

LOVE in a HURRY

By GELETT BURGESS
ILLUSTRATED BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, prepares for the day's work in his studio. He is reminded by Floide Fisher, his assistant, of a party he is to give in the studio that night, and warned that his business is in bad financial shape. Mr. Doremus, attorney and justice of the peace, calls and informs Hall that his Uncle John's will has left him \$100,000 on condition that he marry before his twenty-fifth birthday, which begins at midnight that night. Mrs. Rena Royaltan calls at the studio and Hall asks her to marry him at once. She spurs for time.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Mercy, Hall! Not here! Not now! Not yet!" She took a few steps from him, and turned to look him over, even as he had looked at her. She looked at a woman looks at a hat in a milliner's, then shook her head, as if she were not sure it was becoming. "No, Hall, I'm afraid I must have a little time. I can't decide just now—"

"Rena!"
"No, Hall. You must be patient, dear. Give me a week—"

"See here!" Hall spoke deliberately. "Will you let me know tonight? You're coming to my party here, tonight, aren't you?"

"Why, yes, I was."
"Will you give me your answer then?"

She hung fire for a moment. Hall gave a gesture of agony—it was his supreme effort and had a touch of genius. Mrs. Royaltan, seeing, capitulated. "Well, then, all right, tonight."

Hall tried again for an embrace—even while repulsing him she let him taste her lips, then she feebly pushed him away. "Oh, Hall, you mustn't! Not yet, anyway—you know I haven't accepted you, yet. Oh, I can't decide. I've got to think it all over calmly."

"Lord, not calmly, Rena!" he exclaimed. He gazed sadly at his shoes. "The suspense will be terrible!" he said, and with elaborate emphasis, "my darling!"

"Oh, faint heart ne'er won fair lady!" Mrs. Royaltan seemed fully two inches taller than when she had come in. "Now, I must go, Hall. Good-by!" She held out her hand, an embrace to a slave. He kissed it with fervor. And with that she smiled, and walked out.

For ten minutes Floide had stood stealthily by the door, trying to listen. She had barely time to spring back to her desk.

"Good-by, Miss Fisher!" Mrs. Royaltan paused condescendingly. "I think if you used almond cream for your face it might do it a great deal of good. Try one of those wrinkle-bands, why don't you? They're really very efficacious." She swished into the dressing room to put on her veil.

Floide waited a moment in scornful silence, then burst into the studio to find Hall gazing in a stupor out the window, hands in pockets, a scowl on his face. "What did she say?" she whispered. Hall didn't hear. "What did she say, Mr. Bonistelle?" Floide was perishing of suspense.

Hall walked to the couch and dropped down, shaking his head. "She wanted time. Time! Confound it—the only thing I haven't got! What d'you think of that! I feel as if I'd done a week's washing. I'm all used up! Say, Floide, it takes lots of energy to propose, did you know that?"

Floide regarded him wistfully. "I should think it would—especially when you don't mean it."
"Oh, I mean it all right. I'll stand for it. Four millions! Lord, why wouldn't I mean it? I'd mean anything!"

"I mean when you don't really love her, Mr. Bonistelle. I don't see how you could do it. I could never do anything like that!"
"Well, you ought to be glad you don't have to Floide. Unfortunately, I do. Why, she'll make a good wife, won't she? I don't say I love her, exactly, but, well, I've always loved Rena Royaltan. She's a good fellow. She's got the looks, and the style, and the family connections and everything. I wouldn't be a bit ashamed of her as Mrs. Bonistelle. What's the matter with you, Floide? You look so queer! Ill or anything?"

"Oh, I'm all right!" Floide smiled bitterly. "Only—only—"
"Well, I'll be hanged! Why, anybody would think it was you who were in a hole, not me. Lord, I thought you cared enough for me to help me out!"
She moved instinctively toward him; instinctively she withdrew. "Oh, I do, really I do, Mr. Bonistelle! How can I help you? Tell me!"
"Well, what am I going to do if Mrs. Royaltan refuses me. By Jove! Just think of its being in that woman's power to cost me four and a half millions! It's outrageous!"
"Don't you let her, Mr. Bonistelle!" Floide broke out eagerly. "Oh, it isn't right. Surely there's some other way—a better way than that, Mr. Bonistelle!"
"A better way? What d'you mean?" Hall looked at her, puzzled.
Floide screwed up her courage, and reached gently for his hand. But no, she didn't quite dare take it. Her

own fell, instead, caressingly, but unseen, upon his sleeve.
"Oh, Mr. Bonistelle," she pleaded, "you ought to have someone who really cares for you—who really loves you, you know—who would love you always. Someone who knows how good you are! Don't be yourself up to a woman like that—why, she's five years older than you are, Mr. Bonistelle—she's middle-aged, almost—and she's been married before, too! Why, you want youth, Mr. Bonistelle—and freshness—and—"

"Can I come in?" A high cheerful voice interrupted them. Both turned suddenly toward the doorway to the office.
CHAPTER IV.

There, standing between the portieres, was a young woman looking in, unembarrassed, with a careless smile on her face. She was the sort of girl who affects extremes in style, and sits to her slimness the sportiest old hats, the straightest, narrowest, shortest skirts. But they well became her; there was a not unpleasant masculine note in her air and costume—a briskness and confidence that spoke of golf and tennis, horse or boats. Without being too pretty, she had finely cut, sharp features, a long nose, gray eyes, a deft chin. She was most distinctly a New York type, trim as a cutter, clean and fresh as a bound. If Mrs. Royaltan had been willow-languorous, super-sentimental, suave, the crisp and cool newcomer was as easily carefree as a boy. She waited, with an arch, somewhat amused expression, for an invitation to enter.

"Oh—Miss Dallys! Good morning!" Hall called out and walked toward her. "Say, would you mind waiting just a minute?"
"Sure!" said Carolyn Dallys. She waved her hand jauntily, and retreated to the office.

Hall returned to Floide and stared at her dramatically. Floide trembled. Finally he pounded the table with one stroke of his fist. "By Jove!" He nodded emphatically.

"Oh, Mr. Bonistelle—you don't mean—"
Floide looked unexpressive things.
He pointed to the door to the office. "There's the girl, right in there! Carolyn Dallys! Why didn't we think of her before?"

Floide winced as if he had struck her in the face. Then she burst forth like a waterfall. "Oh, no, no! Let me tell you, Mr. Bonistelle! She's too mannish, Mr. Bonistelle, Miss Dallys is—you want a feminine woman, Mr. Bonistelle—you know—one who can care for you and look after you, and see that you get up and keep your appointments and—oh, dear—can't you see—?" She looked at him, saw he was not listening, made another effort, more hysterical, in sheer despair. "Oh, Mr. Bonistelle, why Miss Dallys cares more for dogs and automobiles than she does for you, Mr. Bonistelle—Mr. Bonistelle!" Floide took him by the coat lapel impressively. "She smokes cigarettes!"

Hall laughed and chuckled her under the chin. "Oh, that's all right! Lord, Floide, I don't want to marry a housekeeper, you know. Why, I'll be a millionaire. I'll have servants to do all that. My wife will have to know a thing or two, you know, society, and manners and taste. Carolyn is right in it. College education, music and everything I need—drives a car, plays polo—bridge—swims and shoots—why, Lord, I'd be proud to death of her. You go right in and tell her I'm ready."

Again Floide flinched. She gave him one hungry look and started for the office. Then a new thought stabbed her. She turned. "What if Mrs. Royaltan should say yes? What if she should?"

Hall suddenly came to his senses. "Say, by Jove! That would be a mix-up, wouldn't it? I hadn't thought of that at all." He dropped down on a chair and looked at her helplessly.

Did Floide see, at the prospect of such an entanglement, a faint hope for her own chances? Her face, for a moment, lighted. It was anyone, now, to beat Mrs. Royaltan. Floide foresaw that Carolyn Dallys alone could help her. Yes, she must propose to Carolyn. Her voice came artfully smooth and sweet.

"You could hatch up a quarrel, couldn't you—perhaps you could tell her something horrid—or do something—well, you know!"
"Or you could. Couldn't you, Floide? You've helped me out before. You're clever. You know women."

Floide was a new creature now. The primitive woman in her was aroused. She smiled—but it was so unlike Floide's sunny smile—it was electric. She nodded sagely.

"Well, then, I'll take a chance, anyway. Lord, I think I've got a right to make as good a choice as I can, if I have to be married to order! I don't see why I should ruin my whole life just because I happened to see Mrs. Royaltan first! You tell Carolyn I'm all ready."

Floide nodded, with a hard look in her eyes. "All right," she said slowly, and gulped something down. "It's your locality for his taste in landscape gardening. He was employed in setting out shrubs on the lawn of his employer. The owner of the place was nowhere to be seen, but a number of the gardener's friends were leaning comfortably on the fence at the foot of the lawn, watching the operations with absorbed interest. Another darky, who was driver for a physician living near, looked curiously at this row of spectators, and thus addressed the doctor, who was getting into his buggy:

"Doctah' (very solemnly), 'dere's somebody dead at Mistah Jones' shore."
"Dead?" said the doctor. "No such thing, Tom. I should have heard of it if there had been any illness in the family."
"Well, doctah'," said Tom, pointing to a row of sable individuals who were hanging on the picket fence, 'ef dere ain't nobody dead at Mistah Jones, den what fo' is all dis heah mournin' strung along de fence?"

funeral!" She walked slowly back to the office and gave Miss Dallys the message, then sat down dimly at her desk and hid her face in her hands. Steadily the tears dropped down upon the blotter; at regular intervals Floide's shoulders rose and fell as her emotion swayed her. She began to dab at her eyes with her handkerchief.

Carolyn Dallys, lithe, free, long-legged, walked into the studio with easy unconcern. "Hello, Hall!" There was always a half-concealed chuckle in her voice. "Got those proofs ready, old man? Darn you if you haven't!"
"Really, Carolyn, I've been awfully rushed, I haven't had—something very important came up today."

"Oh, you can cut all that out, Hall. The simple reason is you're lazy. And I'd just begun to believe that the little girl out there," she nodded her head toward the office, "had succeeded in making you work. Well, never mind, I can go somewhere else."

"Oh, come now! They'll be ready tonight, I promise you. Perhaps this afternoon, even. The fact is, I just haven't been in the mood to develop the plates, that's all."

She nodded, smiling. "Artistic temperament, eh? Well, it's becoming! I suppose I'll have to wait. Say, Mrs. Royaltan seemed to have an idea that she was the only one invited to your party, and when she found I was coming tonight, she was just a bit—well, astetistic."

Hall saw his chance and opened the campaign with energy. "Lord, the idea!" he exclaimed. "As if I wouldn't have you if I had anybody! Why, you always are the first one I ask, Carolyn, you know that!" He turned on sentimental lights in his eyes.

"Really?" Carolyn asked curiously.
"Of course! You know I'm awfully fond of you, Carolyn."
"Really?" Carolyn repeated, her lips beginning to quiver with mirth.
"Yes, by jove, I'd hardly dare tell you how much."

"Oh, do!" she replied lightly. "I'm feeling awfully stodgy this morning. It will wake me up." She tossed him a joyous glance and swung herself over to the other side of the studio and fingered a piece of embroidery. "Fire away, I'm waiting!" she laughed. Then she whistled a piece of a tune, picked

up a color plate and squinted at it. "Oh, look at that! That model of yours, isn't it? Miss Gale? Bull! What a stunning costume!" She stood inspecting it.

Hall, meanwhile, was watching her sharply. He noted the trimness of her costume, the freshness of the huge bunch of violets, the whiteness of her gloves, her picturesque, expensive hat. She was so at ease, so independent and unconscious, that it was as if some wild animal had entered his studio. How well she knew her world, how conscious she was of her superiority over most of those she met, her equality with any! She had consummate poise; her self-esteem never waned. She breathed the smartness, culture and self-sufficiency of her social sphere; it protected her like an armor. It was as if, being Carolyn Dallys, she was insured against any form of embarrassment. Carolyn was neither particularly clever nor very rich, but she was "inside," and those "inside" have freedom. Hall himself had been, in his time, "inside"—he had, in fact, despite his working for a sustenance, never been ejected. His own family could stand the strain. He knew, therefore, how to appreciate Carolyn's place. Mrs. Royaltan was in the "smart" set—the set that gets into the newspapers—but Carolyn Dallys still lived on Lower Fifth avenue. She was one of the foundation stones in the social structure of which Mrs. Royaltan was a more conspicuous pinnacle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Delivering Letters Stolen a Year Ago. Post office inspectors at Seattle, Wash., are endeavoring to deliver to the original addresses 500 letters stolen more than a year ago from the Seattle post office by W. A. Byers, a former postal clerk, and hidden by Byers under a heap of ashes in the fireplace of his former home.

At the time Byers was arrested nearly 3,000 letters were found concealed in an office which he maintained for the practice of law. He pleaded guilty and was sent to prison. Recently L. T. Merry moved into the hotel which Byers had formerly occupied and in cleaning the fireplace unearthed the additional letters.

"You see," said Mr. Fox, "that with all their other accomplishments the ants are not very good swimmers, and one day an ant, having ventured too near the edge of a brook, fell in, and was in great danger of being drowned. He called, in a feeble way, for help, but there seemed to be no one to hear him, and he had almost given up hope when the current of the brook carried him under a tree, upon a branch of which a dove was resting.

"The ant, seeing the dove, thought to himself: 'Here is one last chance; I will call as loudly as I can, and if the dove does not help me I shall give myself up as lost.'"

"So he called as loudly as he could, and the dove, hearing him, looked down, and when he saw what the matter was, plucked a leaf from the tree and dropped it into the water just beside the ant. Though fast losing strength, the ant managed to crawl upon it, and the breeze, blowing the leaf to the shore, he crawled upon dry ground and was saved.

"Now a good many animals and a good many men have said to themselves: 'That leaf fell off the tree, and I do not owe the dove anything for saving my life,' and would have at once forgotten the act of kindness. But the ant did not do this. Instead, he said to himself: 'Some day I will have a chance to repay the dove.'"

"It was not long after this that a hunter, going through the wood, saw the same dove sitting on the branch of a tree, and determined to kill it. The dove, intent upon watching her nest, did not see the hunter, and so did not fly away; but the ant, watching the hunter while he loaded his gun, knew that the dove was in danger, and determined, if possible, to save her. He ran as fast as he could toward the hunter, and reached him just as he was making ready to fire.



FOX TELLS ANOTHER STORY.

"I wish Mr. Fox would tell another story," said Jack Rabbit, as he prepared to go again to the hillside and consult the source of wisdom upon which he had now come to depend very much.

"That story which he told me recently of the mouse and the frog was very interesting, and it illustrated so well the fact that so many of us seem bound to make ourselves uncomfortable by binding ourselves to persons and things unsuited to us. I shall certainly try to make him tell another story today."

When Jack Rabbit got to Mr. Fox's house he did not find him at home; but, knowing that unless something very important detained him, he would soon be there, he sat down to wait. And as he waited he saw on the ground beside him a great number of ants, which were rushing about and burrowing in all directions—at least that was the way it seemed to Jack Rabbit, although he thought they must know what they were doing, else they would not be working so hard.

He was busy watching the ants, when, all at once, he was surprised to find Mr. Fox standing right beside him and saying: "How do you do this morning?"

Jack Rabbit was rather ashamed to be caught watching the ants, and started to make some explanation of what he was doing, when he was stopped by Mr. Fox, who said: "Don't excuse yourself for watching the ants. There are very few of us animals who could not learn more than we already know from these little insects, for they are very wise, and do many things much better than even men do them. They are systematic and methodical; they know the rules of war and forms of government; they can lift more than their own weight and carry it a long way; they care for their sick, and provide for their future, and, above all, they have a sense of gratitude, and after I have got some of this dirt off my paws and washed my face I will teach you a bit of wisdom by telling you a story of an ant that was first told years and years ago by a wise old fox in Persia, whose stories have been retold by many another fox who was not so wise."

Jack Rabbit was delighted to think that Mr. Fox was going to tell him another story without his even having to ask him, and he was very impatient while Mr. Fox was washing his paws and face and getting off some of the dirt, which, I fear, had got on them while he was digging a hole under the fence which Farmer Wilson had recently built around his chicken yard.

Finally, however, he completed his bath, and he had scarcely got to the door of his house before he began his

story. "You see," said Mr. Fox, "that with all their other accomplishments the ants are not very good swimmers, and one day an ant, having ventured too near the edge of a brook, fell in, and was in great danger of being drowned. He called, in a feeble way, for help, but there seemed to be no one to hear him, and he had almost given up hope when the current of the brook carried him under a tree, upon a branch of which a dove was resting.

"The ant, seeing the dove, thought to himself: 'Here is one last chance; I will call as loudly as I can, and if the dove does not help me I shall give myself up as lost.'"

"So he called as loudly as he could, and the dove, hearing him, looked down, and when he saw what the matter was, plucked a leaf from the tree and dropped it into the water just beside the ant. Though fast losing strength, the ant managed to crawl upon it, and the breeze, blowing the leaf to the shore, he crawled upon dry ground and was saved.

"Now a good many animals and a good many men have said to themselves: 'That leaf fell off the tree, and I do not owe the dove anything for saving my life,' and would have at once forgotten the act of kindness. But the ant did not do this. Instead, he said to himself: 'Some day I will have a chance to repay the dove.'"

"It was not long after this that a hunter, going through the wood, saw the same dove sitting on the branch of a tree, and determined to kill it. The dove, intent upon watching her nest, did not see the hunter, and so did not fly away; but the ant, watching the hunter while he loaded his gun, knew that the dove was in danger, and determined, if possible, to save her. He ran as fast as he could toward the hunter, and reached him just as he was making ready to fire.

"Scrambling as fast as he could up the hunter's leg, he reached a bare place above his stocking just as the hunter aimed his gun, and, biting him

as hard as he could, he made the hunter miss his aim, and the sound of the gun alarming the dove, she flew away to a safe place."

"Well," said Jack Rabbit, "that was certainly a fine thing for the ant to do, and particularly as it is not likely the dove ever knew why it was the hunter missed his aim."

"Indeed," said Mr. Fox, "it was all the more credit to the ant that he performed the kindness without expecting the whole world to know of it. And the whole story," continued Mr. Fox, "furnishes proof of the lesson that even the smallest sort of a kindness is profitable to the one who does it."

"And now I am going in to take a nap," said Mr. Fox, "for I have had a very busy night and morning doing a kindness to Farmer Wilson's chickens. He had built a fence so tight that there was no way they could get out of their yard; but I have dug them a nice hole under the fence, and I think one or two of them will get out by tomorrow morning."

English Learning to Shoot. At Match for Boys, Assemblage is Amazed to Hear Youngster Call on Father for Bull's-Eye.

"Young Astor," said a Chicago editor, "has just given \$100,000 to the British Red Cross. I congratulated him on his arid last month in London, but he said, with a laugh, that such ardor was common all over England."

"He said that all over England they were learning rifle shooting in their patriotic ardor now. There was a rifle shooting match not long ago in the village of Combe Martin for boys between fourteen and seventeen. It was astonishing how many boys took part in the match—the prize was a substantial one—and some of the seventeen-year-old youngsters had astonishingly mature faces."

"As one of these urchins was in the midst of a very brilliant display of rifle shooting, the assembly was amazed to hear a little boy in the front row yell:
"Gon on, father! Hurray! Give us another bulls-eye!"

Smooth Oratory. "He's a smooth politician, all right." "In what way?" "Didn't you notice in his speeches he never referred to the workingmen's humble cottages?" "No; what did he call them?" "Always he said: 'You in your modern bungalows.'"

Indignant Citizen Objects to Being Called "Greedy Jobber"—Copy Read Plainly "Robber."
"See here," yelled the indignant citizen, as he entered the office of the editor of the Daily Whoop. "What do you mean by this article in yesterday's paper?" "What is it?" asked the editor. "What is it?" shouted the indignant citizen. "Why, you refer to me as a greedy jobber." "That is too bad," replied the editor. "It is a typographical error, and I am sorry it appeared as it did." "O, very well," answered the indignant citizen. "I accept your apology." "I don't know how that fool Linotype man came to set the word 'jobber,'" added the editor. "I wrote the word 'robber' very plainly."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Feminine Logic. Mrs. A.—Yes. Bells is married at last, and do you know her husband is the very man who proposed to her ten years ago.
Mr. A.—She ought to have married him then.
Mrs. A.—Oh, my dear, he was really quite too old for her at that time.

Getting the Highest Bid. "I could have done better than to marry you."
"A common cry among wives, my dear. You wouldn't blame us men for your lack of business acumen. To assure yourselves that you have married as well as possible you should invite sealed proposals."

What Base Uses, Etc. The new roomer was disappointed. "I thought the rooms were all finished in hardwood," he hinted.
"They used all that in stuffing the mattresses," rejoined the one who had lived there four years because he was always behind with his rent.

Almost a Faux Pas. "I notice in the paper," gasped the Washington hostess, "that Senator Geewhix was not re-elected to the next congress."
"What of that?"
"And I was just about to ask him to dinner."

The Hero. "There's a burglar in the house," she said in frightened tones.
"What of it?" asked her more or less better half from beneath the blankets. "I have never yet uncovered myself for any man," he added with due hauteur.

WHAT HE DISPLAYED. Lady of House (to tramp who has just jumped over picket fence)—You've got a tremendous nerve to come over that fence.
Tramp—Not only nerves, madam; I think I displayed considerable ability as well.

She Knew the Business. Aunt—Your bride, my dear boy, is wealthy and all that, but I don't think she'll make much of a beauty show at the altar.
Nephew—You don't, eh! Just wait till you see her with the bridemaids she has selected.

Like Trouble. "Jim, you had better not go into this spelling bee."
"Why not?"
"Because, with your limitations, you'll find yourself in a hornet's nest."

Twin Souls. "But I wasn't hurt, and it was my own fault."
"A girl as beautiful as you are doesn't need to be hurt, or right, in order to get a verdict."

His Choice. "What kind of a breakfast food do you prefer?" asked the landlady.
"Well," responded the new boarder, "fannel cakes with maple sirup, country sausage, steak underdone, coffee rolls and Irish butter."

A Difficulty. "When I marry, the woman I want must be the possessor of brains."
"But suppose she makes the same requirement?"

TO START BOY IN BUSINESS. Shetland Ponies Are Easily Kept and Require But Little Grain—Do Very Well on Hillside.

A good way for a boy to start in business is by raising Shetland ponies. A very well-bred mare can be bought for \$125 to \$200, the latter figure being for a pure bred.

Starting with a mare in foal, a boy can, in the course of five years, if he has no bad luck, find himself in possession of enough animals to start him on the highway to success.

It is always best to buy registered animals for breeding, but if crosses are used with a registered stallion one can in time breed up to a very high standard. Shetlands are very easily kept. They require but little grain, and will do very well on rocky hill-sides where there is fair pasture.

They need shelter in bad weather, of course, but an open shed, wind-tight on three sides, leaving the south side open, will be all that is necessary. A good wire fence is required to keep them in bounds, as Shetlands are extremely curious and somewhat restless, and will manage to get over, under, or through the average farm fence.

If handled from birth they are very easily broken, and at three years old will be ready to ride or drive. Pure-bred Shetlands find ready sale at prices ranging from \$125 to \$200, and exceptionally fine specimens bring even higher prices.

FRENCH BOY DISPLAYS PLUCK. Cuts Planks for Floor for French While Within Thirty-Six Yards of Enemy—Enemy Astonished.

A patient in the American ambulance hospital at Neuilly-sur-Seine tells the following story of one of his comrades:

"We had been living in the trenches for days with the water above our ankles. At that time our trenches were only thirty-six yards away from the German trenches, so that we could hear the enemy talking and whistling, and, indeed, we often called across to them.

"One day, young P., who was a hot-tempered chap about twenty-one years of age, threw down his shovel and said that he wouldn't work in such a nasty hole another moment, and that he had rather die once from a German bullet than live another day in the trench. Anyhow, he was going out to chop some wood for a floor and let the Germans shoot him if they wished.

"Thereupon P. calmly crawled out of the trench, walked to a woodpile in full sight of the Germans, and began making planks from the wood. He worked a whole hour, for the Germans were so much astonished at his audacity, and so delighted with his pluck, that they made no attempt to stop him.

"When he had finished the needed pile of boards, P. calmly carried them into the trench, and the men made a good floor of them."—Youth's Companion.

RIGHT BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. List Prepared by Literature Committee of Mothers' Congress—Bible Is Placed Second.

(By MARION V. HIGGINSON, Colorado Agricultural College.)
"Some books are lies free and end."—Burns.

If you agree with "Bobbie" Burns, you may want to consult the circular published by the United States bureau of education on "1,000 good books for children."

This list was prepared by the literature committee of the Mothers' congress and is planned for use in communities not so fortunate as to have a children's librarian or to supplement the work of a children's librarian.

The table of contents given below shows the aim and scope of the circular:

1. Picture books and stories for the youngest reader.
2. Bible.
3. Education and life.
4. Natural history, science and animal stories.
5. Stories of foreign lands.
6. Our own country.
7. History, myths and legends.
8. Biography.
9. Stories.
10. Poetry.
11. Books for occupation and amusement.
12. Key to publishers.

CAP and BELLS



EDITOR EXPLAINS AN ERROR

Indignant Citizen Objects to Being Called "Greedy Jobber"—Copy Read Plainly "Robber."
"See here," yelled the indignant citizen, as he entered the office of the editor of the Daily Whoop. "What do you mean by this article in yesterday's paper?" "What is it?" asked the editor. "What is it?" shouted the indignant citizen. "Why, you refer to me as a greedy jobber." "That is too bad," replied the editor. "It is a typographical error, and I am sorry it appeared as it did." "O, very well," answered the indignant citizen. "I accept your apology." "I don't know how that fool Linotype man came to set the word 'jobber,'" added the editor. "I wrote the word 'robber' very plainly."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Feminine Logic. Mrs. A.—Yes. Bells is married at last, and do you know her husband is the very man who proposed to her ten years ago.
Mr. A.—She ought to have married him then.
Mrs. A.—Oh, my dear, he was really quite too old for her at that time.

Getting the Highest Bid. "I could have done better than to marry you."
"A common cry among wives, my dear. You wouldn't blame us men for your lack of business acumen. To assure yourselves that you have married as well as possible you should invite sealed proposals."

What Base Uses, Etc. The new roomer was disappointed. "I thought the rooms were all finished in hardwood," he hinted.
"They used all that in stuffing the mattresses," rejoined the one who had lived there four years because he was always behind with his rent.

Almost a Faux Pas. "I notice in the paper," gasped the Washington hostess, "that Senator Geewhix was not re-elected to the next congress."
"What of that?"
"And I was just about to ask him to dinner."

The Hero. "There's a burglar in the house," she said in frightened tones.
"What of it?" asked her more or less better half from beneath the blankets. "I have never yet uncovered myself for any man," he added with due hauteur.

WHAT HE DISPLAYED. Lady of House (to tramp who has just jumped over picket fence)—You've got a tremendous nerve to come over that fence.
Tramp—Not only nerves, madam; I think I displayed considerable ability as well.

She Knew the Business. Aunt—Your bride, my dear boy, is wealthy and all that, but I don't think she'll make much of a beauty show at the altar.
Nephew—You don't, eh! Just wait till you see her with the bridemaids she has selected.

Like Trouble. "Jim, you had better not go into this spelling bee."
"Why not?"
"Because, with your limitations, you'll find yourself in a hornet's nest."

Twin Souls. "But I wasn't hurt, and it was my own fault."
"A girl as beautiful as you are doesn't need to be hurt, or right, in order to get a verdict."

His Choice. "What kind of a breakfast food do you prefer?" asked the landlady.
"Well," responded the new boarder, "fannel cakes with maple sirup, country sausage, steak underdone, coffee rolls