

The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by IRWIN NYERS

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Smith, especially in this later incarnation which had so radically changed him, believed as little in the psychic as any hardheaded young business executive of an agnostic century could. But on this particular evening when he was smoking his after-dinner pipe on the flagstone porch with Cora for his companion, there were phenomena apparently unexplainable on any purely material hypothesis.

"I am sure I have much less than half of the curiosity that women are said to have, but, really, I do want to know what dreadful thing has happened to you since we met you at the High Line office this morning—mamma and I?—the way in which one of the phenomena was made to occur; and Smith started so nervously that he dropped his pipe.

"You can be the most unexpected person, when you try," he laughed, but the laugh scarcely rang true. "What makes you think that anything has happened?"

"I don't think—I know," the small cooer went on with calm assurance. "You've been telling us in all sorts of dumb ways that you've had an upsetting shock of some kind; and I don't believe it's another lawsuit. Am I right, so far?"

"I believe you are a witch, and it's a mighty good thing you didn't live in the Salem period," he rejoined. "They would have hanged you to a dead moral certainty."

"Then there was something?" she queried, adding, jubilantly: "I knew it!"

"Go on," said the one to whom it had happened; "go on and tell me the rest of it."

"Oh, that isn't fair; even a professional clairvoyant has to be told the color of her eyes and hair."

"What's that?" the ejaculation was fairly jarred out of him and for the moment he fancied he could feel a cool breeze blowing up the back of his neck.

The clairvoyant who did not claim to be a professional was laughing softly.

"You told me once that a woman was adorable in the exact degree to which she could afford to be visibly transparent; yes, you said 'afford,' and I've been holding it against you. Now I'm going to pay you back. You are the transparent one, this time. You have as good as admitted that the 'happening' thing isn't a man; 'what-what' always means that, you know; so it must be a woman. Is it the Miss Richlander you were telling me about not long ago?"

"There are times when any mere man may be shocked into telling the truth, and Smith had come face to face with one of them." "It is," he said.

"She is in Brewster?"

"Yes, she came this evening."

"And you ran away?" That was horribly unkind, don't you think—after she had come so far?

"Hold on," he broke in. "Don't let's go so fast. I didn't ask her to come. Ah, besides, she didn't come to see me."

"Did she tell you that?"

"I have taken precious good care that she shouldn't have the chance. I saw her name—and her father's—on the hotel register; and just about that time I remembered that I could probably get a bite to eat out here."

"You are queer! All men are a little queer, I think—always excepting colonial-daddy. Don't you want to see her?"

"Indeed, I don't!"

"Not even for old times' sake?"

"No; not even for old times' sake. I've given you the wrong impression completely. If you think there is any obligation on my part, there is any obligation on the other things in the course of time, simply because neither of us might have known any better than to let it drift. But that's all a back number, now."

"Just the same, her coming shocked you."

"It certainly did," he confessed soberly; and then: "Have you forgotten what I told you about the circumstances under which I left home?"

"Oh!" she murmured, and as once before there was a little gasp to go with the word. Then: "She wouldn't—she wouldn't—"

"No," he answered; "she wouldn't; but her father would."

"So her father wanted her to marry the other man, did he?"

"Smith's laugh was an easing of strains. "You've pumped me dry," he returned, the sardonic humor reasserting itself.

A motorcar was coming up the driveway. It was high time that an interruption of some sort was breaking in, and when the colonel appeared and brought Stillings with him to the long-end of the porch, a business conference began which gave Miss Cora an excuse to disappear, and which accounted easily for the remainder of the evening.

Smith returned to Brewster the next morning by way of the dem, making the long drive count for as much as possible in the matter of sheer time-killing. It was a little before noon when he reached town by the route of the main road, and went to the hotel to register. The room clerk who gave him the information he craved.

"Mr. Richlander? Oh, yes; he left this morning by the stage. He is supposed to be in some sort of property on the main road. Do you know this?"

"The same, I mean, whether with a man or with the register last evening," was Smith's evasion; "but it is not such a very uncommon name. He didn't say when he was coming back?"

"No."

Smith took a fresh hold upon life and liberty. While the world is periodically narrow in some respects, it is comfortably broad in others, and a danger once safely averted is a danger lessened. Snatching a hasty luncheon in the grillroom, the fighting manager of Timanyoni High Line hurried across to the private suite in the Kinzie building offices into which he had lately moved and once more plunged into the business battle.

Notwithstanding a new trouble which Stillings had wished to talk over with his president and the financial manager the night before—the claim set up by the dead and gone railroad to a right of way across the Timanyoni at the dam—the battle was progressing favorably. Williams was accomplishing the incredible in the matter of speed, and the data was now nearly ready to withstand the high-water stresses when they should come. The powerhouse was rising rapidly, and the machinery was on the way from the East. Altogether things were looking more hopeful than they had at any period since the hasty reorganization. Smith attacked the multifarious details of his many-sided job with returning energy. If he could make shift to hold on for a few days or weeks longer...

While Smith was dictating the final batch of letters to the second stenographer a young man with sleepy eyes and yellow cross-stained fingers came in to ask for a job. Smith put him off until the correspondence was finished and then gave him a hearing.

"What kind of work are you looking for?" was the brisk query.

"Shorthand work, if I can get it," said the man out of a job.

Smith was needing another stenographer and he looked the applicant over appraisingly. The appraisal was not entirely satisfactory. There was a certain shifty furtiveness in the half-open eyes, and the rather weak chin hinted at a possible lack of the directness which is the prime requisite in a confidential clerk.

"Any business experience?"

"Yes; I've done some railroad work." "Here in Brewster?"

Shaw lied smoothly. "No; in Omaha."

"Any recommendations?"

The young man produced a handful of "To Whom It May Concern" letters. They were all on business letterheads, and were apparently genuine, though none of them were local. Smith ran them over hastily and he had no means of knowing that they had been carefully prepared by Crawford Stanton at no little cost in ingenuity and palinstaking. How careful the preparation had been was revealed in the applicant's ready suggestion.

"You can write or wire to any of these gentlemen," he said; "only, if there is a job open, I'd be glad to go to work on trial."

The business training of the present makes for quick decisions. Smith snapped a rubber band around the letters and shot them into a pigeonhole of his desk.

"Will you give you a chance to show what you can do," he told the man out of work. "If you measure up to the requirements, the job will be permanent. You may come in tomorrow morning and report to Mr. Miller, the chief clerk."

Having other things to think of, Smith forgot the sleepy-eyed young fellow instantly. But it is safe to assume that he would not have dismissed the incident so readily if he had known that Shaw had been waiting in the anteroom during the better part of the dictating interval, and that on the departing applicant's cuffs were microscopic notes of a number of the more important letters.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Sweet Fortune's Mission."

It was late dinner-time when Smith closed the big roll-top desk in the new private suite in the Kinzie building offices and went across the street to the hotel. The great dining room of the Hophra House was on the ground floor. The room was well filled, but the head waiter found Smith a small table in the shelter of one of the pillars and brought him an evening paper.

Smith gave his dinner order and began to glance through the paper. The subdued chatter and clamor of the big room dinned pleasantly in his ears.

Half absently he realized that the head waiter was seating someone at the place opposite his own; then the faint odor of violets, instantly reminiscent, came to his nostrils. He knew instinctively, and before he could put the newspaper aside, what had happened. Hence the shock, when he found himself face to face with Verda Richlander, was not so completely paralyzing as it might have been. She was looking across at him with a lazy smile in the glorious brown eyes, and the surprise was quite evidently no surprise for her.

"I told the waiter to bring me over here," she explained; "and then, quite innocently, I'm in an extraordinary little room, isn't it, Montague?"

"Why do you persist in dragging that in? I am not supposed to know

the house's identity.

"Much too little for a man to hide in," he agreed; adding: "But I think I have known that, all along; known, at least, that it would be only a question of time."

After the waiter had taken Miss Richlander's order she began again.

"Why did you run away?" she asked.

Smith shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"What else was there for me to do? Besides, I believed, at the time, that I had killed Dunham. I could have sworn he was dead when I left him."

She was toying idly with the salad-fork. "Sometimes I am almost sorry that he wasn't," she offered.

"Which is merely another way of saying that you were unforgetting enough to wish to see me hanged?" he suggested, with a sour smile.

"It wasn't altogether that; no. There was a pause and then she went on: 'I suppose you know what has been happening since you ran away—what has been done in Lawrenceville, I mean?'"

"I know that I have been indicted by the grand jury and that there is a re-



"But You Believe Me Guilty, Don't You?"

ward out for me. It's two thousand dollars, isn't it?"

She let the exact figure of the reward go unmentioned.

"And still you are going about in public as if all the hue and cry meant nothing to you? The board is an improvement—it makes you look older and more determined—but it doesn't disguise you. I should have known you anywhere, and other people will."

Again his shoulders went up.

"What's the use?" he said. "I couldn't dig deep enough nor fly high enough to dodge everybody. You have found me, and if you hadn't, somebody else would have. It would have been the same any time and anywhere."

"I was intending to go on up to the mines with father," she said evenly. "But last evening, while I was waiting for him to finish his talk with some mining men, I was standing in the mezzanine, looking down into the lobby. I saw you go to the desk and leave your key; I was sure I couldn't be mistaken; so I told father that I had changed my mind about going out to the mines and he seemed greatly relieved. He had been trying to persuade me that I should wait for him here."

It was no stirring of belated sentiment that made Smith say: "You— you cared enough to wish to see me?"

"Naturally," she replied. "Some people forget easily; others don't. I suppose I am one of the others."

Smith remembered the proverb about a woman scorned and saw a menace more to be feared than all the terrors of the law lurking in the even-toned rejoinder. It was with some foolish idea of thrusting the menace aside at any cost that he said: "You have only to send a ten-word telegram to Sheriff Macauley, you know. I'm not sure that it isn't your duty to do so."

"Why should you telegraph Barton Macauley?" she asked placidly. "I'm not one of his deputies."

"But you believe me guilty, don't you?"

The handsome shoulders twitched in the barest hint of indifference. "As I have said, I am not in Bart Macauley's employ—nor in Mr. Watson's. Neither am I in the prisoner's box and try you. I suppose you know what you were doing, and why you did it. But I do think you might have written me a line, Montague. That would have been the least you could have done."

For some time afterward the talk was not resumed. Miss Richlander was apparently enjoying her dinner. Smith was not enjoying his, but he ate as a troubled man often will; mechanically and as a matter of routine. It was not until the dessert had been served that the young woman took up the thread of the conversation precisely as if it had never been dropped.

"I think you know that you have no reason to be afraid of me, Montague. He will be back in a few days, and when he comes it will be prudent for you to vanish. That is a future, however."

Smith's laugh was brittle.

"We'll leave it a future, if you like. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

"Oh; so you class me as an evil, do you?"

"No; you know I didn't mean that; I merely meant that it's no use crossing the bridges before we come to them. I've been living from day to day so long now, that I am becoming hardened to it."

Again there was a pause, and again it was Miss Richlander who broke it. The slow smile was dimpling again at the corners of the perfect mouth.

"You are going to need a little help, Montague—my help—aren't you? It occurs to me that you can well afford to show me some little friendly attention while I am Robinson-Crusoe here waiting for father to come back."

"Let me understand," he broke in, frowning across the table at her. "You are willing to ignore what has happened—to that extent? You are not forgetting that in the eyes of the law I am a criminal?"

She made a faint little gesture of impatience.

"Why do you persist in dragging that in? I am not supposed to know

with Watrounham or anybody else. Besides one knows me here, and so one can. Besides, again, I am a stranger in range city and we are—or we used to be—old friends."

Her half-cool tone made him frown again, thoughtfully, this time.

"Women are serious creatures," he commented. "I'd think I knew a little something about them, but I guess it was a mistake. What do you want me to do?"

"Oh, anything you like; anything that will keep from being bored to death."

Smith laid napkin aside and glanced at his watch.

"There is a p of some kind on at the opera house believe," he said, rising and going round to draw her chair aside. "I'd care to go, I'll see if I can homebody up for a couple of seats."

"That is more it. I used to be afraid that you'd drop of sport-ing blood in your veins, and I am glad to learn, at this late date, that I was misin. Take me upstairs, and we'll to the play."

They left the ing room together, and there was a than one pair of eyes to follow in frank admiration. "What arkingly handsome couple," said a levelled lady who sat at the table rest the door; and her companion, gentleman with rest-les eyes and tipples and a rather wicked jaw, said: "Yes; I don't know the woman, but man is Colonel Baldwin's new niece; the fellow who calls himself Smith."

The bedlamonclady smiled dryly. "You say that you had a mortal quarrel with his ex-Crawford. If I were the girl, I couldn't find fault with the name, or say you don't know her?"

Stanton had ped his chair back and was rising. He your time with the ice cream, all join you later upstairs. I'm going find out who the girl is, since you're to know."

CHAPTER XIV.

Brownreads.

Mr. Crawford took a little later went upstairs to the resplendent lady, who was far her after-dinner ease in the most comfortable lounging-chair the mezzaninoroom afforded.

"No good," he reted. "The girl's name is Richlander and she—or her father—comes from of half a dozen 'Lawrencevilles'— can take your choice among 'em."

"Money?" queried the comfortable one.

"Buying mines the Topaz," said the husband meekly. He was not thinking of Mr. Josiah Richlander's possor probable raling with the consular agencies; he was wondering how Miss Richlander knew John-Health, and in what manner she could persuaded to tell what she might do. While he was turning it over in mind the two in question, Smith and the young woman, passed through lobby on their way to the theater. Stan, watching them narrowly from vantage-point afforded by the gried mezzanine, drew his own conclusions. By all the little signs they wait merely chance acquaintances or casual friends. Their relations v closer—and of longer standing.

Stanton puzzled-r his problem a long time, long of Mrs. Stanton had forsaken the easy r and had disappeared from the e. His Eastern employers were eing irascibly impatient. Who was fellow Smith, and what was his king? they were beginning to ask; with the asking there was intims that if Mr. Crawford Stanton v finding his task too difficult, there v always an alternative.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MORAL INERTIA TO BLAME

Often Responsible Failure to Live the Kind of Life One Really Wants to Live.

How difficult it lative up to our good resolutions we know from experience, but a fact we do not see as a rule, that indistinctness is that moral inertia is much responsible for this condit as temptation in its varied form. Granted that we have the desire to do good lives and that we prefer our thoughts should run in clear channels rather than in muddy ones we do not always have moral strength necessary to put themselves into effect. observes the Boston News and Courier. We help perhaps, that we are stronger than bally are and that although we t already be launched upon a danga sea we can make a safe haven all. That we often misjudge our pr of accomplishment in this divn, however, is not to be denied circumstances demonstrate when we make the attempt to seek refuge in the dangers that threaten us. On other hand, we can gather strength our trials and unhappy experie if we will, notwithstanding the is they deal and the discouragement prompt. Others have accomplis the feat in the past and still otwill accomplish it in the futu and these thoughts alone should urage those of us at the present vere staggering under heavy burden fighting unhappy handicaps to a winning race.

Do "Good T."

Most of us can look to a day when the kind word some good friend made us forgets dark and cheerless was life's w Then why should we hesitate it doing a "good turn" for some one, even though we know that "I turn" will "put us out" a little?

The woman who wa'er a "convenient" time to put good intentions into effect will svs have a long list of things to do now. Today, whether the sun shining or great storm clouds darke the sky, is the time to do what vere decided on doing.—Exchange.

Course of Moderite.

To eat what you liked all yo like, may be a merry but it w be a short one. The cut mode life is overfeeding.—Dr. J. C.

DAIRY

HOW TO AVOID BITTER MILK

Use of Laxative Feeds is Recommended as Preventive—Churning Difficulties Relieved.

Both the quality and quantity of a herd's milk production depend on the physical fitness of the cows as well as on the nutrients in the feed. Bitter milk and milk with a strong odor both indicate that something in the cow's digestive system is out of order. A few doses of Epsom salts are frequently of benefit, but a better method is to choose the feed that disorders will not occur.

Among dairy feeds that are inclined to be constipating and a cause of bitter milk are corn fodder, corn stover, timothy hay (and most bays except those from leguminous crops like clover and alfalfa), all straws, cottonseed meal.

Among the feeds that are laxative in their effect on the system are linseed meal, wheat bran, silage, hay from the legumes, roots, tubers and fruits, all fresh green feeds.

The use of feeds in the second list will in a large measure prevent bitter milk and also the difficulties of churning cream skimmed from such milk.

CALF PRECAUTIONS

1. Feed regularly.
2. Feed at proper temperature (100 degrees Fahrenheit).
3. Feed individually.
4. Do not overfeed.
5. Make all changes gradually.
6. Give access to fresh water and salt.
7. Keep all utensils clean.
8. Provide clean pens with plenty of light and sunshine.
9. Provide plenty of bedding.

FEED CALVES SKIMMED MILK

Richer in Protein Than Whole Milk, but Lower in Carbohydrates—Use Clean Vessels.

Skimmed milk is a little richer in protein than whole milk, but lower in carbohydrates. Since most of the fat has been removed in the cream the skimmed milk will need carbohydrates to make it a balanced ration for calves.

A good plan is to replace a portion of the whole milk with skimmed milk, gradually increase the skimmed milk with some form of carbohydrates till all of the whole milk is replaced by skimmed milk. Fine ground meal is one of the best carbohydrate supplements.



Skim Milk Age (One to Six Months).

ments to be fed with skimmed milk. Some feeders cook the meal, stir it in the skimmed milk and feed it to the calf. After the calf is two weeks old it will eat fine ground meal and if fed small quantities will assimilate it. Lined milk is also used.

Care should be taken in feeding calves. They should be taught to drink from the pail as soon as possible. Nothing but clean vessels should be used and the milk should be clean and warm.

GIVE CALF PAILS ATTENTION

During Warm Weather Especial Attention Should Be Given to Utensils—Keep Them Clean.

The farmer who uses the swill pail for feeding calves or who hangs the pail on a post between feedings without washing it will soon be looking for a cure for calf scours. The dirty calf pail is one of the chief causes of scours, according to L. W. Wenz, Jr., of the University of Missouri College of Agriculture. With the fly season and warm weather at hand extra precautions must be taken in caring for the calf pails. They should be washed thoroughly after each feed and sterilized either with steam or hot water. After the pails have been sterilized they should be inverted in a clean protected place until time to use them again.

UNDESIRABLE HABIT OF COW

Usually Acquired When Animals Are Young—Hard to Break When Once Established.

It is disappointing to give a cow good care and feed her well, and then have her suck herself. This undesirable habit is one that cows get into usually while they are young. After the habit is once established they never quit it, and it is not an easy matter to break them of it permanently.

Make Butter.

Some butter making should be part of the household duties of the fruit grower, the cattle breeder, the grain raiser, as well as of the general farmer.

Cows Like Peas.

Cows are very fond of cowpeas or soy beans and these feeds supply protein.

Art of Butter Making.

Butter making on the farm seems to have become a lost art.

WAS BEYOND THE ADVOCATE

Counsel Could Think of No Possible Reason Why Judge Should Be on the Bench.

It was one of those tense moments in a crowded court when the prisoner's fate seemed to depend on the next answer of the witness. There was an expectant hush on all present, when suddenly the opposing counsel butted in with a noisy objection based on some obscure point of law, says London Tit-Bits.

For ten minutes or more the prisoner was forgotten, while judge and counsel were involved in a tangle of legal phrases and precedents. Although the controversy was absolutely uninteresting to the crowd present, it was clear enough to the dullest intelligence that counsel was more than holding his own in the argument. This was also painfully apparent to the judge himself, who, in a desperate effort to recover his official dignity, snapped out:

"What does counsel propose I am on the bench for?"

"Well," said the learned advocate, slowly and reflectively, "I must confess your lordship has got me there."

Not a Dependent.

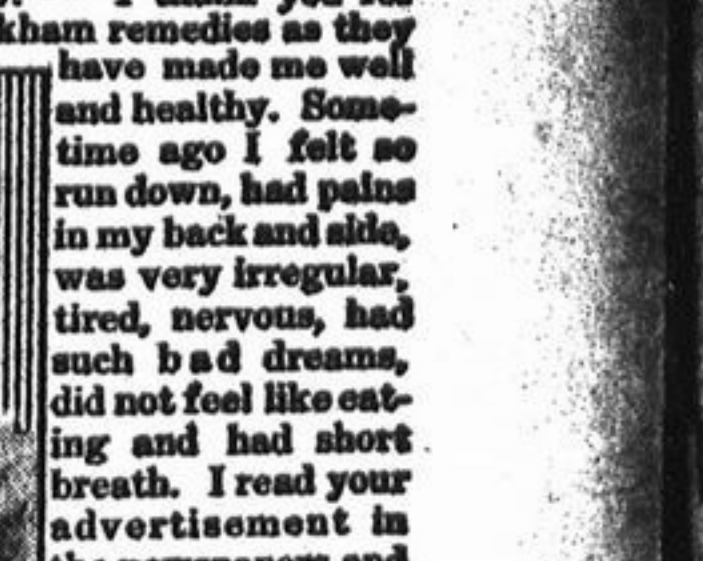
"Have you anyone dependent on you?" asked the exemption clerk.

"Well," replied Mr. Meekton, "Henrietta shows me what to do with my money. But she is most independent about it."

Don't think that because you get a ham from a small hog that you can get a hamper from a large one.

WOMAN NOW IN PERFECT HEALTH

What Came From Reading a Pinkham Advertisement.



Paterson, N. J.—"I thank you for the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies as they have made me well and healthy. Some time ago I felt so run down, had pains in my back and side, was very irregular, did not feel like eating and had short breath. I read your advertisement in the newspapers and decided to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It worked from the first bottle, so I took a second and a third, also a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier, and now I am just as well as any other woman. I advise every woman, single or married, who is troubled with any of the above-aid ailments, to try your wonderful Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier and I am sure they will help her to get rid of her troubles as they did me."—Mrs. ELISE J. VAN DER SANDE, 36 No. York St., Paterson, N. J.

Write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential), Lowell, Mass., if you need special advice.

PATENTS

Wattson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. English references. Best results.

Feed the Fighters! Win the War!!

Harvest the Crops—Save the Yields

On the battle fields of France and Flanders, the United States boys and the Canadian boys are fighting side by side to win for the world the freedom that Prussianism would destroy. While doing this they must be fed and every ounce of muscle that can be requisitioned must go into use to save this year's crop. A short harvest period requires the combined forces of the two countries in team work, such as the soldier boys in France and Flanders are demonstrating.

The Combined Fighters in France and Flanders and the Combined Harvesters in America WILL Bring the Allied Victory Nearer.

A reciprocal arrangement for the use of farm workers has been perfected between the Department of the Interior of Canada and the Departments of Labor and Agriculture of the United States, under which it is proposed to permit the harvesters that are now in Canada, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota and Wisconsin to move over into Canada, with the privilege of later returning to the United States, when the crops in the United States have been harvested, and help to save the enormous crops in Canada which by that time will be ready for harvesting.

HELP YOUR CANADIAN NEIGHBOURS WHEN YOUR OWN CROP IS HARVESTED!!!

Canada Wants 40,000 Harvest Hands to Take Care of its 13,000,000 ACRE WHEAT FIELD.

One cent a mile railway fare from the International boundary line to destination and the same rate returning to the International boundary.

High Wages, Good Board, Comfortable Lodgings.

An Identification Card issued at the boundary by a Canadian Immigration Officer will guarantee no trouble in returning to the United States.

AS SOON AS YOUR OWN HARVEST IS SAVED, move northward and assist your Canadian neighbour in harvesting his; in this way do your bit in helping "Win the War". For particulars as to system, identification cards and place where employment may be had, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to:

C. J. Douglas, Room 412, 112 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.; H. V. Hudson, 176 Myrtle Ave., Boston, Mass. Canadian Government Agents.

Lost His Protection.

A Kansas City man, who is very active in the affairs of his lodge, was passing the week end at Excelsior Springs, a nearby mineral water resort. He confided to a friend that he would like to scrape an acquaintance with a striking-looking woman they were both admiring.

"Why don't you try?" asked the friend.

"I couldn't think of flirting with her," came the horrified reply. "Her husband and I are brother lodge members."

The next week end the friend again went to the springs. On one of the prominent promenades he soon saw the lodge member and the striking-looking woman they had admired, walking arm in arm, and apparently much taken up with each other. At the first chance he asked his friend for an explanation.

"Thought her husband was a lodge brother of yours," he said.

"Oh, that's all right," was the answer. "I looked him up on the books, and he hadn't paid his dues!"—Everybody's Magazine.

YES! MAGICALLY! CORNS LIFT OUT WITH FINGERS

You say to the drug store man, "Give me a small bottle of freezezone." This will cost very little but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callus from your feet.

A few drops of this new ether compound applied directly upon a tender, aching corn relieves the soreness instantly and soon the entire corn or callus, root and all, dries up and can be lifted off with the fingers.

This new way to rid one's feet of corns was introduced by a Cincinnati man, who says that freezezone dries the corn or callus without irritating the surrounding skin.

If your druggist hasn't any freezezone tell him to order a small bottle from his wholesale drug house for you.—adv.

Too Much to Expect.

We overheard, on a Collinwood car, the best excuse for not working that we could ever have imagined. File it for reference.

One fellow said: "How do you like your job down at the mill?"

"I ain't workin' there no more," answered the other.

"Got a better job?"

"Nope. Ain't got no job."

"What did you quit for?"

"Well, I couldn't see no use in keepin' on at it. I figger it that if I did make good they'd expect me to keep right on makin' good. That's too much to expect of anybody this kinda weather. So I quit."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fowl Rebellion.

First Hen—The government is going to make us lay more eggs. What do you say?

Second Hen—For one, I am firmly set against it.

Opposing Results.

"What Mrs. Mame does put on."

"Well, her finishing school was the beginning of it."

"No bowl is too big when it holds Post Toasties"

—Bobby