

BRONCO BILL

By JANE OSBORN.

Old Peter Heppleton, the owner and editor-in-chief of the Morning Standard, was in one of his rainy-day moods. The events of the day only made him moodier. In the first place, when he arrived at noon he was greeted in his own office by Miss West, the society editor, who wore a troubled expression.

He answered her good morning with something that sounded very much like a bear's growl. "What right have you to look grouchy?" he asked. "You're young and healthy and all you have to do is to draw your salary. You don't have to take any risks. You don't have to worry, you don't have the gout or rheumatism. What's the matter now?"

"Only that I have to have a new assistant." Another bear growl. "What did you do with the last one? Wasn't she good enough for you? See here, young lady, I can't spend all my time getting you assistants. Is it my fault they quit?"

"She got married—that's what they all do. And it puts me in an awful fix. There are two charity balls to 'cover' tonight, a coming-out party every day next week and three 'the dancings' besides all sorts of smaller affairs. What I wanted to ask you, Mr. Heppleton, is whether you think it would be a good idea for me to have a young man. You see, the girls are not reliable. They are so likely to get married—"

"No reason why they should," Mr. Heppleton growled. "You don't get married, do you?" And then, more gently still: "And you are a posy lot prettier than any of the assistants. You don't get married—you stick to your job. What's the matter with the girls nowadays? Don't they appreciate a good job? Haven't they any brains at all?"

"May I have a man reporter?" Margaret persisted. "I know other society editors always have girls, but a man you can be severe with, you can ask him to work late every night in the week and you can boss him around without having to be afraid of offending him. And when a man gets married he just has to work all the hard."

"Good idea! Now get out and let me alone. I'll send to the city desk right away and have a cub sent to you at once." "Please be sure that the cub has evening clothes," said Margaret, leaving.

Old Heppleton was still growling when Bronco Bill strode leisurely and with perfect assurance into the office. But the uncle did not at first recognize in the tall, lank, broad-shouldered figure, still clad in the soft shirt and soft hat of the Texas rancher, his nephew, William Heppleton.

"Good mornin', Uncle Pete," quoth the nephew, seating himself unbidden astride the only vacant chair in the room. "I dare say you are some surprised to see me." He put out a large tanned hand and vigorously shook the hand that the uncle extended rather gingerly.

and the sky are all you say they are, but you'd get lonesome same as I did. You'd quit if you were out there all alone. Well, I'm going right over to get the clothes I need. Write it out so the man in the store will know what to hand me. The boss will foot the bill, so don't get nervous about how much it will cost."

It was a week later and Bronco Bill was on the job when Margaret arrived at 11 in the morning. In fact, he had been there since an early morning hour. Ranch life had accustomed him to early rising, and the late hours in the newspaper routine had not changed his habits.

"Now, don't be offended because I've got my stiff collar off, girl," he said, pointing to the multi-colored handkerchief that he had loosely tied around his collar band. "I'll keep the boiled razor-edge one on when I'm coverin' things. And right here in our office it doesn't matter."

"But suppose some society woman comes in with a dinner list or something? Suppose Mrs. Vandevere—" The telephone rang and the assistant answered.

"Yes," he shouted. "What do you want. Go on, fire ahead. I've got the pencil handy. Say, spell the name, lady. Not so fast—I ain't no dictaphone—"

Margaret snatched the receiver from the hand of her assistant. "Oh, yes, Mrs. Vandevere," she cooed. "Well, this is the society editor," Margaret scowled meaningfully at the assistant over the phone and then, putting her hand over the mouthpiece, said: "This is the way you ought to answer:—"

"Yes, Mrs. Vandevere. Your dinner guests for tonight will be—yes, thank you. I am sure it was very kind of you, Mrs. Vandevere, to let me have the names, and please don't be cross with the office boy who took up the phone. He is very green and he was just trying to help."

"Call me an office boy again," shouted Bronco Bill, jumping to his feet. "Saw, look here, girl. I like you. I'm darned fond of you and just for your sake I got into those swallowtails and that durned water's outfit and I've been hanging around at Irish wakes and Dutch picnics and bal masques every night for a week, and every afternoon I've been watchin' a lot of palefaced tenderfooters waltzin' around till I was so mad I wanted to shoot the town up. Gosh, why them fellows don't get out and work in the daytime is more than I can see. And I've just had enough of it. I've got to the last barbecue. I kinder wanted to help you out 'cause I thought you were tryin' to handle a job that was a little too much for you, but you turn round and call me an office boy and I and I part company. Either I stay here as the boss of the ranch and you be the assistant and do it my way, or I'll quit. I'm no greenhorn."

Suddenly Bronco Bill stopped very still. For the girl at his side was doing what he had never seen another woman do in all his life—weeping like a child.

"Bill," she sobbed, "I like you, too. Honest I do, and I'm grateful to you for all you have done and I know you have tried your best, but society is no place for you. You're a regular man and I ought to have a regular man's job."

Callaro and its Vicinity



ANCIENT WELL IN CALLARO

Callaro, the last city in Dalmatia, is a quaint medieval walled town. Formerly it was the southernmost of all Austria's Adriatic possessions, which extend about 450 miles down the eastern shore from Grado, just above Trieste, to the ancient fortress and modern naval base on the Bocche di Cattaro, famous alike for its wonderful harbors and wild beauty, unrivaled even by the finest of the fjords of Norway.

The city of Callaro is situated on the innermost of the chain of five little lakes or bays of the Bocche, and on three sides it is inclosed with an amphitheater of rock, formed by the mountains which almost encircle it. It is a very ancient stronghold and even in the days of Constantine-Porphyrrogenetus the city was described by him as being "the city where the sun never shines except in midsummer."

It is actually true that the old town covering at the very feet of the great mountains which soar into the sky just behind it is as smother and shut in as an alpine village in a narrow mountain pass, but although shaded from the sun by the soaring rocks it is insufferably hot in summer.

The city walls are enormously high and thick and keep out any stray breeze from the water, while the streets of the town are so crooked and narrow that they remind one of the dark little calli of Venice, with here and there a small paved campo or court, surrounded by low stone dwellings with tiny slits for windows, which add to the somberness and gloom of the breathless city, which for centuries has been the scene of such perpetual conflicts that the dwellings are miniature forts, the tiny windows being apertures through which to shoot rather than openings to admit light and air.

Gate to Montenegro. The little strip of alluvial land on which Callaro lies has been formed by the rains of centuries having washed the soil from the gaunt sides of the bleak mountains of rock towering above it. The Montenegro legend states that at the creation, St. Peter was flying with a great bag of rocks. The bag broke and the rocks falling made Montenegro. It is to the credit of King Nicholas' warriors that no other land as desolate, rocky and hopelessly sterile has ever been so revered for centuries by its dauntless sons, who, in its defense, have watered its crags with their blood.

Callaro has been long known as the gateway of Montenegro, and years before the famous road was hewn out of the sides of the rocks the Montenegrins made their way down into Callaro from their little stony farms on the bleak heights above, by the rough goat track which for ages followed the bed of a mountain stream.

The cathedral of St. Trifun, or the duomo, as it is called, is one of the oldest and finest buildings in Callaro. The Bocche consists of several narrow canals of water, surrounded by lofty mountains rising almost directly from the water's edge, between which lie broad expanses of water, producing very fine scenery. The first of the narrow leads into the bay of

THE SANDMAN STORY

by Mrs. F. A. WALKER

TABBY AND FLORETTE.

Tabby was a tiger cat, and could catch a great many mice. She was not afraid to hunt for them, and pride herself on the fact that where she was there were no mice to bother any one.

But one day Tabby found a large yellow-and-white Angora cat had come to live in the house. The name of the new cat was Florette, and her eyes were blue, while Tabby's eyes were green.

"Your nose is broken," cried the cook when Tabby came crying into the kitchen when she had been driven downstairs. "That new cat is the pet now, and you will have to stay with us."

Tabby ate her supper in silence and knew that the cook spoke the truth, but she hunted mice and slept in the corner as though nothing had happened.

One night while she was watching for mice in the pantry she thought of a way to bring herself into favor again.

"I'll just stop catching mice," she said. "I don't believe that proud Florette could catch a mouse; most likely she would be afraid of one if she saw it, or too lazy to exert her-

self," she added. "I'll go out to the barn to live awhile and let the mice have a run."

So off to the barn went Tabby, and the mice and rats did not frighten her any more than the little mice.

She made herself a nice bed beside the horse, and they became great friends.

JAPANESE BOY BLACKSMITHS

Bustiest and Hardest Workers in World—Have No Thought of Play While Work is Before Them.

In Japan boys are apprenticed to learn a trade much younger than boys in our country are. H. Croy writes in Northwestern Christian Advocate. Thousands are put in shops to learn to be blacksmiths when an American boy would still be in school. A Japanese father has so many boys that he has to put them out at some useful trade in order that they may bring in money to support the family. The boys have to work long hours; from seven in the morning until six in the evening.

They are faithful workers, the busiest you could find anywhere in the world. Even when a visitor comes and stands in the door to watch one of them work he will not look up from his work. He has no thought of play as long as he is at work; but when his hours are over no boy likes to get out and have a little fun more than he.

Japanese blacksmith shops open on to the street, so that the boy at his anvil sits within a few feet of the sidewalk. The shops are closed at night by putting boards in the front and barring them well. There are no doors with hinges. The hinge is unknown in Japan; what doors there are are made to slide back and forth.

There are many more blacksmith shops in Japan than in our country; there is one every few doors, and in walking along the street you may hear the clang-clang of hammers.

The boy wears a black apron with pockets; this he takes off when ready to start home in the evening. He wears wooden shoes—flat boards with straps over them to keep the shoes from falling off. His stockings are called tabis and come only to his ankle. And always there is a separate compartment for the big toe. An American boy would have a hard time in keeping a pair of Japanese shoes on, yet a Japanese boy can put up a mighty good footrace with nothing to hold his wooden shoes on except his big toe.

The principal objects to be attained through the promotion of boys' agricultural clubs, as defined by their country among objects.

1. To encourage and train boys along the lines of the activities of country life.

2. To put into practice the facts of scientific agriculture obtained from books, bulletins, etc.

3. To bring the school life of the boy into closer relationship to his home life.

CAP and BELLS



COULD NOT CONVINCE JUDGE

Policeman Going 20 Miles One Way and Auto 20 the Other Didn't Make 40 Miles Per Hour.

"This man was driving his car in the suburbs 40 miles an hour, your honor," said the motorcycle policeman. "What have you to say for yourself?" asked the judge sternly.

"Your honor, I was traveling 20 miles an hour in one direction when this policeman passed me on his motorcycle going 20 miles an hour in the opposite direction. That's why it seemed to him I was going 40 miles an hour."

"Ten dollars fine," said the judge.

"Spiteful Spirit." "You hear people clamoring for their rights all the time," answered the philosopher.

"Quite so," answered the student of human nature, "but they don't seem to derive much satisfaction from the situation unless the restoration of their rights involves great sacrifices on the part of the favored few."

Too Abrasive. "Have you made any effort to ascertain the principles of economics on which your theories of government are based?" inquired the man with prominent spectacles.

"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "How to land votes is easier found out and, so far as I can see, more important just now."



I Believe That is a Stuffed Cat.

PROMOTION OF BOYS' CLUBS

Encouragement and Training of Youth Along Lines of Activities of Country Among Objects.

The principal objects to be attained through the promotion of boys' agricultural clubs, as defined by their country among objects.

1. To encourage and train boys along the lines of the activities of country life.

2. To put into practice the facts of scientific agriculture obtained from books, bulletins, etc.

3. To bring the school life of the boy into closer relationship to his home life.

4. To assist in the development of the spirit of co-operation in the family and in the community.

5. To dignify and magnify the vocation of the farmer by demonstrating the returns which may be secured from farming when it is properly conducted.



Walter Granlund, Dakota Boy, Who Won First Prize for Largest Yield of Corn.

GOSSIP.

"So that prima donna married the manager?" "Yes. She wasn't satisfied with a salary. She wants alimony, too."

Its Effect. "The hero in the play sang the old ballad, 'Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes,' with an appealing effect." "It appealed, all right. When the men had all come in for the next act, there was scarcely a dry eye in the house."

Not Consistent. "Dubwaite is a plain-spoken man." "Says just what he thinks, eh?" "Exactly. He declares that if there is anything he hates it's sham." "Good!" "But I happen to know that Dubwaite wears a toupee."

Perfect Clinch. "Yep, I got a job cooking for a lady." "Gee, you don't know nothing about cooking." "Don't have to know nothing. She's a bride and I'm her first cook."

That Discussion Got No Further. "It says here in the paper that women are rapidly taking the places of men." "That reminds me," said he quietly. "Have you fixed the furnace for the night, my dear?"

She Was Wise. Joax—Wise's wife always selects his stenographers. Hoax—Why does she select 'em? Joax—She used to be his typewriter before Wise married her.