"Wot d'ye think about this here Unwritten Law?" asked the House Detec-

"Who-Teddy?" said the Hotel Cierk "or do you mean the other Unwritten Law that's been adopted as a First Aid to Murder?

"I you meanin' the other kind," ex-plained the House Detective. "Wot ye think of it?"

"Well, that depends," said the Hotel Clerk. "Not having shot anybody lately my mind is still open to conviction either way or both ways. But if the painful duty had devolved upon me of working seven or eight of those neat Colt's 45caliber buttonholes in some fellow citizen's clothes while he was still wearing the clothes. I would undoubtedly bo cheering for the Unwritten Law in a clear, plercing tone of voice,

T've noticed, Larry, that the people who've suffered the abrupt loss of relatives or close friends through the operation of the Unwritten Law in connec tion with an automobile gun or something of that sort, are not, as a rule. highly enthusiastic over its workings. But, of course, they are apt to be more less prejudiced, and judging by the majority of the verdicts here lately, these sentiments cannot be shared by the citizens at large, not to say the murderers at large, that being the gratifying state in which most of our best-known murderers find themselves at this present

'Twuz some Southern Judge wot first set up the Unwritten Law, wuzn't it?" asked the House Detective.

"I think maybe it was," said the Hotel Clerk, "But since "twas brought East wo've added so many modern improveents that it's own father wouldn't know now if he met it in the middle of the ig Road. The hot-blooded Southerner Big Road. was more or less primitive in his appli-cation of it, and besides he went on that great underlying principle of all North American homiciding events that the dead man must have been to blame any how or he wouldn't be so dead, so let's kindly give everybody else a ciean bill of health and go home from the Court-

of health and go home from the Courthouse rejoicing.
"But, by broadening it out so as to make it justifiable to shoot a man for writing mash notes to your wife or some-body else's wife, or for having pink side whiskers, or for wearing a lavender tie with a green vest, or for putting on tan shees with a dinner coat, or for a great variety of other causes, we've given the Unwritten Law a great boost with all classes, Larry. Burglary is still regarded as a debased calling, unless pursued in connection with a railroad merger or a etion with a railroad merger or a National bank: in which event it isn't burglary any more, but modern finance,

TOOOO TOOOOO 00000 0000 LEADING AUTHORITIES RECOMMEND CATCHING TOUR VICTIM ON A ROOF GARDEN WHILE WATCHING A PLAY. sonal habits and bad table manners. But under the new dispensation, murder is incidental fact of your having shot a under the new dispensation, murder is incidental fact of your having shot a large, ragged crevice in his diaphragm had absolutely nothing to do.

sonal habits and bad table manners. But under the new dispensation, murder is rapidly becoming our commonest complaint and our National pastime, and our great combination in and outdoor sport all at the same time.

"You don't need to worry about an alibit any more. Alibis always were uncertain anyway, and liable to bog down in the middle at an unexpected moment. You don't need to waste your coin on alienists, because the best an alienist can guarantee you is an indefinite trip to the state bug and fish hatchery. You don't even have to spend time and money proving to the satisfaction of the jury that the deceased came to his death by catching cold from the draught that blew through some pistol holes in him catching cold from the draught blew through some pistol holes in deservedly unpopular blew through some pistol holes in him of their untidy per-

had absolutely nothing to do.

"Yes, sir, Larry, the unwritten law corrects these defects in the old-fashioned style of defense. It covers all the contingencies. It wouldn't do to try to write it now, because with all its phases properly treated 'twould make a volume like the record in a Government suit against the Standard Oll Company. There are so many different methods of execution, too, and that commends it to the careful and discriminating killer. Some of the leaddiscriminating killer. Some of the leading authorities favor catching your victim while he's sitting on a roof garden looking at a play, and some insist that you can get the best general results by surprising him when he's in a bathing all you've got to do is to pay your money.

suit armed with nothing but the key to the bathhouse door. But there's at least one old-fashlouse door. But there's at least one old-fashlouse form who says that if you can slip up behind the other fellow when he's talking to a lady on the street. Law guff when it's simply a case of cold-blooded killin'?" inquired the Hotel Clerk with a soft-nose bullet, it's just the same as melding a hundred aces. So, you see, all you've got to do is to pay your money clerk. "and I suppose it might just as

brain, instead of a complicated defense brain, instead of a complicated defense like emotional insanity or dementia pracox, that's full of words that sound like the names of sleeping cars and requires more or less thinking. Anyway, there's something about getting on a jury in a murder trial that appears to upset the human intellect and leave it in the daplorable state of a capsized cap custard. You take the average turer before he You take the average juror before he gets to be a juror and let him be in his real estate office or his shoe store, or his delicatesses shop or his what not, transacting the ordinary affairs of life. ransacting the ordinary anairs of size.

And then let a gentleman step inside in a frock coat, with a law book under his arm and as a preliminary to buying a lot or a pair of felt insoles or a liver-wurst or something, let this gentleman lead off with a two-hour oration touching on the inherent love of home and country which burns in every human breast or should do so, unless the flue is defective, and then go on to speak of The Flag. tive, and then go on to speak of The Flag, The Ger-and Oid Fer-lag, and the Billowy Blue Canopy of Heaven and the Bill of Rights and Paul Revere's Ride and the Rights and Paul Revere's Ride and the Last Days of Pompeii, and a few other perfectly pertinent topics. What would the proprietor of said premises do? Would be stand for it? He would not. He'd either call for the watch or else he'd slam the Young Man Eloquent in his vociferating map with some of the portable desk fixtures. "But when he's up for jury service, it's different. A Deputy Sheriff wearing a made tie comes round and summons him

and he goes to a courthouse and sits in a corridor where the wind blows free for a couple of days waiting for his turn. Then he mounts the witness stand and holds up his right hand and a court attendant says three hurried grunts in the Chectaw language, this being the solemn ceremony called administering the cath. After which he sits down in an exposed place where several hundred strangers can look at him and wonder why he wears that kind of whiskers. And while the sketch artists are drawing why he wears that kind of whiskers. And while the sketch artists are drawing criminal libeis of him, the lawyers on both sides and the Judge take turns asking him if he reads the papers, and it so, why, and has he got any opinions on this subject, or any other subject, and does he keep a cow, and did he ever yote the Hearst ticket, and are any of, his children redheaded, and other similar questions; all this being done, dys understand, with a view to ascertaining whether he ought to serve in a murder trial. But after suffering great pain for awhile, he qualifies, and the Judge tells

prisoner's available cash begins to run

well be a nice poetical, romantic, char- I time to close the case. So he makes the lotte russe plea, such as the Unwritten same summing-up speech that had long Law that takes all the pressure off the gray hair when the late Coke began the gray hair when the late Coke began the study of law. We've had improvements in everything else in the world, this last fifty years, except the speech that a lawyer makes to a jury in a murder trial. Probably it gave satisfaction the first sime, and nobody has seen fit to change it since. It's parily the language of flowers and parily the defendant's little chi-eld and parily the flora and fauna of this hemisphere and parily the Declaration of Independence, and at care intervals a little something, maybe, about the case itself. To you or me, Larry, sitthe case itself. To you or me, Larry, sit-ting at a safe distance, it sounds like the distressing symptoms of a man who s swallowed Webster's Unabridged and has then been seized with violent nausea, but if we're on a jury we sit there in the jury box, our faces ajar and our orbs bulged out, wearing the bright intelli-gent expressions of a school of goggleeyed perch and just sopping it up through every pore.
"So the Judge charged the jury in lan-

guage that was expressly thought up by the Supreme Court with a view to keep-ing anybody from understanding a blamed thing about it. Now comes the Momentous Moment when the Fate of the Accused is Put in the Hands of His Twelve Jurers-Put in the Hands of His Twelve Jurers-see any reliable newspaper headline. The jurors retire. The prisoner en a refreshing map in the sheriff's office, and the alert young reporters, ever upon the qui vive to eatch the faintest rumor, go off somewhere and play 35-cent limit poker. And thus the breathless world poker. And thus the breathless world awaits the verdict.

"And what do the conscientious and in-telligent jurors do? I'll tell you what they do, Larry. They go into the jury room and after the foreman has looked at his watch to see when he can enter a train for home, somebody says: "Why should we mix into this unbarrey affair? inar questions; all this being done, d'younderstand, with a view to ascertaining whether he ought to serve in a murder trial. But after suffering great pain for awhile, he qualifies, and the Judge tells him that he is performing the highest duty of citizenship and that a great trust has been imposed upon him, and then, to show he means it, orders the Sheriff to look him and his eleven fellow-male-factors up very tight and keep an eye on them night and day.

"Well, after eight or nine weeks the prisoner's available cash begins to run

Has the big-money bunch got us down on the mat with our wind shut off and our pockets inside out; or is it just campaign piffle? Are we ghost dancin, or waltz dreamin, or what? It sure has me twisted up for fair, and I don't go far. The next thing Danny know she's been sent spinnin' against the other wall. Course, he wa'n't know whether I stand with the criminal rich or the predatory poor.

That's all on account of a little mixup I was rung into at the Hotel Pervalue. "Sorry." says the minister, shovin' his cuffs back in place; "but I must ask you to be seen your hands off." down on the mat with our wind shut off

That's all on account of a little mix-up I was rung into at the Hotel Per-namer the other day. I've been thinkin' it over since, and it's left me with my feet in the air. No, you didn't read anything about it in the papers. But say, there's more goes on in one of them big joints every week than would

fill a whole issue. Look at the population we've gotover two thousand, countin' the help! Why, drop us down somewhere out in lows, and spread us around in separlowa, and spread us around in separate houses, and there'd be enough to call for a third-class postmaster, a police force and a board of trade. Bunched the way we are, all up and down IT stories, with every cubic foot accounted for, we don't cut much of a figure except on the checkbooks. You hear about the Porgarary only when hear about the Perzazzer only when some swell gives a fancy blowout, or a guest gets frisky in the public dining-

And anything in the shape of noise soon has the muffler put on it. We've got a whole squad of husky, two-handed, soft-spoken gents who don't have anything else to do, and our champeen ruction extinguisher is Danny Reardon. see him strollin' through the cafe, To see him strollin' through the cafe, you might think he was a corporation lawyer studyin' how to spend his next fee; but let some ambitious wine-opener put on the loud pedal, or have Danny get his eye on some Bridgeport dressmaker drawin' designs of the latest Paris fashions in the tearoom, and you'll see him wake up. Nothing some to wake up. Nothing seems to get by him.

So I was some surprised to find him havin' an argument with a couple of parties away up on our floor. Anyone could see with one eye that they was a pair of butt-ins. The tail, smooth-faced gent in the black frock coat and the white tie had sky pilot wrote all the white tie had sky pilot wrote all over him; and the Persanter ain't just the place an out-of-town minister would pick out to stop at, unless he wanted to blow a year's salary into a

wanted to blow a year's sainly into a week's board.

Anyway, his runnin' mate was a dead give away. He looked like he might have just left a bench in the Oriental lodging'-house down at Chatham Equare. He's a thin, gawky, pale-haired youth, with tired eyes and a limp lower youth, with tired eyes and a limp lower. youth, with tired eyes and a limp lower faw that leaves his mouth half open all the time; and his costume looks like it had been made up from back-door contributions—a faded coat three sizes too small, a forty fat vest, and a pair of shiny black whipeord pants that some one had been married in about twenty

What gets me is why such a speci-What gets me is why such a speci-men should be trailin' around with a clean, decent-lookin' chap like this min-ister. Maybe that's why I come to take any notice of their little debate. take any notice of their little debate. There's some men, though, that you always give a second look at, and this minister gent was one of that kind. It wa'n't until I see how he tops Danny by a head that I notices how well built he is; and I figures that if he was only in condition, and knew how to handle himself, he could put up 2 good lively scrap. Something about his jaw hints that to me; but of course, him bein' a Bible-pounder, I don't expect anything ble-pounder, I don't expect anything

of the kind, "Yes, I understand all that," Danny

"Yes, I understand all that," Danny was tellin' him: "but you'd better come down to the office, just the same."
"My dear man," says the minister, "I have been to the office, as I told you before, and I could get no satisfaction there. The person I wish to see is on the ninth floor. They say he is out. I doubt it, and, as I have come 600 miles tust to have a word with him. I insist just to have a word with him, I insist

AY, what do you make out of this plute-huntin' business, anyway? Allow strangers above the ground floor. Now, you come along with me and Now, you come a you'll be all right." With that Danny

to keep your hands off."

I see what Danny was up to then. He looks as cool as a soda fountain: but he's red behind his ears, and he's fishin' the chain nippers out of his side pocket. I knows that in about a minute the gent in the frock coat will have both hands out of business. Even at that, it looks like an even bet, with somebody settin' burt more or less. And mebody gettin' hurt more or less, And blamed if I didn't hate to see that spunky minister get mussed up, just for objectin' to taking the quiet run out.

so I pushes to the front.
"Well, well!" says I, shovin' out a
hand to the parson, as though he was
some one I'd been lookin' for. "So you

showed up, eht"
"Why," says he—"why—er—"
"Yes, I know," says I leadin' him
off. "You can tell me about that later. Bring your triend right in; this is my It's all right, Danny; mistakes

And before any of 'em knows what's up. Danny is left outside with his mouth open, while I've towed the pair of strays our sittin' room, and shooed Sadie of the way. The minister looks kind of dazed; but he keeps his head

Really," says he, gazin' around, "I am sure there must be some misunder-

standing."
"You bet," says I, "and it was gettin" "You bel." says I, "and it was gettin' worse every minute. About two shakes more, and you'd been the center of a local disturbance that would have landed you before the police sergeant." "Do you menu," says he, "that I cannot communicate with a guest in this hotel without being liable to arrest?"

"That's the size of it, says I.

"That's the size of it, says I.
"Danny had the bracelets all out. The conundrum is, though, why I should do the goat act, instead of lettin' you two mix it up? But that's what happened, and now I guess it's up to you te give an account."
"H'm," says he. "It isn't quite clear; but I infer that you have, in a way, made yourself responsible for me. May I ask whom I have to thank for—"
"I'm Shorty McCabe," says I.
"Oh!" says he. "It seems to me I've heard—"

"Nothin' like bein' well advertised," says I. "Now, how about you-and this?" With that I points to the speci-

this?" With that I points to the speci-men in the castoffs, that was givin' an imitation of a flytrap. I was a little crisp, I admit; but I'm gettin' anxious to know where I stand.

The minister lifts his eyebrows some, but proceeds to hand out the informa-tion. "My name is Hooker," says he,—

"Samuel Hooker."
"Preacher?" says I.
"Ye-es, a poor one," says he. "Where?
Well, in the nelghborhood of Mossy
Dell, Pennsylvania."
"Out in the celluioid collar belt, ch?"
"This alor's a deacon, is it?" and

says i. This ain't a dencon, is it?" and I jerks my thumb at the fish-eyed one. "This unfortunate fellow," says he, droppin' a hand on the object's shoulder, "is one of our industrial products. His

st to have a word with him, I insist you?" says I.
"Robert K. Rankin is the young forts to have a child in in our state?" says Danny. "You'll get your man's name, I believe," says he,—"son in our state?" says he.

PROFESSOR SHORTY ME CABE PRESENTS A MENTAL SIMILARITY AND A SOCIAL CONTRAST 000

of the late Loring Rankin, president of the Consolidated—"
"That's Bobby Brut," says I. "Don't catch onto the Brut, sh? You would if

you read the champagns labels. Friend of yours, is he?" But right there the Rev. Mr. Hooker turns balky. He hints that his business with Bobby is private and personal, and he ain't anxious to lay it before a third party. He'd told 'em the same at the desk, when some one from Bobbies rooms had 'phoned for details about the rooms had 'phoned for details about the card, and then he'd got the turn-down. But he wa'n't the kind that stayed down. He's goin' to see Mr. Rankin or bu'st. Not wantin' to ask for the elevator, he bisnes aheai upstairs; and Daany, it

ems, hadn't got on his track until he was well started. was well started.

"All I ask," says he, "is five minutes of Mr. Rankin's time. That is not an unreasonable request, I hope?"

"Excuse me," says I; " but you're

"Excuse me," says I; "but you're missin' the point by a mile. It ain't how long you want to stay, but what you're here for. You got to remember that things is run different on Fifthave, from what they are on Penrosest, Mossy Dell. You might be a book seen or a homb-thrower for all the st., Mossy Dell. You might be a book agent, or a bomb-thrower, for all the folks at the desk know. So the only way to get next to anyone here is to show your hand and take the decision. Now if you want to try runnin' the outside guard again, I'll call Danny back. But you'll make a mess of it."

He thinks that over for a minute, the you all the cokin' me square in the eye all the ime, and all of a sudden he puts out

You're right! says he. "I was hotsended and let my zeal get the better of my common sense. Thank you, Mr.

"That's all right," says I. "You go down to the office and put your case

"No." says he, shruggin' his shoul-ders, "that wouldn't do at all.. I sup-pose I've come on a fool's errand. Kronacher, we'll go back."
"That's too lad," says I, "if you had business with Bobby that was on the

siness with Bobby that was on the "Since you've been so kind," says he,

perhaps you would give me your opin-on-if I am not detaining you?"
"Spiel away!" says I. "VII own up

"Splel away!" says I. "Yil own up you've got me some interested."

Well, say, when he'd described his visit as a dippy excursion, he wasn't far off. Seems that this Rev. Sam Hooker sin't a reg'lar preacher, with a stained-glass window church, a steam heated parsonage, and a settled job. He's sort of a Gospel promoter, that goes around plantin' churches here and there—home missionary, he calls it, though I always thought a home missionary was one that was home from China on a haif-pay visit.

Mainly he says he drifts around through the coke oven and gas works

I jerks my thumb at the fish-eyed one.

"This unfortunate fellow," says he, droppin' a hand on the object's shoulder. "is one of our industrial products. His name is Kronacher, commonly called Dummy."

"I can guess why," says I. "But new let's get down to how you two happen to be loose on the seventh floor of the Perasszer and so far from Mossy Dell."

The Reverend Sam says there ain't any great mystery about that. He come on here special to have's talk with a party by the name of Rankin, that he understood was stoppin' here.

"You don't mean Bobby Brut, do your" says I.
"Perhaps you have heard of our ef-

"Perhaps you have heard of our ef-forts to have a child labor bill passed

"No," says I; "but I'm against it tabs on him; but I'd heard that after they chucked him out of the sanatomill whistle, without passin' laws to rium his mother planted him here, with rough 'or "

make 'em.' Then he explains how the bill is to Then he explains how the bit keep 'em from goin' at it too young, or workin' too many hours on a stretch. Course, I'm with him on that, and says so.

"Ah!" says he. "Then you may be "Ah!"

interested to learn that youn, Mr. Rankin is the most extensive employer of child labor in our state. That is what I want to talk with him about," "Ever see Bobby?" says L

He says he hasn't.

He says he hasn't.

"Know anything of his habits, and so on?" I asks.

"Not a thing," says the Rev. Sam.

"Then you take it from me," says I,

"that you ain't missed much."

See? I couldn't go all over that record of Bobby Brut's, specially to a preacher. Not that Bobby was the worst that ever cruised around the Milky Way in a sea goin' cab with his feet over the dasher; but he was someteet over the dasher; but he was some-thing of a torrid proposition while he lasted. You remember some of his stunts, maybe? I hadn't kept strict out of my line, and it strikes me as a

a man nurse and a private doctor, and slid off to Europe to stay with her son-in-law Count until folks forgot about

And this was the youth the Rev. Mr. Hooker had come to have a heart to heart talk with! "Ain't you takin' a lot of trouble, just for a few Polackers?" says I. "They are my brothers," says he, onlet like "They are my brothers," says he, quiet like. "What!" says L. "You dont' look it."

His mouth corners flickers a little at that and there comes a glimmer in them solemn gray eyes of his; but he goes on to say that it's part of his belief that every man is his brother. "You've adopted a says L big fam'ly."

But say, he's so dead in earnest about it, and he talks so sensible about other things, besides appearin' so white clear through, that I can't help likin' the



HIS RUNNING MATE WAS A DEAD GIVE AWAY

batty proposition anyway; but if you're still anxious to have a chin with Bobby, maybe I can fix it."
"Thank you, thank you!" says he, givin' me the grateful grip.

vator. Got any idea of the simple way half-baked young plute can live in a half-baked young plute can he in a place like the Persaszer? He has one floor of a whole wing cut off for his special use—about 20 rooms, I should judge—and there was hired hands standin' around in every corner. We're piloted in over the Persian rugs, with the preacher blinkin his eyes to keep from secin some of the statuary and

oil paintin's At last we comes to a big room with At last we comes to a big room with an eastern exposure, furnished like a show window. Sittin' at a big mahog-any desk in the middle is a narrow-browed, pop-eyed, bat-eared young chap in a padded slik dressin' gown, and I remembers him for the Bobby Brut I used to see floatin' around with Brut I used to see noath; around with the Trixy-Madges at the lobster pal-aces. He has a couple of decks of cards laid out in front of him and I guess he's havin' a go at Canfield solltaire. Behind his chair stands a sour-faced jackey who holds up his bend for us to wait.

hand for us to walt. Bobby don't look up at all. He's shiftin' the cards around, tryin' to make 'em come out right, doin' it quick and nervous. All of a sudden the lackey claps his hand down on a pile and says, "Beg parden, sir; but you can't

do that."
"Blast you!" snarls Bobby. "And I was just getting it. Why didn't you look the other way? Bah!" and he sends the whole lot flyin on the floor. Do you catch on? He has the lackey re to see that he don't cheat him-But while the help was pickin' up trio, ranged up against the door dra-

"Helly, Shorty McCabe!" he sings out. 'It's bully of you to drop in Nobody comes to see me any more-hardly a soul. Say, do you think

there's anything the matter with my head?" "Can's say your nut shows any cracks from here," says 1. "Who's been tellin' you it did?" "Why, all those blasted doctors,"

says he. "They won't even let me go out alone. But say," here he beckons me up and whispers mysterious, "I'll fix 'em yet! You just wait til I get my animals trained. You wait!" he claps his hands and hollers, "Atkins!

he claps his hands and hollers, "Atkins! Set 'em going?"

Atkins, he stops scrabblin' after the cards and starts around the room. And say, would you believe it, on all the tables and mantelpieces was a lot of those toy animals, such as they sell durin' the holidays. There was lions and tigers and elephants, little and big, and every last one of 'em has its head balanced so it'l move up and down when you touch it. Atkins' job was to go from one to the other and set 'em bobbin'. Them on the mantels wa'n't more'n a few inches long; but on the floor, hid behind chairs, was some that was life size. One was a tiger, made out of a real skin, and when his head goes his jaws open and shut, and his tail lashes from side to side, as natural as life. Say, it was weird to watch that collection, all noddin' away together—almost gave you the willies!

"Are they all going?" says Bobby, "Yee, sir," says Atkins, standin' at-

"Are they all going?" says Bobby. "Yes, sir," says Atkins, standin' at-

'What do you think, ch?" says Bobble, half shuttin' his pop eyes and starin' at me, real foxy. "Great scheme!" says I. "Didn't know you had a private zoo up here. say, I brought along some one that

With that I hauls the Reverend Sam to the front and gives him the nudge by, maybe I can fix it."

"Thank you, thank you!" says he, givin' me the grateful grip.

It's a good deal easier than I'd thought. All I does is get one of Bobby's retinue on the house 'phone, tell who I am, and say I was thinkin' of droppin' up with a couple of friends for a short call, if Bobby's agreeable. Seems he was, for inside of two minutes we're on our way up in the elevator.

to the front and gives him the nudge to fire away. And say, he's all primed! He begins by givin' Bobbie a word picture of the Rankin glass works at night, when the helpers are carryin' the trays from the hot room, where the blowers work three-hour shifts, with the mercury at one hundred and twenty, to the coolin' room, where it's like a cellar. He tells him how many helpers there are, how many hours they work a day, and what they get they work a day, and what they get for it. It didn't make me yearn for

'And here," says the Rev. Mr. Hooker, pullin' the Dummy up by the slee "la what happens. This boy went work in your glass factory when he was 13. He was red-cheeked, cleareyed, then, and he had a normal brain. He held his job six years. Then he was discharged. Why? Because he wasn't of any more use. He was all in, the juice sapped out of him, as dry as a last year's cornhusk. Look at him! Any doubt about his being used up? And what happened to him is happening to thousands of other boys. So work in your glass factory was 13. He was red-cheek pening to thousands of other boys. So I have come here to ask you, Mr. Ran-kin, if you are proud of turning out such products? Aren't you ready to stop hiring 13-year-old boys for your

Say, it was straight from the shoul-der, that talk—no flourishes, no fine words! And what do-you guess Bobby words! And what do you guess Bobby
Brut has to sny? Not a blamed thing!
I doubt if he heard more'n half of it,
anyway: for he's got his eyes set on
that pasty face of Dummy Kronacher
and is followin his motions.

The Dummy ain't payin' any atten-

The Dummy ain't payin' any attention to the speech, either. He's got sight of all them animals with their heads bobbin', and a silly grin spreads over his face. First he slides over to the mantel and touches up one that was about stopped. Then he sees arother, and starts that off again, and by the time Booker is through the Dummy is as ousy and contented as you please, keepin' them tigers and things movin'. movin'.
"Well?" says the Reverend Sam.
"Eh?" says Bobby, tearin' his eyes
"Eh?" says Bobby, tearin' his eyes
"Eh?" says Bobby, tearin' his eyes
works?

off the Dummy. "Were you saying something about the glass works? Bensily bore! I never go near them. But say! I want that chap over there. I want to hire him. What's his name?"
"Dummy Kronacher," says the Rev. Sam. comin' out strong on the

Sam. comin' out strong on the area

"Good." says Bobbie. "Hey, Dummy? What will you take to stay here
with me and do that right along?"

Dummy has just discovered a stuffed
alligator that can snap its jaws and
alligator that can snap its jaws and viggle its tail. He only looks up and

grins.
"Til make it a hundred a month."
says Bobble. "Well, that's settled. says Bobbie. "Well, that's settled. Atkins, you're fired! And say, McCabe, I must show this new man how I want this business done. You and your

You can search me. All I've been abla to make out of it is that what alls the

to make out of it is that what alls the poor is poverty, and the trouble with the plutes is that they've got too much. Eh? Barney Shaw said something like that, too? Well, don't let on I agree with him. He might get chesty. (Copyright by the Associated Sunday Magazines, Ica)

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