Thrilling Tales of Love and Adventure

A Little Superstition

HISPER, are-you-

superstitious? always

You are the little nan who said you could live withlove; you denied any desire or into wed even the best man in giggled merrily and admitted that e some men, but certainly not all d who expects you to?) that you ild marry, provided the right man ed you, and you have to admit that abudder when a black cat leaps oss your path, and you do not know y you do it, but you cut your hair the first Friday of the new moon, actually note results, for it makes e when you break a mirror; how you are to have money in your when you first behold the new

dsten, would you get married on thirteenth of the month? Well, might, for it is a great temptato get married when you can, but he marriage had even a little riptrimonial difficulties, you,-deny

he one reason why many persons a is due to the fact that in this, mingly, enlightened age, we are posed to look upon everything of black cat and Salem witchcraft er as nothing short of complete igh-destroying or hope building. way of thriving in each gention. You can make a person laugh iny superstition except his own pet

"dark ages" and the twentieth

omen. The hypothesis that "if a dog tain I saw hundreds, so it goes to child that a neighbor woman had the ried, I see." Naturally I said I was temple; the sign of the cross is made to enter the house first on the New howls it is a sign of death in the fam-You are not? You ily" is so old and so well established say that, as a fact in the minds of some perpossibly because it sons, that nothing short of death itself is a woman's way to deny that which most absurd of all omens, for dogs she has the firmest have howled ever since dogs were on belief in, or wishes the market.

the most to possess. Thirteen clubs have been establshed for ages, it seems, and no hostess willhospitable board. The thirteenth perworld; you have denied many off his superstitious fears, yet it is igs you believed in! Then, when shown that he does not wish to be the ught face to face with the charge, unfortunate person to be seated at the table

The harmless, or partially tamed domestic cat, which purrs softly in one's a hurry. It was the last pin I ever lap during the day, is loathed by many picked up from the sidewalk. women if it prowls in the sanctuary at night. The touch of a cat is most dising almost overcome by a very peculiar sensation. I am not the least fearful of a cat, yet I cannot bring myself to touch even the most playful kitten.

The world expects more of the eduis true, but these pet mental torments are everywhere, and while accusing others of their peculiar belief. I confess that I am exceedingly wary of 25, although for more than four years I drew a weekly salary of \$25, but I of disturbance upon the sea of finally lost my position on the 25th of trimonial difficulties, you,-deny the month. I consider it my "hoodoo" t you dare,-would say in most em- day, simply because I have kept an ac-tic terms, sadly and hopelessly, count of the many peculiar happenings ell, you see, I was wedded on the which have been somewhat distressing and they all date to the 25th, of cerand they all date to the 25th, of certain months. I stop there, for it is my im they are immune from supersti- mental gem of superstition. I do not

putting a garment on wrong side out. was walking down the boulevard in ance. However, elaborate statis- the city of St. Louis. My companion prove that drinking at the fount was a highly cultured young woman knowledge has no tendency what- of thirty. Suddenly she sprang ahead r to destroy old beliefs which, if of her, swooped to the pavement and soned out, would be groundless, as suddenly leaped back, laughing as those very ideas, spooky, uncanny, she held up a crooked, rusty hairpin. "A new beau" ahe estatically exclaimed. was amazed, for it seemed so

idiotic, especially for her to do anything so silly. I noted she was looking about her, up and down and all tury have at least one bond of around. I inquired what she was one, too, had the bad policy to publish apathy, all are more or less su- looking for and she said that it was a series of articles to the effect that stitious, yet denying it right along. necessary to hang the hairpin on a there were ghosts. A good ghost story my money and left, n many colleges throughout the nail or the beau would not arrive, is readable, and ilkable by a person At another time I d various methods have been adopt- "Did you never observe the hairpins whose mind is sufficiently well poised of young persons and this woman was to ascertain whether the bright hanging on telegraph poles?" she ask-to be a non-believer, but bless hearts genuinely clever in character reading, add within the temples of knowl- ed. I had to admit that I did not; but and spades, a believer will lose breath although she understood the trick of

charming young woman believed in the new beau when the wire hairpin Was found. A straight wire ha'rpin would result in the destruction of the denoted a lover; a crooked one, a woman; a small pin, a child. After this incident, I noticed many persons. from time to time, picking up hair-pins. Did 1? Certainly, for I am a woman. When I found a new pin, I ingly will set thirteen persons at her met a fine little lawyer that week,

and he was a grand rascal; the pin son will decline the seat, and laugh I picked up on Olive street was hung devil to get me every night. I was on a nail in a new building. A workman sang out to me, "Hello little girl. I'm single, will you take me?" I had the good grace to laugh, but I felt mighty foolish, and went my way in

picked up from the sidewalk. Possibly there is nothing which takes a firmer grip upon womankind agreeable to most persons. I, myself, than that erroneous belief that some ho cannot touch any animal without be- departed soul, the disembodied spirit of. that has escaped the toil and turmoil

of life, can come back to earth and communicate with loved ones. Imagine, if you can, the horror that

a young mother experiences when she "communicates" with the spirit of her cated person than the ignorant, that beloved babe. The death was cruel enough, and it was hard to see the baby slip out of her loving arms that cuddled the little body each night; and it was doubly hard to see the little form lowered into the tiny flowervoice speaking to the bereft mother. lined grave, but imagine its lisping O, that such belief could be forever destroyed! If it were possible for the person to communicate with loved ones, God in His infinite wisdom would make it possible for those persons to called it was a shock. She followed soothe the broken hearts of loved ones that mourn in the deepest of all hubelieve in ghosts, spirit talks, gotting man grief. Never was a greater fake her say, and I said nothing to encour-out of bed with the left foot first or perpetrated on a same and sensible age her on. She spoke of the death world; and nothing in the omen world One time, possibly two years ago, I has had a more faithful audience. It is husband, a certain married man who such a temptation to go, even though figured scandalously in my life, and one may go without belief, and return she made a furious attack upon my with a brain of wonder.

been harshly dealt with by the law; yet so cunning are the workings of many, that their methods seem truly else, for I would almost commit murmarvelous, and many of the world's der if anyone attacked the honesty greatest scientists have tried to dis-

trade, yet are bafled at every turn. Not long ago a magazine, and a good

show that more persons than this lack of good sense to tell me that if I not. She then told me of a light man, at the festive or humble board, and it Year. The "Open House" was said were mad the devil would sit on the also one medium dark, and saw a footboard of my bed and some night- wedding in the distance. She saw of course, when I least expected it .-more than I did, for at that particuhe would get me; however, if I were lar reading the only man who was in good, obeyed my mother and did ev- my life was a married man, my manerything according to what she said. ager, and I mentally called him "Sitand what everyone else said, a beau- ting Bull," so I was quite certain her tiful angel would sit there and watch predictions were meaningless. over me in loving vigil throughout the course, like others,' she said I soon night. As I was not very good, ! livshould hear of a death, a wedding, i great surprise and I would be ill. I ed in eternal torment expecting the think she predicted ptomaine poisonglad when footboards went out of ing. As I was boarding at the time, style, for now I have none on my I believed her, for I had enjoyed evlowly couch whereon his satanic majesty may perch his unholy self. If erything else in the various boarding houses, and was not going to miss anyhe gets me, and he may, for added thing my money could procure; but I years and hard work have not subnever had it. dued my fun-loving spirit nor spella of spontaneous deviltry, he may claim women and their pet superstitions, it his own and I will come into my own goes without saying that they are not hot estate, as hot as the hinges therealone in their mental happiness or misery, for men are as prone to super-

The love-lorn will flock to the forstition as the sparks fly upward. tune-tellers. I have gone myself, but I cannot say they ever impressed me. I am something of a character reader fat-faced moon of his Dutch almanac. myself, and can understand full well how an intuitive mind can read most persons,-not all-but a few. If the reader is clever, skillful, and sympahe happens to plant them at the prop thetic, there is every hope of drawing er period,-why those beans excel the from the visitor sufficient material to mythological story of Jack the Giantwork on. Still, I must confess, that killer. He claims that if cucumbers I have been puzzled at some clairare planted when the signs are "twins" that there will be a double are voyants. I visited a renowned medium at one time and as soon as I was seatcrop of cucumbers. Women plant ed before her, she called my name. It flower seeds when the signs show the made the hair raise straight up on my woman holding the bunch of flowers head. My name is anything but a comin her hand. That is the sign of Virgo. mon one, and the mere fact that she the bowels. by telling me I was a married woman. weaned their babies when the "signs" I am single, but I permitted her to say were below the heart. The modern mother weans her baby at the start and allows it to yell its lungs out or of my child, the unfaithfulness of my dies. It is up to the nurse, the cow and the pacifier to do what mother used to do. It is not known what sign it is that made most present-day chastity, and saw before me a great mothers withdraw the natural feast This fake has been uncarthed in calamity, for I was standing on the from her babe, but put it down as many cities, and the perpetrators have precipice of great danger. I wondered how on earth she could tell my name, turbance in Nature's own dining room. and go so far astray on everything or weaned when the signs were in Pisces, the feet, for they are natural of my womanhood, and I was not encover the peculiar theory of their tangled in an affair de amour with office where I am quite certain the any married man, and I never shall be. Then I looked down at my handman was born or weaned under this sign, for there is no record on earth. bag and saw cleverly carved across or above the earth, or even below it the latch was my name! I paid her ried when the signs were in the heart.

At another time I went with a party morning frolic at Dan Cupid's altar. e were disturbed by these petty when she hung her pin upon a nail, it and cuddle all up in a tiny knot in leading her subject on to reveal cer-rs. Strange as it may seem, not had four rusty companions! We then bed, at the mere recollection of that tain important features to work on. young man or woman dented a amused ourselves looking for halrpins story. of the cross. It is a pretty custom and there are many occasions for it. He

sympolic of what is pure, holy, 11 eternal in the Christian sense. In itself it is nothing, yet beautifully significant of what is good. After the awakening of a misty and dreamy existence of spiritual bodies, thought waves, astral figures and oth-Of er peculiar ideas of an existence not seen with the naked eye, many learned persons delved as deeply as possible into the new conditions. It is not

based so much on superstition as a theory that there is a fluid of influence which each learned person may use to his advantage. It empraces everything pertaining to thought waves. wireless telegraphy, etc. As yet so ponderous is its purport that not many persons have adopted it in the com-While this article was to deal with mercial world as a means of making a living. It is confined almost wholly to societies and "circles."

Perhaps there is no place where the belief in the uncanny is so carefully There is the farmer who studies the nourished as right upon the American playboards where we might naturally He has a deep-rooted belief in his look for its complete elimination, cspebrain pan that if he plants beans in a cially among persons of rare talent certain period of the moon that those and highly developed intellectual atbeans will not climb the pole; and if tainments.

May things are considered harbingactresses retain some article of clothing they wore upon the night of their crowning success in the play-world. Their bad omens are so numerous that, at first glance of the entire list, one is inclined to wonder whether they believe in anything real. They avoid certain yellow shades, which they consider casts certain evil spells. The old-fashioned mothers cat that follows them as a mascot is beloved and petted so long as the felineship member of the troupe does not scurry across . the stage. That, alone, is trouble without anything else to support the belief. What a manager won't do, and what he will do to the person who whistles in the theater is most interesting, for it brings trouble as surely as the crowing of the chanticleer brings company if he a sign that something caused a discrows in the kitchen door.

An actor who has been on the stage long enough to acquaint himself with certain superstitions will never, never go on the stage where there is the picare considered as worse than ill omens, and one famous actress posiin a play where the stage settings not occur. were a wonderful development created wholly in lights and gauzes of these brilliant tints; nor would she supreme, the play went on, and, as plete failure.

to be adopted by mothers with eligible daughters to interest men in calling on New Year's Day, No doubt many pretty romances have been enacted as fair lips sipped the New Year's beverages, and merry eyes laughed across the punch bowl, but history does not record anything unusual when a woman was the first caller.

The countless festivities occasioned at Hallow E'en are not without some hidden belief that the mystic charms and fun-provoking amusements are not a wee bit truthful. Happy, indeed, is the girl who finds the ring, for well she knows it fortells her coming marriage.

In foreign countries where male birth is so important and the appearance of a little girl so sadly deplored, there is any amount of witchcraft practiced in hope that the little child will be a son. Even among royalty the omens have been cast, magicians have been paid enormous sums to make certain the sex of a child. It is considered most fortunate when an heir is born to any kingdom.

In the professional world are many peculiar beliefs, some too absurd to ers of good luck. Most all actors and chronicle, others as reasonable as any, if any are to be considered within the bounds of good sense or judgment.

> We have long wondered why it was that presentiments have, at times, come true. Whatever It is or is not, yet we all know of persons who have had presentingents and they actually occurred. In the occult world they describe it as the anapping of the chain between two harmonious bodies. Many women have awakened from their slumber conscious of the fact that some great danger had befallen their husbands. If we are to believe these stories, they are often founded upon facts.

Dreams are either most delightful, or else they produce profound gloom, and many persons are morbid as long as the dream remains in mind. So sure are some dreamers that what they dream means something significant in the occurrences of the day that they keep a book of dreams that they may interpret them as soon as they ture of an ostrich. Feafowl feathers awake. It keeps them in a continual state of worry or they enjoy a bllarious condition of mind which fortells tively refused to take the leading part coming happiness which may or may

Taking it all in all Americans are superstitious, and if you have read this article from start to finish and adopt the attire. Consternation reigned feel that absolutely nothing has touched your life, then you are a non-bethe good actress now says." I knew it, liever; if however, you smile a bit, I knew it," for the play was a com- and admit to yourself that you are guilty you are in the same row with

By Elsie Endicott

I can recollect when I was a mere terrogatively said: "You are not mar- crosses himself as he passes the holly

Most all

By Annette Angert

And Kitty Was Glad

seven-thirty.

tion. But that slick little combinaof business and pleasure was to se, unless she was mistaken! She'd w him! Just as he should appear his fine airs and his swell maand his olive branch of peace, d cooly snub him, she would. d calmly turn her back and take Watts Local. She'd turn him n right there before all of Watts-least all of it that was astir that y in the morning-and how she hed the whole suburb might be out witness his humiliation! Oh, she'd him! He'd see that he couldn't ther for a side show to his main action, even if she was poor and n, even if she was poor and lid own the half of Watts. Huh!

very superficial judge of girls id see that Kitty Lumsden had on fighting mitts. The pink in her ning air. And to aver that her the eyes flashed fire is not wholly speak in metaphors. Every line, n bespoke fires within and dangers rolcanc 'outbursts. Fossibly there e spots on the son—that is, the son id Millionaire Mellville Bixby, who e storms and things brewing, and y was going to show this son that no spots on her, and that couldn't carry her around in his cet

itty reached the corner of San Jose aue and Pacific View street and Watts Local was in sight. And the little devils of pique and anand jealousy and general misery n her consciousness as she

time to catch the She's wanted him ever so long, you proud she had been of her handsome, an, even Walden. Fire! And her in-seven-ten car, tho' know." Clara was bookkeeper for Mr. enterprising young "Dollar-Down-Dol- valid mother was confined in their liteven this was whol- Crier, who kept the big general store lar-a-Weck" real estate man! The lit- the board cottage, and Bob was away ly unnecessary. It in Watts and whose numerous chil- tle glooms and imps of darkness re- at school. And Watts was one im-was not really es- dren overran the neighborhood. "What called to her mind all the plans she mense firetrap, with no fire protecsential that Kitty a blue Monday!" suggested another and Walden had discussed; of Wal- tion to speak of! should start before little demon. Another called her at- den's purpose to begin raising his real

lady had her reas for hurrying. She knew that cheap little shacks that made up better class of residents and the board and into the manager's office. Iden Bixby would be along in his Watts-little homes bought on the of Watts something more than the board and into the manager's office. The about seven-ten, on his way "Dollar-Down-Dollar-a-Week" plan- joke it was. And then on the hill it took but a moment to explain to hime about seven-ten, on his way "Dollar-Down-Dollar-a-Week" plan- joke it was. And then on the hill it took but a moment to explain to everlooking the sea he was going to Mr. Crosby the situation and to be rerse, he would drive past the house suburb as a place of residence. An-ake her to the Central Telephone other-----

But just then the Watts Local came Walden Bixby in his machine just behind. But Kitty, with grim resolution, was ready, and just as the young real estate man's car reached the corner ready to awing west on Pacific View street toward her house, and he caught sight of her and stopped, she was calmly mounting the steps of the Local. She didn't look at him. But she knew he was looking at her, and she felt that the conductor of the Local and several other Wattsites were enjoying his discomfiture. Ah, how sweet is revenge! Did he think he could speed his machine in open daylight right on San Jose avenue itself. in company with another woman, and not hear from her? Huh!

But the sweetest revenge soon pails. eks was not wholly of the sharp And Kitty Lumsden had no sooner sugar and was trilling sweetly into the high and was breaking the speed laws seated herself more or less uncom-fortably in the rigid car seat (she couldn't help comparing it with the ry movement of her shapely little luxury of Walden's tonneau) and observed the young man's machine shoot ahead of the electric car without his sky Id Millionaire Mellville Bixby, who d further down the peninsula, and mood changed. No, she didn't relent. suddenly her name and a familiar which in some way had gotten the what else could she have done? He voice came into her ear. "Hello, is start of them. self-respect. And of course, all that

was left now was to give him back But in spite of her'the little devils Kit. I lost the line. Say, Kit, there's came trooping in again and took pos- another fire down at Watts"-and session of her thoughts as the Watts again somebody broke in.

HERE was plenty of then she'll sail in and try to catch him. Walden Bixby along that avenue. How mind-telephone calls, the other wom-

was all in the past, and Kitty sighed. in sight, and sure enough, there was He had taken to running with other women, and this, of course, was the limit. Good thing she found him out before instead of after.

Kitty was wisely glad when the dingy, dirty Watts Local reached the Central Telephone Station in the city, and her hat and wraps put carefully alarm you turned in on my line. away in her locker in the girl's restroom, she found herself before the switchboard with the ear pads clamp- chine right by her side. He was half ed over her ears. If there's anything standing, and, holding the car door that will effectually put the glooms to rout it is occupation. And certainly it would be a gloom with praiseworthy other choice. And in one brief persistance that could make any instant Kitty forgot the other headway against the innumerable calls claiming a telephone girl's attention.

And so in no time at all Kitty had dipped her voice into the dissolved den had thrown his motor into the

had taken another woman riding that you, Kit!" ahe heard, and recog-without excuse or explanation, and nized the voice of Clara Kaiz at this, in an engaged man, was unpar-Watts. The connection was lost on donable. No, she had to keep her the instant, and in the interval Kitty Watts. The connection was lost on ment as they went by the law of acwasn't certain that she wanted to talk with Clara. Of course, Clara would his ring-she was tempted to take off want to pump her and then Clara got the her glove and look at it-dismiss him, with Walden. And then Clara got the line again, and Kitty heard. "Hello. line again, and Kitty heard.

d in the cold, damp air waiting for Local rattled along, taking the dust But Kitty had heard enough. An-ness at all there; everybody in short, to the mob outside. carl Said one small imp, of Walden's machine. They mail- other fire down at Watts? Fire? The who could possibly get to Watta while Clara was equal to the emergency, are's Clara Katz. Like as not clously reminded her of the wany, word struck terror to the girl's heart the excitement was on, rushed pell- and the word soon spread. The fireer fire down at Watts? Fire? The who could possibly get to Watts while Clara was equal to the emergency, grandstand. alrship go up. It is growing dark and rd struck terror to the girl's heart the excitement was on, rushed pell- and the word soon spread. The fire- No, we are not going to eat now, but there is such a mob. We must go if drove everything else from her mell in that direction. The street cars men swore, and then laughed and got you may each have a glass of pink early to avoid the rush-Come on.

Kitty, with quick presence of mind even-thirty. tention to the foggy morning and the estate price; to put on building ve-But the young indications of rain. Still another strictions, and gradually to weed out double three," thus notifying the city ready saved. But her rea- pointed out the blocks and blocks of the unsightly hovels; to bring in a fire station. Then ahe removed her But when Engine No. 6, spitting fire build a bungalow, a fine one, which lieved from duty. And in another mo-was to be their home when-but that ment Kitty had seized her hat and wraps in the restroom, and was in the street looking for the Watts Local. Her heart sank as she realized that her mother and all Watts might burn up long before that lumbering coach would reach the suburb.

> "Good morning, Kitty. Get right in. I know where you're going. Heard the Quick, there's no time to lose!

There was Walden Bixby in his maopen, was almost commanding her to enter. She obeyed. There was no woman, forgot her personal pride, and the affront that had been put upon her, and in a moment Wal-

"other woman" had darkened her ing through the air on its way to the fire at Watts like a meteor trying to other.

The speeders going to the fire at the voice of Clara Katz at Watts gathered numbers and excitecretion. Motorcyclists, either through curiosity and the free-for-all race, or having interest at Watts, threw on speed, removed their mufflers, and other"-Clara put her lips to Kitty's added their smoke and their smells ear-"another Crier down at Wattsand their din to the avalanche de- Mrs. Crier's got a new baby." And scending upon Watts. Doctors with again Clara fell into the chair while charmer when you grow up. No, not patients at Watts, bill collectors with Kitty stood as though petrified, look-now. Yes, Mill, go ahead and have accounts there, idlers with no busi- ing at Clara and helplessly listening your fortune told, if you want to. We

invited pedestrians to get in, and tramps whipped up their teams; stole rides; small boys on ponies rode double, treble, and quadruple, and bicylists came down the pike in platoons, companies, and regiments. If

Some men were undoubtedly born

born kickers. I once worked in an

when that man smiled. He was mar-

dare say, for never did a man live

who so heartily regretted that early

The devout Catholic makes the sign

mere numbers and thunderous noise

But when Engine No. 6, spitting fire and snorting vapors, reached Watts, with Walden and Kitty just behind. they found the place immersed in its usual slumberous calm. The dogs still snapped lazily at fleas on the doorsteps, and the foreign children still cluttered the streets and alleys The smoke that Walden and Kitty had seen-watched apprehensively as they flew along-was only a Portuguese woman burning trash in her back yard. It was evident there was no fire at Watts, and the only excitement at all was what the invaders had brought with them.

Engine No. 6 circled around, stopped in front of Crier's store, and began to roar like a lion seeking some fire it might destroy, while Walden and Kitty brought their machine to a stop and looked wonderingly at each other. And as the rest of the excitement hunters began to arrive and gather around and occupy space, Watts wokeup. The dogs stopped snapping at fleas and barked furiously. The children came from all directions and got in the way, and my little sister here cry. Oh, yes, sir --thank you, sir-Hush Mill, see, the people began to come out of the doors and peer from windows.

Kitty got out of the machine and kind man is giving you a dime to spend at the fair. Thanks awfully, mister. Mill, see the nice fat woman, hurried into Crier's store. She met Clara Katz, and each girl's face mirshe says you may sit on her laprored the astonishment pictured in the Thank you, ma'am, you're very good.

Here we are at the fair grounds, that's it. Jump, Hazel. Well, now where is Jennie and Bobble? Oh. "Clara, what on earth?" began Kitty,

"Where's the-fire?" "The fire?" repeated Clara. "What fire? I never said there was a fire."

"You said"-but Kitty was inter-rupted by a shriek of laughter, as Clars fell into a chair and doubled up like a clasp knife. "I said-I said." cried Clara between gasps. "I never said-I told you-that there was an-

going that way filled up. Teamsters away as soon as possible. The crowd lemonade and-the balloon! It is risshouted and roared, and then lingered ing. Yes, yes, it is going to heaven, to shout and roar some more. But aft- Jen. Yes, there is a man in it. You, to shout and roar some more. But after a while the mob and the fun melted will see him in a minute. Look! No, find Walden waiting and smiling.

"It's all right, Kitty," Walden said. that it was my cousin, Miss Gibbs, who was in the machine with me yesterday. And Kitty was only too glad.

ready. Hush, kid, we're not lost.

wish you were not such a crybaby.

away, and then iKtty ventured out to that isn't a sunshade, that's a parachute. We will walk over here a little and

"Mistakes will happen. I made a mis- watch that elegant young lady in pink. take, too. I ought to have told you ride the tight rope on her bloycle. Ain't she splendid? Well, Mill, what did the old woman.

She's a trained nurse. It was an say? Oh, well, that's very fine, but emergency call, you know," and Wal-den blushed. "Let's go for a spin." your name, did she? Pily you didn's know that already.

Ha-but ov-

Yes, get one if you want to. Here, A Day With the Kids now Jen, you can't have any mustard put any mustard on Jennie's. No. thanks, bring me a ham sandwich.

TOP crying, Jennie. Oh, there goes the woman, that's You and Bobbie are dangerous business. Oh! ges, did you, to go in the jitney see? Look, she's all right now-turned; and be sure to wait a somersault in the air in an auto! outside the gate Oh, gee!

where it says. "Tickets." No! we won't get lost. Hold Where is Bobbie? Oh, what shall we do? Stop crying, Jen. Millie, you go down Fakers' row and I'll go this way. on to Bobbie and Come back to the corner of the granddon't let him fall stand. What shall we do, if he is. lost? Oh, what will ma say? Stop out. Good-by, Now, Milly and Hazel, come on, here is is. Robert Edward Robbins: the start is rowded. Well, I should think a big have you been? You had boy, answer me at once. Didn't I tell you to keep me at once. Didn't I tell you to keep me at once. not to push and step all over a little girl's new shoes. Yes, sir, I was you get home. Just wait. speaking about you, sir. You've made

Now, while I go up on the ferris wheel with Hazel, Millie will take you in to see the mermaid that lived 40 days under water and whose hair is sea-weed.

Hush, Hazel, you said you wanted to o. Two tickets. Hop in, sis. This go. is awful! O hush up, we're all right. Now see, we are coming down all right. Well, Mill, how did you like the mermaid?

there they are, and Jennie bawling al-Now we are going home. You shall each have a balloon and a bag of pea-nuts. Bobbie, what are you doing? Yes, sir, three tickets-children under ten get in free, today-don't they? Oh, so you have given your nickel to Come on, now. No, we're not going to the monkey because he cried. Well. it didn't do him any good, you see. The man that keeps him has got it now and sit on the grandstand. Ma said it would cost too much and you would want to be moving 'round all the time, where are you going to get your peaanyway. Yes, Jen, you can be a snake uuts? Hush now, don't cry. Jen, give your little brother some of your pea-nuts. Millie, you take care of Hazel. Bobbie and Jennie, don't let go hand. No, we can't stay to see the will wait here at the corner of the

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