"

"Then you win," says I. soon, l'addish-on--the che



SADIE THROWS US THE KNOWIN' WIN & AS SHE GOES BY.

fritz; so when we fin'lly does show up at Mrs. Purdy Pell's it's all over but the coffee, and that's bein' passed around in the front rooms, where the

of minutes, here comes Sadle herself, pikin' straight at me, with her finger held up and her lips ponted out like she was goin' to suy, "Naughty, naughty!' Gee! but she was lookin' like a winner, too! She's wearin' one of them temato biswes tinted Paguin

of them tomato bisque tinted Paquin dreams, such as the Custom House sleuths look for in trunk bottoms, and she's had the latest architecturin' done to that copper hair; and you could see by her arms she'd taken on 10 or 12 pounds—just enough to balance right her arms she'd taken on 10 or 12 pounds—just enough to balance right while she's been gone—but she's the old Sadle, just the same.

"Now, aren't you ashamed of your-f, Shorty Mct'abe?" says she, self, Shorty McCabel" says she, reachin' out both hands and gettin' a

"Why, Peggy Hubbard." says Sadle, grabbin' her. "Where have you been hiding ever since dinner" "Right there," says Peggy, pointin' to a seat behind the vase, "just where I was left-stranded."

Peggy.

I thinks it's somewhere in the Or-

But this only brings her chin up a little more, so I declares the class in geography adjourned. What I wasted to do was to soothe her down and make her feel comfortable; for it was as clear as day she was some outside. make her feel comfortable; for it was as clear as day she was some outside. That Sadie had rung in on this swell diner party, and that she'd been up against the cold, glassy gaze. You know how them folks can do it. Even if she hadn't been a friend of Sadle's Td heen sorry for her; for there was no denyin' that in the brunette class is a was a star and a pice well, hard to elaim Sir Berlis for next week." Has Peggy been gettin' her mad up for an hour for nothing? Well, hard y. "Only from Saturdhy m." says

she was a star, and a nice, well-be-

tied.

I takes it as a kind of a joke for the I takes it as a kind of a joke for the first five or ten minutes; but after we've stood there like dummies for half an hour, with the whole push gassin' and laugtin' and carryin' on sociable all around us, now and then throwin' us a look as if we was curies in a case, it wa'n't quite so funny. I was gettin' to feel like a plain clothes man guamdin' the weddin' presents. If would have been some better if I could have talked matters over with Miss Hubbard and found out what we was on the siding for; but all she does is

seel, Shorty McCabe. says she reachin' out both hands and gettin' a grip on mine. "I'm worse'n that, Sadie," says I, as we strikes the London-bridge-is-fallin'-down pose. we strikes the London-bridge-is-fallin'-down pose. "Well," says she, "what's the an-swer?" "You'll never get it from me," says I; "for now I've head a look at you, it don't seem any more sensible than a bad dream. Geel but you're all right, Sadle!" "Blarney!" says she, tearin off one of them hughs of hers and givin' me the finger squeeze, until it seems all the chandellers has been turned on at once. Well, we was right in the midist of a two-sided game of joly, when out from the other slide of the palm steps a big good-figured, rich-thited girl, with a red rose in her black hair. She's all got up in white silk, quiet and modest appearin; one of the kind that looks good enough to eat. She wa'n't lookin' happy, though it was easy to guess she wa'n't blith 'her upper lip because she thought it tasted good, and she has her chin down like she was bein' sent home from school. "'Wy, Peggy Hubbard!" says Sadle, "'Wy, Peggy Hubbard!" says Sadle,

squeals. I guess he was some inter-ested, all right; for when we haves him and Peggy was makin' up for lost time; and by the way he was beamin' on her you'd thought he suspected sho was good to hook at. As for me and Sadle, we hunts out a quiet corner and has a reunion all on our own hook. She tells me how tho Hubbards own half the state out there, and what a real nice girl Peggy is, and how Sir Bertie came all the way across an luch thick, and big, round panes-that gives him the look of a sick owl. But this Mrs. Britton Balley swas wide enough awake. She was pumplo' hot air at the freak like she was a blast furnace, while Sadle don't seem to be doin' much but drag down his el-bow. I notice the other folks statin' at 'em, and all of a sudden I guessos who he is. "Say," says L nudgin' Peggy, "is the lengthy party this Sir Bertie I've heard so much about?" She says he is, and as the three of 'em was circiln' our way I stands ready how Sir Bertie came all the way across

Peggy proposition was a new one to Mrs. Britton Balley. She's some jarred; but bein' an old hand at the

Has Peggy been getiln' her mad up for an hour for nothing? Well, hard-ly, "Only from Saturday on," says she, "You'll promise to be there by Saturday, won't you, Sir Bertie?" "Oh, chnimed?" says he, blinkin' through the round panes. "Pon honor, Til run out for Saturday, Miss Peggy?"

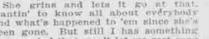
she was a star, and a nice, well-be-haved girl at that. Somehow, though, I didn't make any great headway. After my second or third crack she gives me the three-quarters view of her right shoulder and goes on bitin' her lip. We must have looked about as joyous and cheery as a pair of plaster images on the mantel. Once Pinckney floats by with some lady friend on bis arm, and wants to know if everything is all vants to know if everything is all

right. "Oh, lovely." says L "I couldn't be enjoyin' myself more if I was tongue-

I thinks it's somewhere in the Or-anges, or maybe out to White Plains, that he's scheduled for. Mirs. 'Bailey must have had the same thought. "And where is it that Miss Hubbard lives, Sir Bertle?" she coors. "Why-aw-er-" Say. Bertle was up against it. He looks as blank as if she'd asked him what time the sun was due to rise in the mornin'. But Peggy is there with the information. "My home is in Spokane, Washing-ton," says she, lookin' her square be-tween the eves. tween the eyes. "What! Spokane! Well, of all the impudence!" Say, I never see any one get up a turkey red color quite so quick as Mrs. Britton Balley does then. For a second or so she looks all kinds of cut-lery at the State of Washington girl.

lery at the State of Washington girl, and then she turns one of the same kind on Sadie. "Humph!" says she. "Spokane! Sir Bertle, I wish you loy of your trip to the backwoods. You had better have your trunks packed tonight." With that she does the heet pivot, tosses her head and marches off. "My word!" says Sir Bertle, catchin' his hereith. have something or other on hand that has to be atlended to. his breath.

He's no quitter, though, and when he finds he's billed for a five days' railroad trip he never so much as squeak. I guess he was some inter-



d on," says I. "Let's get this with him, whenever the doors was shut "Hold on." and the wrapper yanked off a fresh straight. Has Sadle sent out a call deck. And all that goes to make him for me?" "I'm the messenger," says Pinckney,

the one best bet, so far as the dimper party push goes. The paper says he was met at Quarantine with a bushel basket of invites, and they figure out that if he takes 'em all on, one after the other, he could get free board on I had sawed off the food list just

the other, he could get free board on Fifth-ave, for a year. They'd tried to stand Sir. Bertle up before the woodcock, and I finds Pinckney has quit at the roast; for a talk and get him to give his neither of us was kickin' on that ac-



thing of the kind was due, didn't it? I but men can hit up the pantelas and cork ac- tips. was in demand, wa'o't I? Hadn't Sadle

"What!" says Sadle. "You don't mean hat he-" "Perhaps he forgot," says Peggy. "He ent straight off with a Mrs. Britton that he

Balley and—" "Oh, her!" says Sadle, the curve straightenin' out of her mouth, and red spots flushin' up under her eyes. Then have been user lip and watch 'em

EL CLERK HE HOT a timid citizen into the deadly clutches | a feeble-minded old lady to leave her es-

of a witness chair and shake his finger | tate to a Home for Indigent Poll Parrots when she had several hundred hungry in his face and tell him he's nine different kinds of a liar while a learned judge relatives only about of the Overseer of the Poor, and another sits by just walting for the victim to I sits by just walting for the victim to that the transfer out that stuff," said the contempt of court; and another that House Deetctive. "This is a free country, couldn't do without being sent to the

gives a large wealthy corporation the power to do things that an individual "The freest I ever saw," said the Hotel Clerk, "and some of us are getting free? couldn't do without being sent to the electric chair for it, and another that al-lows a car conductor to step on your body that's entitled to claim a Divine

ahead

WITH SUNDRY TWISTS NOT COMPLIMENTARY TO THIS LAND OF FREEDOM

"Where 'bouts did the latest out-

"This time it's China," said the Hotel Clerk. The new emperor don't want to keep his job and his devoted people don't want him to keep it either. He sits there in the Forbidden City, living on hard-bolled eggs, and breaking the shells himself just to discourage any near relatives who might be moved to slip a little crushed glass or roach powder into his breakfast food, with nothing to do but let his fingernalls grow and worship his ancestors. He can throw a lot of soul into the ancestor part too, because he's outside is the populace uttering growling sounds off-stage like a Dave Belasco mob and threatening to come right in without stopping to ring or wipe their feet or anything, and wreck the works because nobody asked their advice about filling the vacancy that Tyrols, after the wild daschund, the sav-occurred owing to the Dowager Empress, a lady called Tidy Ann for short, and other denizens of the wild, he found and the other Emperor, whose name the doctrine of Divine Rights draped over sounded like the finish of a college the back fence, while a lot of husky yell, having partaken heartily of pie chaps were standing around shaking the that hadn't been properly analyzed by dust of ages out of it the same as if the court chemist before serving.

And just the week or two back it naturally started to voice his royal inwas Kaiser Wilhelm that was taken dignation, but when he'd talked only a with severe cramps and sinking sen- few minutes and was some distance from sations in the neighborhood of his the verb, the crowd closed in on him and Divine Rights. As long as he had the Chancellor tock his Imperial Majesty been satisfied to ride around on a by his imperial goozle and turned off the horse, dressed up in a veteran fire- flow.

"It was an awful shock to the Kalser. man's helmet, and a washboller over his chest, with his mustaches all colled ready to strike, and his eyes finshing fire, the Kaiser was a grand piece of wife, or Nat Goodwin without another "Now in England they have Divine

taking, and sail war vessels because

found the First Lord of the Bed Chaman English journalist who put on his

ing Winter and ensuing Spring. But liable any day to be one. And on the I guess maybe the Kaiser's breakfast didn't agree with him that morning. vina Rights. With the exception of Rusas it struck the open air.

they'd been beating a carpet. The Kaiser

happened in the Kaiserine business berage take place?" asked the House usual and his imperial majesty sup-dent. He couldn't understand it, so, in business was going along about as fore. It was an altogether-against-prece plied a touch of color around the their gentle German way they took a premises that was equal to a totem maul and drove the information into him pole. But one morning the Kalser that, while he might still be the regular official German Emperor when there was ber had laid out a frock coat instead an army review or a parade of the of a uniform for him and as soon as Knights of Pythias, or a brewery unveilhe put it on he decided to embark in ing, or something of that sort on, yet the state craft line. So he called up when it came to running the real show he whs merely an innocent bystånder named spats and his high hat and hurried William J. Hohenzollern, with a seat in over to Potsdam and the Emperor pro- the royal box and the lid on the box and ceeded to tell him in detail what his the hasp over the staple and the bungintentions regarding destiny and hole completely bunged by one of the providence would be during the com- best bungsters in the business, the name being Von Bulow. "It certainly was a hard blow for Di-

Anyway he passed out a line of con-versation that began to coagulate as soon don't know of any civilized country where sia and our own beloved United States, I Divine Rights can feel at home any "And when the Emperor got back a few more, now that Germany has handed out days later from a hunting trip in the the grand slam."

"Did you say the United States?" said the House Detective, puzzled. "Sure," said the Hotel Clerk. "We've mighty near got the Divine Rights market cornered in this country. Gver on the other side only family at a time has been entitled to hold the Divine Rights concession; but here, among us, just look how many there are that enjoy it. Let's see there's policemen and hired girls and streetcar conductors and Southern gentlemen who don't like what some editor wrote about them in the paper, and criminal lawyers who are cross-

examining scared witnesses, large cor-

grouch against the King and the government can go to Hyde Park of a Sunday afternoon and climb up on a box which has contained Yarmouth bloaters or other staple articles of diet and call his revered sovereign names until he's so exhausted that he's hardly strength enough left to stagger home for his crumpets and dish ten. But you go out into the middle of any important street in this town where the copper is conducting the course of traffic in the kind, forebearing, patient way common to cops, and you address a few words of personal nature to him and then be sure to get the ambulance surgeon to stop here on the way back with you so as to let you whisper through the temporary bandages and tell me what happened to you and how long you think you'll be in the hospital.

TRVIN S. COBB

"On the other side you call your servant girl by her last name, such as Meadows or Fleming or Briggs, and in return she stoops and gives you a curtsey. Call a North American hired

WELL, I see Divine Right has been getting another brutal show in the epiglottis," said the Hotel Clerk.
Iton not to know anything but insulting in the epiglottis," said the Hotel Clerk.
Iton not to know anything but insulting in the epiglottis," said the Hotel Clerk.
Iton not to know anything but insulting in the epiglottis," said the Hotel Clerk.
Iton not to know anything but insulting in the British museum. Anybody that's suffering from a fret-edge the Kalser. Nothing like it had ever
Iton not to know anything but insulting in the British museum. Anybody that's entilled to claim a Divine resident in the British museum. Anybody that's entilled to claim a Divine resident in the British museum. Anybody that's suffering from a fret-edge the Kalser. Nothing like it had ever

THE OLD NEW ENGLAND PREACHER

acquirements. standard of education was high among . the men who preached in Puritan pulpits. Yet their sermons do not show great originality of thought or power or literary charm. I have looked over scores of them, writes Alice Morse Earle in the Sunday School Times, and ever with a sense of disappointment.

In one interesting and important detail, however, great originality was shown-in the choice of texts. The preacher did not hesitate to place parts of sentences and even of words into a text to suit any or casion or event. And most unexpected and unusual things were referred to in

these texts. Not only did the minister openly give out a text dealing with his own wedding out a text dealing with this own weather or some other of prominence in the par-ish, and a mourning widower revealed his grief by his text to his congregation, but a bereft parson, overcome by his loneli-ness, would display through his choice of text his evident intent to wed again. In one such case the eyes and thoughts of the whole contrartion were turned to the

some of them men of fine mental ble, which was the dower both of clergy day.

THE first ministers who came to New | have I found preached at by the parson's | fully displayed, of course, by the know England were all scholarly men, text. The profound knowledge of the Bi- breeches which were the custom of the were all scholarly men, hem men of fine mental And in later years the ucation was high among eached in Puritan pulpits. Ins do not show great or-main to result of the protound showledge of the her interents which were the educou of the ble, which was the dower both of clergy and laity, made this choice of unfisual texts far easier than might at first ap-pear. The universal custom of excessive fum and twice fell asleep and had to be awakened by a scandalized deacon. Another so annoyed his church felk by "preaching at" individuals that he

The universal clistom of excessive tun drinking is, I think, the saddest fact the the history of New England and of all the Colonier. Though the horrible effects were visible on every side, there was but unchristian anger and unclerical spite over the introduction of organs, of the Colonies. Though the horring effects were visible on every side, there was but occasional and slight protest from the pulpit. I have seen in Cotion Maiher's against the "Incentives to excessive drinking," but even this far-seeing re-former made slight attempt at reform. While the New England minister had no thought of any impropriety in the use of rum, he had great unhappiness over to-bacros smoking. One diary I read was pa-thetic indeed in its records that the cler-late command to abandon its use. In general the ministers dreased and hore themselves with great decorum and

curtaey. Call a North American hired girl by her last name in a persemption for wolce, and will she stoop down? She will that. But she won't come up with courtesy. She'll come is something handy like that, and before she sets through working on your there'll be so many new symbols and outward marks of the theory of Divine Rights imprinted on your dome of thought that your head will look like a complete census, Divine Rights appears to be mighty near the commonest the rights that entities the man at the tri-formation buresu in a large railroad sta-

andy until I've worked it off. And the first But thing I know I've let it out. "Say, Sadle," says L, "do you know

what was my first, guess about this

Sir Bertle?" "I do." says she, givin' me one of them straight, level looks that I never knows what to make of, "and it was