THE RUMMAGE SALE You know how people would talk if

By HOPE AINSLIE.

One of those woolen fascinators that women used to wear over their hair when they went out in the evening, a set of bone dishes of the same date of usefulness, an umber of dilapidated umbrellas, band-boxes full of old hats and pieces of hats, saucers without cups and cups without any saucers, and a motley collection of outof date men's and women's clothingsuch was the array of articles that Molly Bergen found in the living room one cool morning in November when she returned from her usual trip to the village.

"Whatever on earth"-she began, pulling off her gloves and slipping out of her sport coat.

Her mother anticipated her ques Those are for the rummage sale for the benefit of the old people's Mrs. Bergen was sitting at her desk laboriously rubbing the names off from Christmas and Easter and other seasonal cards. "I'm getting these cards ready, too. I've saved them ever since before you were born. There are many hundreds of them and most of them I can use. We can sell them for five for a cent. Som one will want to buy them."

Molly drew her chair to the oper fireplace and stretched out her hands to the blaze. "Have you heard the news, mother?" she asked by way of announcing that there was news to "The Stanleys' house is opened Yes, it is Tom Stanley, I think, though I know you don't agree with me when I say that he is quite the best looking man that I ever saw know what you are going to say. You're going to say that it isn't becoming for a young, eligible girl to make complimentary remarks like that about men-you weren't going to say it just that way, but that would have been the gist of it. But really you mustn't mind. All girls are quite

neither."

noon. I must thank you. Such beau-

tiful things I never saw. Why, it was

were all sold. And such high prices,

too! We actually got twenty dollars

for that coat-" Tom had paid eighty

for it a week before- "and the books

would hardly know they had been

read-" As a matter of fact the leaves

had not even been cut. "And the rugs

and the blankets and everything were

our old people's home. They really

made my little offerings look quite

shabby. I had managed to get to-

self that sold pretty well, but not so

well as your things. And, Mr. Stanley,

if you would care to we should be de

lighted to have you come to call. You

share our simple family dinner with

would be,

frank about those things nowadays." "I wasn't going to say that at all," assured the mother. "I'm sure Mr. Stanley is very handsome, but don't imagine for a minute that the heir to that large fortune is going to be one little bit interested in a little country mouse like you."

"I'm not a country mouse at all. Haven't 1 been away to boarding school? Anyway, I've met that Stanley man and he's fine. His cousin was at boarding school-not that he cared at all for her. She was engaged at the time. He dropped around to see her once or twice. I met him. But what were you going to say?"

"Simply that your remark gave me an idea that I might telephone there for a bundle of rummage. I am sure us. they have plenty of old things that they don't want that would sell very easily.

"No one is there but old Tom and the man who drives his car. Old man hates the country. Son adores it. He's making the old house a headquarters for a hunting trip. Just gets in the village on the eleven-seven and starts out hunting again this after-That's what the village gossips

Before Molly had finished, Mrs. Bergen had picked up her desk phone to Her voice was sweetness ley house.

they saw you going into his house." An hour later, Stanley, having missed the sound of Molly's light footteps on the veranda and giving up hope of seeing her, started off for his trip to the hunting club. On the veranda, he looked for the bundle he had left there hurriedly when he entered the house in the morning. It contained a new fur motor coat, mink lined; two sleeping rugs, hunting boots, oilskins, half a dozen new books fresh from the printers, and two new steamer rugs-in short, his entiry outfit outside of provisions and arms. He thought perhaps he had left them in and he lived with his mother, at the station taxi, but a trip of his man Farmer Jones' farm. to the station and his own recollection

Peter ran all over the house; no of having lifted the bundle from the room was too ancred for him to enter, taxi convinced him this was not the and he even slept on the bid in the case. Perhaps his man had taken the spare room when the fancy took him things indoors for safekeeping; but to do so. on inquiry and patient searching he He chased the chickens and the ound this was not so.

After passing a half hour in doubt. he suddenly recalled that something them very much, and made their had been said about Molly Bergen takmother very angry. ing a package left on the veranda. That cleared the matter. He would "That Peter Pan is a spoiled kitten." said Mother Hen to Mother Duck, "and elephone to the Bergens at once. Of he needs to be punished, but his course they would have seen the mismother will never do it, and we will take. It would be easy to explain. But no one was home but the cook. never get a chance, so I suppose we "Sure 'nuff Miss Bergen and Miss will have to put up with his pranks." Molly done gone to the scrubbage sale. But fate delivered Peter Pan into

Yassar, been gone all afternoon. No. Mother Duck's power in an unexpected sir, there's no telephone there. It's way not long after the conversation at the old hay barn on the Smith place between Mother Duck and Mother and the Smith place done burned Hen. down, so there's no telephone there, Peter Pan saw the ducklings wan dering about the yard one day not fat

It was nearly five and Tom was just from the pond, so he slyly crept getting ready to start out in person to toward them, hiding in the bushes the "hay barn" of the Smith farm. until he was right beside them. Then wherever that might be, when the he sprang out, and the poor, frightphone rang at his side. It was Mrs. aned ducklings waddled to the pond as Rergen's sweetest voice. fast as their legs would carry them. "I just took a chance at finding you

A piece of board iny partly on the home. I thought maybe it would be cold for you to start out this after-



His Eyes Staring With Fright

"I'll send down the car for you at bank and partly in the water, and one once. No, I promise I won't have a thing done for you except to have an of the ducklings waddled on it before he plunged into the pond. extra place laid. And I'll tell you that Peter Pan ventured too far this our waitress has gone and we have

only a cook, so you know how simply we shall dine." She didn't add that time, and when he stepped on the board it slipped from the bank and there had never been a waitress in the Peter Pan went with it. He was so little that it kept afloat, and there he Bergen household and probably never was sailing from land, his eyes staring with fright and his loud meows could No sooner had she put down the telephone receiver than she rushed to be heard over the barnyard.

the kitchen, her excited daughter who Mrs. Tabby came running down to had been listening to the conversation the pond, and when she saw her Peter get into communication with the Stan- following her. "Olive, for pity sake," Pan sailing away she almost fainted. "Save him! Save him!" she cried. she said, addressing the cook, "open a



Peter Pan was a little black kitten. Why the second month of the year. with its short, gloomy days, should be the month in which so many great movements began or were brought to a successful close, is more than I can

barnyard much after that.

those who bully others.

onger frightened anyone, and he felt

bered how frightened he had been on

the water and how little courage he

had displayed in the face of danger.

which is very often the case with

WHAT HAPPENED IN FEBRUARY

Month in Which Many Great Move

ments Were Launched or Ended-

Rich in Birthdays of Men.

ry much ashamed when he remem-

tell, but so it is. On the second day of this month, 1881, the great Christian Endeavor society, which now gir dies the world with blessings, had its

little ducklings, and, although he had humble beginning. On the tenth day never harmed them, he had frightened of February, 1878, the great Blue Ribbon Temperance movement began in London. On February 13, 1689, the declaration of the English Bill of Rights ended a civil struggle which had been going on for more than fifty years. February 24, 1881, saw the beginning of a work in which we are all interested, the Panama canal. On February 26, 1861, Victor Emmanuel was declared king, thus bringing all Italy under one crown, which had long been the dream of those who loved her best. I think I am safe in saying that

all these movements were for the good of humanity

February is especially rich in the birthdays of great men; there are two a week, and several over. Of course you know the birthdays of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, and Longfellow, almost our greatest American poet, Thomas A. Edison, Charles Dickens, the English novelist, who toppled down prisons with his clever pen, and Montaigne, a great

French essayist, were all born in February. Among February's children are Meissonier, a great French paint er, George Peabody, the American phi lanthropist, and Sir Edward Coke, an English lawyer, who lived in Queen Elizabeth's time, and whom you might call the father of English law .- Berta Hart Nance in Boy's World,

STUDYING ART IN NEW YORK

Expectations Realized.

Geniuses are popularly supposed to e more or less independent of creature comforts, but few of the young persons who come from all over the United States every autumn to study

these have hearty appetites and good respondent of Pittsburgh Dispatch.

allowance. There are now plenty of where the company's employees live. lake is solid asphalt. young women students who come here Fresh paint and cleanliness are svi- No one knows the depth of this myspropared to spend no more than this dent everywhere, and the bright West terious lake, the only information on a week, undeterred by the tales of Indian sunlight gives the settlement the subject being the fact that long a boring was made to a depth of a very pleasant appearance soaring prices for rent 135 feet without reaching the bottom. The lake is a level plain about a stons. Perhaps along with these tales hundred acres or so in extent, sur The "cores" of this and other borings rounded by low hills, and dotted here show that in consistency the asphalt is to prepare a nourishing bill of fare for 59 cents a week or something like and there with bushes and trees. The remains the same to a very consider surface is not a shimmering black, as able depth. Curious as it may seem, that. At any rate with the optimism of youth and ignorance these young might be supposed, but a dull, gray- there are many evidences that the enish blue color, intersected with pools tire mass comprising the lake is in women arrive, determined to get along of shining water. Altogether it is a constant but very slow motion. The somehow, few having made any provi-sions for accommodations before leavvery prosale-looking place, giving no surface is a series of great folds, and in the creases between these the rainhint of its real interest ing their native village or town water gathers. One writer has aptly perspective studio life in New York Solid Enough to Walk On. One can walk where one pleases on

JOKE ON A PRACTICAL JOKER

Inoffensive Citizen Turned on Him, Hit Him Between the Eyes and Then Jumped on Him.

The practical joker was sauntering along in the dusk. The inoffensive citizen was sauntering along in the same dusk, unmindful of the presence of the practical joker. The practical joker, recognizing a friend in the inoffensive citizen, chuckled to himself and quickened his steps to overtake

The inoffensive citizen was thinking of a story he had read about footpads, and wondering whether anyone would ever try to hold him up. The practical joker suddenly tipped the inoffensive citizen's hat over his eyes. The inoffensive citizen wheeled instantly and landed a fine, large blow between the practical joker's eyes. The practical joker went down. The inoffensive citizen promptly sat on him and hit him again. The practical joker yelled:

"For heaven's sake don't hit me again, John. Don't you know me?" The inoffensive citizen said, "Great Scott!"

The practical joker said, in an injured tone: "Hang it all, John, it's only a joke."

The inoffensive citizen looked at the practical joker, who now had one eye closed, and laughed. The practical joker angrily asserted that it was no

pitch lake" of Trinidad, but as broken out, is somewhat brownish laughing matter. very few have any idea of or earthy in color. It is usually quite "But you said it was a joke," rewhat it is like. Some home wet, and filled with many holes, like turned the inoffensive citizen, "and 1 keeping writers of an imaginative bent bubbles, measuring up to an inch or think you are right."

And he laughed again. But the prac-

Deeply Moved.

"Your lawyer made an eloquent

"No, he didn't," answered the de-

"But you must have said something

"So I did. I showed him my bank roll and said: 'Fifty-fifty if you get This does not mean necessarily that me out of this."

A Happy Thought.

"I heard you holding gay converse with the janitor this morning."

"Yes." "'Tis seldom the great man unbends.

leaves daily for trips along the coast. transition from liquid petroleum to "Quite true, but this morning I had occasion to borrow a corkscrew from of Venezuela are seen miles away in calculated in centuries. The digging him and I invited him up to my apartthe blue haze. The steamer's course done in past years has caused the gen- ment to see that highly useful device runs close to a shore bordered by man- eral level of the lake to sink several in operation."

HIS REVENCE.



Village Boys and Girls With Nothing but Youth's Optimism-Few

art in New York are in the genius class. For the most part they are er stops at the long pier of the New is believed that fresh asphalt very young men and women of average ability, seven-eighths of whom are soon as possible, and the majority of approach the lake.

room and board, \$4 being oftener the neat buildings comprise the quarters greatly. In the main, however, the

Here we go ashore, as the pier is the lake from the subterranean depths, bent on becoming self-supporting as most convenient point from which to but how large a quantity is thus added annually has not been calculated. Lake's Depth Not Known. Brighton is an active little town Near the middle of the lake the ma three or four months of study in New ourselves at once in the midst of the terial is less hard than elsewhere, and

digestion-when they arrive. After quite close to the lake, and we find York it sometimes happens that their asphalt industry. There is a little of. in a few places soft asphalt may be

digestion is not so good, writes a cor- fice at the shore end of the pier and seen oozing up from below. This fresh overhead the cable is singing away asphalt is of about the consistency of At one time students thought \$5 a merrily as it carries along great buck- putty, and can be kneaded and pulled week quite a liberal sum to spend for ets filled with asphalt. Dozens of in the hands without soiling them

-inspired, perhaps, by the sight of a more in diameter. caldron of boiling tar-have pictured The gang of barefooted workmen in tical joker hasn't been able to see it as a seething inferno of heat and one place may number thirty men, of the point of it to this day. Still, it boiling vapor, a sort of miniature whom half a dozen do the digging, was unquestionably a good joke. hades. As a matter of fact, it is noth- They work on a space perhaps sixty ing of the kind, writes Victor Pitt- feet long and forty feet wide, and in Kethley in the Wide World. the course of a day they will dig down Though disappointing at first sight to a depth of three feet, or more in plea in your defense. He evidently to people who have the crater of an some places. Go to that same spot believed you innocent." active volcano in mind, yet the "pitch next morning and you will find it a

the lake is slowly sinking. The

lake" is remarkable enough-one of little rough but approximately level fendant. nature's wonders. Apparently well with the rest of the lake. The hole nigh bottomless, it is composed of has been mysteriously filled up during to him that strongly influenced him in solid asphalt, and the excavations the night, and in the course of a week your favor? made by day are mysteriously filled up all traces of the digging will be oblitat night, although the general level erated.

lake is situated near the town of fresh asphalt has come into the lake

Brighton, in the south of the island. from underground sources. On the

Traveling south from Port of Spain, contrary, the excavations are filled by

the capital, one reaches the little town a very slow settling or leveling of the

of San Fernando, inhabited chiefly by surface asphalt. There is no such thing

Indian coolies. Here a little steamer as "new" asphalt, by the way, for the

The landlocked waters of the gulf are solid asphalt by nature's process in-

usually calm, and the green mountains volves a period of time that must be

grove swamps, and after several hours feet, so that it is not absolutely inex-

Brighton is reached, where the steam- haustible, as some people imagine. It

Trinidad Lake Asphalt company, Ltd. slowly pushes itself upward into the

THE ASPHALT LAKE

ANY people have heard of the | them into the car. The crude asphalt,

Pitch Lake

"Mr. Stanley, excuse me for phon ing the minute you arrived, but we are giving a rummage sale, beginning this afternoon, for the benefit-" and so she went on with her honeyed words of explanation

As a matter of fact, the telephone bell had been ringing when Stanley Tom had arrived at the house. dropped the armful of paraphernalia that he had with him on the front porch to hurry in to answer the call. There was a chance that it was important business news from New York. Meantime his one-time chauffeur, who was active as chief cook and bottlewasher and boon companion on the osed hunting trip, had stopped at the village for provisions and Tom had diamissed the station taxi.

'I'm sure 1 can dig up something Old books we have lots of." Tom said over the phone. "And I have a trunk full of old clothes somewhere. I'll get my man to hunt them up. Nothing very wonderful, of course, for we have to wear our clothes till they are worn out, but perhaps they will be salable for a few cents. I really wouldn't dare to give you anything from around the house, though I am quite sure there are loads of useless things, but when my sister comes out next time she might discover that 1 (Copyright, had given away all the family heir looms. I'll send my man over with the bundle.

"Please don't bother," Mrs. Stanley replied. "I shall be delighted to stop. You may be away on your trip. It that case, leave the bundle on the front veranda. My daughter will run really rather have her stop for them."

Tom Stanley experienced a decidedly agreeable turn of memory at the name of Mrs. Stanley's daughter. Yes, she was the decidedly pretty, vivaclous brunette he had met at his cou him that her home was near one of his many homes. He had promised himself the pleasure of hunting her up some time. In fact, he had made two trips to the country with a half idea of finding an excuse to meet her again. But Tom was anything but a ladies' man, and he had merely loafed around the rambling old house for a day or so reading beside the open fire that his man kept burning cheerfully for

Today he had intended to start ou after luncheon. He decided to wait the end of the cigar on his shoe and till the girl had called. While his man put it out. prepared the simple luncheon he runninged around the attic for the pro heon he rum ised books and clothes. He got them ready in a large basket that he thought could be easily put into the

was three when Molly called. Fom had not gone out. "Even if Mr. job and told Banley should still be in," her mother had warned her, "just pick up the bun-die from the veranda and come away. give a bond."

ge can of bouillon and some olives. running around the yas And if you have time make the butter | was no one to save him. The hens and into balls and get out that bottle of the rooster ran to the edge of the port that the grocer sent by accident pond and looked, but they could not they have read others of how easy it with the last order. And, Molly, hurry swim, and Mother Duck was on the and get out the best china, and lay an pond with her children

extra place at the table, and get down When the ducklings saw Peter Pan the candlesticks and-and when your they were frightened at first, for they father comes in whisper to him that he is to make no comments. Tell him the pond, where they had always been thought he was chasing them even on not to put his foot in it the way he did safe, but in a minute they saw that the last time we used the candles by Peter Pan was the frightened one this asking if the electricity had been time, and they gathered around him. turned off. And, Olive, be sure to "Hello, Peter Pan!" they said. "How wear that cap I bought you the time do you like our pond? You are not the minister dined with us. Molly. sailing very fast, so we will help you. you'll have to take the car around for and they gave the board a push with Mr. Stanley. You might make some their bills, making Peter Pan sway remark about the chauffeur being ill and nearly lose his balance

or his day off or something if you think it would look better. Slip into "Go away! Go away!" he called to them. But they only quacked and your little blue mull before you go. quacked to see him frightened, and FATHERS AND PIG-CLUB BOYS I'll wear my black moire. Really, gave the board another push. Thi those Stanleys must have a great deal time he lost his balance and his hind of money to be able to discard such legs went into the water

And he perfectly splendid things. Peter Pan meowed loudly for help eemed so delighted when I told him and his mother on shore called to that they had sold well. I am sure he has a very kind heart. Molly, he is Mother Duck to keep her ducklings from bothering her Peter Pan.

really interested in you already, for "Keep him out of our pond," called he seemed fairly to jump at the invi-tation to dinner. I wonder why he didn't go hunting. It wasn't really so in their way if he does not want to very cold."

"But he can't get out of the pond." said Mrs. Tabby. "Do help him; he will be drowned if someone does not 1916, by McClure per Syndicate.)

help him." **Open Up New Caledoni**

On the Street Car.

he conductor.

"I'm not smoking."

tigar and does as it pleases."

"Your cigar is."

Mineral smelting works uve now But Mother Duck was not ready established in the colony of help him yet; she intended that Peter New Caledonia, according to a recent Pan should have a lesson he would not consular report. A very considerable soon forget. So she went to the side capital has been embarked in these of the board and flapped her wings. and similar enterprises and in future making small waves in the pond. down in the car. My daughter says the mineral riches of New Caledonia which sent Peter's treacherous little she has met you. No, indeed, I should will be developed in a regular and craft sailing out into the middle of will be developed in a regular and craft sailing out into the middle of methodical fash on, which will safe the pend with Peter meawing as loud guard the colony against the recurs as he could.

nce of those economic crises which Mother Duck sailed after him, folshe has had to face periodically in the lowed by her little ones, and after letpast. Openings for trade present ting Peter get a few more frights themselves in respect to a number of from the tipping of the board, Mother sin's boarding school. She had told articles, which have hitherto reached Duck said to him: "If I take you back the colony from German sources. to the barnyard, will you promise

never to bother my children again, or Mother Hen's brood, either? "Oh, yes," meowed Peter Pan, very

"You can't smoke in here, sir," said meekly. "If you will only take me back to my mother I will never chase any of the chickens or ducks again." "Very well," said Mother Duck, "Well, don't blame me. It's a strong "then I will take you home, but if pounds daily gain on a ration of corn, you ever bother my children again I "See here, either you or the cigar will have to be put out." will take you out here and let you stay. Now hop on my back and I will self. At the fair the boy's sow weighed

After thinking over this ultimatum or a moment, the passenger rubbed swim ashore with you." "There is your Peter Pan," said Mother Duck when she reached shore. "I think we have given him a lesson will remember for a long time, and

I advise you, Mrs. Tabby, to see to it fed corn. The two pig-club boys fol-that he behaves in the future, or the lowed instructions and fed properly "The new minister called upon the factory superintendent today." "How'd he come out?" next time he may not get back to balanced rations and used pasture. At land "

Boiling. The busy superintendent bught he was a man looking for a Mrs. Tabby promised that he should never bother anyone sgain as she could furnish first-class references and the also thanked Mother Duck cost them 41% cents a pound to pro-tive a bond." him a job in spite of his looks, if he

ooks alluring, and young women expect to fit into a corner of some picturesque studio at a nominal price as easily as it is done in novels dealing with European art circles. With few exceptions their expectations are not

Remarkable Gain Made by Plg, Owned by Son in Comparison With That Raised by the Parent.

At a Kentucky fair two purebred Duroc Jersey litter mates were shown. One belonged to a pig-club boy, the

Pig Raised by

started even.

Large One by

their pigs eight weeks old. Both

The records of the boy show his

Within the next four months she had

pig weighed 27 pounds at that time.

the surface of the asphalt, without any to the skin of a great elephant, the fear of sinking in, for it is quite solid creases being the folds in his hide. enough to bear one's weight. If you Along the edges of the pools of water stand in one place for a little while it grass, bushes and small trees take feels hot to the feet-just like an as root, forming green "islands" of great-

phalted street on a very hot day. Much | er or less extent. of the time a fresh breeze blows, and one remembers with amusement the

talked about stifling heat and oppres-sive atmosphere. These will all re-

and break out lumps a couple of feet man to carry. Only a very small amount of the material gets broken

baskets are needed to carry the asphalt to the cars. A laborer simply lifts one or two lumps, puts them on us in taking it seriously and acting as

BROTHER'S WORK ALL RIGHT | foyer, slipped a note into the fair one's hand. The escort saw and his face

Way of Leading Man to Make

Before his mirror Jack Maguggle home in the taxi. Wherever did you get that wig?"-Detroit Free Press. where his ticket called for a seat in

in box B sat a lovely young woman ored gown relieved by peanut bars. With her was a saturnine youth with

Jack Maguggie stared at this young dream of beauty intently. In fact, nev-

lowed instructions and fed properly sung "Simpadoxus" aria, did he re move his eyes from that vision of lovethe fair the father's pig weighed a little over 50 pounds; the prize-winning hogs of the boys averaged over

secort of the gorgeous young came out three seasons ago." "She ment house and has no back yard." "In that case he can earn the grattcatch Maguggle's eyes, but Maguggle's a lot more money since then and they tude of his neighbors by answering eyes, as aforesaid, were busy. After have changed their set." - Bostos his call bell promptly." the opera Maguggie, waiting in the Transcript.

"Yes; she quarreled with returned all his presents!

"And he hers?" "Every one of them. Why, he even went so far as to send her half a dozen boxes of face powder with a note explaining that since he first met compared the surface of the asphalt her he must have taken that much home on his coat."

roof Positive.

"It's a dollar to a doughnut that I don't get a tip from the Podunk couple at the last table," said the walter.

"How do you know they are from Podunk?" asked the cashier

"Because this is the dinner hour, but they asked for the supper card; be-sides you can see for yourself they are eating pie with their knives," explained the wise hash slinger.

Keeping Up Appearances. "How about some hair tonic?" suggested the barber.

"What for?" inquired Mr. Growcher. "So as to preserve your hair, of course."

"Let it fall out. I'm too old to be handsome, and my only hope of looking intellectual is to become baldheaded."

Not to Be Trusted. Grandmother-Did you get a letter from your husband this morning?

Young Wife-No; I expected one but the carrier tells me the mails have been very irregular this week. Grandmother—This week fiddlesticks! They always have been that way; you can't trust one of 'em out of your sight.

Knowledge the Fount of Fervency. Slimson-Now, Bobby, remember that when we sit down to dinner the Maguggle arrived home before his sister, whose first words were: "Oh, bishop will say a blessing.

Jack, thanks awfully! He proposed Bobby-Does he know what we're three times without stopping, coming going to have?

Slimson-Certainly not. Bobby-Better let me do it.

won't put half the heart in it that I

Worse Still.

"Is there anything more pathetic than the low-browed husband of a high-browed wife?"

"Oh, yes," answered the advocate sleeping." pointing to the closed eye, of culture.

"I can't imagine what it is." "A husband and wife who are both low browed."

"Well.

Her Second Coming Out.

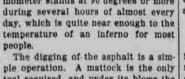
His Opportunity. "Any man who keeps his back yard "But suppose he lives in an apart-

gained 167 pounds at a cost of five cents a pound; or one and two-fifths box A flour, shorts, and buttermilk. The father's pig, unrecorded, shifted for her-194 pounds and was a prize winner; the father's weighed 50% pounds. Another father seelcted a pig from the same litter as did his two pig-club sons. His pig was put in a pen and

Father. Proof That There is More Than One other to his father. Both purchased

a Proposal.

turn to you, however, if you are unfortunate enough to get into a place shell ered from the breeze and exposed to mometer stands at 90 degrees or more



s so radio-active that, if held close to the body for a time, it will produce sores similar to those caused by

To Be Handled With Care "A little nonsense now and then-"I know," replied Senator Sorghum. "But that fact doesn't justify some of

his head, walks a few yards, and drops if we were proud of it."

Frank Avowal. "I wish to marry your daughter," stories of the imaginative writers who said the straightforward young man

"My friend, I'd do anything in my the sun, for at such points the ther- how little influence I have with moth

ple operation. A mattock is the only tool required, and under its blows the pitch breaks readily. The negroes embloyed are very skilled in the work,

temperature of an inferno for most The digging of the asphalt is a sim

"What do you wish me to do?" "Speak a good word for me."

power for you. But if you realized

er and the girls, you'd realize that you are playing mighty poor politics."

Made Him Sore.

Bacon-I see musk in its pure state

radium. Egbert-Come to think of it, I re member feeling 'sore' when the smell across, far too heavy for an ordinary of musk has been too strong.

into little pieces, so that scarcely any

grew black.

carefully painted freckles on his hand-some face, drew on a false wig and beard and hied him to the opera

daddy to come home." er once, even during the exquisitely

"The Bigglewumps are going to give liness. And as he stared he made no attempt to hide his adoration. a grand coming-out party for Maud on the 10th." "Mercy! I thought Maud The escort of the gorgeous you

One Eye Waiting. "Bobby, dear," said his mother, "you must go to bed; it's late." hopped into bed. Later his mother charmingly attired in a sen-sen-colsaid: "Bobby, why don't you close your other eye and sleep?" an American 'seauty rose in his but- mother," said Bobby, "this eye is "but the one that's open is waiting for