

# WOODROW WILSON IS NOMINATED BY DEMOCRATS

## Struggle Third Longest in History and Break Came Suddenly.

### Clark's Strength Diminishes Steadily as New Jersey Governor Gains—Illinois and Virginia Fall Into Line and Victory Is Soon Complete.

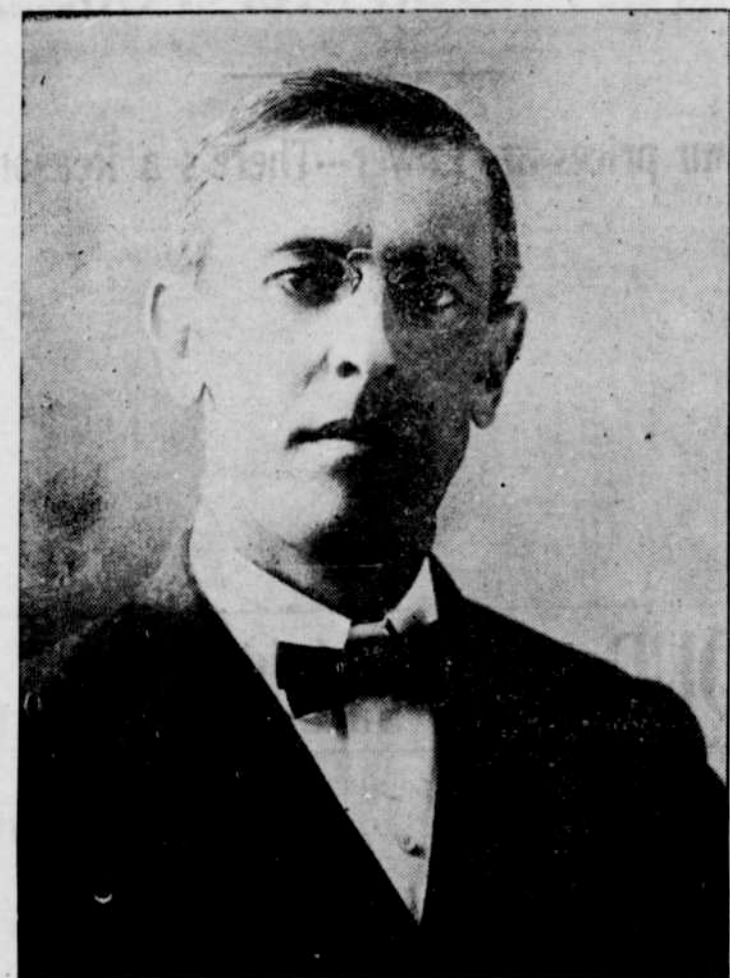
Baltimore, July 2.—Woodrow Wilson was nominated for president by the Democratic National convention on the 46th ballot.

Baltimore, July 2.—Woodrow Wilson gained 108 votes on the 43d ballot, the first cast today at the Democratic national convention, and the hoped for break appeared at hand.

Illinois' 68 delegates propelled the movement, and gains were made also from Connecticut, Iowa, Idaho, Louisiana, Maryland, Michigan, North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Vir-

vention this afternoon, but after the forty-third ballot his progress was slow. His managers had confidently expected his nomination on the forty-fifth ballot, but at that time his total was 633, as against 725-1-3 necessary to nominate. Clark's total at that time had dwindled to 306.

Baltimore, July 2.—The deadlock in the Democratic national convention over a presidential nominee seemed more complicated than ever when adjournment was taken at 12:43 a. m.



GOV. WOODROW WILSON, OF NEW JERSEY

ginia, Wisconsin and Hawaii. Wilson's vote of 602 on the ballot was a majority of the convention. It was the highest vote he had received, and the vote of 329 cast for Clark was the lowest received by him during the prolonged balloting.

When the result was announced the demonstration for Wilson was as enthusiastic and protracted as the weary delegates could make it.

Wilson lacked only 124 votes of the necessary two-thirds to nominate.

Convention Hall, Baltimore, July 2.—Forty-third ballot (official): Clark, 329; Wilson, 602; Underwood, 984; Harmon, 28; Foss, 27; Bryan, 1; Kern, 1.

Convention Hall, Baltimore, July 2.—Forty-fourth ballot (official): Clark, 306; Wilson, 629; Underwood, 99; Harmon, 27; Foss, 27; total, 1088.

Convention Hall, Baltimore, July 2.—Forty-fifth ballot (official): Clark, 306; Wilson, 633; Underwood, 97; Harmon, 25; Foss, 27.

Baltimore, July 2.—Woodrow Wilson continued to gain steadily in the balloting for the presidential nomination in the Democratic National con-

vention today. Woodrow Wilson had made steady gains during Monday's balloting until he reached a high-water mark of 504 votes on the 39th ballot. He remained stationary on the 40th ballot and then began to lose ground.

The last ballot was the 42d, and Governor Wilson polled 494 votes.

Speaker Champ Clark reached the lowest ebb of his candidacy on the ballot where Wilson reached his crest. He went down to 22 votes at that time but immediately began to pick up and had gone to 430 when adjournment was taken.

The speaker came over to Baltimore during the evening and was the guest at the home of Mayor Preston, near Convention hall. He returned to Washington shortly before midnight.

The convention went through another monotonous round of balloting last night. Roll calls, in which Governor Woodrow Wilson gained steadily and Speaker Clark as steadily lost, were taken without decisive result.

The evening started auspiciously for Wilson with the 35th ballot and on the 39th he had passed the 500 mark on one and one-half votes to spare. On the 40th call of the roll Wilson's 501 remained the same and Clark gained a single vote, leaving him 423.

**Jap's White Wife Insane.**  
Los Angeles — Mrs. Hachisaku Tsugo, the American wife of a Japanese living at 225 Boyd street, was brought to the receiving hospital and she was so violent that she was sent directly to the insane ward at the county hospital. According to Tsugo, they were married in Vancouver, B. C., February 15. A certificate was issued by Assistant Police Surgeon Kidder and the woman will be taken here by the lunacy commission. This is the fifth case with exactly the same conditions this year.

**Polar Conquerors Silent.**  
London—Fourteen bronzed members of the crew of the Fram who were with Amundsen in his dash for the South Pole, passed through London on their way from Buenos Ayres to Norway. Four of them—Bjorn, Hassel, Hansen and Wisting—got to the Pole with Amundsen. All refused to talk, as they were pledged to secrecy because of the forthcoming publication of Captain Amundsen's book. They admitted, however, that Amundsen was very lucky and that he had encountered few obstacles.

**German Dirigible Burned.**  
Dusseldorf, Germany—The Zeppelin dirigible balloon Schwaben I, stationed here, was completely destroyed by fire following an explosion of escaping hydrogen gas caused when a strong gust of wind broke it from its moorings and made it collapse in the middle. Several workmen and soldiers were burned or otherwise injured, some of them seriously, but not fatally. The arship had just arrived from Frankfurt.

**Flood Descends on Town.**  
Albuquerque, N. M.—A disastrous cloudburst five miles northwest of Estancia, in the Estancia Valley, Thursday afternoon, made many settlers homeless and it is believed caused loss of life. A wall of water six feet high swept down on the town, flooding stores and homes and causing great damage. Railway and telephone and telegraph lines were destroyed. Relief parties have left for the scene of the disaster.

**Progressives' Confer.**  
Washington, June 25.—A conference of "progressive" Republican senators to consider the situation developing from the third party movement launched at Chicago will be called immediately after the Democratic convention. Senators Clapp, Bourne and Cummins met and discussed the movement. Senators Bristol, Kenyon and Poindexter are away from Washington and when they return, if alignment of the Democratic party has been shaped, a conference of "progressives" will be held.

**Heney Calls on Bryan.**  
Baltimore, June 25.—Francis J. Heney, of California, one of Colonel Roosevelt's fighting lieutenants in the Republican national convention, called on Charles R. Crane, of Chicago, who helped to finance the Roosevelt campaign for the Republican nomination, were in consultation for three-quarters of an hour tonight with William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska. Heney and Crane reached Mr. Bryan's apartment by a private elevator and were gone again before their visit became generally known.

**Wind Sinks Race Yachts.**  
New York—A miniature hurricane swept over Long Island Sound while the annual regatta of the New Rochelle Yacht club was in progress and before the wind had spent its force three of the racing yachts had been sunk and nine others capsized. The crew of the sunken craft had narrow escapes. Thirty-five persons were picked up by rescuing parties.

## THIEF REFUSES \$10,000.

Says He Is Unable to Earn Big Reward Offered.

San Diego, Cal.—C. R. Riese, confessed diamond thief, awaiting arraignment in Superior court to plead to his part in the theft of \$40,000 worth of diamonds and other jewels from guests of the U. S. Grant hotel, refused an offer of \$10,000 made on condition that he tell where the famous jewels stolen from Mrs. Eugene de Sabla the night of the Mardi Gras ball in San Francisco are hidden. The offer to Riese was made through Chief of Police Wilson and Chief of Detectives Myers. These officers claim the jewels are insured for \$50,000 and that a reward of \$20,000 is offered for their recovery.

They offered to divide with Riese if he would confess. Riese maintains he had no hand in the De Sabla robbery. Officers know that Riese, Paul Sobie and Margaret Ward Manners were in San Francisco at the time of the robbery at the St. Francis hotel. They claim they have knowledge that Riese knows where the jewels are hidden.

"There is nothing to be gained by keeping anything back," said Riese to the officers. "I have come through clean with everything I know, and if I knew anything about the De Sabla diamonds or of the crime I would tell it. Ten thousand dollars is a lot of money, but I cannot get it because I don't know about the De Sabla affair." Riese would make no further statement.

Paul Sobie, his accomplice in the other robberies, is held for trial on a charge of grand larceny. The woman was released, but is under surveillance.

Riese confessed to complicity in stealing \$85,000 worth of securities in New York two years ago, for which an attorney named O'Reilly was sent to prison.

## HAT PLUSH DUTY LOWER.

Women's Rights to Be Protected by Assistant-Secretary Curtis.

Washington, D. C.—"The rights of women are secured in the Treasury department." So said Assistant Secretary Curtis in wiping out a big discrimination against women's hats in the interpretation of the tariff acts.

Hatters' plush, used exclusively for the manufacture of men's silk hats, has been admitted to the United States at 10 per cent duty. Other such plush has been put in the hands of late hundreds of thousands of women's hats, by fashion's decree, have been made out of hatters' plush. Because of the peculiar wording of the tariff act, some collectors of customs, in cases where the plush was used for women's hats, have assessed 45 per cent, while that plush used for the dress hat of an American gentleman paid only 10 per cent.

"The cost of women's hats is high enough," said Curtis, deciding that the quality of the plush should be made the basis of assessment, whether it went to man or woman.

**WIFE HOLDS FAITH.**  
"Mrs. Scotty" Says She Has Seen Real Mine.

San Bernardino, Cal.—"He's a wild one—a wild one, is my Death Valley boy," sighed Mrs. Walter Scott at the county hospital here. Mrs. Scott is fast recovering from a nervous breakdown. "He may deny the existence of his rich mine, but take it from me that the stuff is there," she continued. "He's been a wild Death Valley Scotty, all right, but when the stuff runs low he always knows where to get more."

Mrs. Scott declares that she has herself been at the mine, has seen the yellow metal sticking out in enticing bunches from the rocks, has knocked off gold chunks as big as a rabbit's paw and believes that if her "wild Death Valley Scotty" wanted to work a little he could soon knock out a pile of gold that would make John D.'s \$900,000,000 look like 30 cents.

Mrs. Scott will be discharged from the hospital within a few days. She talks continually of Scotty, and his letters bring her more pleasure than a check for a million could possibly bring.

**Tariff Board Abolished.**  
Washington, D. C.—The tariff board went out of existence because congress had refused to further money for its work. The five members, headed by Chairman Henry C. Emery, assembled at the White House and informed the president of the board's most recent work, consisting of a cursory examination of the leather industry, the cost of sugar growing in Louisiana and glossaries of the leather and silk schedules. These uncompleted data were turned over to the president for the use of the committee.

**Flood Refugees Are Fed.**  
New Orleans—Two thousand flood refugees, made homeless by the Hy-melia crevasse waters, are being fed and housed at the United States naval station here. Mike Walsh, a half-breed Cherokee, and his squaw, were rescued from a raft on which they had floated from Southern Oklahoma. Walsh could speak little English, but indicated to his rescuers that when the floods visited the state several weeks ago he and the squaw were forced to seek refuge on the raft. The man's leg was fractured.

**Seamen's Strike Grows.**  
New York—Leaders estimate that 2000 sailors and 2000 firemen and oilers are on strike in this port and that 4000 men are out at Boston, Philadelphia, Galveston and Norfolk. An officer of the Marine Firemen's union said that several of the steamship companies had signed an agreement to increase wages and recognize the union.

The brunt of the strike is directed against big coast lines whose officials have refused to grant the demands.

**Doings of the Week.**  
Current Events of Interest Gathered From the World at Large.

Portland stenographers have organized a union with 1000 members. American warships are leaving Cuba, as there seems to be no rebels in evidence. Detective Burns and Attorney Rogers were fined for contempt of court at the Darrow trial.

Several ships sailed from New York with improvised and pick-up crews, owing to the seamen's strike. Forty dead have been taken from the ruins of the city of Regina, B. C., which was struck by a hurricane. The motorman was killed and six passengers injured when a Seattle streetcar ran away and turned over on a curve.

A cousin of ex-President Diaz, of Mexico, died at Hutchinson, Kan., while en route to Spain to join his relatives. Mexican federal and rebel armies are facing each other at Bachimba and it is believed the final battle of the revolution will be fought.

Miss Harriet Quimby, a woman aviator, with a male passenger fell 1000 feet in a Blériot monoplane near Boston and both were instantly killed. Congress gave a vote of thanks to the certain crew of the steamer Carpathia, who saved 704 passengers from the Titanic.

The plant of the Omaha Automatic Telephone company was sold at receiver's sale for about 25 cents on the dollar. Many thousand dollars' worth of the stock is held by residents of the Pacific Northwest. Navy medical officers who have arrived in Porto Rico declare that the epidemic of sickness there is true bubonic plague, but believe they can stamp it out.

General Estenez, leader of the Cuban revolution, is reported killed, and General Ivonet captured. The board of directors of the Oregon Apple show have decided to enlarge the exhibitions to include all land products.

Crop scares on account of bad weather are sending up wheat prices at Chicago. The city of Portland will call for bids for ten new pieces of automobile fire fighting apparatus.

A Tillamook man has written the mayor of Portland to find him a wife, who must weigh not less than 200 pounds and have \$500. It is definitely settled that the battleship Oregon will be in Portland harbor during the Elks' Grand National convention, July 7 to 12.

A witness in the Darrow bribery trial openly accused Darrow of offering him money to turn over to him evidence against the McNamara brothers. A move is under way to make Thursday, July 11, a general holiday throughout the Northwest, that all may attend the Elks' Grand National parade in Portland.

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General Resume of Important Events Presented in Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

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**PORTLAND MARKETS.**  
Wheat — Track prices: Bluestem, 92c; club, 86c; red Russian, 86c; valley, 86c; forty-fold, 86c. Hay—Timothy, \$14@17 per ton; alfalfa, \$11; clover, \$8@9; oats and vetch, \$10@11; grain hay, \$9. Corn—Whole, \$39; cracked, \$40 per ton. Oats—No. 1 white, \$36@37 per ton. Berries—Strawberries, \$1@1.50 per crate; gooseberries, 2@2.25 per pound; raspberries, \$1.50@1.75 per pound; loganberries, \$1@1.25. Fresh Fruit—Cherries, 2@10c per bush; apples, old, \$1.50@3 per box; new, \$1.75 per box; apricots, \$1.25; cantaloupes, \$2.25@2.50 per crate. Vegetables—Artichokes, 65¢@75¢ per dozen; asparagus, \$1 per box; beans, 7@8c; cabbage, 2¢ per pound; cauliflower, \$2.75 crate; celery, \$5@6 per crate; corn, 30¢ per doz.; cucumbers, \$1 box; eggplant, 25¢ pound; head lettuce, 12¢ dozen; hothouse lettuce, 75¢@\$1 box; peas, 6@7¢ pound; radishes, 15¢@20¢ dozen; rhubarb, 2¢ pound; spinach, 4@5¢ pound; tomatoes, \$1.75@2 per box; garlic, 8@10c per pound. Potatoes — Jobbing prices: Burbank, old, \$1@1.25 per hundred; new, per pound, 1¢@2¢. Onions — California, red, \$1.25 per sack. Butter—Oregon creamery, cubes or solid pack, 27¢ per pound; prints, 28¢. Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, candled, 23¢ dozen. Pork—Fancy, 10¢@10½¢ per pound. Veal—Fancy, 13¢ per pound. Poultry—Hens, 12¢; broilers, 17¢@18¢; ducks, young, 10¢; geese, 10¢@11¢; turkeys, live, 17¢@18¢; dressed, 24¢@25¢. Hops — 1912 contracts, 20¢; 1911 crop, nominal, 27¢@29¢. Wool—Eastern Oregon, 14¢@19¢ per pound, according to shrinkage; valley, 20¢@22¢; mohair, article, 32¢. Cattle—Choice, steers, \$6.25@6.75; good, \$6@6.25; medium, \$5.75@6; choice cows, \$5.75@6.20; good, \$5.50@5.75; medium, \$5@5.50; choice calves, \$7@7.75; good heavy calves, \$6@6.50; choice calves, \$7@7.75; good heavy calves, \$6@6.50; stage, \$4.75@6. Hogs — Light, \$7.50@8; heavy, \$6.25@6.70. Sheep—Yearlings, \$3@4.25; wethers, \$3.25@4.50; ewes, \$3@3.70; lambs, \$4@5.85.



Author of 'The Game and the Candle' and 'The Flying Mercury' etc. Illustrations by FREDERIC THORNBURGH

## CHAPTER I.

The Man Who Dared.  
The official starter let his raised arm fall and leaned forward, peering across the blended glare and darkness. "What?" he shouted, above the pulsating roar of the eleven racing machines lined up before the judges' stand. "What?"

There was a flurry around the central car, whose driver leaned from his seat to stare down at the man who had slipped from beside him to the ground. The great crowd congesting the grand-stand pressed closer to the barrier, staring also, commenting and conjecturing.

The mechanician of the Mercury is off his car. "What?" "Painted—" "Fell—" "The automobiles hadn't started; he must be sick."

The referee was already pushing his way back, bringing the report from the hastily summoned surgeon. "Heart disease," he announced right and left. "Stanton's mechanician just dropped off his seat, dead."

But Stanton himself had already swung out of his car, with the energetic decision that marked his every movement. "My man is out," he tersely stated to the starter. "I've got to run over to my camp and get another. Will you hold the start for me?"

The question was rather a demand than a request. There was scarcely one among the vast audience who would not have felt the sparkle gone from this strong black wire of sport that had been to Stanton for the twenty-four-hour contest. He had not only fame as a skilful and scientific racer; he had the reputation of being the most spectacularly reckless driver in America, whose death could be but a question of time and whose record of accidents and victories verged on the appalling. He knew his value as an attraction, and the starter knew it, although preserving impassivity.

"Five minutes," the official conceded, and drew out his watch. Already a stream of men were running toward the Mercury camp with the news. Stanton sprang into his machine, deftly sent it forward out of the line, and shot around into the entrance to the huge oval field edged by the beach track; a mile of white ribbon bordering a green meadow.

The row of electric-lighted tents, each numbered and named for its own racing car, was in a turmoil of excitement. But most agitated was the group before the tent marked "3, Mercury."

"Duran's down and out—give me another," he called Stanton, halting his noisy, flaming car. "Quick, you—"

But no one stepped forward from the cluster of factory men and mechanics. Only the assistant manager of the Mercury company responded to the demand:

"Yes, go; one of you boys. I'll make it right with you. You, Jones."

"I'm married, sir," refused Jones succinctly.

"Well, you then, Walters. Good heavens, man! what do you mean?" For the burly Walters backed away, actually pale.

"I'll dig potatoes, first, sir."

"Why, you used to race?"

"Not with Stanton, sir."

There was a low murmur of approval among his mates, and a drawing together for support. Stanton stepped down from his car, snatching off his mask to show a dark, strong face grim with anger and contempt.

"You wretched, backboneless cowards!" he hurled at them, his blue-black eyes flashing over the group. "Do you know what I and the company stand to lose if I am disqualified for lack of one of you jellyfish to sit beside me and pump oil? Isn't there a man in the camp? I'll give fifty dollars myself to the one who goes a hundred if I win."

"I'll promise twice that," eagerly volunteered Green, the assistant manager. He had private bets on Stanton.

Not one of the clustered workmen moved.

"Damn you!" pronounced the driver, utterly and comprehensively. "I'll repeat that offer to the man who will go for the first three hours only, and meanwhile will send to New York and find a red-blooded male."

The men looked at one another, but shook their heads.

"No! You won't! You work your miserable bodies three months to earn what I offer for three hours. What's the matter with you, don't I risk my neck?" He turned, sending his powerful voice ringing down the line.

"Here, hunt the paddock, all of you—two hundred dollars for a man to ride to the next three hours with me!"

"You can't take a man from another camp, Stanton," protested the frantic Mr. Green. "He might trick you, hurt the car."

His appeal went down the wind unheeded, except for one glance from the racer's gleaming eyes.

"He won't trick me," said Stanton. "The crowded stands were a bulk of swaying, seething impatience. The paddock was in an uproar, the Mercury camp the center of interest. But no volunteers answered the call. The panting machine, its hood wrapped in jets of violet flame, headlights and tail-lights shedding vivid illumination around the figure of its baffled master, quivered with impotent life and strength. Raging, Stanton stood, watch in hand, his face a set study in scorn.

Suddenly the harsh rasp of the official klaxon soared above the hubbub, arising, summoning.

the unusual element lay in the boy beside him. Stanton, he refused to acknowledge him.

The sharp crack of a pistol, the fall of a flag, and the whole struggling, flaming flock sprang forward toward the first turn, wheel to wheel in death-edged contest. And Stanton forgot his mechanician.

The Mercury led the first circuit, as usual. It was very fast, and its pilot took the chances more prudent drivers avoided. Still, the lead was less than the car's own length, two of its closest rivals hanging at its flanks, when they passed the tumultuous grand-stand. Just ahead lay again the "death curve." There was a swift movement beside Stanton, the pendent linen streamers floating from his cap were deftly seized and the dust swept from his goggles with a practiced rapidity.

"Car on each side an' one trying to pass," the clear voice pierced the hearing. "No room next the fence."

Stanton grunted. The boy knew how to rise in a speeding machine, then, and how to take care of his driver, he noted. Nevertheless, he meant to take that fence side.

And he did. As the other drivers shut off power to take the dangerous bend more slowly, Stanton shot forward at unchanged speed, cut in ahead and swept first around the turn, taking the inside curve. The spectators rose with a universal cry of consternation; the Mercury swerved, almost facing the infield fence, skidding appallingly and lurching drunkenly on two wheels, then righted itself under the steering-wheel in the master's hands, and rushed on, leading by a hundred feet.

The people cheered frantically, the band crashed into raucous music, Stanton's mechanician got up to lean over the back of the flying car and feel the rear casings.

"You're tryin' to tire," he imparted, his accents close to the driver's ear. "That was the first time that Stanton noticed that Floyd lapsed and blurred his final 'g' in moments of excitement. It might have sounded effeminate, if the voice had not been without a tremor. As it was—

"At the end of the first hour, the bulletin boards showed the Mercury five laps ahead of its nearest rival. And then Floyd spoke again to his driver.

"What?" Stanton questioned, above the noise of the motor.

"We've got to run in; I'm afraid of the rear inside shoe. It won't stand another skid like the last."

Stanton's mouth shut in a hard line.

"I will not," he stated. "Get back in your place. You can't tell."

"I can."

Stanton declined no reply, sliding past one of the slower cars on the



Stanton Stood, Watch in Hand, His Face a Set Study in Scorn.

back stretch. To go in meant to lose the whole time gained. As they took the back turn, Floyd again leaned over.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**DESERVED TO MAKE A SALE**  
Book Agent at Least Showed That He Had the Valuable Quality of Perseverance.

The book agent who walked into Peter Steffens' office looked like an ingenious fellow, but Steffens, glancing up in a hurry, spied his trade in a minute and muttered to himself:

"Confound that boy. Now, how did that fellow get in?"

A loud, he said: "You're wasting your time here. I won't buy anything today."

"You'll only let me show you—"

"No," shouted Steffens. "It won't take a minute—"

"But, really, my dear sir, this is something out of the common—"

"No use. I can't read," said Steffens. "But your family, sir, would you deprive them—"

"I would," said Steffens. "If I had an 'I'm an orphan.'"

"Well, you might want something to throw at the cat," suggested the book agent. "Do you think," demanded Steffens, "that I would demean my cat by throwing your miserable publication at her?"

The book agent was only dashed a second.

"What about me," he asked, indignantly. "Don't you want something to throw at me the next time I come?"