

The Hop Outlook.

The shortage in this year's hop crop has been more than has been anticipated by even the dealers who are supposed to keep posted on the hop harvest. As a consequence hops have taken a decided raise in price with every prospect that there will be no dropping back to ruinously low rate of two months ago. The small quantity harvested is only partially responsible for the raise in price, the leading factor being the superior quality of this year's crop over that of the past two years. There is enough of old hops on hand to last the brewers for another year, but quality does not compare with that of this year. Hereafter the growers could sell anything they baled, with the result that much of the hops put on the market was carefully picked and not always dried and cured as they should have been to produce the best article. At the beginning of the hop harvest this year the extreme low price of hops made it apparent that only first class hops could be sold, making it imperative that only the most perfect bolls should be picked and that the greatest care should be exercised to secure a clean, well cured article. This care with the greater experience that they have attained has made the crop of '96 one of the best ever put on the market. As a result of the fine article offered the brewers are buying the new crop in preference to the old, even at an advanced price. The lesson that this year teaches our hop raisers, is that there is yet money in the business, if they will heed the demands of and only send out a strictly first class article. The indications are that the price will be at a paying rate next year for there will be no surplus of this year's crop and the old crop of last year can not be sold so as to break the market for a new crop especially when the latter is of a superior quality. After giving their yards the necessary cultivation the growers who have realized the best prices this year are the ones who had an expert inspector precede the pickers each day through the yard and break down every vine that showed indications of mould or was inferior in any way, so as to preclude the possibility of the pickers from getting the poor hops, which they so often do by reason of their lack of experience in judging the quality, or haste in filling their boxes. A rigid yard inspection makes it impossible for the sale of the crop to be injured by a few mouldy or half-ripe hops that the pickers may have gathered and with the proper skill in curing, our hop men can build up a reputation for Oregon hops that will give them a paying market for each year's crop.

Final Report of Grand Jury.

Daily Guard, October 31. In the circuit court of the State of Oregon for Lane county. To the Hon J. C. Edgerton, Judge: The grand jury would respectfully make this their final report: That we have been in session during the week and have examined and reported to the court all cases where parties were bound over for their appearance before the grand jury, returning true and not true bills therein as the evidence produced before us seemed to warrant. Also that we have examined into all other criminal matters presented for our consideration, and disposed of the same according to law. That we have made the usual visit to county offices and the county jail and having ended all business brought before us we make this final report, and respectfully ask to be excused from further attendance by the court. W. L. HORTON, Foreman. Dated at Eugene, Oregon, October 31, 1896.

BIRTHDAY SURPRISE.—Sunday was the day on which Horace Burnett reached the 21st milestone in the journey of life, and on Saturday evening he was tendered a surprise party by a number of his friends at his home on Patterson street in honor of the occasion. It was indeed a complete surprise. The evening was pleasantly spent in social games and other amusements and a beautiful luncheon was served at 11. It was near midnight when the guests left for their homes, but not until they all wished the young host many happy returns of the day. Those who comprised this happy gathering were: Misses Lella Hayes, Mae Awoxy, Alice Baldwin, Edith Denny, Laura Burnett, Ida Evenson, Margaret Hollenbeck, Bertha Dale, Alice Smith, Edna Burnett, Ida Houston, Charles Evenson, Pearl Lakin, Florence Burnett, Belle Keeney, Virginia Kuanp, Stella Rowland; Messrs Horace Burnett, Will J. White, A. E. Gardner, John A. Palmer, M. C. Harris, Frank P. White, Walter J. Shelley, of Portland.

The Oregon Poultry Journal just received says among other things concerning the poultry exhibit at the state fair: To our Lane county breeders, Messrs. Amos Wilkins, W. E. Wilcox, T. J. Vaughn, Elvin Taylor and others great credit is due for the splendid exhibit of that county. Especially does the superintendent feel indebted to Mr. Amos Wilkins for his continued efforts in bringing about so fine an exhibit from the Lane county breeders. The wife of Mr. Leonard Wells, of East Brimfield, Mass., had been suffering from neuralgia for two days, not being able to sleep or hardly keep still, when Mr. Holden the merchant tendered her a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and asked that she give it a thorough trial. On meeting Mr. Wells the next day he was told that she was all right, the pain had left her within two hours, and that the bottle of Pain Balm was worth \$5.00 if it could not be had for less. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by Osburn & Delano, druggists.

Last Monday at Lakeview, W. L. Keys was sentenced to six months in the penitentiary, and Sheriff Lane expected to start with him for Salem on Tuesday night. Monday evening, when Deputy Sheriff Nelson opened the jail door to take Keys and Kendrick to supper, Keys stepped out and Kendrick remained inside. The deputy sheriff looked in to see what had become of Kendrick, when Keys took to his heels and disappeared. As the night was intensely dark, it was next to impossible to catch the runaway. This is the second time Keys has escaped.

ONE MORE BOY.—Salem Statesman: Orville Hendershott, aged 16 years, was yesterday received at the reform school upon a commitment from Multnomah county. Young Hendershott was convicted of petty larceny, and on account of his youth, he was sent to the reform school instead of a prison. This makes the total number of boys in the institution 117, of which 135 are on parole, leaving 119 actually in the care of the officials.

CITIZENSHIP PAPERS.—The following persons, today, before the county clerk filed their intention of becoming citizens of the United States: S. Peter Sorenson and N. S. Sorenson, natives of Denmark.

A SUDDEN CONVERSION.

The Cottage Grove-Lemati Moderator was a firm supporter of free silver and Wm J. Bryan until September 26 when the editor came here hobnobbing with the republican leaders. The very next issue he was out for "sound money."

Why, the sudden flip? To prove that we are correct we will first quote from the Moderator of Aug. 1, 1896: "The recent rise on the part of the banks of New York and other Eastern cities in coming to the 'rescue' of the United States treasury to prevent a decline of the reserve, is the most humiliating spectacle this country has ever witnessed. It is but a tacit admission of the control of our national finances being in the hands of private financiers. If the banks of the country can bolster up a declining public treasury they can rob it when it is to their interest to do so. Where is the dignity and authority of this government, that it must submit to the humiliation of allowing private corporations to control its affairs? Banks and private concerns should be subjected to the dictates of the government, and the government should have sufficient wisdom, discretion and dignity to manage its national finances. The intelligent people of the country can not be convinced but the tactics on the part of the banks is but a campaign dodge to prevent further distrust concerning our national policies; had it been at any other time they would have taken advantage of the depleted condition of the treasury. These relations of the banks with the national treasury portend no good for the country. Repeated deals show conclusively that the financial policies of the United States are wholly and entirely regulated by private financiers."

Mr. Ross was at this date certainly an advocate of sound doctrines.

We again quote from the Moderator of August 29th. "The latest bug-a-boo turned out of the Oregonian's fiction factory is a story to the effect that if Bryan is elected creditors will immediately foreclose all due, or over due debts, in order to realize upon them while on a sound money basis, and in this way bring greater disaster upon the creditor or debtor, the next administration. Don't be alarmed. Ninety-nine one-hundredths of the loans and credits are written in gold, and those who have them so written will be in no hurry to take them up for the reason that they will never have an opportunity to secure them again. All loans called in before the next administration would have to be re-issued again, if at all, upon the basis of debased currency, or with the prospect of its being repaid in the 'coin of the realm' or the currency of the country. Any administration that will adopt the free coinage of silver will make it full legal tender, and the only way to make it full legal tender is to stop the discrimination against it by gold contracts. In which case it will be to the creditor's advantage over due gold contract loans undisturbed. There will be no stampede to call in gold contract loans if Bryan is elected, for if he is elected the same money can never be loaned again on such terms."

After conversation with Mr. Ross we were surprised that he should go over to the McKinley forces.

2000 Deer Killed.

Ashland Record: "J. K. Leabo was here from Elk creek this week with another load of fine venison. D. J. Graham accompanied him. Jim has killed and marketed some 125 fine deer this season. The hunting in that celebrated section this season has been unusually successful. Of the regular professional hunters, it is estimated that Lewis Martin has killed 200, John Winningham 150, Sam Geary and Geo. Wells 125 apiece, Cal Winningham 150, Thos and Joseph Cole and Geo. Gilland about 100, Mark Winningham 150 and Dave Pence, who does Geary's peddling and packs out, about 30. These are principal hunters living in that section. The other hunters some from the valley towns. The finest buck of the season was killed Saturday by Scott Morris. He was a six pointer and weighed over a dozen lbs. Morris has killed about a dozen this season. It is estimated this season there has been 2000 deer killed by hunters in that district, the meat being either sold or preserved. The Elk creek breeding ground and fawning range where this great supply of deer come from, and are killed is about twenty miles round, the Cow Horn rocks on the Umpqua divide being the furthest boundary and Elk creek, which empties into Rogue river, the edge on this side. They come down the mountain in the winter and work their way up as the snow recedes in the spring. About fawning time the woods are full of young deer around the licks, a salt-peter substance that oozes out of the edges of rocks or in banks, for which deer have a great appetite for. Thousands of deer are bred there and killed annually."

THE CLOSING MEETING.—The republicans closed the campaign Saturday evening in this city at the opera house. It was proposed to have had a grand rally but the rain prevented this. However the uniformed club gave a short parade. The opera house was packed full of people to hear the speaker of the occasion, Hon S. M. Yoran, and hundreds were turned away for lack of room. It was a grand tribute to Mr. Yoran, as a citizen and a neighbor. After a selection by the McKinley quartet, Mr. Kuykendall introduced the speaker in a few well chosen words. Mr. Yoran discussed the issues of the campaign in a manfully, logical and conservative manner. His speech was certainly the ablest effort made on the republican side this campaign.

Hops.—Orders of 11 cents per pound were made for hops at Salem and Independence yesterday. Growers refused to sell.

Stove repairs, any piece of any cooking stove or heater furnished or put in to order. F. L. Chambers.

I FEAR NO POWER A WOMAN WIELDS.

I fear no power a woman wields. While I can hear the woods and fields, With comradeship alone of sun, Gray marsh, wastes and the burning sun. For aye the heart's most poignant pain Will wear away 'neath hall and rain. And reach of winds through branches bare, With something still to do and flare. The lonely watch beside the shore, The wild willow's cry, the sweep of oar, And paths that virgin sky to stain, Untrod, and so unshared by man. Gramercy for thy haunting face, Thy charm of voice and limous grace, I fear no power a woman wields. While I can hear the woods and fields. —Ernest McJaffey.

A PUNCTURED TIRE.

I defy any one to produce a more perfect specimen of the bicycle kind than I was when I left the manufacturer on a beautiful May morning just two months ago. They were proud of me at the shops—indeed I think there was something about my graceful frame and polished enamel finish that made me stand out one apart from the thousands of other wheels around me. The first journey I took was when I left my native city and was shipped, with many companions, to Washington. I liked this beautiful Capital City and longed for a spin on the smooth asphalt pavements, but it seemed for a time that I was doomed to disappointment.

I was taken to the bicycle school, where I spent most of my days watching the strange antics of beginners, the earnest efforts of those who had taken several lessons and the lofty, though sometimes uncertain, airs of the ones almost ready to ride in the street.

In all of this I had no part. I was a new wheel and must wait quietly until purchased. Sometimes my indignation would be aroused by the rough treatment bestowed upon the poor machines on which the beginners were taught by their inexperienced riders. How they slammed those wheels around!

Day after day I watched those sights until I was weary of it all, and beyond making a firm resolution to throw myself down a precipice before descending to such work I did nothing for several weeks. At last, one beautiful morning—I remember well, it was May 19—the manager of the place came in the park accompanied by a very pretty girl and an older lady, whom I took to be the girl's mother.

They came over to the rack in which I stood, and drawing me out, he said: "Here is exactly what you want, miss. There is not a finer wheel in the city. Look at that frame, good and strong, beautifully finished, light weight, just lift it, not 25 pounds, all the bearings turned from tool steel."—The girl's pretty face was as a study as she looked me up and down in an anxious effort to find the different parts to which the manager referred so glibly.

"I like it," she said at length. "Don't you, mother? You see," turning to the man, "I have been about a month trying to buy a wheel. I thought it would be quite easy, but we have had a dreadful time. Besides having gone to about 20 places ourselves, we have had at least 20 agents, who have wanted a wheel, come after us, and the most puzzling part of it all is that each one says all the others are perfectly worthless. So mother and I made up our minds to give them all the slip, and that is why we came here this morning. Let us take this wheel, mother."

The mother approached me, tried to look critical, gave me a gentle shake, and said: "Well, it seems to be a good strong one. I do hope you won't have any accidents." That very afternoon I was sent to my new home, a magnificent brownstone on Connecticut avenue, and in a few days I knew all about the family, for gossip is rife in the servants' hall, in a little room adjoining which I was kept.

My young mistress was named Bessie Bainbridge. She was the only—and needless to say overindulged—child of wealthy parents, and just now, of course, she was suffering from a bad case of bicycle fever. Almost every evening after dark the devoted father and mother would sit out on the porch and watch Bessie and me struggling up and down the street. A young friend of hers was teaching her to ride, and of all patient and devoted instructors that handsome man took the lead. He was a fine fellow, too, and never seemed too hot or tired to invent suitable answers to the parents' endless questions as to why Bessie couldn't ride along like the other girls did, and what made the wheel wobble so, wasn't something the matter, and hadn't they better go back to the man and complain, and was he sure there was no danger. The last time Bessie had run into the tree box it looked from where they sat as though she might have had a serious fall if he hadn't caught her in time.

As I say, he was wonderfully patient, for Bessie, to tell the truth, was very stupid and had a silly little way of grabbing one of my handle bars tightly and throwing all her weight on that same side, which was enough to make any self-respecting wheel turn her over in the gutter. I must confess I did this numberless times and also played a few other little tricks on her, one of which, turning into the pavement when the rider is trying to mount and turn you out, is a great favorite among the ladies' wheels.

Later on, however, I got to like Bessie, who was as clever off a wheel as she was stupid on, and Bob, as they called the young man, was my friend from the first.

So in about a week we began to make a most harmonious trio, and then Bob would bring his own wheel around, and that made pleasant company for me.

One thing I objected to from the first, and Bob agreed with me, I think, was a friend of Bessie's, who came to the house almost every night and sat with her parents calmly sipping some cool drink and encouraging us by calling out from time to time how such and such a thing might be avoided or how to set under certain circumstances. Then he would add to the comfort of the parents by a low remark to the effect that "Bob Richards didn't know as much about a wheel," and sometimes he would keep Bessie's courage up by promising to take her for some long rides as soon as she had mastered the wavy bicycle.

I didn't like him, and Bob didn't, and Bessie—well, we couldn't tell about her. I only know after we had put in an hour's exhausting labor she would get off to rest, and leaving Bob to see to me, would run up the steps to ask if Mr. Meredith didn't think she was doing better, and wasn't it entirely Bob's fault that she fell over that last time. She thought he had had a part of the wheel, and when she found he hadn't, of course, she fell off, and it was as much to play her. And then the whole party would never be heard from again.

Bob never would listen her progress. Bob never would say a word in his own behalf, but I used to even up matters by

going very carefully when I felt him let go, until Bessie would cry out in delight: "Oh, look at me! I am riding beautifully!" and Mr. Meredith would say languidly: "Bravo! Now, remember what I told you about the pedals." And then I would lose my temper and stop suddenly in a bit of mud, and off would go Bessie before you could say Jack Robinson.

She didn't know a thing about making herself mistress of a wheel. All she wanted was to sit on and ride. She was one of those girls who will never manage anything unless, maybe, a husband.

All things come to him who waits. And as at length Mr. Meredith, who had been doing the waiting to perfection, had Bessie come to him with the glad news that she could ride splendidly now, and couldn't they make up some parties and go out on the road. Then we had several very pleasant rides. Occasionally there would be quite a crowd, but very often only four—Bessie with Mr. Meredith and Bob relegated to her chum, a Miss Grey, who really was a beautiful rider.

I did not like this arrangement, as Mr. Meredith rode one of those gaudy, conspicuous affairs that no really nice wheel would wish to be seen with in the street, but Bessie and I were quite friendly about that time, and I was trying to please her by giving as little trouble as possible.

Before long Bessie became convinced of the idea that she was a famous rider and suggested that we all take a trip out to Cabin John Bridges. I heard Bob advise her to try a shorter run first, but then Mr. Meredith came up and said it would be delightful, and of course Miss Bessie could do it easily, there wasn't a better rider in the city, and he fixed on the next day for the trip.

The next day dawned clear and warm, and we set out about 4:30 o'clock. I must admit that Bessie looked as pretty as a picture in her dainty suit, with its many buttons and jaunty cap. Before we started Bob came up to me, as he always did, to see that all my parts were secure and firm and that no pebbles or bits of dirt were scratching against my chain. He did not look particularly pleased over the trip, and indeed I fully agreed with him that it was far too long for Bessie to attempt.

At length we were spinning merrily along. I was determined to act my best, so took the lead, with that circus wheel of Mr. Meredith's, leaving Bob and Miss Grey to follow. All went well for about four miles, and then Bessie began to wobble. She was tired, very tired, as I could easily tell by the feeble way she pushed on my pedals, but she was determined not to give up before Mr. Meredith and own Bob right up, no!

Suddenly she gave a cry, something between a gasp and a scream. "Oh, look—in front of us—see that drove of cows!"

"They won't hurt you," said Mr. Meredith in a superior way. "Come on."

"But my wheel—it always—always shies at cows," gasped poor Bessie.

Mr. Meredith's lip curled. "I really can't face those cows," said Bessie again between gasps. "Lella, come and ride in front. Then you and Mr. Meredith can run into them first."

I gladly slowed up in pursuance of this idea, for Bessie was too tired to have the slightest control over me, and dropped behind me, no!

"Bessie, you are tired to death," he exclaimed injudiciously.

"I'm not," replied Bessie, furious at once. "But I'm afraid of those cows. Wait till you see how this wheel shies!"

"Keep it pointed straight, and I believe it will go by all right," said Bob soothingly. "Let us get off and rest. I am as tired as—"

"No I won't get off. I'm not a bit tired."

"Take the center of the road then," said Bob, as we neared the meek looking cows. "They can't hurt you; I'm on their side. Don't go up on that path or you'll get a puncture sure."

That gave me an idea. Bessie was tired out and too proud to own it. She would certainly fall off if she did not get down in a few minutes. A puncture would be an excellent excuse for resting. Then, again, she had said twice that I shied at cows—well, I would make her words true.

Without further hesitation I ran down a little incline in the road and made for the bypath Bob had warned us of.

Crunch, crunch, blif! A silvery feeling along my tire, an agonized cry from Bessie. "Oh, Bob, Bob! Look, I told you!"

In a moment Bob was beside us and had lifted her to the ground.

"Your tire is punctured," he said briefly. "Wait a minute, let me think what to do."

I felt a personal interest in the affair, so let my breath go out as slowly as possible until Mr. Meredith said, "I have it!" and pulling out his knife he ripped a puncture in his own tire that put mine to shame. Then he shouted to Meredith and Miss Grey, who came flying back.

"What is the matter?" they cried.

"We both got in a bad bit here," said Bob, "and have punctured in consequence. Will you two ride on to Cabin John and send something after us?"

"Yes, I guess we had better go on. No use of our losing the ride, you know," said Mr. Meredith, but Miss Grey would not agree to that, so they finally decided to ride back to Bessie's home and send the carriage after her.

And then off they went, and Bessie, who was utterly exhausted, began to cry a little, and Bob found a cool place under the trees and was trying to comfort her, much to my interest, when I suddenly discovered that I was slipping from where Bessie had insecurely stood me up beside a tree.

Down, down I went, until seeing a nice soft spot I fell over on my side and lay there contentedly for about an hour.

I was aroused by Bob's voice hailing a farmer driving by in a wagon. After some talk the man agreed to take them in town.

A LEAP YEAR LETTER.

"Well, I am blest!" It was no wonder that Bob Kirk stared at the letter he held in his hand, for it contained a proposal of marriage, and it bore the signature "Katie Armstrong." Katie! Sweet, charming Katie, who had refused a dozen at least.

"Poor little thing! It must have been hard for her to write," he thought. "No doubt she wished to help me. My Jove, I'm a lucky fellow."

"My darling Katie," he began, "I'm a blunt, stupid fellow and never could say what I felt, but I love you and have loved you longer than you have any idea of. If you will have me, I shall be the happiest man alive. May I call this evening? Yours, Bob."

Meanwhile Miss Armstrong was going about her daily avocations as if there were no such disturbing elements as lovers and proposals in the world. She was the only lively individual at the breakfast table, for Tom and Will, her irrepressible school-brothers, were not in their usual spirits. Katie milled them on their abstraction as she prepared their lunch.

"You needn't tell me, Tom. I know better," for the youth was earnestly protesting that his conscience was perfectly clear. "You'll both be wanting me to help you out of a scrape. Now, I've warned you. And she shook her pretty head at them as they departed, with guilty countenances.

"Katie, dear!" It was her mother's voice. The girl looked ruefully at the lakeboard and four barrel, then ran up stairs.

"I want you to run out to Brown's to match this wool, dear. I can't get on with my knitting."

"I'll get on my hat at once," she said brightly, and presently looked in again with a face so sunny that one hardly noticed how shabby was the little hat coquettishly perched on the brown curls.

"Katie!" Her brown eyes met his as frankly as usual. Her smile was unembarrassed, it was the gentleman who blushed and looked uncomfortable.

"—You—did you get my note?" he stammered; then, noting her look of surprise: "No, of course not. What am I thinking of?"

"Your note?" she repeated innocently. "No, what was in it, Bob? Anything particular?"

"Anything particular! And Bob felt her letter at that identical moment crackling in his breast pocket! Katie looked at him with wondering eyes.

"—It is impossible to explain here," he said, with heightened color. "Are you to be at home tonight, Katie?"

"Yes, certainly. Come to tea, Bob. I'll have scones and marmalade."

Scones and marmalade! Bob wondered vaguely as he sat at his desk a few moments later whether he had dreamed it all. And Katie wondered what made Bob so unlike himself and what on earth he had been writing to her about.

"Here's your wool, mother—the exact shade, and here are some flowers. I couldn't resist them. I was tempted with cowslips, but—"

"Cowslips!" "In the milliner's," laughed Katie. "Oh! Did you meet Prince Charming?" with a smile.

"No, only Bob Kirk. He is coming to tea, so I must make scones."

"Just then the doorbell rang. "The post," thought Katie and opened the door. It was Bob's letter. Wondering much, she tore it open.

"My darling Katie!" She looked round startled, the rich color dyeing cheek and brow, then quickly shut herself in her little room and read the short note through. She was not mistaken then. It was a proposal from Bob—just the kind of proposal she might have expected from him, dear old fellow, if she had ever thought of such a thing. But he had never said a word of love till today.

Tom and Will were not often particular about their toilet. As a rule they threw their caps in the hall, tumbling over each other in their eagerness to be first at the tea table.

On this particular evening they were late, but when at last they made their appearance their faces shone from recent ablutions and their entrance was decorous. Will came first, urged from behind, but stopped short on the threshold, his eyes round with astonishment.

"Mind your eyes," growled Tom. "You needn't tramp on a fellow's toes." Then he, too, opened his eyes.

"Hello! I say!" "It's all right, youngster," said a cheerful voice. It was Bob, sitting in Tom's particular chair, beside Katie and the tea kettle. He was holding her hand in his, and what was more astonishing, Katie seemed to like it, and the matter was beaming approval.

"This is my seat now," explained Bob, and Tom neckily drew his chair to a respectful distance.

It was all eight evidently, as Bob said, but Tom and Will were not easy in their minds and haunted the lovers throughout the evening, to their great discomfort, until Bob had fairly said good night. Then they slipped out after him.

"I say, Bob." "Well?" Bob felt amiably disposed to all Katie's belongings, even to Tom and Will.

"It's all right with you and Katie." "All right! I should think so," with emphasis.

"Did you—did she—I mean?" Tom had difficulty in finding words. "Was it her letter that did it?" "What do you mean?" "Because," Tom blurted out the words, "she didn't send that letter. It was Will and I that did it."

The murder was out. Bob caught the culprit by the collar. Tom squirmed.

"Don't, Bob. She wrote it, really and truly, and Will and I found it and put the names and sent it to you for fun. We were sorry this morning when we thought of it," said Tom remorsefully in conclusion. "It was a low thing to do, Tom, but seeing you have confessed and are sorry, I'll forgive you on condition that you never let Katie find out. You hear—and Will too! For she wouldn't forgive any of us—and it might lead to trouble."

So Katie had written it after all! It was very puzzling.

The mystery was explained a fortnight later. When Bob opened The Penny Pioneer of that date, he stared and rubbed his eyes, for there was Katie's letter, word for word. And, reading farther, he saw that The Pioneer had pleasure in announcing that the prize for the best letter containing long yearnings and had been gained by X. Y. Z.—Anonymous.

At a Loss of Date. "Your wife seems anxious to be up to date, Tugly."

"Up to date! She's way ahead, she's got a lot of trouble borrowed for year after next."—Chicago Record.