

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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Too Fresh!

When he draws near folks pass him by, They know he is a flippant guy; He is too fresh and he's at fault, For he won't even earn his salt.

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is woman's intuition? Paw—That's only another name for feminine suspicion, my son. Maw—Willie, you go upstairs and take a bath.

Ho, Hum!

When you're feeling dull and hazy, And you can't find a reliever; Other folks say you are lazy, But you know you have spring fever.

Huh!

"It says here that a noted cubist painter has gone crazy," remarked the old fogey.

"Well," replied the grouch, "I've seen some cubist paintings, and believe me, he didn't have very far to go."

The Secret.

He's making coin to beat the band With ease that is surprising; Each day he takes some money and Keeps right on advertising.

Facts You May Not Want to Know. Oliver Cromwell never rode in an automobile.

Queen Elizabeth was very fond of Welsh rabbits.

Joan of Arc never rode on the rear seat of a motorcycle.

Julius Caesar could play anything but pinocle.

The queen of Sheba never had to stand up in a street car.

Nero never tried to blow out the gas.

Advice.

To petty grievances be blind, Forget them in a hurry; Keep busy, and you will find You'll have less time to worry.

Tough Luck!

The Cincinnati Enquirer being a daily affords Luke McLuke an opportunity to anticipate our ideas and get away with them, thus making himself famous at our expense. — Somerset (Ky.) Journal.

A Prayer.

It is my joy in life to find At every turning of the road The strong arm of a comrade kind To help me onward with my load.

Unless, perchance, it be a cop, Who, with his night stick tries to goad Me from a friendly wayside stop, And help me onward with my load. — Luke McLuke.

Names Is Names.

Atmore Glass lives at Owenton, Ky.

This May Peeve T. R.

Dear Luke—Did you know that one of the most prominent families in Oyster Bay is that of Colonel Ian McFurson—Peter Pan, East Liverpool, O.

Things to Worry About.

A full grown shad has 13,408 bones.

Our Daily Special.

Never ask for a kiss until after you have taken it.

Luke McLuke Says:

Once in awhile you will meet a man who is so careful of his conscience that he uses it only on Sundays.

Another reason for the high cost of living is that the bag that used to be filled with clotheings is now filled with receipted laundry bills.

A single man blames his ancestors for his lowly lot in life. But a married man usually blames his wife.

Every month is the right month in which to plant seeds of kindness.

It might help business some if women would do less shopping and more buying.

Of course silver and gold are mere dross when compared with the wealth of love. But just the same, there are a whole lot of married women whose idea of bliss would be to be a wealthy old maid who was independent and didn't have to ask any man for a cent.

They are using so much paint nowadays that when a man kisses a girl he is in danger of getting a red nose.

They can monkey with eugenics all they please. But any old time that father and mother are such natural born tightwads that they accumulate a fortune the offspring is always a good spender.

Some men are known by their deeds, and others are known by their mortgages.

Every married woman feels that she earns every cent of her husband's salary.

You can't always tell. The girl who is holding her head highest as she parades her new outfit may be the one who has only paid the first dollar installment on it.

This would be a fine world if everybody agreed with you as heartily as the man who is getting ready to touch you for a loan.

One advantage of being poor is that you can buy an antique chair for a dime at a junk store. But if a millionaire wants to buy an antique chair he has to go to an antique store and pay \$1,000.

It is hard to make people understand that a kind word and a pat on the back are appreciated more by a live man than a lot of flowers are appreciated by a dead man.

Moderately Comforting.

He (uneasily)—Do you think your father will give his consent to our marriage? She (reassuringly)—Oh, yes. He seems to have had an inkling of what was in the air, and only a day or two ago I heard him tell mother he knew several young men who had less sense than you have. — Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Latest News Photos of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition

Attendance at Huge World's Fair Breaks All Records

The photographs on this page show latest views of the great Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco. Since its opening on Feb. 20 the Exposition has met with remarkable success in its attendance. During the first thirty days more than two million persons passed through the gates, establishing a record over all other world's exhibitions. Every country in the world is represented. The most marvelous collection of exhibits in operation is shown, and the latest scientific and mechanical devices are exhibited.

Carrington

A Story of Ranch Life

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Not only boys read stories of deeds of heroism. Girls sometimes absorb them and fall in love with the heroes. When I was a girl I doted on such stories. Soldier boys were my favorites, but I conceived a great admiration for the western cowboy. Having one from a refined family and lived in the east, where I never saw a cowboy, it is quite possible that had I met one of them my illusion would have disappeared like this mist before the sun's rays.

The typical cowboy or cowpuncher, as he is called, I was told later, murders the king's English, the corners of his mouth are gummed with tobacco juice, his every third word is an oath, and he gets drunk whenever he finds an opportunity. I don't mean to say that there are not quiet, respectable young men among them, but the majority don't pretend to be carpet knights.

When I was nineteen years old my brother, after graduating at college, concluded to make a ranchman of himself and, going to the west, purchased and stocked a ranch. He wrote glowing letters about the life he led, riding over his broad acres, watching his herds increase, and seemed rather pleased with the lawlessness of a country wherein every man was his own attorney and his revolver his constable. He sent home a photograph of himself on horseback, a sombrero on his head, a lariat at his saddlebow and a revolver at his hip. It fired my imagination, and I thought how fine it would be for me to have a lover rigged out in the same fashion.

A time came when he wrote me to make him a visit. I was wild to go, but my parents objected. However, I was so persistent in my entreaties that they at last consented. Having no escort, I was obliged to travel most of the way alone. My brother wrote me that he would send some one to escort me over the last sixty miles since the journey was through a rough country and he was unwilling that I should pass over it alone. This distance was made up of fifty miles of railway and ten of wagon travel. The man I was to meet would wear a yellow ribbon in his buttonhole. He would pass through the train and I was to stop him when he reached me and ask if he was John Carrington.

When Mr. Carrington came slowly walking down the aisle of the car I saw that he fulfilled my ideas of the man I would like to love and be loved by. Though roughly dressed in flannel shirt and trousers and a light coat, he showed unmistakable signs of being to the manner born. How many pistols and knives he carried on his person I did not know, but one huge revolver was stuck in his belt in front.

In a buttonhole of his coat he carried a yellow ribbon which I recognized at once as having held together a bundle of cigars. This assured me that he was the man I was to meet, and I addressed him, asking him if he were not Mr. Carrington. His face broke into a beautiful smile, and he lifted his sombrero and took a seat beside me. Mr. Carrington told me that he had a ranch near my brother's and that they, being the only two gentlemen in the neighborhood, had become fast friends. My brother had mentioned my coming, and Carrington had asked permission to be my escort over the latter part of the journey. Of course I realized that he would relish the care of a young girl, since he had probably not seen one of his own class for a long time.

Detail of the Court of the Universe



ILLUSTRATION shows a fountain scene in the Court of the Universe at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco. The succession of star crowned figures surrounding the top of the circular colonnade is most effective, especially at night when under illumination. Be sure to see the great Exposition.

Novel Manufacturing Exhibit at Marvelous Exposition

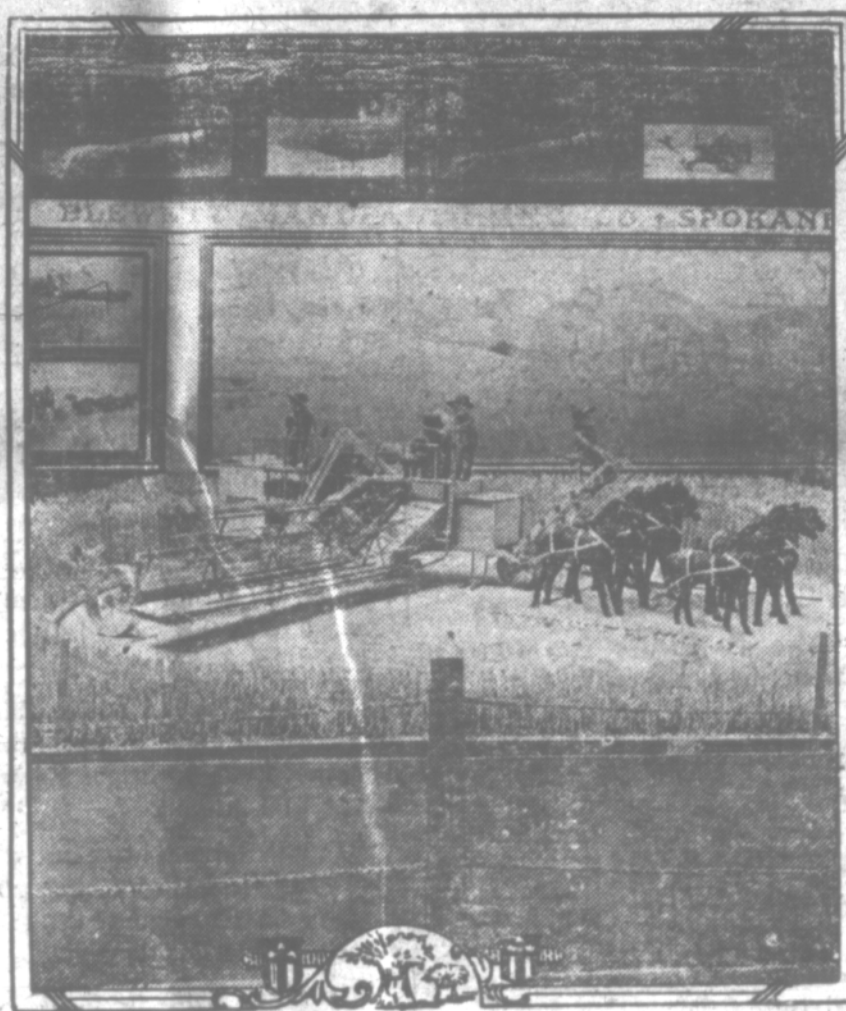


ILLUSTRATION shows one of the interesting exhibits in the Palace of Manufactures at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco. This typifies the realism that dominates the whole exhibit of the great Exposition. The harvester and model houses are complete in every detail. Be sure to visit San Francisco this summer.

received and the absence of resentment on the part of Mr. Carrington.

Bob led me to a four mile team he had in waiting, then went off for my baggage, and when he returned I conversed with him, principally about the holding, ignoring Mr. Carrington's action, or, rather, want of action. Bob not mentioning it himself, on reaching the ranch house I was shown to my room, and the reaction from my excitement brought on a flood of tears.

However, a rest brought back my composure, and I tried to look forward to enjoying ranch life, though my first experience in the region had been by no means pleasant. Mr. Carrington did not appear, and I felt quite sure that I would see nothing of him after the cowardly manner in which he had permitted me to be insulted. I did not ask Bob what had become of him, and Bob did not mention him to me. I inferred that Bob had been disappointed in him, but that he did not wish to make the matter worse by discussing it.

On the third morning after my arrival at Bob came to my door earlier than I had been accustomed to rise and called to me:

"Get up, Boss. Ned Carrington is here and wishes to see you."

"Indeed?" I replied. "If Mr. Carrington wishes to see me he can call at a proper hour."

"He has something to show you. Don't keep him waiting."

My curiosity being aroused, I got out of bed, dressed myself and went downstairs. Bob met me in the great hall and led me out to the veranda.

There stood Mr. Carrington and a dozen other men, some of whom were mounted and some holding their horses by the bridle. There were three others seated with chairs. One of these I recognized as the robber who had kissed me. Carrington turned to me and said:

"I have brought this villain here to apologize for insulting you. If I had lifted a finger to protect you at the time I would have been shot dead by a man at one end or the other of the car, besides causing these men to shoot at the car, possibly killing you, among others. On reaching the station I called together a posse. We made after the robbers, got wind of their whereabouts, tracked them there and succeeded in getting them." Then, turning to the robber who had kissed me, he said:

"Apologize."

The man stood mute. Carrington struck him on the head with his revolver, causing a stream of blood to flow down his face.

"Apologize!" roared Carrington again, cocking his revolver.

I ran down the steps, caught Mr. Carrington's arm and took his revolver out of his hand.

"Take them away, boys," said Bob. "We have no use for them around here."

The robbers were led away. I supposed, to jail, but I question if they ever saw a jail, for this was the third robbery they had committed, and when Bob said "we have no use for them" I fancy he meant to shoot them.

Mr. Carrington had evidently not relished my treatment of him, for he immediately withdrew and could only be induced to appear again at the ranch after a letter of apology from me, in which I expressed his a thim in the car and begged his forgiveness.

That was a good while ago. We are now as usual here now. We all live in the east, and I am Mrs. Carrington.

The Language of Cash.

"Say, pop."

"Go on. Spill it."

"What does money say when it talks?"

"Whatever is necessary to make the sure go. Run out and get it and play with the other boys." — Richmond Times-Dispatch.

The Impossible Man

How He Became Possible

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mona Renton looked at her uncle with wide, horrified eyes.

"Marry a man I have never seen? Impossible!" she cried indignantly.

Silas Renton frowned, but his voice did not lose its quality of patience.

"But, my dear Mona, I have told you that William is an exceptionally fine young man, and your marriage to him would save the business from ruin. His father has promised that."

"What?" demanded Mona.

Mr. Renton gazed out of the window.

"Jim Barstow loved your mother, Mona, and failed to win her. I believe he wants his son to marry your mother's daughter. In fact, he told me so when I went to seek a loan from him."

"It's a bargain—a cold, cruel business transaction. Uncle Silas!" cried the girl passionately. "But you have been so good to me, like a father and mother in one, that I cannot refuse. Tell Mr. Barstow I will marry his son, but out of all the world, uncle, I am sure that this William is the one man I would not voluntarily choose to marry."

"The impossible man, eh?" smiled Mr. Renton, drawing her toward him.

"The impossible man!" agreed Mona, shuddering.

And when the next day came she had persuaded her uncle to permit her to spend a month upon his ranch in Montana.

"When I return I will meet Mr. William Barstow," she pleaded. And so she was allowed to go, planning to visit several school friends by the way.

It was several weeks after her conversation with her uncle that she arrived at the Double Circle ranch and was welcomed by motherly Mrs. Peters, wife of the boss.

Mona went directly to bed and was awakened early the next morning by the sound of voices under her window.

Boss Peters was talking to some one, a man with a lazy, drawling voice and a deep toned laugh.

Mona crept from bed and went to the window. Behind the ruffled draperies she could remain unseen.

A tall, loose limbed young man leaned against a big black horse while he lazily rolled a cigarette.

"It's this way, Billy," protested Boss Peters. "You've got to tend to your knifin' or you go!"

Billy laughed genially and pushed his hat back on his thick brown hair. Mona liked him at once. Here was the typical, handsome cowboy of romance.

"Very well, Peters," laughed Billy. "Just give me another mess of knifin' and I'll tend to it."

The men went away together, and presently Mona saw Billy riding away down the trail.

"I should like him," thought Mona as she dressed for breakfast. "I must ask Mrs. Peters about him."

But Mrs. Peters was exasperatingly vague about Mona's cowpuncher.

"Billy, did you say, Miss Renton?" she asked. "I'm sure I couldn't say, for most every other one's named Billy something or other. There's Billy Xmas and little Billy and old Billy and

Billy Barto. It might be Billy Barto. He speaks slowly and is always laughing. It might be him."

Mona blushed and changed the subject. Why should she be curious about this stranger?

After breakfast Boss Peters brought around a cream colored pony.

"You ride cross saddle, Miss Renton?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mona as she came down to pet the pony. "Isn't he a dear? He looks good enough to eat!"

Mrs. Peters, in the doorway, laughed and told Mona that she herself looked good enough to eat.

"In that white linen skirt and blouse and white felt hat you'd charm the birds off the trees," predicted the boss' wife.

Mona laughed and rode away, a straight, slim, soldierly figure, her wide gray eyes fixed on the trail ahead, her cheeks growing pink with the exercise in the clear air.

She forgot all her cares—the financial troubles of Renton & Co., which her engagement to young Barstow had magically changed to prosperity—her engagement to a man she had never seen, for William was away on a hunting trip.

"I know I shall hate him!" sighed Mona as she suddenly remembered the Barstows.

The cream colored pony stepped into a gopher hole, and Mona flew over his head to fall prone upon the sagebrush, one ankle twisted under her body.

She screamed once when she tried to move and then faltered away.

Mona opened her eyes to gaze into a pair of dark blue ones. A strong arm supported her as Billy Barto knelt beside her.

I heard you scream, and so I came along," he explained. "Is it your arm?"

"My ankle—it feels so queer," half sobbed Mona; her lovely face pale with agony.

He rode close beside her all the way home, cheering her with stories of the little country, even bringing a smile to her white lips by a recital of his own early adventures.

At last they reached the ranch house. Mona swooned away when Billy lifted her from the saddle and gave her into the keeping of Mrs. Peters.

Finally Mrs. Peters came downstairs. Her round eyes twinkled when she saw the anxious cowpuncher.

"How is she? Shall I go for the doctor?" said Billy.

Mrs. Peters laughed.

"She is fast asleep. You needn't bother going after the doctor. I'm better than a dozen doctors, specially with sprained ankles and such. You know, this is a gopher country."

Billy nodded.

"Well, I'll be hiking along," he said reluctantly; then, turning quickly, he asked sharply:

"Who is she, Mrs. Peters?"

"You mean Miss Mona?" she asked innocently.

"Miss Mona," he repeated, "thanks," and he added to himself, "I wonder what her first name is?"

During Mona's convalescence she spent many an hour in the hammock while Billy Barto read to her from his favorite authors, who in time became her favorites also.

Mona liked Billy Barto from the very beginning. When she began to love him she never knew, but perhaps it was that day when he dropped his book and, leaning over her, crushed her hands in his own.

Mona looked up into his tense face, and the lovely color left her own.

"Oh, Billy Barto, don't say a word!" she cried piteously. "I cannot listen!"

"The words are on my lips, dear," he said steadily, "but I am not free to utter them."

"It is the same with me," she murmured sadly.

"You—you are engaged?" he whispered, and when she nodded greedily he added grimly, "So am I."

After a silence he asked:

"Shall I go away from here?"

"No; I am going home tomorrow."

"Do not tell me where. I must not know anything more about you or nothing could keep me from following you to the end of the world!" he muttered.

Then, with one last crushing pressure of her slim hands, he was gone.

Mona closed her eyes while slow tears forced themselves through the thick fringes of her lashes.

Tomorrow she would be on her way home to Uncle Silas, and she must be prepared to fulfill her promise to marry Jim Barstow's son.

She did not see Billy again. Mrs. Peters did not mention the name of the handsome cowpuncher, and Mona did not see his face among the merry crowd which accompanied her to the station, riding on either side of the buckboard, acting like schoolboys on a holiday.

Home again among the luxurious surroundings of Silas Renton's town house, the days spent on the Double Circle ranch seemed to Mona like a dream.

That first night at dinner Uncle Silas broke an awkward silence. The servants had left the room, and Mona was toying with some grapes, her gray eyes fixed dreamily on space.

"If you are not too tired, Mona, I would like to have you meet Mr. Barstow and his son. They are coming at 9 o'clock."

"Very well, Uncle Silas," she said cheerfully. "And did the business come out all right, as you expected?"

"Yes, and I didn't require Jim Barstow's help after all. But as you have promised to marry William it is only fair that you should meet him. And if you don't want to marry him now—"

"It doesn't matter, Uncle Silas," she murmured, her heart sore at the thought of her broken romance, jealous of that girl to whom Billy Barto was engaged.

Mr. Renton eyed her sharply as he held the door open for her to pass out. The old sparkle and glow were gone. If this engagement to young Barstow was distasteful to Mona why was she not more joyous at her release?

He went into the library and picked up the evening mail. On top was a letter from Boss Peters of the Double Circle, and tucked inside was a note from Mrs. Peters.

As he read Silas Renton smiled.

At 9 o'clock, when the Barstows were announced, Silas was in the drawing room with Mona.

First came James Barstow, handsome, dignified and smiling. Behind him followed a younger man in immaculate evening dress.

Before the older men could greet each other Mona had flown down the long-room to meet Jim Barstow's tall son.

"Oh, Billy Barto!" she cried. "Billy, Billy!"

Their hands met, and his arms encircled her.

At bay, they turned and faced the astonished old men.

"Father, this is the girl I must marry," declared Billy Barto, and James Barstow turned to his lifelong friend for an explanation.

For several moments they held a whispered conversation; then Silas Renton came forward.

"Mona," he said, and Billy Barto turned a startled glance upon him, "somehow or other you have met young William Barstow, and you have changed your mind about marrying him, I see."

Then it was Billy's turn to explain that, disliking the idea of engaging himself to an unknown girl, he had gone west to forget his troubles in one last spirit of freedom. By chance he had hit upon Renton's ranch and engaged himself as a cowboy.

The rest was known—how he met and loved Mona Renton and how after they had parted as, they thought, forever they met again.

"So the impossible man became possible after all!" declared Uncle Silas, for example.

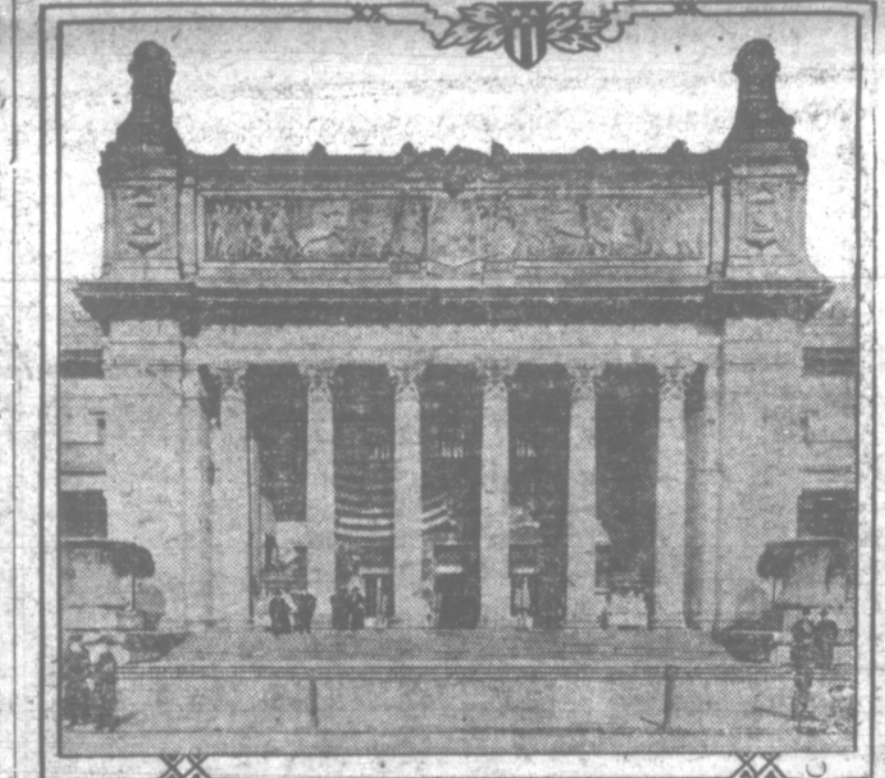
"Everything has got to be improved right along to these days."

"Not at all. Take love making. There haven't been any improvements for years, and yet it goes great." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

Value of a Good Name.

"He is reputed to be worth a million." "A fine reputation to have, believe me." — Exchange.

One of the State Buildings at the Great Exposition



THIS picture shows the entrance to the New York State building at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco. This is a wonderfully handsome structure of Greco-Roman design and is finished in travertine to match the color scheme of the exhibit palaces. New York city also has an individual pavilion at the Exposition. The building and furnishings cost \$1,000,000.