

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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Hustle!

You'd get a bigger salary.
And this fact your boss grants.
If you'd turn up your shirt sleeves
And never mind your pants.

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is the difference between being firm and being obstinate?
Paw—A man is firm, but a woman is always obstinate, my son.

Oh, Joy!

Old Eden's garden was a place
Where man could rest contented;
No photographs squealed all night long—
That had not been invented.

The Wise Fool.

"That is a mighty dry book you are reading," remarked the sage.
"Yes," agreed the fool. "I'm just wading through it."

Blind.

If love is blind, it seems to me
That Mr. Husband is the goat.
For how is his poor wife to see
That he needs buttons on his coat?

Great Excitement Prevails.

A WONDERFUL REVELATION.
Just as we go to press it is learned that Mayor Fred A. Hinkel of Hamilton has down the coop. It is alleged that in two weeks he will return to the city with his helpmate. It is to be hoped that in due time the household will be numerously represented by a brood of young Hinkels of true socialistic proclivities.—Hamilton (O.) Socialist.

Foosy!

Wives of most men should remind them
When they enter a closed car,
That they ought to leave behind them
What's left of that punk cigar.

Oh, Very Well!

Dear Luke—A Loser lives on Easy
alley, in this city.—T. N., Nashville, Tenn.

Writes Your Own Spring Poem.

..... flowers,
..... trees;
..... bowers
..... breeze.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He spent six dollars for a bunch of
flowers.
For that some nursery would have sold
him trees
Enough to start a dozen leafy bowers
To catch the whispers of the summer
breeze.
—Detroit Free Press.

Thank!

Dear Luke—I have read your column
in the Cincinnati Enquirer for three
years and I can frankly say that it is
the best in the country.—U. S., Galveston, Tex.

Oh, Shuz!

Dear Luke—Over in Indiana they
say that a red headed girl has Kendall-
ville hair because Kendallville is only
a short way from Auburn—Sweeney.

He's In.

Dear Luke—Please admit Adam Ap-
ple of Troy, O.—O. S.

Things to Worry About.

Hens can't lay square eggs.

Our Daily Special.

The only sure thing is the thing that
happened an hour ago.

Luke McLuke Says:

A woman is certain of heaven. But
she is always afraid that her nose is
shiny.

A man's wife always tells her hus-
band that the man next door always
comes home six decent hour and al-
ways behaves himself and always
takes his wife with him everywhere he
goes. And this is just what the woman
next door is telling her husband about
the man next door.

When she is single she believes that
she pleases all the men. When she
gets married she discovers that she
can't even please one man.

When they are first married she is
surprised if he doesn't kiss her when
he gets home. But after awhile she is
surprised if he doesn't cuss her when
he gets home.

Why is it that most of the things that
make life worth living are the very
things we are told we must not do?
Any man can talk bossy to his wife
when he is out with her. But he has
to take it all back when he gets home.

A woman who is too fat gets a lot of
comfort out of worrying over how
awful it would be if she were too thin.
You can convert cash into experience.
But it is hard to reverse the process.

You can't guess a man's bank ac-
count from the way he uses his knife
when he is eating.

One half the world wonders how the
fellow next door ever raised the price
of an automobile.

When a woman isn't indignating
about her rights she is indignating
about her wrongs.

After a man has busted the trusts
all morning and spent Rockefeller's
money all afternoon and fought the
war in Europe all night, he goes home
and tells his wife that if women didn't
talk so blamed much they would get
along better.

What has become of the old fashion-
ed dude who said "eye-ther" when he
meant "either"?

Anyway, when a girl has freckles
you know that she didn't paint them
on.

Ungrateful.

"Women are an ungrateful lot."
"Anything special?"

"Yes. My wife urged me to go into
politics, and ever since I didn't get
nominated she has talked about what
a lot of new furniture she could have
bought with the money I spent."

QUEST OF THE RED FLOWER

Romance of Two Americans
Among Mexican Bandits.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The handsome young captain of the
little band of Mexican revolutionists
stared insolently across the table at his
captives.

Ned Hallett, the captive, glared
angrily back at Fernando Perez.
"You will pay dearly for attacking
the mine and dispersing my men," said
the American savagely.

"Paw—A man is firm, but a woman is
always obstinate, my son.

"Oh, joy!
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Where man could rest contented;
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politics, and ever since I didn't get
nominated she has talked about what
a lot of new furniture she could have
bought with the money I spent."

"Quien sabe?" he muttered as the
two men appeared to start him on his
journey.

A package of food was thrust into
his hands, and he was started on his
way by a prick from a machete which
was afterward tossed toward him.

"Take it, Senor Americano," called
one of his tormentors. "You will need
it to cut the Red Flower!"

Rude laughter followed his going.
He had picked up the machete because
he knew that he would need it to cut
his way through the undergrowth.

Perez had pointed out the way to the
valley of the Zamora—it lay to the
south and followed the muddy little
river fringed with willows.

By nightfall Ned Hallett had reached
the entrance to the tiny valley. He
looked down on well tilled fields of
cane and cotton, on red roofed adobe
houses and barns and all the homely
sights and sounds of farm life.

What place was this to which Perez
had sent him in quest of the mysteri-
ous Red Flower?

He looked again and noted that the
houses were closely shuttered, the cat-
tle lingered disconsolately about the
closed barns, the chickens had wander-
ed unchecked among the fields and
were devastating the crops, the place
looked deserted.

He decided to wait until night had
fallen before he investigated further
in this valley of the Red Flower. He
would sleep there and pluck the flower
by daylight.

The night fell softly like a gray mantle
over the valley. Stars pricked out
in the deep blue of the sky and there
was no sound save the distant flow
of the little river, the murmuring discon-
tent of the neglected cattle and the
shrill cry of a night bird.

After Hallett had eaten sparingly he
went hastily in search of a spring for
the peppery food had augmented his
thirst. He followed a well defined
trail down to the valley and presently
found himself standing outside the
principal door of the largest house. At
his approach the denizens of the barn-
yard broke into a clamor of greeting.

While he hesitated on the doorstep
the door was flung open, and the cold
muzzle of a revolver was pressed
against his temple.

"Quien es?" asked a girl's voice
sharp with fear.

"Amigo," returned Ned Hallett quick-
ly for a weapon in the hands of a wo-
man always inspired him with respect.

"A friend," she gasped. "I wonder
if it is true."

"You speak English?" he asked ear-
gely. "Perhaps you are not Mexi-
can?"

"Of course I am an American," re-
turned the girl, peering down at him.
"And you—you do not speak like a na-
tive."

"I am an American—owner of the El
Monte mine—captured by a roving
band of insurgents. I am earning my
release by fulfilling a mission for Cap-
tain Perez of—"

"Perez? The little snake! Can I
trust you?" she asked in an anguished
tone.

"As you would yourself," returned
Ned sincerely.

"I am all alone here," she announced.
"Captain Perez and his band of scound-
rels kidnaped me from my father's
plantation and brought me here, where
he left me in charge of some women
who are related to him. I have im-
prisoned three of the women in a cellar
of the house, and the fourth one has
just eluded me and I know has gone to
report my insubordination to Perez. I
dare not go alone into this unfriendly
country. So far I have protected my-
self and won my way with my gun. I
am a dead shot at long range, and the
women were cowards. Tell me, amigo,
she cried pitiously, "what am I to do?"

Hallett took her trembling hand in
his, and she did not withdraw it, but
with feminine inconsistency she still
held the revolver against his temple.

"Cheer up," said Ned practically.
"We will take horses and get away
from here at once. Pack up some food,
enough for a couple of days, and I will
get the horses ready."

"Thank God for your help!" cried the
girl brokenly, as she lowered the
weapon and turned away. "But, Mr.
Hallett, how about your mission for
Captain Perez? Your life will be in
danger if you fail to accomplish it."

Hallett laughed carelessly.
"I'll take a chance on that with a
horse under me and a gun in my hand
and some one to protect," he said grim-
ly. "All he went for was some mis-
erable red flower he was possessed after."

"Red Flower?" echoed the girl faint-
ly. Did you come here for the Red
Flower?"

"Yes," he told me it was a "cactus
flower. Seems he wanted to wear it
against his heart. Rather sentimental
of the gallant captain," he ended sar-
donically.

"Don't jest!" protested the girl.
"Don't you understand, sir, that she
meant me—she called me the Red Flow-
er! You will know why he called me
that when daylight comes and you
see that my hair is red. I understand
him now. He thought he could lure
me out of the valley through the
means of an American. Once out in
the open he would shoot you and cap-
ture me. I cannot go with you, Mr.
Hallett."

Ned Hallett swore roundly. "You
must come," he said shortly. "Of
course, now that I understand the
situation you must know that my pact
with Perez is ended. I will see that
you get safely across the border, and
I will notify your people of your safety.
You can trust me, Miss—"

"Alice Latham," she supplied; then
she bent her head and looked closely
at him in the semidarkness of the door-
way. "I will trust you," she said
quickly. "I will get ready while you
find the horses. The two blacks are
the strongest and the best for hard
traveling. I will be ready in ten min-
utes. Take these pistols. There are
more here and plenty of ammunition."

Fifteen minutes later they rode
quietly out of the valley, both of them
strongly armed and with food and wa-
ter packed on Hallett's mule. Before
they left Alice laid down the fence rails
so that the neglected cattle could rove
around and find food and water.

For several hours they rode along the
river bank in silence, and it was not
until Ned made the turn that would
take them to the border of the states
and thus made clear his intention to

play false to Perez, that the wolves of
the Mexican empire were loosed.

They fired at Hallett from ambush
and missed. His black horse, accus-
tomed to guerrilla warfare, carried



"HE SEEMED TO BE—HE CALLED ME THE RED FLOWER."

him into the thicket so quickly that he
surprised the two spies of Perez. He
shot one in the shoulder, and as the
man sank to the ground the other one
received a shot that disabled him.

Then the two Americans fled rapidly
through the night toward the land of
their birth. And when another midday
sun glared down on the parched earth
it found Alice Latham and Ned Hal-
lett safe in the little Texas town of
Speedwell, where they were sending a
messenger to the Latham plantation
with good news of their safety.

When Ned Hallett drew a long
breath and exclaimed:

"Now I understand why Perez called
you the Red Flower! I never knew
a red haired girl could be so beauti-
ful!" he added involuntarily.

Alice Latham laughed and shook
back the beautiful red fleece of hair
that framed her perfect face. Her
red brown eyes held magic for Ned
Hallett, and it is not strange that he
determined to win and wear the Red
Flower for his own.

"As you appear to have saved my
girl's life, I rather think it belongs to
you, Hallett," was Mr. Latham's de-
cision some months later when Ned
put the momentous question to him.

So Ned wore the Red Flower after
all, and Captain Perez went to Paris
alone.

Valuable Vocabulary.
The employer who was willing to
pay \$3 a week for an office boy adver-
tised for a boy. About 100 replied. To
the most likely looking he said:

"You look all right, but I must test
your vocabulary. You know what 'vo-
cable' means?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. I want a boy with a vo-
cable. My customers are well bred,
educated people, and I must have a
boy who can answer them with some-
thing more intelligent than 'Uh-huh.'"

"Yes, sir."

"I beg your pardon," said that amaz-
ing boy, "but there is one example of
my vocabulary that you have not
heard."

"Well, what is it?"

"I am sorry, sir, but I could not think
of using this kind of language for \$3 a
week. It is worth \$5."

The employer concluded that it was
and paid it.—New York Times.

Knew Him.
Employer (to office boy)—William, I
have business out of town this after-
noon and may be detained several
hours. If anybody should call—
Office boy—There ain't no bull game
today, Mr. Spokesnash.

Employer (staring him sternly)—I said
nothing about the bull game. William,
however, my business is such that I
can wait until some other day. That
will be all just now. William.—Brook-
lyn Eagle.

POLAR POSTAGE.
Special Stamps Used by Some of the
Exploring Expeditions.

Many arctic and antarctic explorers
have taken with them a special sup-
ply of postage stamps for special uses.
When the Terra Nova left New Zea-
land on Nov. 20, 1910, she had on
board \$100 worth of New Zealand
postage stamps bearing the words "Vic-
toria Land."

Captain Scott was made postmaster
of British Antarctica, an appointment
first held by Sir Ernest Shackleton in
1907.

The stamps carried by the Shackleton
expedition were the ordinary New
Zealand stamps, marked "King Ed-
ward VII. Land." Twenty-three thou-
sand of these stamps were issued, and
though of only a penny value they are
now quoted at 20 shillings each, un-
used.

The Australian antarctic expedition,
under the leadership of Dr. Mawson,
used the stamps of Tasmania, cancel-
led with a special postmark showing
in the center the figure of a penguin.
The stamps used by the Terra Nova
expedition were also cancelled by a de-
sign noticeable for the figure of a
penguin.

The German antarctic expedition of
1911 had a stamp of special manufac-
ture showing a design of the expedi-
tion's ship, the Deutschland.—Minn-
neapolis Journal.

Not Favorably Impressed.
"Can you tell me some way to cook
potatoes?" asked the young wife who
was doing her first marketing.

"They are very nice just boiled in
their jackets," suggested the grocer.
"And have you no other potatoes
than these?" she went on doubtfully.
"These jackets do not look very sty-
lish."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Amateur Picture Play

Its Production Was Attended
With Difficulties.

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

When Daisy Allison, who had made
a hit in amateur theatricals, noticed in
a newspaper that film companies were
inviting persons owning handsome
places, which would afford a picture
play, to enact themselves in their own
houses and on their own grounds, she
clapped her hands in glee. What could be
more delightful than to organize a com-
pany to enact a play, making a home
party of the actors and actresses? The
summer season was at hand. The flowers
were blooming in the garden; nature
was ready to provide the scenery.

Miss Allison was aware that a plot
must be provided for the play and a
knowledge of construction was requi-
site. One of her acquaintances was a
playwright, and quite likely his ser-
vices could be secured to get up a sce-
nario. As for the actors and actresses,
Miss Allison's friends would give out.
Nevertheless, the extra cost had to be
provided for, the production of the
films proceeded, and four reels were
finished, if not satisfactorily, at least
the best that could be done under the
circumstances.

However, Miss Daisy Allison, whose
heart was set on the enterprise and
whose pocketbook was well stocked,
agreed to stand the expense of mak-
ing the photographs above a certain
amount, and after that the man-
ager of the film company was pacified.

The only danger now was that the pa-
tience of the photographer would give
out. Nevertheless, the extra cost had
been provided for, the production of
the films proceeded, and four reels were
finished, if not satisfactorily, at least
the best that could be done under the
circumstances.

Mr. Ashley hoped that at the man-
ufacture of the fifth and last reel the
actors and actresses would have come
into such harmony in their parts that
the scenes would be sufficiently suc-
cessful to cause audiences to forget the
blemish of the earlier scenes. Eben
MacArthur shows up the villainy of
Lord Axminster and, after an inter-
view in a dramatic scene, points to the
door through which his lordship passes,
crying:

For by this time the rivalry between
the two men in the real life affair had
become extremely bitter. But the play-
wright hoped for the best.

He was disappointed. Axminster,
who was left tackle to a football team,
becoming exasperated at the charges
of his rival, instead of sinking out
under the torrent of invective took his
trousers and threw him into a flower
bed.

The commotion that followed this
exploit was only allayed by the hostess
demanding an apology from the foot-
ball man and a promise that he would
play his part as usual in a discon-
tinued picture.

The chauffeur brought the car up
under the porte-cochere. MacArthur
was waiting at the car door for
Lucinda to finish her contemptuous
remarks to Gladys; but, getting tired
of waiting, he stepped into the auto and
took possession of a back seat. Sud-
denly Gladys made a dash for the auto,
jumped in and shut the door. The
chauffeur, hearing the slam, took it for
a signal to depart, put on the clutch
and went rolling away with the wrong
woman.

Had not this inordinate display of
jealousy occurred in the very last scene
the play would never have been finish-
ed. Lucinda, who had been left on the
plaza by her rival, stamped her foot
and gave other evidence of vindictive-
ness. The photographer, whose pa-
tience had already been exhausted,
stormed; the manager of the film com-
pany clapped his hat on his head, thus
signifying that he was through with
the affair, while Ashley ran down the
roadway calling lustily for the chauff-
eur to stop.

Nothing but the fact that the scene
was the last to be enacted saved the
play from oblivion. As it was a sec-
ond picture was not made till after an
hour's wrangle and then half a dozen
attempts were made before a scene was
completed that would do at all. As
soon as it was accomplished the party
broke up in a cyclone, the guests de-
parting by afternoon trains, thus leav-
ing a score of empty covers on a din-
ette table at which the completion of
the play was to have been celebrated.

There is much in picture plays that
is not dependent on the moods of the
performers. The scenery in Miss All-
ison's play was very beautiful, the ac-
tions of the actresses were of artistic
combinations, and the actresses were
high bred women. Perhaps it is these
elements that made the play, after all,
a success.

Some Measures.
The length of the foot was used for
distances long before it was fixed at
twelve inches. A "furlong" is only a
furlowlong. The breadth of the hand
became the standard because the eas-
iest way of measuring the length of
the horse. The length of the arm gave
the length of the "ell," and from the
show of the tip of the middle finger
was the "cubit." By stretching out
both arms as if on a cross man inven-
ted the measure of the "fathom." Cloth
measure still decrees that two
and one-half inches make a "nail,"
and this is the width of four fingers
held together and measured across the
nails. The apothecary's "dram" origi-
nally signified "only as much raw spir-
it as can be held in the mouth."

Work It Out.
Those who are tired of railroad trav-
el may find a hopeful remedy in the
direction of a commercial traveler who
apends the lagging hours with such
problems as this: He consults the time-
table, ascertains that his watch is thirty
minutes slow, discovers that there
is one hour's difference in time and the
train is fifty minutes late. What sta-
tion is it?—Buffalo News.

to expose his designs upon Lucinda
Owens' fortune. In the earlier scenes
he is expected to show his lordship
much admiration. But in the real life
part these two men were rivals for the
hand of the hostess. Now, a photo-
graph signified an expression. The
result was that the films of these ear-
lier scenes showed sufficient hatred on
the part of MacArthur toward his rival
to give away his detective purposes.

Again another halt was called by the
manager of the film company, and Mr.
Ashley lectured the actors in the same
strain he had spoken to the actresses.
But by this time seven times the length
of film had been used that was ordi-
narily necessary, and few of the scenes
between the principal characters had
been pictured satisfactorily. Indeed,
matters had come to such a pass that
Mr. Ashley, who was aware of the dif-
ficulties underlying the film success, de-
clined that success in picture play
making with