

The Ward of Robbers' Roost

By
CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

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WNU Service

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

Up to this moment the two captives had kept silence. They had realized that they were mere pawns in the game, not supposed to act of their own initiative. However, they did not know what Barker wanted them to say. But when he denounced them they imagined he was playing a part and became suddenly eager to follow his lead. Consequently, when Go Ahead shifted his attack and centered attention on them with such bewildering suddenness, they burst into clamorous speech.

"We didn't," they cried. "He's a liar, Jim. We never named your name."

A roar of laughter swept the crowd—chiefly from Barker's own adherents. Under its impact his always swarthy face grew actually black with anger. Toward the men he sprang.

But Go Ahead stepped in his way. "Hold on, sheriff," he protested. "I'm not questioning the right of a man to beat his own dog, and if these men told the truth when they said they were yours, go ahead. But if they lied—" Go Ahead paused suggestively.

"Lied? Of course they lied! I never saw them before," Barker was on the defensive—though he could not imagine how he had got there.

"Then I don't think you've got any right to manhandle them," Barker squirmed. He felt confusedly that there was something wrong in Go Ahead's argument, but for the life of him he could not find the error. Incontinently he surrendered.

Around he looked, then called to one of his deputies, who was pressing toward him. "Hey, Miller," he ordered. "Take these horse thieves and lock them up."

Then, as the deputy caught hold of the bewildered men, Barker turned to Go Ahead. "Come into the office, will you?" he invited. "I'd like to get this story straight."

But Go Ahead shook his head. "Thanks," he said. "I'll drop in later. Just now Bob and I want to get something to eat. We're hungry. Guess we'll go to Bridget's and get some grub and a room."

"A room?" Barker's eyes bulged. Was it possible that this man had not yet discovered Bob's sex?

Go Ahead did not understand. With some perplexity he answered. "Why, yes," he said. "Bridget has rooms, hasn't she?"

"Yes. But you—you—you—" Barker broke off. He had meant to say—"Ain't married yet, are you?" but he caught himself just in time. Abruptly he realized that Stella did not look like a girl to anyone present except himself and to two or three others who knew the facts. He also realized that for him to recognize Fair's daughter would be to supply another thread for the web of evidence that seemed to be closing about him.

"Oh, sure, you can get rooms there," he agreed, hastily. "Drop in at the office any time when you get ready."

Go Ahead turned away, passing through the throng that opened for him and Bob. On its outskirts he brushed against Caesar, who, with the rest, was apparently looking on. Go Ahead stopped and looked at the negro as if the latter had asked him something.

"Haven't got time to talk horses now, boy," he said loudly. "If you've got any bring three or four around to Bridget's after dinner tonight." Then he walked on.

CHAPTER IX

Bridget's was built on the "system of units" plan. Originally a good-sized adobe building, it had been supplemented by frame and even by galvanized iron additions until it had taken on a nondescript, not to say heterogeneous, aspect.

When Go Ahead saw it he grinned. "Did somebody build it from the correspondence school directions in the Women's Home Chronicle telling how to build a house out of a soap box and a tin can?" he asked.

Stella's eyes widened. "Why?" she exclaimed. "I never thought of it in that way before; but that's just what it does look like." Then her innate loyalty to her friends got the better of her sense of humor. "I don't care," she protested. "It's clean, and the cats are good, and Bridget's a good sort. She's been mighty fond of me, and I'm mighty fond of her."

"Good boy! Stand up for your friends. I hope she's got a room for us."

"I'll go in and see." Coloring faintly, Stella scurried around the side of the house, darted into the adobe section, from which appetizing odors were floating out upon the air, and precipitated herself into the arms of a comely-looking Irish woman who was cooking at the stove. "Oh, Bridget," she cried. "I'm so glad to see you."

"Arrah! And is it yourself, mavourneen?" Bridget's arms closed about the slim form of the girl. "Sure, it's the long time since you've been in so it is. Ah! You needn't be tryin' to explain at all. It's meself that knows what's been goin' on. Why, why, darlin'! What's after being the matter with ye?"

Stella was robbing on the woman's motherly shoulders. "Oh, oh, Bridget!" she gulped. "I'm so miserable and so happy and so—so—"

"Whist, whist, child! That's enough for one bit. . . . Who is he, darlin'?"

"He?" Stella tore herself free. "Sure! Sure it's a man in it, there is. Whatever else should a girl be happy and miserable all at once for?" Stella drew herself up. "You're all wrong, Bridget," she said, coldly. "I'm not a girl. I'm a man and—"

"Not a girl? Arrah! Ain't ye now? Think of that!"

"No, I'm not," Stella stamped her foot. "I'm a man—or a boy, anyway. And I'm going to stay one. I—I—Oh! Why won't the men let me alone?"

"God knows, dearie. But I'm thinkin' maybe it's just because they are men—the poor amdhouns. Who's been troublein' ye now, Barker?"

"No! Yes! Oh, it's too long to tell now. But Wade and Barker trapped me at the J. R. ranch this mornin'. And if Go Ahead hadn't come a—"

"Who come along?"

"Go Ahead. My cousin from the East. Dad sent for him—"

"Sure an' I know. Fair sent me word about him a month ago. It's a fine mouthfulin' name he's got. But I suppose he got it because he was most unlike it. Likely he turned out to be a lah-di-dah dude." The Irish woman dropped her eyelids to hide the twinkle.

"Dude! Dude!" Stella laughed scornfully. "Well, if you'd seen the way he handled Wade and Barker; this mornin' and Barker again just now—Oh! I wish I had time to tell you all about him, but it would take me a week. But he's a real man and—and he's nice, too."

Bridget shrugged her mighty shoulders. "An' wouldn't anybody be nice to a pretty girl cousin the first time he sees her?" she scoffed.

"But I'm not pretty. And he doesn't dream that I'm a girl—and I'm not. I

Recently there were two weddings in my circle of friends. One pair were little more than children—a scant twenty-one numbered the tale of their years. The other two were both gray-haired. More than fifty years had passed over their heads, yet the love in their eyes was just as bright, the spring in their steps, the lift in their voices were just as buoyant, just as blithe as that which animated those of youth.

Indeed a second spring seems to have come to them; for the man, an artist, turns out better work than ever he has done before and the woman lives and works in the tireless energy of youth with the added power of experience.

I never hear about lovers without remembering the Brownings, those most perfect of all lovers. The story of their great love is enough to quicken the heart and moisten the eyes of the darkest doubter.

Elizabeth Barrett was a poetess frail of body, an invalid confined to her room for the greater part of her life. Shielded from all outside contacts by a devoted family, guarded by a jealous father who had sworn death to lovers, she lived in seclusion and loneliness until she was thirty-nine years old. Then it happened, this thing some folks say cannot happen after one is thirty.

Miss Barrett wrote a poem and Robert Browning read it. His heart responded to its message as one song responds to the love call of another. He wrote his love letter and she was not slow to answer. Within two years these two eloped to Italy where they lived in complete happiness until death claimed the frail Elizabeth.

She was forty and Browning was thirty-four the day they ran away to be secretly married in the parish church. Where was Old Time then? Ah, no. Love is timeless. It is the divine quality that merges self into selflessness, seeks another's good, another's joy.

When the chamber of the heart is swept and garnished true love comes and stays. It never asks what o'clock it is.

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Where Red Indians Got Wood for Bows

Medicine Bow, Wyo., and the Medicine Bow National forest derive their names from the fact that in early years the Indians came there from the surrounding territory to make their bows from the mountain mahogany which grows in abundance in that vicinity. Here, too, the Indians found pine trees of a certain species which grew in thick stands, straight, tall and trim. When overcrowded the trees were small, and the Indians found them desirable for the poles of their tipis. From this the tree gained the name of lodgepole pine.

Now the lodgepole pine is used primarily for railroad ties in the western states. In the Medicine Bow National forest it is cut under government regulation, floated down stream and shipped to Laramie for preservative treatment. Government supervision insures the perpetuation of the supply.

Selfish Wife

Miss Ellen Glasgow, noted novelist, had come from her Virginia home to sail for Europe, and at the Cosmopolitan club in New York she talked about divorce.

"Selfishness is the cause of divorce," she said. "A beautiful Richmond girl married a young cotton broker—they're divorced now—and one day the poor fellow had to say to her:

"Do you know that your dress-makers' bills and beauty parlor bills eat up three-quarters of my income?" "My goodness me!" she answered. "What do you do with all the rest of your money?"

Alligator Market

Alligators, measuring from two feet to seven feet are the choice ones for the hide market, an alligator hunter explained, stating that no matter how long an alligator the markets pay only for a seven-foot length. The skin is not taken off the backs of the larger alligators, but the full skin, back and all, is taken from the smaller ones.

Not Yet Overcrowded

There are 701 people per square mile in England.

Is THIRTY the Love Deadline?

Angelo Patri was born in Europe but came to this country long ago. For twenty-five years he has been a public school teacher in New York City with so much success that he is now principal of one of the city's largest public schools. He has written many books and for a great many years has contributed a daily article on the care and teaching of children.

By ANGELO PATRI

One cannot fall in love after thirty? Why just that tick of the clock? Is there then no grace for the day after? Or the year? Did Old Time set a mark at that place? Tilt his glass with finality? Or is it but the pleasant notion of a happy man who, having found his treasure early, believes his good fortune to be the law of life? It cannot be that one loses his chance of love and loving because he has lived a short thirty of the seventy-eight years allotted him. What has true love ever had to do with time? Love is limitless, timeless. It is a quality of the spirit as intangible as sunlight and air—and as evident. It has always defied the gestures of time and of locksmiths. It is as elusive, as mysterious, as powerful as the Spirit of God, which indeed it is. How else explains its eternal power over men and women?

Indeed a second spring seems to have come to them; for the man, an artist, turns out better work than ever he has done before and the woman lives and works in the tireless energy of youth with the added power of experience.

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Strange Burial Rites in "Darkest Africa"

A strangely weird ceremony is performed by the Katabella (Africa) tribe on the occasion of the last great phase of human experience. The body of the dead tribesman is placed in a wooden coffin elaborately ornamented with brass nails. (These are a great luxury, only obtainable at a high price from traders.) The coffin is carried to the place of burial amid the beat of tom-toms and the wild chants of the villagers who follow, bringing with them small chairs or seats.

A huge circle is formed around the coffin; the headmen chant in low, monotonous tones which are responded to by choronic refrains from the deceased's relatives and friends. With a huge pyre crackling in the fast gathering dusk and the sparks flying upward the scene is not easily forgotten. Another evil spirit has been called to its reward, the natives say. Truly fitting, and yet how sad, is this philosophy of these Darkest Africans.

Bird Fancies

The cuckoo has been credited with the habit of sucking birds' eggs to produce a clear voice; the swift was said to hibernate during the winter season beneath the waters of a lake or pool; while the harnie goose was supposed to originate from ship-barnacles—one writer recording the fact that he had actually witnessed barnacles detach themselves from the face of a rock, and then transform themselves into miniature geese.

Won Fame by Discovery

The discoverer of what is now called the electron was Sir J. J. Thompson of Cambridge, England. He called it a corpuscle. The name electron is credited to Sir G. Johnstone Storey.

Good Dividends

A dollar spent for a show is a dollar spent for transient pleasure; a dollar spent for a good book is a permanent investment for the whole family.—Pathfinder Magazine.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Let's do our earnest beginning to-day."
Earnest in labor, and earnest in play;
Earnest in action and earnest in thought.
Doing and thinking the things that we ought."

HOT WEATHER DISHES

This is the season when cooling drinks, refreshing and juicy fruits, and vegetables appeal to the appetite.

Cucumber Jelly Salad.—Peel four cucumbers and cut into thin slices. Cover with one cupful of cold water, bring to the boiling point and cook until soft; then force through a strainer. Add two and one-half tablespoonsful of granulated gelatin dissolved in three-fourths of a cupful of boiling water, a few drops of onion juice, one tablespoonful of vinegar, a dash of cayenne, salt and pepper to taste. Strain through cheese cloth into a mold and chill. Serve on lettuce with sliced tomato and mayonnaise.

Chicken Casserole.—Dress and clean a young fowl and cut into pieces for serving. Spread with one-third of a cupful of butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Pour over one cupful of boiling water, cover and cook until the chicken is tender. Add one cupful of cream, two cupfuls of fresh mushrooms, broken into pieces, and cook ten minutes. Thicken with one tablespoonful of flour and serve.

Coffee Spanish Cream.—Mix one and one-half cupfuls of coffee infusion with one-half cupful of milk, one-third of a cupful of sugar and one tablespoonful of gelatin; heat in a double boiler. Beat the yolks of four eggs slightly, add one-third cupful of sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Add to the first mixture and cook until slightly thick. Remove from the heat, add the whites beaten stiff and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Mold and chill, serve with cream.

Glazed Sweet Potatoes.—Wash and cook six medium sized sweet potatoes until nearly tender; do not peel. Remove skin and cut into halves lengthwise. Make a sirup by boiling one-half cupful of sugar and four tablespoonfuls of water five minutes. Brush the potatoes with the sirup, bake, basting often with the sirup until the potatoes are tender and well browned.

Seasonable Foods.
A potato salad if well seasoned makes a good dish to serve on a warm day for luncheon or supper with sliced cold meat.

German Potato Salad.—Cut medium sized cold boiled potatoes into thin slices. Put into a baking dish and sprinkle with salt and pepper, one-third of a cupful of chopped celery and one and one-half tablespoonsful of finely chopped parsley. Mix four tablespoonsful of vinegar with four tablespoonsful of olive oil and one slice of lemon. Bring to the boiling point, pour over the potatoes, cover and let stand in the oven until thoroughly heated.

Creamed Mushrooms on Toast.—Clean one pound of mushrooms, remove the caps and cut both stems and caps into thin slices. Melt five tablespoonsful of butter, add the sliced mushrooms and cook three minutes. Sprinkle with half a teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of pepper, dredge with one and one-half tablespoonsful of flour and pour over one-half cupful of cream. Cook for five minutes, stirring constantly. Serve on oblongs of buttered toast and garnish with toast points and parsley.

Barbecued Ham.—Soak two thin slices of ham in warm water twenty-five minutes. Drain, wipe and cook in a hot iron frying pan until deeply browned on both sides. To the fat in the pan add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of mustard, one-eighth teaspoonful of paprika, and one-half teaspoonful of sugar. When thoroughly heated pour over the ham and serve.

Molded Salmon.—Cook one cupful of bread crumbs and one cupful of milk until smooth. Add four tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of cooked flaked salmon, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, then cut in the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Fill buttered individual molds, two-thirds full, set in a pan of water and bake until firm. Garnish with slices of hard cooked eggs and parsley.

Beets Piquante.—Wash beets and cook in boiling salted water until soft. Reserve one-half cupful of the liquor. Plunge into cold water and remove the skins, then cut the beets into cubes. Reheat in the following sauce: Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and pour over the half cupful of beet liquor. Add one-fourth cupful of vinegar and cream, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of pepper.

A plain buttered bread sandwich with thin slices of cheese placed between, then fried in a little butter until brown on both sides, if served with a salad of green vegetables, such as lettuce with cucumber and onion, will make a most satisfactory luncheon dish.

Here's Maxwell

False Satisfaction

If a man has money, says the old sheep herder, in Farm and Fireside Magazine, he can buy his way in and think he's getting there faster. But the only real way is for a man to start young and grow into the game learning as he goes.

Such Is Human Nature

You can find ten men fighting for their politics to where you can find one man will go out in the rain for his religion.—Copper Weekly.

COOL HOT WEATHER DRESS FOR GIRL

Excellent Type of Sleeveless Garment for Summer.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Here's an excellent type of sleeveless dress for a little girl to wear on warm afternoons in summer. It was designed by the bureau of home economics to be made from any plain commercial pattern that has kimono sleeves with a seam on the shoulder. The armholes are made at the point most becoming to the child. Carried out in white or pastel shades, it is pretty enough for a party, and yet if developed in colors, such as old rose, green, delft blue or even darker shades, it would be entirely suitable for ordinary wear on hot summer days. The material is fine cotton voile, and the only trimming consists of the stitched design in leaf green yarn, and the neck binding and tie of green voile to match. This dress is so simple that it can be cut out and made on the sewing machine in about two hours.

The armholes and front opening are bound in the white voile, and slight gathers are taken in at the neck and bound in green voile. To make the stitched trimming, the yarn is wound



A Cool Hot Weather Dress for a Little Girl.

on the bobbin, after loosening the shuttle tension, and white thread is used for the upper stitch. The design is marked and stitched on the wrong side of the material. The turned-back corners of the square pockets are also trimmed with the stitching. These pockets are made of a double square of voile, and turned with the seams in. They are in keeping with the design on the front.

It is a good idea to use a double bias neck binding about three-fourths of an inch wide when folded. The raw edges and the top of the dress are seamed together, with the binding lying on the right side of the garment. The binding is then folded over, but does not have raw edges to be turned under on the other side. A second stitching, also on the right side, very close to the first seam, folds the edge and makes a neat finish.

Hems on any dresses are much more attractive if put in by hand, and often set better than when stitched on the machine. On children's dresses hand-sewed hems facilitate letting the dress down when necessary. The first hem should be very wide to allow for growth. In sheer materials like voile, the turned-under part of the hem will look best if it is the full width of the hem, and the allowance for letting down can be taken care of in this way.

CREAM CHEESE IN ROLLED SANDWICHES



Cream Cheese Mixed With Finely Chopped Watercress.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The rolled sandwiches in the illustration, taken by the United States Department of Agriculture, are spread with cream cheese mixed with finely chopped watercress. Chow chow, chili sauce, or any desired pickle mixture might have been used in place of the watercress. Equal parts of soft cheese, chopped olives, pimiento, or green peppers, and nuts might be used. Many different finely chopped vegetables may be worked into cream cheese to be used in this way. Some of the best liked are parsley, watercress, lettuce, spring onions, chives, radishes, cucumbers, and celery. Onion or lemon juice may be included in the seasoning.

HOUSEHOLD FACTS

A coat of tan is a coat of health; but don't put it on too quickly.

The best mid-morning lunch for the child is fruit or milk with or without bread and butter or graham crackers.

An easy way to clean a stained aluminum kettle is to boil turnip leaves and water in it for a few minutes.

SHRINKAGE IN HAM CAN BE PREVENTED

Thermometer Assures Success in Cooking Meat.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Could there be any roast meat more savory and appetizing for high days and holidays than a choice baked ham, crusted with browned sugar, studded with cloves, and redolent of the spicy pan gravy with which it has been basted? Success in cooking such a ham to a turn is assured if you use a meat thermometer, the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture tells us.

Whether a ham is to be boiled or baked, it cooks more rapidly and shrinks less when the rind is left on it. Make a tiny slit with a sharp knife or a steel skewer and insert the meat thermometer through the rind into the center of the thickest part of the ham, place it on a rack in a large kettle, cover with hot water, and cook at the simmering point until the meat thermometer registers 160 degrees Fahrenheit. Remove from the fire and let the ham cool in the liquor. The temperature of the ham will reach 170 degrees to 174 degrees Fahrenheit before it drops. Before baking a ham, soak it overnight in water to cover. Place it on a rack in an open pan and bake in a slow oven (200 degrees Fahrenheit) until the thermometer in the meat registers 160 degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature at the center of the ham continues to rise for about 45 minutes after it is removed from the oven and it will reach 170 degrees to 174 degrees Fahrenheit. Take off the rind, score the fat, coat with the brown sugar mixture, and return to the oven. Whether boiled or baked, the time required for the ham to reach 160 degrees Fahrenheit will be about 25 minutes to the pound.

In addition to greater uniformity of results at different times of cooking and more exactness in results, the thermometer helps to prevent overcooking, so often the cause of lost flavor, poor appearance, and unnecessary shrinkage.

Apricot Charlotte Good as "Company" Dessert

Here's a "company" dessert that will appeal to your guests, whether young or old. It must be made several hours before it is wanted, and that is always an advantage, since it permits the housewife to "get the dessert out of the way" and give her attention to other dishes on the menu. The bureau of home economics sponsors the recipe:

1 lb. dried apricots 1 cup boiling water
2 1/2 cups cold water 1/2 pint whipping cream
1/4 lb. gelatin 1/2 cup sugar
1 cup sugar 1/2 teaspoonful salt

Wash the apricots and soak them over night in 2 cupfuls of cold water. Cook the apricots until soft in the water in which they were soaked and press them through a fine sieve or colander. Put the 1/2 cupful of cold water over the gelatin and after it stands for 5 minutes add the boiling water. Stir until the gelatin has dissolved, then add the sugar, salt, and apricot pulp. Chill and fold in the cream which has been whipped. Line a serving dish with lady fingers or slices of sponge cake, and pile the apricot mixture lightly in the center. Place the dish in the cold for an hour or more before serving.

Cottage Cheese

One gallon of skim milk will make about one and one-half pounds of cottage cheese. If the milk is sweet it should be placed in a pan and left in a clean, warm place at a temperature of about 75 degrees F. until it clabbers, when it should have a clean, sour flavor. Ordinarily this takes about 30 hours. A small quantity of clean-favored sour milk mixed with the sweet milk will hasten the process, according to the United States Department of Agriculture.



NURSES know, and doctors have declared there's nothing quite like Bayer Aspirin for all sorts of aches and pains, but be sure it is genuine Bayer; that name must be on the package, and on every tablet. Bayer is genuine, and the word genuine—in red—is on every box. You can't go wrong if you will just look at the box:



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

To Cool a Burn Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

Experiments Show the Value of Light Baths

By taking a holiday in Switzerland and sitting in the sun, five pit boys from the mines in Mansfield, England, have demonstrated the value of light baths for men and boys who work underground. A report of the committee which has been testing the usefulness of light in industrial hygiene has just been published. Following the Swiss experiment with sunlight baths, a clinic was opened and 50 volunteers from the mines, fourteen to seventeen years old, have had ultra-violet light baths several times a week for three months. At the end of the time, the boys had gained in weight an average of more than four pounds. Boys of the same age who did not get the light baths gained a little more than two and a half pounds during the same three months. The boys who had the light baths gained in height more than the boys who did not. The clinic will be continued, and the committee report recommends that wherever pithead baths are provided, light baths should be established with them. The report warns, however, that artificial light baths should be given only under medical supervision.

Second Sight When Dying

A peculiar story of second sight comes from a village on the Danube, in a dispatch to the Observer. A dying peasant woman, who had lost a son named János on the battlefield in 1915, called her children to her bedside to bid them farewell. When she had done so she begged them to promise not to close her eyelids after her death, because her son János was alive and on his homeward way, and she wished her dead eyes to rest on him, as she might not know that happiness during her life. When the family returned from her funeral a few days later it was to find a letter from János awaiting them, in which he announced that he was alive and well, and was on his way home from Siberia.—Peters van Passen, in the Atlanta Constitution.

Title Writers Discovered

Mark Twain would have been a great title writer for the movies, Photoplay Magazine observes. "Everybody," said Twain, "is always complaining about the weather, but nobody does anything about it." (Change weather to picture and it is still good.)

"Parts were good," wrote Mathew Arnold, another title expert. "Parts were original. But that which was good was not original, and that which was original was not good."

Green Apples, Perhaps

Three-year-old Jimmie was suffering with a pain in his midsection. His complaining finally received attention and he was asked what was the matter.

"I think," said Jimmie, "I ate something that didn't concern me."

An Excuse

Mistress—Why,