find out. You help me and I'll give you—a dollar." She smiled at him encouragingly, her hand in her purse.

A shrewd look came into the boy's eyes. "Give me that dollar, lady, an' you'll soon know a plenty."

Martha took out the dollar, but held on to it. "You will tell me everything I want to know?" She wanted to be sure.

The Boy Grows Garrulous

"Mo', too, lady. He's been comin' here to see my sister an' I don't like him. I gotta get even with him for somethin' he said to me the other night. I'm going to give that guy the works." She gave him the dollar. He dropped his voice very low, looking upward at the house. "You go down to the basement door. It's most time for him to come. I'll sneak in upstairs and let you hide behind the iron gate under the stoop. Then you just listen."

Martha slipped cautiously to the basement door, waving gaily to the two girls next door who were craning their necks and wondering what it was all about. In a moment the iron gate was opened very slowly. The boy stepped out and motioned Martha to go inside. The two friends on the stoop nearly had heart palpitation then, but were reassured by Martha's waving to them again gaily and keeping the gate ajar. The boy, who had walked out to the sidewalk, hurriedly returned to the gate.

"He's coming," he whispered. "Stay there." The foxy little rascal then sauntered carelessly to the stoop where he stood idly whistling.

Sure enough, a jaunty figure of a little man was nearing the house. His raiment appeared glistening as he passed under the street lamp, his hat set at a rakish angle and a cane swinging flashily. While he was yet twenty or thirty feet from the house of his destination, the vengeful little fellow hailed him, his voice loud and strong booming out in reverberations from the walls of the houses of the street.

Mr. "Fernandez" Arrives

"Hel-le, Mister Fernandez!" A high, familiar waving of the arm accompanied this greeting as he continued, "How are you this fine evening?" He was facetiously grinning as he noted that people were beginning to turn their heads to see what it was all about.

By this time the jaunty little man was about up to the stoop of the house. "Well!" His voice was sharp and annoyed. "Why all the sudden freshness this evening?"

Clarissa nearly jumped to her feet, but restrained the impulse. "That's Joe! I couldn't mistake that voice." Her whisper was filled with venom. "The dirty dog!"

"Sh!" Her friend laid a cautioning hand on her arm. The boy's loud voice was droning again in its mockery. "I am not fresh, Mister Fernandez. I am a nice boy." He clutched the immaculate sleeve of the dandy in both his dirty hands, gripping him in mock affection and thus detaining him at the foot of the stoop. Before the offended man could remove his hands and go up the steps, the boy was again talking. "I heard you last night just makin' love to my sister."

Angrily the man turned and shook himself away. At the same instant the door of the house swung violently open and a perfect vision of artificiality appeared. A tall woman clothed in a most unbecoming gown of the brightest rose-colored silk contrasting oddly with her dark skin, gold slippers, and a prominent pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses to top it off, stood with stiff attempt at dignified imporatnce. "Rob-ert! Rob-ert! Come in here." Then, favoring the caller with such a sweet look, "Come in, Vasco," she urged.

The Boy Spills the Beans

But the boy would not be denied. "Aw, wait a minute." His voice was mockingly persuasive, but he blocked the way. "You told her you loved her. You kissed her. You said you wanted to marry her, and that you would bring her the ring tonight." All in a rush came his words like a torrent. "Robert! Robert!" Gone was all dignity as his sister shrieked aloud now in consternation, for heads were peeping from every direction. His work done, the imp dashed down the steps escaping the attempted seizure of the man's hand and there at the bottom he stood vigorously thumbing his nose.

"Yeah!" He taunted. The dandy's face twitched in a convulsion of rage and down the steps he came, speaking incoherent words and gripping his cane with a mighty effort which seemed madly threatening, though possibly just sheer nervousness. The taunting boy merely vaulted over the low wall of the stoop into the yard and there stood Martha Jones confronting her husband.

Silently she marched around to him, looking him in the face like an avenging angel, and he shrunk into himself like a punctured toy balloon. For an instant she spoke not a word, and he merely gasped in astonishment, his mouth hanging open in the foolish-looking way that patients sometimes acquire in the dentist's chair just after the extraction of a painful tooth.

His affinity put on her dignity once more and swept down the steps. "Vasco! Who is this person?" The gold-rimmed nose glasses seemed about to reach the sky. An heiress from Newport could not have affected more dignity.

A finger shook in her face. "That's his wife. You——" Clarissa clenched her fists as she pushed forward threateningly. "You——" The affinity gasped and retreated.

"Vasco" Surrenders

"Mr. Fernandez! Vasco!" Martha had found her voice, and very promptly she found another nuptial right. "So you kissed her, and promised to marry her! Well, you are **not** going to do it!" Both of her hands suddenly flew into action and the slaps she rained upon his face were the only sounds which broke the stillness as an increasing group of onlookers gazed in silent enjoyment. "Now, give me my ring," she commanded, "and come on home." He stood motionless, apparently not hearing. "If you don't, I will have you jailed." He fumbled in his pocket.

The boy suddenly squirmed his way up to her side, much excited. "Oh, lady! Please go! Quick! a cop is coming. They raided this house once. He's coming! He's coming!"

But not even a cop could now frighten those two girls. They calmly linked their arms into Joe's on each side and strutted off down the street.

"Bye-bye, dear," called Clarissa to her friend next door. "Bye-bye, sweetheart," she called sarcastically to the affinity.

"If he ever comes back here," bawled the affinity, "I'll have him arrested myself." She banged the door. The crowd scattered.

Judge Toney — The Man Who Loves His Wife

By THE OBSERVER

NEW YORK.—It was a hot day in July and people were perspiring freely and looking in vain for a breeze. When Judge Toney walked into his law office on Seventh Avenue, he made the remark, "It is hot!" and immediately divested himself of his coat.

As he sat down to his large desk he gave the appearance of being a prosperous business man well satisfied with the year's net profits. And he was, for court would not open again till September 15, and in the meantime vication days were ahead.

He is a portly man, well set up, with white hair framing a well-shaped head, showing a predisposition to baldness. His face is full and of a reddish brown color.

Small eyes look out at you and inspire confidence. They closed and all but disappeared as the tiny wrinkles gathered about them and made them smile. He was talking about life in general, and his mind was at ease.


JUDGE CHARLES E. TONEY

Smokes a Pipe—Wife Doesn't Mind

"You know, I've been trying to think of that tobacco you spoke to me about sometime ago. Sir Walter Raleigh; that's it. Well, I am going to try it sometime. I like this mixture that I have pretty well. It is Blue Bear, mixed with Velvet, and it smokes fine."


Mrs. Toney

His pipe is one of his hobbies. He has a long smoke once a day. It is a part of his daily routine. He keeps two pipes and his wife does not mind how strong they get.

No Ornaments

"That is one of the secrets of a contented married life," he mused. "You find out that two persons grow into understanding and companionship as the years go by, if they are properly matched. The value and help my wife has been to me is inestimable. She understands my moods and I understand hers. She likes for me to smoke a pipe.

"In our home we have no things that are ornaments. We use all of our furniture, and so the question as to the care of this or that piece of furniture never arises.

"It makes a man feel like going ahead into his day's work when he knows that upon coming home he is going to meet someone who understands him.

Real Understanding

"It is interesting to know how it is that two persons who have lived together for some years can grow to understand and appreciate each other.

"I have often thought how my wife has begun a discussion with me about a topic that was on the tip of my tongue. I do not look upon this as mental telepathy. I think it is more that habit of catching and understanding a person's actions and moods. It makes for ease and comfore, this mutual good will and consideration. When you get married, think about it, and see if it doesn't work out."

Character, Hard Work

This judge finds in each day's work a new challenge to integrity, sincerity and honesty in the administering of the law.

"Character and hard work are two important things in the daily life of a judge," he said in a firm voice.

"Public confidence in the law and in the administrators of the law is the foundation stone of our courts."

The Communists

In reply to the question as to the efficacy of the American courts, he said:

"The law in America stands up well under the terrific strain put upon it and its public servants."

In this connection he had something to say concerning the Communists.

"Regardless of their method of approach to their problems, we can certainly say that the Communists offer to the Negro a square deal on the question of color. They bring a sense of justice and fair play into being that is totally lacking in our so-called Christianity. The Christianity that we know in this country is blatant hypocrisy. The Y. M. C. A. is a good example of this."

Sports Fan

Though not a vigorous indulger in athletics, Judge Toney is an ardent sports fan. He gets a great kick out of football, baseball, and prizefighting. And when lazy summer days come on, he likes to go away for a bit of fishing up in New York State.

We drifted into a discussion of the superstitious habits of many of the moulers in the mat and glove profession.

Walked Under Ladder

"I do not believe I have any superstitions," he laughed. "Only this morning I walked under a ladder. I didn't know that there was a superstition attached to that action until you mentioned it. There are a lot of people who are superstitious and are not aware of it. As far as my court is concerned we do not harbor any. Friday the thirteenth is just another working day for me and the law.

"I hope you are going to have lots of fun this vacation," I told him as I was preparing to leave.

Vacationing Properly

"Vacation is a thing that many people do not take properly. It takes a certain sense of proportion to enjoy your vacation. You can do a lot of work and a lot of loafing in vacation time and work the two hand in hand very well. I believe that the municipal court judges deserve all the vacation they get."

He waved me to the door, and with a "Good luck to you," went back to his desk and his work.

Farmer's Troubles

Wheat in Kansas which brings the farmer only 25 or 30 cents a bushel is serious business for the whole country. One thing is sure; it won't reduce the price of the loaf of bread to the starving coal miner or city worker. But it may force a lot of farmers off the land where at least they can raise food to feed their families and into the city bread lines.

Agriculture is going through an industrial revolution of its own. We can't stop it. We can't wreck agricultural any more than factory machinery. If the American birth rate is falling and our increase of population and mouths to feed is slowing up, we can't change that. Nor can we bring back the days when people ate more pie and cake and less fruit and salad than now. Neither can we wisely subsidize wheat farmers to dump grain abroad and get us into trouble with our neighbors. Nor can we permanently subsidize high cost individual growers of wheat if collectives in Russia and huge farms in America are more effective.—Norman Thomas.