The Sacrifice

By Gordon Almy

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"Miss Flora Johnson, 28 Walden avenue," read the line in the city directory, indicating that the owner of the name was a business woman, which, in her small way, she indeed was.

The little chonicle savored of commercial establishment and independence, but in reality it covered the drama of grim and sorrowful experience. At the address noted Flora Johnson lived in two poor rooms with her mother, an invalid, her father dead and memories of a life of comfort and contentment before Mr. Johnson had failed in business.

The old friends of Mr. Johnson allowed his daughter to refer to them, but none of them offered a position. She struggled through the initiation as a typist and stenographer and secured a good position, but the house employing her went out of business. She had to take a poorer place, and then misfortune seemed to pursue her. Her wages became smaller and smaller, one of her employers abandoned his office, a whole month's salary in arrears, and at last Flora was forced to take up rapid-fire envelope addressing at a mere pittance. Her wardrobe was becoming shabby, but she had no means of replenishing it. She was, indeed, dejected at times, always, however, seeing that her mother was provided for. Flora went hungry more than once at the mandates of a sordid necessity.

The heart of the mother was cheered, as just after six o'clock had struck, she heard the quick step of her daughter coming up the stairs.

Told Flora How Badly She Had Needed the Position.

She fancied that she caught the echo of a glad, joyful laugh. All excitement, her usually pale cheeks red as a rose, Flora burst into the room, gayly waving a letter.

"Oh, mother!" she cried; "what do you think? My luck has changed at last. I just got this letter in the hall mail box. It's for me and it's from a firm called Andre Fairfax & Co. I must have answered some advertisement of theirs for a stenographer, for they say that I can report at ten tomorrow morning, that my application is accepted and that the salary is—oh, mother, dear, guess! guess!" fluttered Flora breathlessly.

"Surely not $50?"

"No—$75!"

What a babbling and almost hysterical delight there was all through their frugal meal! What hopes they built on this sudden and unexpected fortune. Flora sat up until midnight mending gloves, doing up her hair, starching and ironing her best waist.

"You pretty picture!" enthused the fond mother, as Flora kissed her good-by. "I've put a poor lunch in your handbag, but it was all there is until—"

"My first week's great, grand salary!" cried Flora, with shining eyes. "Then—oh, then, won't we luxuriate!"

Flora reached the office of Fairfax & Co. She told her business to the information clerk, who went into a private office, and, returning, stated that Mr. Fairfax wished to see her. Flora was impressed with the kindly face of the young man, who, it seemed, was the head of the business. He nodded intelligently as he read the letter and wrote a line on a card.

"Take that to Mr. Doane, the office manager," he said. "He will assign you to your work at once. I hope you will like your tasks here. Your references were excellent."

"My references?" repeated Flora, in a puzzled way. "Why, sir, I sent none—but I have them with me."

"That is strange," observed Mr. Fairfax, and he reached over and lifted a large envelope from a little tray. "I thought I was right. Yes, here they are."

In wonder, and then in sickening despair, Flora glanced over the recommendation of Miss Flora Johnson, but another Miss Johnson, at entirely different address. She felt faint as the truth dawned upon her: Whoever had sent the letter had looked at the directory and had addressed the letter to the wrong Flora Johnson.

There were tears in her eyes as she faltered out an explanation. Blindly she tottered from the room, reached the outer office and then all became blank.

"Poor little soul!" were the words that greeted her as she opened her eyes, and two typist girls were bending over her as she lay on a settee in one of the inner rooms of the suite. "Mr. Fairfax is quite interested. It seems this girl had her hopes raised by receiving a letter intended for another of her name. That poor lunch in her handbag! Isn't it a pity? Probably her heart was set on this position."

"Mr. Fairfax wished to know when she recovered," spoke the other girl, and Flora, sitting up a minute later, was confronted by the young business man.

"You seem to have come first," he said, an expression of real interest and sympathy on his face, "your namesake has not reported, so I think we may take you on—"

"Oh, no, sir!" spoke Flora impetuously. "It was this other Miss Johnson who qualified for the position. Perhaps she, too, is depending upon it to—to relieve—to pay her way! I could not think of causing her disappointment," and Flora arose and left the room.

"The brave, unselfish girl!" spoke Mr. Fairfax in tones of profound admiration. "We have her address and I will look into this."

He could not get rid of a memory of that silent, pleading face all that day. He was eager, glad, as one of his clerks, sent to investigate at the address they had, returned and reported the circumstances surrounding the Johnsons.

"What did you learn?" asked Mr. Fairfax of his envoy, and his sympathetic face was tense and concentrated as he heard the sorrowful story of the struggling girl.

But a new life opened for Flora within the next few days. A letter came from a large brokerage firm, stating that her address as an expert stenographer had been furnished them and asking her to call.

Flora found herself in the position of her life. Her companion workers were charming, her employers considerate and liberal. Within a week all of the bloom had come back into Flora's face and renewed courage was restored to her tried but intrepid soul.

One noon, as she sat down at a table in the restaurant where she ate her lunch, a pale-faced, frail-looking young woman abruptly took the seat opposite her.

She introduced herself as Miss Flora Johnson. She was the young lady whose place with Fairfax & Co. Flora might have had. In fervid, broken tones she told Flora how badly she had needed the position. Now she thanked her for the sacrifice she had made in her behalf.

"And Mr. Fairfax said that it was the noblest act he had ever known. That was why he got you your place here—"

The cat was out of the bag! Flora flushed with pleasure and gratitude at the kindly interest of the good-hearted young business man. She wrote him a brief note that evening, thanking him for his kindness.

And wonder of wonders! He called upon her a week later, and then the week after that.

His interest and sympathy were fast growing into love, and one evening he confessed it. And the humble stenographer became the happy wife of a man of wealth.

Women More Religious Than Men.

The real reason why women are more religious than men today is because they are more human than men. It is not by nature that they are so. Social conditions have made them so. As we have divided the labor of the world between the sexes, the work of men is almost entirely concerned with the production and distribution of things; the work of women almost entirely with the production and sustenance of persons. We all of us at times notice the great throngs of men who go, at the call of the whistle, in and out of our great factories. To the average man's mind, these hundreds of men are "hands," and the purpose of the factories where they are employed is to produce "goods;" but to the average woman's mind, these hundreds of laborers are human beings, and the purpose of the factories is to furnish sustenance, through pay envelopes, to men and women and boys and girls and babies yet unborn. In most of our homes the man leaves human interests early in the morning, devotes the best hours of his day to the welfare of things, and returns to persons again only for the evening's relaxation. His wife, meanwhile, has hardly done an act of labor all the day, has hardly made a plan or had a thought, which is not with considerable intimacy related to human beings—her husband, her children, her neighbors.—Bernard I. Bell, in the Atlantic.

A Scholar in Bed.

"An amusing glimpse of the famous statesman is given by Mr. John Murray of the famous publishing house, which has issued many of Mr. Gladstone's writings and speeches. "The last time I was at Mr. Gladstone's house," says Mr. Murray, "I had breakfast early and alone, as I was going to Scotland. When I had finished I was told that Mr. Gladstone did not know that I was leaving so early, and that he wanted to have another talk with me. I went to his bedroom—a very large room with a double bed in it. Mrs. Gladstone was in her dressing room. Gladstone was dressed in a nightgown with a brown shawl round him. He was lying flat on his face, his head at the foot of the bed and his feet on the pillows. In one hand he held a cup of coffee, and there was a book in the other. I shall never forget that interview, and the comicality of the great lion head popping up as I went towards him."

Would Obey Orders.

The foreman swore at Cassidy for not fully loading up his hod. The hod, he said, would hold so many bricks, and Cassidy must take a full load up the ladder every trip.

One morning the supply of bricks ran out and Cassidy, after gathering every brick in sight, found he was still short of the proper number. He yelled up to a workman on the fifth story.

"What do you want?" asked the workman.

"Throw me down wan brick," shouted Cassidy, "to make good me load."

Every man thinks he's a student of human nature, but few would be able to pass an examination on the subject.

BEETS STUFFED WITH SLAW

Can Be Served Hot or Cold, as May Be Desired—How to Make the Dressing.

Something out of the ordinary for a luncheon or supper dish is boiled beets with a large part of their center removed and the cavity filled with hot slaw. This makes a hearty dish for a family who are not large meat eaters.

As soon as the beets are thoroughly boiled remove the skin and make four incisions at the top of the beets, indicating the size of the opening. What is removed should be carefully served for salad or used in the making of a savory relish in connection with chopped celery, onion and red cabbage. Have a dressing made by cooking in a saucepan over hot water two beaten egg yolks, a teaspoonful of butter, a half cupful of equal parts of water and mild vinegar and the usual seasoning of salt, pepper and paprika.

When slightly thick pour the dressing over finely cut, crisp cabbage, cut as for cold slaw. Stuff this mixture into the beet shells and if not sufficiently hot place them in the oven for two or three minutes prior to serving. For an economical salad follow the same process, but allow the beets to become thoroughly chilled and fill them with celery mayonnaise or cold slaw, as preferred. No lettuce is needed.

OF MUCH USE IN HOUSEHOLD

Supply of Bicarbonate of Soda Should Always Be Kept Within Easy Reach.

Bicarbonate of soda should always be kept in an easily accessible place in the kitchen. Applied immediately to a burn and moistened it will relieve the pain.

A pinch added to any fruits or vegetables will make them more palatable and less sugar will be needed. Use a quarter of a teaspoonful to two quarts of fruit, fresh, or to one pound of evaporated fruit.

Fill new cooking utensils with cold water to which one teaspoonful of soda has been added and boil it. Then wash the utensils with good soap and water, dry, and they are ready for use.

Bicarbonate of soda added to the water in which old vegetables are cooked will make them green and fresh; it will also make tender a tough piece of stewing meat.

It will sweeten milk which is about to turn.

Figs in Syrup.

Pick over, wash and drain a half pound of dried figs and steam until they begin to look soft. Boil together for five minutes a half cupful each of sugar and water. Into this drop the figs, cover closely and draw to the side of fire, where they will keep very hot, yet not simmer, for half an hour. Transfer the figs to a serving dish and boil down the sirup until thick and rich. Take from the fire, add a half tablespoonful of vanilla and two tablespoonfuls of sherry, pour over the figs and set aside. Serve very cold with cream and cake.

Savory Omelet.

Two eggs, one ounce butter, a pinch of salt and of pepper, one-half teaspoonful chopped parsley, one-half teaspoonful chopped herbs. Melt the butter in a small frying pan, beat up the eggs in a basin with the parsley, herbs, pepper and salt. Pour the mixture into the pan, allow it to cook for two or three minutes; double it and shake it off on to a hot plate. While the omelet is cooking, pass a knife around the edges of it, and shake the pan to keep it from sticking.

Fruit Loaf for Lunch.

Mix together half a pound each of seedless raisins, stoned dates, pitted prunes and figs, a quarter of a pound each of almonds and Brazil nuts, and a pound of pecan meats. Put them through the meat chopper, add the juice of two oranges and knead the mixture well, pack in cans and slice down, using as a sandwich filling or in place of cold meat.—Woman's World.

Melt Paraffin in Old Teakettle.

When using paraffin melt in an old tea or coffee pot and you will be interested to see how easy it is to pour the contents of the pot into jelly glasses or other receptacles after they have been filled and need to be sealed. No scattering drops will sprinkle the floor and your apron.

Small Welsh Rabbits.

Cut small, round pieces of toast about three inches; toast lightly; place one or two rounds of the toast on individual hot plates; pour over the rabbit, dividing its contents, to each piece of toast; serve immediately as first course to a dinner or luncheon as a sort of appetizer.

Butter in the Icebox.

For a small icebox where space is precious, put butter in a small enamelware dish, closely covered. This will be found as impervious to odor as the much heavier traditional butter crock of earthenware, will occupy much less room and cannot be tipped over as easily.

Fruit Dessert.

Six bananas, half pound shell walnuts, pint of cream, two tablespoonfuls sugar, a few drops of lemon juice. Crush bananas fine, chop nuts fine also and stir together. Whip stiff and stew over top of mixture with sugar and serve very cold.

Everton Toffee.

One pound brown sugar, one-fourth pound butter, one-half teacupful water, one tablespoonful vinegar, one-fourth pound finely chopped nuts. Stir till boiling. Boil until nice brown (about half hour or more). Pour on well-greased dish on which nuts have been laid.

For Tough Meat.

One method of making tough meat more tender is to brush it over with olive oil and let it stand for several hours.

INSURING GOOD CRUST

CERTAIN RULES MUST BE OBSERVED IN PIE MAKING.

No Reason in the World Why Delicious Form of Dessert Should Ever Have Been Said to Be Indigestible.

Somewhere along in the late eighties or early nineties a loud voice was heard denouncing the great American pie. Pie-making and pie-eating were among the chief industries of our forefathers, and the pronouncement was made that here was to be found the reason for the various assortment of human ills from which they suffered. They did not know they were pie-poisoned. They ate the crisp-crusted, fruit-filled dainties and enjoyed them; they went on their heedless ways ignorant of the crimes they were committing, but according to biblical prophecy their sins were being visited upon their descendants and we were enduring the curse of weakened digestions because of those pie-ous ancestors.

And so the fear of pies was born in us, and it is a heroic hostess who will serve pie as the dessert of a dinner party. If we calmly analyze a pie, though it does not seem so deadly a thing: a little flour, fat, water or milk, and fruit usually, and if these ingredients are skillfully combined, we are willing to take oath as to the wholesomeness of the result.

Here are some simple rules which will insure a good crust, and if we follow them in making our pies we may be able to restore the pie to its old popularity.

The general formula for crust is one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one-half cupful of fat, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, liquid to moisten. This will make one two-crust pie or two one-crust pies. The ingredients must be kept cold. Since the only leavening agent in the crusts is air, and cold air expands on heating, it is reasonable to suppose that the colder the air the greater the expansion and the flakier the crusts. Do not handle the crusts any more than absolutely necessary. Cut the crust a little larger than the tin to allow for shrinking in baking, and be sure to leave no air bubbles between the paste and the tin.

Pastry and modified flour give the best results, and in the case of these less fat is needed. The best crusts are made with one part of lard to four parts of pastry flour. When butter is used two tablespoonfuls more fat to the cupful of flour should be added. Butter in a crust gives it the best flavor, according to some, but lard gives the flakier crust and a good flavor.

More liquid is needed with bread flour than with pastry flour. The larger the amount of water the less fat is needed. A very good way to keep the undercrust crisp is to spread egg-white over it and sprinkle with cornstarch.

Scalloped Parsnips.

Four or five good-sized parsnips, one tablespoonful butter, one teaspoonful salt, two tablespoonfuls milk, one teaspoonful black pepper, two tablespoonfuls finely chopped onion, bread crumbs.

Boil the parsnips until tender, and mash smooth. Add the butter, salt, pepper, onion, and milk. Butter a baking-pan and cover the bottom with a layer of parsnips. Cover the top with bread crumbs and dot with butter. Brown in the oven and serve hot.

Cherry Mold.

Wash and soak half a pound of dried cherries. Sift three tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin, gradually add two cupfuls of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, three well-beaten eggs and the cherries. Pour into a buttered mold lined with cherries, cover with buttered paper and steam for one hour and a half. Turn out and serve with sweet sauce.

To Vary the Children's Supper.

A nice supper dish for the children may be made by rubbing a cupful of raisins and prunes cooked together—or either of them separately—and a cupful of rice through the colander, adding the yolk of an egg, a little sugar and squeeze of lemon, thinning with water and cooking a few minutes. Chopped raisins worked into any soft cheese is a nutritious filling for a sandwich.—Woman's World.

Delicious Potato Dish.

Boil three good-sized potatoes, mash fine and stir in one cupful of sugar. When cool, add one egg, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of sweet milk and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon. Add sufficient flour to make a dough that will roll out without sticking, then put in a pan and fry.

Making Cranberries Taste Better.

Cranberries cooked in a double boiler with no water except that in the outer vessel are superior in color and flavor to those stewed in the ordinary way. Their flavor is greatly improved if a small piece of apple, pared and cut in small bits, is added. The proportions should be half an apple to a quart of cranberries.

Variety Salad.

Take three cupfuls finely shaved cabbage, half cupful diced apples, one-quarter cupful diced celery, one cupful grated pineapple, boiled salad dressing, lettuce; mix together the cabbage, apple, celery and pineapple, moisten with salad dressing and serve in lettuce leaves; garnish with whipped cream.

Boiled Soft Custard.

Four eggs, one quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls sugar, a little vanilla, when done. Heat the milk, beat the eggs and sugar. Cook in a double boiler, stirring all the time till thick. Put into tumblers, two-thirds full, to serve. If cooked too long it will curdle.

MAKING IT KNOWN

By JANE OSBORN.

"Is this the man who writes up the elopements?"

Daisy Maidstone looked with trustful appeal in her blue eyes at the youngest reporter in the office of the Morning Trumpet.

"Yes, elopments and obituaries," grinned back the youth. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, thank you," said Daisy, and then she drew the proffered chair close to the young man's desk with an air of having something to confide. "You see, it's this way."

The young man drew forth pencil and copy paper, conscious as he did so that the girl was very pretty and that she was totally inexperienced in the ways of newspaper offices.

"You see, I wanted to get the announcement of this elopement in for the Sunday morning paper. It is going to take place Saturday night, and I thought I'd give you plenty of time and let you have it now. You see, it is to be a complete surprise. No one but the elopers and the best man and I know anything about it. Of course, you won't tell anyone, will you?"

And as the young man promised secrecy, Daisy went on with her story.

Half an hour later, Daisy's blue eyes were opened to the admiring gaze of Theo Drew, son of Senator Drew, the millionaire politician, who shared with her the exclusive confidence of the coming elopers. They were drinking tea at Greeley's and were soon to join the afternoon dancers who were trotting, tripping and ambling past them.

"Yes," said Daisy, gracefully breaking into an English muffin, "everything is ready. I smuggled Theresa's suit case to my house this morning, and tomorrow I'll get it to the station. There isn't anything left to do tomorrow. Theresa asked me to take care of the newspapers. She said it was better to let those reporter people have the story right because they'll get it anyway, and of course we want everyone to know about it Sunday, when it is all over. I was going to send around the notice to the Morning Trumpet, so they'd get it Saturday afternoon, and then I was afraid that wasn't time enough. So I just dropped around at the office this afternoon. We thought we wouldn't let any paper but the Trumpet have it."

Theo Drew poised his teacup in mid-air and scrutinized Daisy intently. "Daisy, you are a little goose."

"Why, Theo?"

"If you give that story to the Trumpet today don't you suppose they'll come out with it tomorrow morning before the elopement has taken place and spoil everything? Theresa's old aunt will know about it and lock Theresa up and—Daisy, I'm surprised; honest I am."

"But the reporter was so nice, and he said that he wouldn't tell. I was afraid that if I left it till tomorrow it would be too late, and Theresa was so anxious that everyone should know about it after it happened. Oh, Theo, you don't suppose that nice young man will print the story tomorrow, do you?"

"Surest thing, you know," commented Theo with an air of finality. "And that, of course, means that there won't be any elopement at all. So the little game is all off and my friend Daisy is to blame for it."

"Theo, I think you are dreadfully cruel." Daisy was fumbling in her gold mesh bag for a filmy piece of lace and linen to wipe away the tears that were coming into her blue eyes.

"Well, what shall we do about it?" Theo asked himself this question rather than Daisy, but Daisy answered it.

"We'll have them elope tonight instead of Saturday night, and then they'll be all eloped and away by the time the story comes out."

"Silly child." Theo dismissed the suggestion. "Don't you know that Fred couldn't possibly reach here till tomorrow afternoon."

"Then I'll just go to that nice young man and tell him all about it. I'll put it up to him as a gentleman—though really, Theo, I am sure that he doesn't intend using it. He seemed so interested in the story and so grateful to me for telling him."

"All the more proof that he knew it would be good for a first-page, double-column story in the morning."

"But he was so anxious to know that nothing had been given out to the afternoon papers and that we had told no one else about it."

"That is because he wanted to make a scoop out of it. That's what you call it when your paper beats the others out of a good piece of news. And it will be a good piece of news. Society debutantes don't elope every day, you know. It wouldn't be much more of a sensation if Daisy Maidstone herself ran away to be married."

"But it wouldn't matter if I did," Daisy was almost sobbing. "You see, now that I am of age there is no one to keep me, and not having any family but only a few bald-headed ex-guardians I couldn't be stopped. But Theresa's aunt keeps her eagle eye on her all the time. She'd just lock her up and make her life miserable."

"Hard luck," muttered Theo, meditating fixedly over the slowly ascending fumes of his cigar. "Well, I'll tell you what to do, little girl. There's just one chance that the reporter man is an easy mark. If he is, he'll hold out that story. You go back to that office alone, as you went before. Use all your feminine persuasiveness, but don't get hysterical about it, and don't let them know who you are. Perhaps it will be all right."

Half an hour later Daisy was looking intently into the callow face of the youngest reporter of the office of the Morning Trumpet. "But don't you see how dreadful it will be? Why, I am really surprised that you would think of betraying a confidence. I never would have thought such a thing if it hadn't been that Mr. Drew suggested it."

"I thought no one but you was in the secret besides the bride and groom," commented the reporter, taking mental notes of the name of Mr. Drew.

"And the best man," assented Daisy.

"What Mr. Drew is that? Theo Drew, the senator's son?"

"Yes. That is—I can't tell. I think you are very unkind. Please don't use our names. Oh, you mustn't. Why, I never saw anyone so inconsiderate."

"You never were in a newspaper office before, miss?" grinned the reporter. "Folks don't generally tell their secrets to a newspaper man unless they want them made public. Honestly, I'd like to accommodate you, but we haven't had any real good local first-page stuff for a long time. The public is getting tired of wars and strikes and explosions, and now's my chance to give it to them. And that Mr. Drew being the best man just sets it off. I'll use his picture with the story. We've got it in the morgue."

"Where?" queried Daisy.

"Oh, the place where we file away the cuts. Theo Drew's pretty prominent here, you know, and we keep all those pictures on tap in case of death or something of that sort. I'm ever so much obliged to you for the additional information, miss. Good afternoon."

Daisy's eyes were misty with tears when she met Theo Drew again at the Greeley at seven o'clock that night, but he had the expression of a man who sees his way out.

"I've thought of a plan, Daisy, and it all depends on you whether or not it works out. Come over here while I try to make myself clear. You know, you just said that it wouldn't so much matter if it were you—"

And seated on a deep divan in a quiet end of the Greeley foyer Theo spent ten minutes in explaining his proposition.

"Now come over to the telephone booth with me while I phone to that young news scout. Oh, I know you've got to pack four trunks and fifteen hat boxes before 9:15, but you've got to help me with this message.

"Hello, I want to talk to one of your reporters. Tall, slim, young chap. He wore a gray suit and—what was it?" this to Daisy—"yes, a blue tie, and tan button shoes and, yes— No, no mustache. Yes, that's the one.

"Oh, hello. I'm Mr. Theo Drew. Yes, I think you are wise to a little elopement that was going to be pulled off Saturday night, and, being on your job, you're going to take the public into your confidence tomorrow morning. Oh, I'm not asking you to can it, exactly. Wouldn't expect you to do that. I know the young lady didn't just understand the ways of the newspaper game. That's why she told you beforehand.

"Now, this is what I want you to do. What you want is a real live local story, a scoop for the Trumpet? Well, I'm in a position to give you a story somewhat bigger than that. My conditions are that you'll keep the other one dark till the Sunday morning paper. You give me your word of honor as a gentleman? Here goes:

"Miss Daisy Maidstone—yes, the heiress to the Maidstone millions. Yes, old Maidstone made it in the mustard business. But I haven't time to give you the dope on it. You'll find it in the morgue, I am sure. Yes, well, Miss Maidstone is about to elope with Mr. Theo Drew. Yes, I am the lucky man. You know all about me, do you? Thank you. I really didn't know I was such a celebrity. They leave on the 9:15 for parts unknown. Quite right. They are to be married—what's the name of the nearest state where you don't have to have a license? Yes, they are going to make tracks for that state and be married tonight there. Thank you for the information. No, there will be no attendants. No, no one knew anything about it. It came as a total surprise. No engagement had existed between the two contracting parties so far as was known, although it was an open secret that Mr. Drew was an ardent admirer of Miss Maidstone, and had been ever since her debut a year ago. That's the kind of dope you're looking for, isn't it?

"What reason for the elopement? Well, that is one of the things you don't know. No, there was no objection on the part of Miss Maidstone's family, for she had none, and Mr. Drew generally does pretty much as he pleases. Yes, you can use all the pictures of Miss Maidstone and Mr. Drew that you want to. Go as far as you like.

"But—remember the condition—that you'll can that other dope till Sunday morning. And if you tumble to the reason why the other elopement was pulled off you'll keep it to yourself. Thank you. You're a true gentleman, and I trust you."

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Claims Conquest of the Air.

Scientists will be very curious to know more about the wonderful apparatus which an Italian resident at Marseilles has invented, and which, it is said, not only defies the law of gravitation by remaining absolutely motionless in the air, but can be navigated to any desired point without the help of any motive power except "currents" set up by magnetic forces. Even in a wind blowing at fifteen yards a second the apparatus, it is claimed, can remain stationary above the earth. As such a wind means a speed of over thirty miles an hour, and is classed in the Beaufort scale as a gale, the inventor would seem to have made a most thorough conquest of terrestrial gravitation, and left little of the difficult problem of aerial navigation for future solution.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Too Emotional.

"The leading lady seems miffed about something."

"Yes. She complains that the leading man makes love to her with too much fervor."

"That's singular. I don't understand it."

"Such cases are not uncommon on the stage."

"But this chap is her husband."

Youthful Yearn.

First Urchin (playing baseball)—Gee, I wish I was an angel wid wings!

Second Urchin—Wanter be dead, do yer?

First Urchin—Naw! Jest think how I could go after them high liners.

The Right Place.

"Jack is whispering soft nothings to Betty in the conservatory."

"Well, that's the proper place to unload hot air, isn't it?"

WHY HE POSTPONED INQUEST

Pompous Coroner, With Magnified Importance, Could Not Make Slav Understand Him.

There had been a fatal accident at the railway crossing in a town in Iowa, and the coroner, a pompous old chap, who magnified both his office and its incumbent, had impaneled a jury for the inquest.

There was only one witness of the accident, an illiterate Slav laborer, who could understand no English. With him the coroner began to struggle.

"Can you speak English?" he asked.

The man shook his head.

"Can you speak German?"

Again the man shook his head.

"Can you speak Italian?"

The same response.

"Can you speak Russian? Can you speak Swedish?" were the next questions, to both of which the man signified in the negative.

"It's no use, gentlemen," said the coroner, turning to the jury. "We can't proceed with the case. I've spoken to this man in five different languages and can't make him understand me."—Harper's Magazine.

A New One.

Here is another one about these little flivver automobiles that receive so much free advertising. It is going the rounds of a western vaudeville circuit.

The first comedian scratches his left arm violently.

"What is the matter?" asks the second comedian.

"I was out to the —— plant the other day," replies the first one. "Do you suppose one of those things jumped on me?"

Both Satisfied.

"The best thing that ever happened to me," sneered the young man to his former employer, "was when you fired me. I went out and got a regular job."

"That's all right," replied the old boss, "I'm glad you're satisfied. Firing you didn't hurt our firm a particle."

A News Center.

New York Girl—Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives, Uncle Jabez!

Uncle Jabez—P'raps not in New York. But all yew gotter do in East Windsor Hill is ter drop inter Risley's store fer ten minutes and listen!—Judge.

A Smooth Approach.

"You seem hard worked, sir," said the affable stranger.

"I'm half dead."

"Then I called in the nick of time. I'm selling life insurance. If you're half dead you can't get a policy any too quick."

Something Cheaper.

"How much are these baby carriages?" asked the woman in the store.

"Those are forty-six dollars, ma'am."

"Too expensive."

"But that's a fine carriage, ma'am."

"Well, haven't you anything in baby carriages in the flivver class?"

Ineffective.

First Native (in western town)—I guess that chap won't stay here long; we've insulted him in every way possible since he located here.

Second Native — Nonsense! He doesn't know it. He's been living in New York.—Judge.

Easy Game.

"That dog of yours seems fond of chasing trains."

"Yes."

"I wonder why?"

"Well, he isn't much of a fighter. Trains are about the only things he gets a chance to chase."

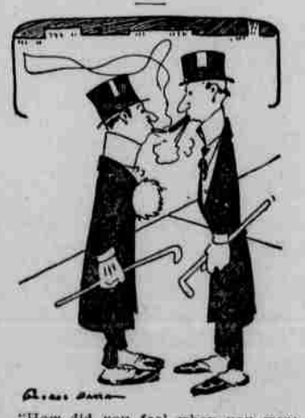
Seeks a Stimulant.

"Jack, I wish you'd come to see me occasionally."

"Why, Vanessa, I thought you were engaged to Algernon Fitzwhistle?"

"No; but I think I could be if I could organize a little brisk competition."

THE SAME WAY.



"How did you feel when you were walking down the church aisle to be married?"

"Do you remember how you felt the first time you got in a barber's chair to be shaved?"

"Never will forget it."

"That's the answer."

The Frenc hsoldiers now occupying

Getting Down to Cases.

"I would go to the ends of the earth for you."

"Let us have some plain talk," said the girl. "Am I to understand that you will take me around the world on a wedding trip?"

Hair Tonic Needed.

Lodger—I wish you would put another mattress on my bed.

Landlady—Why, that is a genuine hair mattress you have.

Lodger—Well, perhaps it was once, but it's baldheaded now.

Balm for His Conscience.

Fuzzby—Yes, she's a nice girl, but if you marry her in the hope that she'll one day come into a fortune, won't your conscience trouble you?

Sportlove—Oh, no! Not if she really gets the money.