

White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

And so, for the while, that darkest affliction was forgotten; but after Simon's wound had been properly dressed, it came back again, and the duel became only a passing cloud that was soon lost in the deeper cause of grief. The excitement was gone, and the soul remembered now to weep over the loss of its loved ones.

For several days Simon Lohio remained in his chamber, not showing himself at all, save to Peter, who waited upon him; and when he became able to go out, he seemed to take special pains not to be seen by the uncle and his guest. As might be expected he cherished a bitter hatred towards Goupard, but yet he had a deep consolation in the remembrance of the heart-blow he had inflicted upon the youth. He knew Goupard's sensitive nature, and he knew how deep and abiding were his affections, and knowing this, he knew how keen must be the anguish of the disappointed lover.

And during all this time Goupard St. Denis was much alone, wandering about in the woods. Of course he had given up the idea of going to Louis. If she was married to Lohio, then the companionship he would necessarily have with her under such circumstances could only make him more miserable, and, perhaps, add new pangs to his grief.

At the end of eight days Simon set out on his return to New Orleans. He did not see St. Denis, for the youth had purposely withdrawn himself.

"You will bring my child home?" said the old man, in a broken, forced tone.

"Of course I shall, and I trust you will receive her kindly."

"Kindly? Alas, Louise! She will have need enough of kindness."

"What mean you now, sir?" uttered Simon, angrily.

"Nothing—nothing," groaned the marquis, covering his face with his hands. "Only let me see her once more. You will be kind to her, Simon?"

"Of course I shall be. How could I be otherwise?"

The old man gazed up into his nephew's face, but he saw no reply; and when a few moments later, that nephew had taken his departure, he bowed his head and wept.

CHAPTER XVII.

While the things just narrated were transpiring at the chateau, and at the distant metropolis, how fared White Hand and his dusky princess?

Gradually White Hand became used to the primitive fashions of the Natchez, and though he had many hours of sorrow and grief, yet he showed only content to the warriors. But to his wife he was not so reserved of his true feelings. She sympathized with him in his sadness, and she even went so far as to assure him that if the honorable opportunity ever offered itself for his escape to his own people, she should not oppose his wishes.

Early one morning the Great Sun received an invitation to visit the settlement of the white men, and taking with him an escort of his trusty warriors, he set out. It was past noon when he returned, and his brow was clouded, and his stout frame shaken by a powerful emotion. His first movement was to send for White Hand. The youth went, and found the Great Sun alone with Stung Serpent.

"White Hand," he said, overcoming all outward signs of his deep emotions, "you must fast and pray. The hour is dark, and evil comes upon us. The white man's heart is hard, and his soul is base. You remember your pledge. Will you pray?"

"I will," answered White Hand. And he was then dismissed.

As soon as the brow was gone, the Great Sun started from his seat and leaped down. His brow grew dark again, and his hands were clenched.

"Stung Serpent," he said, "go and summon your council at once. Summon only the wise men and the tried warriors, for we want no women nor children now. Bid them attend me here."

Stung Serpent asked no questions, but with quick movements, he called up the men who were sitting about the council, and soon they were all collected in the place of council. They knew that something important had happened, for never were they thus called together save on occasions of emergency.

"Warriors of the Natchez, listen!" commenced the Great Sun, speaking calmly and slowly, but with fearful emphasis. "You know how the white men have abused us—how they have trampled upon us, and how they have proved recreant to every trust we have reposed in them. But you do not yet know the most wicked thing of all. The white chief has demanded the beautiful village of the White Apple! Ay—he says the great chief in the big village away towards the salt water has demanded it. I told him he could not mean it, but he only laughed at me. I told him we had lived here in peace ever since we settled upon the banks of the mighty river—that the temple was here, and that here, in the quiet vale, we had laid away the bodies of our departed friends. And even at this he scoffed, and swore he would possess our village."

As the Great Sun sat down, a low murmur ran around the room, and angry gestures marked the movements of the dark warriors. Stung Serpent started to his feet, and in a moment all was silent. The towering chieftain gazed around with a flashing eye, and when he spoke his voice was like low thunder.

"Let the souls of the Natchez be firm now, and let the hearts of her warriors be strong!" were his first words. "The white man came to us, and we gave him a home. He asked us for land, and out of our abundance we gave him much. He asked us for friendship, and we gave him our whole hearts. But low has he repaid us for all our kindness? Where now is our peace? The white man calls the Indian a secret foe. Why is it so? Because the pale faces are not to be trusted; because they speak fair when they cheat us. Look around; look to your homes, to your sacred temple, and to the graves of your ancestors. Will you give up? I can read your answers in your looks as well as in your words. Once more, and I am done. Let the white men be exterminated! Let them be swept from our land at once and forever!"

On the next day messengers came from Choptart, the commander of the French fort, to learn what the Natchez had agreed upon. They were informed that they had not yet been able to agree upon a place to which to move, and the Great Sun asked two months in which to prepare, promising, meantime, to pay a new tribute of corn to the Choptart, and he turned to the terms, fondly believing that in another spring his people should share the rich land spoils of this fairer Natchez village.

And now the work went on slowly but surely. Word was sent to every tribe, and all were solemnly pledged. The day was fixed upon which the fatal blow was to be struck; and that there should be no mistake, a bundle of sticks was prepared for each village, corresponding in number to the days that must elapse before the death stroke. These bundles were placed in their respective temples, and each day the chief was to go in and take one stick away. And when they were all gone on the day that saw the last stick removed—the avengers were to strike.

From the shores of the Mexican gulf to the Yazoo, and from the waters of the Tombecbee to the Sabine, every warrior was armed for the occasion, and eagerly waiting the coming of the fatal moment. The whites were watched at every step, and each red man had his victim marked. Slowly, one by one, as each succeeding sun rolled over, those fatal sticks were removed, and Choptart only waited patiently for his rich prize.

One of the wives of the Great Sun was called "Bras Pique," or Pricked Arm, from the many strange devices which she had marked upon her arms. Pricked Arm loved the French, and she failed not to serve them on every occasion when she could. She saw these secret meetings of the warriors, and her suspicions were aroused. She knew of the demand that had been made for the village of the White Apple, and she knew that these meetings of the council were touching that matter. She noticed the fierce looks of the men, their angry gestures, and their vengeful glances towards the French fort, and she feared that some calamity was to befall her white friends.

Pricked Arm made up her mind to save the French, if possible, not only at Natchez, but at all other points; and to this end she must not only put Choptart on his guard, but she must cause the Natchez to give a premature alarm, and thus the whites in other sections would take warning, for she dared not attempt to convey intelligence to other stations for fear of being detected by her own people. Her first movement was to make her way to the temple, but she could not gain access there, no woman ever being allowed within the sacred building. Two nights in succession she skulked about the place, but the warriors within, who watched the holy fire, were too vigilant for her. In this extremity she thought of White Hand, and late one night she went to him and called him out.

"White Hand," she said, when they had reached the very tree under which the Great Sun had once before spoken with the youth, "have you the courage of a warrior?"

"I have the courage of a man," he replied, in astonishment.

"Then can you keep an oath?"

"If it may be kept with honor."

"The oath which I require may, but I will not ask it of you, for your own safety will hold you. Know, then, that there is a plot on foot for the massacre of the entire exterior of every white man, woman and child in the country. And mark me this plot is deep and well founded, and it moves on to its consummation as surely as the now absent sun moves on towards the morning."

"All—every one?" uttered White Hand, in alarm.

"Yes. Every tribe has the signal, and the one fatal day is set. It is to be on the day when our people pay their tribute of corn. Every white man is marked, and unless something be done to thwart the red men, the terrible blow must fall."

Louis clasped his hands, for his thoughts were of his father and of his sister and of his friend St. Denis.

"Can there be no stop to this?" he asked.

"Yes—if you have courage."

"Then put me to it."

"Listen. I can warn the people at Natchez, but I will not save the others. In the temple there is a bundle of cypress sticks. They are hung by two thongs of bearskin back of the altar. In that bundle there are as many sticks as there are days between now and the fatal blow; could we remove seven of those sticks, the Natchez would make a premature attack. The people at the fort would be prepared. In other places down the river, and on the great salt lake, the red men will be waiting, and while they wait eagerly for the passing of the seven days, the alarm can be spread. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," returned White Hand.

"And will you do it?"

"I will try, even to the death."

"Good. But let it be soon."

By different paths the two returned to the village. Pricked Arm retiring to her own dwelling, while the youth spent some time in walking thoughtfully about the great square. When he at length entered his own dwelling he found his wife asleep, but he did not join her. He spent some time in walking up and down the place, and his face betrayed the deep anxiety that moved within him. He had marked the stern, angry looks of the stout warriors, and he had noticed their frequent councils, but he did not dream that such a direful plan had occupied their thoughts. He fancied they were at most, only planning some means for self-defense. But now the truth was apparent. His father was in danger—all his countrymen were in danger. There was walking up and down the apartment, when his wife awoke and looked for him.

"White Hand," she said, sitting up in the bed, "why walk you thus when the night is so dark?"

"I was thinking of my home, Coqualla."

The princess arose and approached her husband.

"And thou art sad," she murmured, looking up into his face.

"Yes, Coqualla—very sad. I would go into the temple and pray."

"Then why go you not in?"

"Because I cannot gain admittance there. I am not a warrior, and none but warriors are admitted there."

"But thou art by marriage a Little Sun of the Natchez, and as such, thou canst demand admission there, and none shall dare refuse thee. Take thy offering of walnut wood and go. Say to the guardians there, 'I come as a Sun of the Natchez, and I would pray to the Great Spirit. Accept my offering, and open to me the way.' They will not dare refuse thee."

As Coqualla spoke she went to the fireplace, and from the wood there piled up the selected ten sticks of walnut, from which she removed the bark. It was a religious law, given by the first Great Sun, that only walnut wood should be used for the sacred fire of the temple, and that the bark must be carefully removed before it was carried in. White Hand took the wood in his arm and went to the temple, and when he reached the door, he demanded admission as a Little Sun of the Natchez, and after some questions he was admitted. He carried his offering to the altar, and one of the priests placed some of it upon the fire.

After White Hand had deposited his offering, his next movement was to step towards the back part of the temple and kneel down. The warrior-priest whose turn it was now to watch, stood and gazed upon the youth for awhile, and then turned his attention to his fire. Still kneeling, White Hand looked about him, and close to the wall, he saw the bundle of cypress sticks. Seven of the watchers slept, and only one was awake. Slowly the youth worked his way to the wall, still on his knees. The

sticks hung loosely in the thongs; he could reach them where he was. He cast his eyes towards the watcher, and that individual was poking up the fire. Quickly the youth raised his hand and counted on seven sticks. His heart beat quick, but he thought of his father, and his nerves were strong. Silently he withdrew the fatal time-tellers, and hid them behind him. The watcher still worked upon the fire. With a quick movement, White Hand placed the ends of the sticks in his bosom, and forced them down within the clothing until they lay along his side, reaching from the arm-pit to the knee. Then he arose, and having walked about a few moments with as careless an air as he could assume, he left the temple.

After breakfast the next morning Stung Serpent came in, as was his wont. He lit his pipe, and after smoking for some time in silence, he looked up. His brow was clouded, and his countenance wore a sad, moody expression.

"White Hand," he said, "are the French a very forbearing people in their own country?"

The youth imagined he saw the old chief's drift, and after a moment's thought, he replied:

"Not under wrong, my father."

"I thought not. But suppose another people should come upon their soil, seize the homes of their subjects, steal their cattle, rob them of their rights and desecrate their temples?"

"Then the French would drive them off," answered the youth, quickly.

"And they would drive them off with the sword and gun, eh?"

"Yes."

"And put all to death they could find?"

"No, my father—only such as held out in resistance."

"But have not the French put whole great villages to the sword, as they call it, and murdered all?"

With a shudder, the youth answered in the affirmative. Stung Serpent gazed sharply into White Hand's face, but he could see no mark of suspicion there. He smoked away awhile longer in silence, and then he arose and left.

"What does he mean?" asked Coqualla, after her father had gone.

"I do not know, unless he desires to know how much consistency my people have," returned White Hand.

"I fear our warriors meditate some revenge upon the whites. But you need not fear, dearest one, for no harm shall come to you."

As the bright-eyed princess thus spoke, she threw her arms about her husband's neck. He kissed her, but he dared not whisper the terrible thing he knew—not that he would trust her, but he had sworn that he would not.

(To be continued.)

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Harold—That is Bessie, the famous inventor of the triple expansion engine, the automatic double back action, reversible, rapid fire gun, the compound electro hydro heated dynamo, the—

Rupert—But he looks distracted.

Harold—Yes; he can't invent a plausible excuse to give his wife for being late, and he doesn't go home.

Genius In-Led
Ida—Mabel is a genius.
May—in what way?
Ida—Why, she never throws anything away. When her black gloves got too old she cut them up and made beauty spots.



"She's all the world like a ball of twine."
"Indeed?"
"Yes—so wrapped up in herself."
Safer than the Turf.
"How is it we don't see much of young Pursestain these days?"
"Oh, he is interested in a 'get-rich-quick' scheme."
"I thought he was in love?"
"That's right. He's trying to marry the trust magnate's daughter."

Very Lean.
"Are you really so empty, pard?" interrogated Sandy Pike.
"My boy," replied Jewsharp George, "I can only compare me stomach wid one thing."
"What is that?"
"A poet's purse."

Explained.
"Yes, the stork brought us a baby brother."
"But he is so small."
"Well, you see, the dues are so small in our house I don't guess the stork could get a larger one down the chimney."

Too Realistic.
"What is the trouble now?" growled the manager of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company.
"Why," replied the excited call boy, "Liza says the ice looked so natural that her feet were frost-bitten."

Railroad Transformation.
"Yes, stranger," drawled the up-state farmer, "that train is loaded with butter."
"But I thought it was a milk train?" interposed the city man.
"So it was, but coming down the mountain it left the track, and when it got back again all the milk had been churned into butter."

Putting It Delicately.
"There are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."
"But you never cared much for fish, did you?"



Timely Advice.
Cully—What are yer a doin', Chimmie?
Chimmie—I'm a tryin' ter write a poem to me gurl, but I can't git any word terime wid Lizzie.
Cully—Dat's easy. Try dizzay. I got dat from dis cigar yer gave me.

Limited Practice.
"The lecturer spoke slowly, almost painfully, as one not accustomed to talking."
"Well, I don't wonder at that. You see, he has been married thirty-three years."

Why Heaven Is Desirable.
"Do all babies come from heaven?" inquired Johnny as he gazed at his new brother.
"Yes, I suppose so," said his mother.
"No wonder it is heaven," remarked Johnny.

Somewhat Different.
Clara—Did papa give assent?
Tom—No. He said he had no objection to our getting married, but not a cent would he give us.

Not All in Him.
"Johnnie," said his mother, severely, "some one has taken a big piece of ginger bread out of the pantry."
Johnnie blushed guiltily.
"Oh, Johnnie," she exclaimed, "I didn't think it was in you."
"It isn't all," replied Johnnie. "Part of it is in Elsie."

Her Imagination.
"That young lady must have a very vivid imagination," said Willie Washington.
"What makes you think so?"
"Every time I tell her a story she says she imagines she has heard it before."—Washington Star.

Secret of Success.
Green—What are you doing now?
Brown—Running a grocery.
Green—Making a success of it?
Brown—Well, yes—in a small way.

The Ultra-Tanino.
"How provoking! I wanted to take our bulldog out riding and now I have to wait until the maid cleans his teeth!"
"What is the trouble, Mabel?"
"Why, he bit a tramp."—Chicago News.

The Grabbers.
R drink—I think our minister was too severe. The rich trust magnates may get to heaven after all.
Van Albert—You are right. If they get there they will be after all, just like on earth.

Strong Objection.
"I am going to give the baby a romantic middle name," said Mrs. Stubb.
"Well, I guess not," interposed her stern spouse; "when he gets big enough he'll think he can write poetry and we'll have to support him."

Similarity.
Jewsharp George—I suppose after yer rolled around in de street an' got full of mud de lady in de wayside cottage thought yer had been intoxicated.
Cinder Charlie—Not at all. I told her I had been ridin' in a racin' automobile.

Filled Graveyards.
Stubb—They will soon have the underground trolley cars in New York.
Penn—That is nothing new. The trolley cars have been carrying people underground ever since they were invented.

In the Far West.
"Why was that hotelkeeper so angry with the advance agent of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?" queried the tourist in Eagle Eye.
"Why, the galoot only wanted to let two members of the company put up their," responded Amber Pete.
"But two members were better than none."
"No; these two members were the dogs."

Nothing to Say.
"Oh say, Mulligan, what kind av a foreigner is that fellow peddling rugs?"
"He's a Turk, me bye."
"Well, I talked to him for ten minutes awn never a word hos he spoken."
"Bodad, maybe he's phwat they call an 'unspeakable Turk.'"

On His Knees He Swore.
"Did you say Mr. Spooner swore all sorts of things on his bended knees last night?"
"Yes. There was an upturned tack on the carpet just where he kneeled."

Didn't Use Any.
"They've formed the 'soap trust'!"
"Well, it won't hurt us."



Innocent Tommy.
Mr. Callow—What a funny little hole in the sofa! It looks like some one had been boring.
Tommy—Maybe you did it, Mr. Callow.
Mr. Callow—If Tommy—Yes. I heard sister say you were a bore.

In Chicago.
"So they fined the little man \$100 for endangering human life!"
"Yes, and the other one was fined \$25 for almost causing the death of three people."
"How was it he got off so easily?"
"Oh, he's a chauffeur."

Careful of Her Candy.
"Now, dear," said mamma to little Edna, who had just been presented with a box of candy, "you must ask one of your little playmates to share it with you."
"Well," rejoined Edna, after a moment's serious thought, "I'll ask Mabel, 'cause candy makes her teeth hurt an' she can't eat much."

Not So Bad Off.
"I hear your father is ill," said a neighbor to 3-year-old Nettie. "What has he got?"
"Him's dot a doctor," replied the little miss.

Strength Needed.
"I don't see why officers in the army should be required to be strong. They don't have to do any lifting."
"No, but they have to carry so many medals."

Reassuring.
She—Let us stop dancing. My hair is coming down.
He—Never mind. I'll pick it up.

A Family Old.
"How old is your grandfather?" asked a visitor of small Willie.
"I don't know," replied Willie, "but he must be awful old; he's been around here ever since I can remember."

Allee Samee White Man.
A city employee tells the story of an officeholder who was one of a party that attended the funeral of a Chinaman on a recent Sunday. He took a great deal of interest in the queer service at the grave, and noticed that, among other things, a roasted duck was left there by the departing mourners.

Calling one of the "Chinks" aside, he asked:
"Why do you leave that duck on the grave? Do you think the dead man will come out and eat it?"
"Yeppes," replied the Boxer sympathizer; "alle samee as le whitee deadee man come outes and smellee flowers!"—Spare Moments.

Misleading Notice.
"You're too early with that bill!"
"Why, your sign reads: 'All bills paid on the 10th.'"
"Yes; but that refers to the tenth month, my friend, and the year is new yet!"—Atlanta Constitution.

In an argument the long-winded man succeeds either in convincing his opponent or in making him tired.

PROMISED RELEASE FROM ENGLISH PRISON AFTER MANY YEARS FIGHT TO THAT END.



MRS. FLORENCE E. MAYBRICK.
The British Home Secretary has at last promised to release Mrs. Maybrick, the American woman who was convicted fourteen years ago on the charge of murdering her English husband. She is to be released next year. The organized movement to secure a pardon for Mrs. Maybrick was begun as soon as she was convicted and the case became famous owing to the almost general belief that Mrs. Maybrick was innocent, and the efforts of thousands of men and women on both sides of the Atlantic in her behalf, persons of worldwide prominence, and even those concerned in her prosecution petitioning Queen Victoria and her successor, King Edward, for the pardon.

LANDLORDS OF THE WEST ARE NOW LEAVING FARMS TO TENANTS.

NEBRASKA'S theoretical economists are alarmed over a new and rather unique phase which they call "the menace of landlordism in the West."

It's all because the Western farmer has insisted on raising such bumper crops for the last five or six years, and the rest of the world has forced him to accept large prices for what he has produced. It has now become an aphorism that the farmer who owns Nebraska or Kansas land is a rich man and could get richer, but is at present rich enough to retire from following the plough.

Each spring and fall there is a big hejira from the farms to the towns and cities of men who have made their pile in the wheat fields and want to rest and educate their children. Most of these men expect to and do live on the rentals from their farms. In the eastern section of Nebraska a good quarter section is worth, according to its improvements, from \$5,000 to \$10,000. It is comparatively easy for its owner to get from \$500 to \$800 a year rent in cash, or, if he is willing to take chances of a crop, to do even better by making it grain rent, and a third of the crop.

Usually a farmer isn't satisfied to retire unless he has a half section, and this gives him income enough in a town to give the boys and girls a run for their money, and, with his simple tastes, to live well.

This, the professors say, will lead to the degeneration and demoralization of the Western farmer, and will soon place agricultural conditions on the same level as in England, Germany and Austria, with landlords living in luxury in the cities and the landowner impoverished. Usually, however, there is not much of the bloated landlord who the retired farmer as he appears to-day, though possibly the second generation from the soil may disclose a different condition.—Utica Globe.

DATES BACK TO THE ROMANS.

Portchester Castle, One of the Oldest Structures in Great Britain.
In the many ruins of castles, fortresses and palaces found in various parts of the British Isles, is found a variety of architecture. Most interesting, perhaps, from an architectural standpoint, is Portchester Castle, on a narrow neck of land jutting out into Portsmouth Harbor, which is a quadrangular structure showing traces of many different styles of architecture. The Britons possessed a fortress on this spot which they called Caer Portus. Under the Romans it was called Portus Magnus and the circular and semicircular towers, as well as the outer walls, still show signs of Roman workmanship. Roman coins and medals have often been dug up in the neighborhood. The keep at the northwest angle of the castle seems from its appearance to have been originally Saxon and there are clear marks of Norman and Tudor styles.

In the time of King John the castle was a prison, but more attractive to the King, and the cause of his frequent visits there, was the wine store in the cellar. At one time, during a war with France, 8,000 prisoners were confined there at one time and were housed together in the castle. The walls of the castle are from eight to twelve feet thick and enclose nearly five acres.

MEN IN PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Admits Who Are Learning to Read and Write.
Visitors of the Jones public school, Harrison street, between State and Dearborn, are frequently astonished at sight of the large and eager groups of adult students at work in the second and third hall ways. Long tables have been placed in these hallways, and about them sit serious faced, determined youths of anywhere from seventeen to twenty-one or twenty-two, each busy with slate, primer, or some simple school problem.

Between seventy and eighty of these ambitious young students sit out in the hallways daily, and most of them are "studying in the first reader," or working at similarly simple and elementary problems. All are determined, however, to "know lots more" before the advent of the warm spring weather calls them away from scholastic labors and back to the workaday world.

Most of these young men are of Italian and Greek extraction, and nearly all are busy, during the more temperate seasons, at fruit selling or some kindred business efforts. No time for the securing of the education they are so desirous of attaining can be found from early spring until late autumn. But when Jack Frost sets them free from their ordinary labors, the Jones school claims interest and time. In order to facilitate their efforts and endeavors the boys and young men are placed by themselves in the hallways of the second and third floors, instead of in the rooms and classes where preliminary instructions are more normally carried on. Thus the adult students are spared the mortification and annoyance of receiving the instruction also imparted to the more youthful first grade pupils in company with these fellow workers of small size and fewer years.

Few of these students meet with any home encouragement or assistance toward studying, and their school work is necessarily of a fragmentary and intermittent nature. But Miss Cora Caveno, the school principal, says that they make thoroughly good, earnest, and devoted students.—Chicago Tribune.

Man and the Automobile.
"Did you ever watch a man dodge an automobile? If not, it is an interesting study," remarked a man who observed things.

The average citizen will uncomplainingly step out of the way of a trolley car that grazes his coat tails, and gaze admiringly at the pair of thoroughbreds which nearly runs him down. He will even smile when he is bumped into by one of those fiends who persist in pushing a bicycle on the sidewalk. Man takes glee in running across the railroad track in front of a fast train and then turning around with a pleased smile and lingering to watch the flying engine and cars. But just let the chauffeur make his unceremonious whistle creak and watch the face of the citizen.

He will glance up and down and say things that would cause an application of the blue pencil right here were they inserted. He will glare at the driver of the automobile and make remarks derogatory to the social status of his ancestors back to the dawn of creation. Just why this condition exists is hard to tell, but the man with the disposition of a friendly puppy becomes a growling demon of hate whenever he has to get out of the way of an auto.

A man is a woman's natural protector. By marrying her, he protects her from the title of "old maid."