

Curm About Sadie By SEWELL FORD. Professor Shorty McCabe tells of his mistake in locating her affection

Oh! What about Sadie Sullivan? Why, didn't you hear about her... On the other side? Sure! Six or eight months, and she's been movin' in the king row, too. Me? Ah, say! any one would think I'd been burnin' my ledgers, the way you're workin' the ivins pump act on me!

views on New York as it looked from the saloon deck opposite Fort Wadsworth; but Bertie has ducked, so they fill out the column describin' the two stunnin' American beauties that was helpin' him hold up the rail. And say, the minute I reads about the one with the copper red hair and the Irish blue eyes, I don't need to see any farther to know it was Sadie.

count. It was havin' the hansom jammed in a cross-town block that gets us wrothy. It puts our schedule on the Now all the way up I'd been gettin' chesty over the way things has turned out, and when Pinckney leaves me

raised a row because she thought I'd been handed a blue ticket? Well, well! I backs up into a corner, under a date she takes a quick look around the room. "Peggy, I want you to know Mr. McCabe. Wait here until I—"

And they, you see, a quick turn with her head, throwin' us the knowin' wink. A minute more and the procession has swung back our way, and the next thing we know they're lined up before us. Sadie seems to have discovered Peggy all at once.

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SADIE THROWS US THE KNOWIN' WINK AS SHE GOES BY.

"If she's made up her mind to put her snout on something of that kind, says I, 'why, it's here, that's all. And if she don't want 'em, they'll hear about it.'"

Along at the law of it, though, I'd kind of lost track of her, and it began to look as if she'd settled down over there for good; when one day Pinckney comes in with a list of the passengers, and says:

frits; so when we finally 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

while he goes to make his report, I braces myself to stand the shock of havin' some one fall on my neck right there in public. It looked like some-

palm growin' out of a thousand-dollar Jay vase, and tries to look unsuspectin'.

And sure enough, inside of a couple of minutes, here comes Sadie herself, pickin' straight at me, with her finger held up and her lips pouted out like she was goin' to say, 'Naughty, naughty! Gee, here she was lookin' like a winner, too! She's wearin' one 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 where she's been gone—but she's the old Sadie, just the same.

"Now, aren't you ashamed of your-self, Shorty McCabe?" says she, "reachin' out both hands and gettin' a grip on mine."

"But you're anxious to see Sadie again, aren't you?" says he. "What gave you that idea?" says I. "Oh, hol!" says he, and then snappy black eyes of his open wide like he'd dug up something new.

"Ah, lose it!" says I. "You and your 'oh, hol!' Huh!"

men can hit up the pantelas and cork tips.

thing of the kind was due, didn't it? I was in demand, wa't it? Hadn't Sadie

"Well, wouldn't that moat the bird on Nellie's hair?" says I. "I was wonderin' if you had any views on the subject they must have been too strong for publication. All she had to do was to look a little bit on her lip and watch 'em

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THE HOTEL CLERK ON DIVINE RIGHTS

WITH SUNDRY TWISTS NOT COMPLIMENTARY TO THIS LAND OF FREEDOM BY IRVIN S. COBB

"WELL, I see Divine Right has been getting another brutal shove in the epiglottis," said the Hotel Clerk.

strong for him. They even let him paint oil portraits and write German operas, which is a very serious undertaking, and sail war vessels because business was going along about as usual and his imperial majesty supplied a touch of color around the premises that was equal to a totem pole.

Rights, but they've kept it in a safe in the British museum. Anybody that's suffering from a fret-edge grouch against the King and the government can go to Hyde Park or to a box which has contained Tarnmouth bladders or other staple articles of diet since he's exhausted that he's hardly strength enough left to stagger home for his crumpets and dish of tea.

tion not to know anything but insulting remarks, and another that permits a criminal lawyer, whose only office address is the number on his hat, to back

THE first ministers who came to New England were all scholarly men, some of them men of fine mental acquirements. And in later years the standard of education was high among them who preached in Puritan pulpits.

fully displayed, of course, by the huge brooches which were the custom of the day. This, too, cost him his parli-

Another would set himself during the singing of the psalm in a great scandal and twice fell asleep and had to be awakened by a scandalized deacon.

THE OLD NEW ENGLAND PREACHER