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Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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Rest and Beauty.
"It says here that rest is the greatest beautifier," remarked the old fogey as he looked up from his newspaper.
"That is the reason why all the hoboes are so handsome, I suppose," growled the grouch.

Bare Faced.
He sure is one unattractive mutt, I speak of Oswald Flakery.
He is a barefaced liar, but
He won't shave off his whiskers.

Sure.
"Who invented the hit and run game?" asked the fan.
"The lad who bought the first automobile, I guess," replied the busy man.

You Know Him.
He certainly does talk a heap.
But you are sure to find
That while his voice is very deep,
He has a shallow mind.

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, what is a pillar of society?
Paw—A fashionable doctor, my son.

Foot Stuff.
A rime should have a point, that's true.
But this point I've forgotten;
And now that it is written you
Can see that it is rotten.

The Editor's Big Day.
The editor of a Kansas paper says that he picked up a Winchester rifle recently and started up the street to deliver the weapon to its owner. The delinquent subscribers got it into their heads that he was on the warpath, and every one he met insisted on paying all they owed. One man wiped out a debt of ten years' standing. On returning to the office he found a load of hay, fifteen bushels of corn, ten bushels of potatoes, a load of wood and a barrel of turnips.—La Belle Star.

Giddap!
He took in two bad dollars,
And now he's having fits;
But pardon me, I mean that he
Is having counterfits.

Hey, Have a Heart!
Dear Luke—As the club physician I nominate Dr. L. Mayberry of Scotland, O.—Scottown.

Muhl!
"If you'd avoid a busting head,"
One day I heard a wise man say,
"Beware the rum when it is red,
Beware the rum when it is bay."

Oh, Joy!
Dear Luke—Schwartzman & Hunsdale, the druggists of New Bremen, O., are on their way to dispense sweets and honey in the club.—H. S. M.

Betshel!
Dear Luke—Can May K. Ripple, a beautiful corn-fed of this city, use the swimming pool in the club?—E. M. L. Louisville, Ky.

Sure!
Dear Luke—Can Stone Ware of Donaldson, La., be foreman of the club's pottery department?—H. P.

Gene!
Dear Luke—What has become of the old fashioned boy who used to say,
"Yes three bob tail hose fly?"—C. E. F.

Names is Names.
Iona Cowherd lives at Union Hill, N. J.

Things to Worry About.
Divi-divi is now on the free list.

Our Daily Special.
Hot air is always overdone.

Luke McLuke Says:
Lots of men who don't own automobiles need new inner tubes.
Some married couples fight so much that the neighbors wonder why said married couples do not name their homes "The Balkans."

There are a whole lot of married women who have more confidence in their family physicians than they have in their husbands.

Every man is just crazy about girl babies when the girl babies are about nineteen years old.

It must be mighty unpleasant to be blind and to have to eat a plate of spaghetti.

One reason why men's clothes will never be popular with women is because they will stay on without being planned.

If we are to be compelled to believe all the stories about the big whoppers that got away from the other fellows when they were telling errands and keeping from mauling him up.

What has become of the old fashioned hamster that was made out of burst staves strung on wire?

Charlotte Corday

How an Attempted Picture Play Was Spoiled

By F. A. MITCHEL

Morville is situated in a region where the sun shines oftener than anywhere else in America and where the surrounding scenery is more varied and beautiful. This city, devoted to the work of producing picture plays, looks out upon mountains on the one hand and undulating tracts on the other. The latter is partly wooded, partly cultivated, and a river runs through it, connecting several lakes.

Morville itself is a very singular city, containing a singular population. There is every variety of dwelling in it from an Indian tepee to a Chinese palace, every variety of fortification from a Roman oppidum (walled inclosure) to a modern bastion. If there is anything required that Morville does not contain it is improvised. A scenario, one scene of which was laid in the United States senate chamber, having been chosen for production, the senate chamber was constructed out of stone, but of stucco, canvas and other such like materials.

One of the famous speaking plays of its day was "Charlotte Corday." The scene was laid in Paris at the time of the French revolution and involved the assassination of the leader of the reign of terror, Marat. The woman who played the part of Charlotte was considered a wonder. During her performance she seemed to be the person whose part she was enacting. The play had a very long run, and every month during the time it was on the boards the leading lady, whose stage name was Marguerite Stanley, put more intensity into her part until her audiences were often thrown into a cold shiver.

"Charlotte Corday" was especially adapted for a picture play, and Morville was considered as the best, really the only, place to make the photographs.

John Esterbrook, who took the part of Marat, though a finished actor, did not produce the impression effected by Miss Stanley. While she became more and more tragic, he seemed to lose force. The real reason of his apparent deterioration was that so real was her impersonation of her character that he became afraid of her.

There was another matter that influenced Mr. Esterbrook. He thought he saw signs that the girl was in love with him. While on the stage she played Charlotte to his Marat. At other times she purred to him like a kitten. He was fearful of this emotional combination. He was not in love with her and could not divest himself of the feeling that if he did not respond to her preference a time might come when, while she was under the powerful emotion induced by her part, she would make off with a real tragedy.

Such were the conditions when it was decided to produce a moving picture play of "Charlotte Corday." Miss Stanley was on the same train with Esterbrook. Another member of the company, Estelle Springer, who was supposed to be in love with him, was also of the party. Esterbrook took a dislike to Miss Springer and remained there all the way to Morville. During the ride Miss Stanley remained in her seat reading a novel, a traveling cap pulled down over her eyes. When the journey was completed she left the car with the others smilingly, and if jealousy had been excited in her none of the party noticed it.

"Charlotte Corday" was to be a five reel play. Often many pictures were taken of a single scene before the desired effect was produced on the films.

This was wearing on the performers, especially on Miss Stanley, whose emotional part required so much intensity, and every time a picture was made that intensity must be excited. This naturally called for periods of rest. They were usually passed in automobile rides over the beautiful country. By this time a rivalry appeared to have sprung up between the two aspirants for Mr. Esterbrook's favor. It was observed in Miss Springer, but not in Miss Stanley—that is, the latter's feeling for him was only supposed to exist by him, and he spoke of it to no one. On one or two occasions she asked him to ride with her, that she might talk over such changes in their behavior before the camera from what they had been used to on the stage as might be advisable. On their return from these rides Esterbrook looked serious, but kept his own counsel as to the cause. Actors are apt to have hearts thrown at them promiscuously from young women in their audience, and Esterbrook was no exception. He had found it advisable to pay no attention to such advances and never mentioned them to others.

Historical plays do not adhere very closely to history. If they did it would be impossible to treat the theme dramatically. In the dramatization of the story of Charlotte Corday, Marat meets Charlotte at a cafe on the Champs Elysees and admires her. He has no speech with her, she sitting at another table alone, while he is dining with a party which includes Miss Springer, who took the part of a Mme. Du Pont. Marat's efforts to cast his admiring glances at the girl who is later on to assassinate him, without attracting the notice of those at his table, is one of the main features of this scene.

The fact that the Champs Elysees is in Paris instead of Morville made no difference to the management. The tables of the cafe under the trees, the broad avenue leading up to the present site of the Arc de Triomphe, were all before the camera, and so well reproduced were they that one familiar with Paris would scarcely believe that the photograph had not been taken from the original. Beyond was the Place de la Revolution, today the Place de la Concorde, and instead of the

fountain now standing in its center was the guillotine.

The life of the picture and at the same time a contrast with the instrument of death were the gay companies dining within and without the cafe. The men wore the cocked hat, the ruffled shirt bosom, the long double breasted waistcoat, the high coat collar and the tight trousers in vogue at the end of the eighteenth century. The women wore the short waist dresses and poke bonnets. The revolution had either guillotined or drawn into exile most of the refined women of France and brought into prominence those whom we would now call "fast" if not abandoned. Such were the persons eating and drinking at the tables on the Champs Elysees in sight of the machine that was every day ridding France of its aristocrats.

Within this effective scene was a more minute one—the group about Marat, with Charlotte Corday at a neighboring table. Both the face of Marat and that of Charlotte were a study, the former unconscious that the girl he admired was to kill him, the efforts of Mme. Du Pont to hold his attention, which kept wandering away to Charlotte; the latter aware of her advantage in his admiration, trusting to it to give her access to his presence when ready to strike the fatal blow.

The author of "Charlotte Corday," the picture play, introduced one scene that rendered all this thrilling. Amid the gayety about the tables, reckless men and brazen women talking, lounging, drinking, Marat and Charlotte the central figures, there is a commotion about the guillotine. A beautiful woman is strapped to it, the ax falls, and by one of those quick transitions common in moving pictures her head appears to fall into the basket.

Such is an imperfect word description of one of the most notable scenes ever attempted to be placed on the screen. The company chosen to enact it before the camera were gathered and taking their positions. Marat was being posed; Charlotte was seating herself; men and women were arranging themselves in groups. Then, when all was ready, the signal was given and the company, consisting of hundreds of persons, was under fire of the camera.

The pantomime had continued for some time when the photographic director called a halt. Going to Marat, he led him apart from the others and whispered something in his ear. While he was doing so Marat cast a frightened glance at Charlotte. The manager went back to his position of observation, and the photographing recommenced. The chat, the laugh, the conviviality went on, each actor or actress intent on his or her part, for in a picture play everything counts; there is no deadwood.

When the scene of the execution came the only emotion paid to it, except on the part of Charlotte, was that a number of persons raised their glasses, and the pantomime indicated that they were drinking to one more aristocrat put out of the way. As for Charlotte, a close observer would have seen a deep purpose in her eye. As the head of the guillotine's victim fell into the basket she rose, ran like a flash to the table occupied by Marat, at the same time drawing a dagger from underneath the kerchief crossing her breast and plunged it into his heart. An indescribable confusion followed. The buzzing of the machinery moving the film ceased. Every one ran to Marat, the men standing, the women screaming, for all knew that this was not the assassination scene, and it was believed that he had been really struck down. He never spoke again.

As to Charlotte, she withdrew a little from the group about the man she had killed and stood trembling. Then for the first time it was noticed that there was a wild look in her eye. She was led away, and none of the company ever saw her again.

The picture play of Charlotte Corday was never put on the screen for the public. The films were run through before the management, and the murder scene was pronounced a wonder. But there was so much objection to it on the part of Miss Stanley's relatives and others that the films were destroyed.

Nevertheless it has been whispered that the films comprising this scene of an actual tragedy were not given over to destruction. It is claimed that private exhibitions of this unintended part of the play have been given for managers and their friends. Whether or not this is true, there can be no doubt that so realistic a scene, embodying a tragedy, has never been put on the films.

One question—a psychological one—has never been settled. Was Marguerite Stanley's act the result of an insanity caused by so long playing so emotional a part, or was it caused by jealousy, or was it a combination of both? Esterbrook was the only person that suspected she was in love with him, and had she been would not she have shown it to others? But its appearing only to him does not prove that it did not exist. It seems most likely that the act was the result of insanity, caused by the prolonged repetition of a single act of a highly emotional nature, but momentarily intensified by jealousy.

The Largest Domes.
Some of the largest domes in the world are: The Pantheon at Rome, 142 feet diameter, 143 high; baths of Caracalla, Rome, 112 feet diameter, 110 feet high; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 115 feet diameter, 201 feet high; St. Maria delle Pura, Florence, 139 diameter, 110 feet high; St. Peter's, Rome, 139 feet diameter, 330 high; St. Paul's, London, 112 feet diameter, 218 feet high.

Napoleon's Destructiveness.
Napoleon was destructive by character and custom. He stuck his paper knife into the costly chairs that were provided for him everywhere. He wasted huge quantities of paper. Whenever he took up anything that was frail or flimsy worked he was quite certain to demolish it or damage it before he put it down. He pulled up the choicest plants in the hothouses, when he could do it without being seen. One day the emperor shot out of the eyes of Massena, the duke of Rivoli, but nothing was said of it. Berthier took the blame for it, probably because he was master of the bust—"Napoleon's Men and Methods."

The Courageous Life Guard

Gallant Rescue From the Sea Brings Sweet Reward.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Edith Wayne stood on the beach, a most alluring picture in her black satin bathing suit. Her scarlet silk cap repeated the vivid tinting of her lips and the softer coloring of her cheeks. Her dark eyes were brilliant with mischief, as she turned them upon Marty Dupree's perturbed countenance.

"But Edith," he was protesting, "it is really very rough outside, don't you know, it's hardly safe for an experienced swimmer to venture into the water this morning."

Marty was right. The northeast wind had kicked up a very rough sea, and the big breakers were bursting into foam far out from the shore. It was a dangerous surf, and only the strongest or, as is often the case, only foolhardy swimmers would care to try conclusions with the angry waves. Ordinarily Edith would have refrained from tempting fate in such a flurry of waters, but the fact that Marty Dupree had expressed disapproval of her intent impelled her to do that which her own judgment told her was exceedingly risky, to say the least. When the wind was northeast Seabear beach was a dangerous piece of coast. The contour of the shore was such that when the tide was rising the whole force of the Atlantic seemed to converge on its ordinary peaceful sands. And that was the condition on the momentous occasion when Edith met her fate. Marty again protested.

Edith's amused glance swiftly appraised his tall attenuated figure, clad in scanty blue swimming garments. Marty's bulging blue eyes and prominent nose, on which were perched gold spectacles, merely looked intellectual when he was arrayed in conventional attire. Now, clad in his sailor's device, a tall, sloping, loose jointed young man, he appeared almost grotesque.

"I shall try, Marty, in spite of your warnings," said Edith moving to the water's edge.

"Edith, don't," he protested excitedly. "I really, I shall telephone up to Mr. Wayne."

"My father? Marty, you are too absurd! See, Mrs. Linscott has gone in, and the Halliday boys. Please stand aside."

"Very well, Edith. Have your own way," he said gloomily.

Edith turned and looked at him. "To think that mother might have persuaded me to marry him!" she so-liloquized. Then, with an airy wave of her sun-tanned little hand, she skipped into the foaming crest of a wave and in a moment her scarlet cap was riding down its farther slope.

Breathless and buoyant, she was lifted high on the next wave and sent a



THE MAN DREW A LONG OXLEY KNIFE FROM HIS POCKET AND THROWN FORWARD TO MEET THE SEA DEVIL.

glance at Marty on the beach. He was not alone. Marty was talking to another man, whose form, bulked large in the distance. He was pointing out to sea, and his arm was sweeping the waters in a wide gesture.

That was all Edith saw. She was not a strong swimmer, and her strength was weakening against the night of the waves that sometimes crashed over her head in blinding, stinging combat or, again, hurried her breathlessly out with the tide.

A sudden desire for firm ground took possession of her. She was afraid of the sea.

With difficulty, and much buffeting she fought her way about until she was headed toward shore. She gasped fearfully because it seemed so far away. There were scattered forms running around the beach—they looked like dolls. She recognized Marty from his location near the red bathhouse, and now the man beside her suddenly dashed down the beach, and leaping into the water disappeared in the boiling surge.

"I wonder if he is coming after me," thought Edith, and, with quick rebellion that Marty should have discovered her plight and sent a stranger after her, she swung around and headed put to sea once more.

It was not enough to prove oneself in the wrong, but to have another discover it—and that one Marty Dupree, who was always preaching at her—around Edith's obstinacy.

"If he had been the sort of man to jump in and make me go home it would have been different," she sighed as she weakly brushed the waves



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R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

"You Marty is the sort that stands safely ashore and sends another man."

Once she glanced back and saw the strong swimmer gaining on her. There was a glimpse of bronzed arms and shoulders, a tanned face, dark and keen. He shouted at her, but the words drifted away on the wind and were drowned in the roar of water.

Edith smiled mockingly and struck out afresh.

She did not see that the man's face was tense with fear; that his lips were white nor that his eyes were fixed beyond her where a gray black fin cut the water.

She did not see the ugly fin of the shark either.

How the thunder of waves roared in her ears—how drowsy she felt—how she was sinking—sinking—down. She could not even muster a cry for help, though help was near. Edith closed her eyes against wind and waves and staring blue sky.

Strong arms grasped her and pulled her up—up out of an abyss of water—into the blessed sunshine.

Edith opened her eyes and looked into the dark ones of her rescuer. Then his gaze was diverted and she saw the pupils contract and the black brows bend. His breath came heavily.

"Can you support yourself?" he shouted close to her ear and for answer she slipped from his embrace and took the end of the leather belt which encircled his waist. "Hold on for dear life, there's a shark around here."

Sudden horror blinded her vision for an instant. Then she saw for the first time that ugly gray fin and the cruel jaws of the monster. The man had brought a long ugly knife from some place and he lunged forward to meet the sea brute.

Then the waters were thrashed into fury—a red fury of blood as the shark drove down, down into the depths to hide his mortal wounds until death should send him again to the surface.

A boat load of men had reached them—the lifeboat from the station beyond the red bathhouse. They pulled in Edith and her heroic rescuer and returned to the beach, telling in low tones how sharks always appeared in shore when the sea was high at Seabear.

Marty Dupree met them at the water's edge and insisted on carrying Edith's unconscious form up to the Wayne's cottage.

"I'll see you later, Montford," he nodded at the man who had saved the girl's life at the risk of his own.

Montford made no reply but lent a shoulder as the life guard ran the boat upon the sand. "Then he disappeared with them toward the station."

Edith Wayne was not permitted to come down stairs until the second day after her adventure in the surf. Her mother, who was ambitious and who saw in Marty Dupree's millions a golden life of wedded bliss for her child, prattled ceaselessly of Marty's anxiety concerning her welfare; she told and retold how Marty had warned Edith not to go into the water and when she had discovered he had called a life guard to go after her.

"So it was one of the guards who saved my life?" asked Edith dreamily. "I am very glad."

"You should thank Marty," reproved Mrs. Wayne.

"I prefer to thank the man who did the work, not the one who sent a substitute," retorted Edith.

"Nonsense. You forget that Marty—Marty is a—"

"Mrs. Wayne, cast about her to find an excuse for her favorite."

"I forgot that he was a coward," finished Edith. "Mother, will you please send Ellen in to me? I believe I shall walk over to the station and thank my life guard."

"Marty will take you," protested Mrs. Wayne.

"I will go alone," said Edith.

der the late afternoon sunshine. Edith drew in deep breaths of the invigorating salt air. It was good to be alive; it was good to almost lose one's life and then regain it through the valor of a man who looked like a Greek god. Edith blushed hotly.

In the distance was the life saving station. There would be a group of men around a table playing cards perhaps or telling stories, waiting for a human call for help.

She began to wish that her life guard might be out on the beach; then she saw him sitting on an overturned boat, his gaze fixed far out at sea.

"Good afternoon," said Edith timidly, and he turned his head, with a start. In an instant he stood before her, a very giant of a man, his dark eyes eagerly searching her face as if in that brief period when he had rescued her from a watery grave he had discovered something desirable in her charming features and was now trying to find it again.

"I am glad you are quite well again," he said in a deep voice that thrilled her. "But you must never go into the water at Seabear when the waves run high."

"No, I won't," said Edith meekly.

"That is why the station is established here," he went on, leading the way to the boat and finding a seat for her. "It's a tricky bit of water hereabouts."

"You belong to the life saving crew?" asked Edith.

He hesitated. "Not exactly; I've invented a new lifeboat and I've been down here trying it out. I spend a lot of time with the boys at the station—a fine lot of fellows they are, too."

"Mr. Dupree said you were one of the guards," blushed Edith, annoyed at her own interest in the handsome stranger. She noted that he was becomingly attired in yachting garments and that he was even more attractive than she had at first believed. "I must return now, but I hope you will come up to the cottage some evening when my father is home—he wants to thank you."

"Thank you, I will come," he said bowing low over her hand.

Edith went back to the cottage in a tremor of agitation. Why, she questioned herself indignantly, why was she so interested in this stranger—she had not even inquired his name.

Several days slipped by before Hugh Montford called at the Wayne cottage.

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"Marty will take you," protested Mrs. Wayne.

"I will go alone," said Edith.

Now, the sea was very peaceful and

refused to listen to the expressions of gratitude which the parents of the lovely girl poured out to him.

Later in the evening while Edith was napping, she was startled by the sound of her husband's voice. Mrs. Wayne was talking to her husband in the veranda.

"Did you say that he is the son of General Montford?" she asked in a startled tone. "Why, I thought he was only a life guard."

"He is a hero and a man, no matter what his station in life may be," growled plain John Wayne. "But he happens to be General Montford's son, and, from your viewpoint, a most eligible young man, Sophia."

"Poor Marty Dupree," sighed Mrs. Wayne, for she had glimpsed Edith's face while Montford was talking to her daughter.

But Marty Dupree was back in town, pouring over his first edition in the glossy library of his home, his blue eyes gazing through the thick lenses of his spectacles. He had quite forgotten for the time all about Edith Wayne.

It was well that he had, for no one was thinking about him. At Seabear Edith was daily meeting Hugh Montford, and together they were continuing the story begun in the surf that day he saved her from the shark.

One September day Hugh asked Edith to marry him, and blushing she laid her head against his arm and nodded a shy assent.

"You saved my life—it is yours," she whispered.

"Mine," he murmured, bending his lips to hers.

"For valor!" she added softly.

The Potato and the Beetle.

The original food of the Colorado beetles was Solanum rostratum, a plant of the potato species that flourished in Colorado. Then some one planted potatoes in the district and so encouraged in the beetle a taste for the new dietary. The beetle thereupon began to migrate eastward in search of more potatoes, and it left the Solanum rostratum severely alone. The solanum apparently did not like this treatment and at once began to follow up the footless beetle. How it happened no one can tell, but the fact remains that today the solanum has become common wherever the beetle has appeared and has almost entirely deserted the regions whence the beetle has emigrated.—Exchange.

Communal Ovens in Argentina.

In the Argentine kampo (rural districts) there are still to be seen the communal ovens of the natives. These aboriginals are called gaucho; they are more hospitable than Europeans. The ruralites use these ovens in turn, each party doing his own heating or firing. Sometimes one sends de la casa will attend to the oven heat and baking for a number of families, the stipulation being that she reserves one of the bigish family loaves from each batch for her own usually bumpy warren family. For fuel best for the oven the sun-dried bovine chips ("cow codd") are often used where wood is scarce.—Bakers Weekly.

Ship of the Desert.
For safety and endurance in traveling, in desert regions the camel has been found unequalled by any other animal. Its foot is a soft cushion, peculiarly well adapted to the stones and gravel over which it is constantly walking. During a single journey the Sahara horses have worn out three sets of shoes, while the feet of the camel, traveling over the same course, were not even sore.

Not Grasping.
What a grasping fellow you are, Hawkins! You've bothered me about this bill fifty times in ten days.

"You wrong me, Jarley. I'm not grasping. I've bothered you about the bill, I admit, but I haven't been able to grasp anything yet."

