Laugh and the World Laughs With You

BY MORGAN JOHNSON.

SYNOPSIS.

Richard Severance, popular dramatist, author and bachelor, occupies a flat with his man, Grayson. Severance has been given but three months to live by a specialist. Wishing to keep his mind off his approaching death, he advertises in the "agony" columns for adventure.

Miss Valerie Fenwick has been left a fortune by her uncle, provided she marries within two months, otherwise she loses the fortune. She takes her troubles to her lawyers, Winter & Sparvell, who see Severance's advertisement.

PART II.

"Grayson," remarked Richard Severance, solemnly, "until this particular moment I have never realized how many embryo criminals this world harbors!"

"No, sir?" said the resigned Grayson politely. He had just entered the sitting-room bearing the results of the second morning post upon a salver. "Here's two more just arrived, sir," he announced in a sepulchral voice.

"'Thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa,'" murmured Severance. "Buzz 'em down. And Grayson, half a minute: don't go. Here's a regular scorcher—it might bring a ripple to even that carven mug of yours. Peruse O death's head!"

He ripped another envelope and frowned over the inclosure.

"H'm—listen. What do you make of this?"

Winter & Sparvell,
Solicitors.
Ely Place, W.C.

Sir,—Your advertisement has greatly interested one of our clients. Should you be, as we suspect, of a chivalrous nature, perhaps you will call and see our client at 11 o'clock, Wednesday, 16th inst.

We are, sir, yours very truly,
JOHN WINTER.

Severance leaned back in his chair, eyes alight with whimsical mockery.

"Short, snappy and to the point, eh? The reference to chivalry is disarming, my dear Grayson—a touch of genius, in fact! It conjures up all kinds of delightful possibilities—makes one feel a modern Don Quixote!" He sighed. "I'm afraid I'll have to go and see what it's all about. Well, old thunderbrow, shall I hie me forth to tilt at windmills? What do you think?"

Grayson stared woodenly at the wallpaper; but for all his self-control, the corners of his mouth were twitching.

"I think it's 'eartbreaking, sir!" he exclaimed, in his distress flinging aspirates to the four winds, "'eartbreaking!"

Severance threw up his head to laugh, caught sight of his man's face, and, leaping up, laid a hand upon the stiff arm.

"My poor Grayson," he said with unusual gentleness. "It's not quite fair on you. Perhaps I'd better pay you off and let you go!"

"No, sir," gulped Grayson. "That'd be worse. I'd sooner stay and stick it out, sir."

Severance turned swiftly to the window. He found it difficult, however, to see if there was a taxi upon the stand or not; for, although it was a warm day and the June sun shone brightly, the glass seemed strangely misted.

Mr. Winter had conducted the interview with tactful kindness. He had steered clear of snags and shallows in a way which had earned him Severance's amused admiration. Suave and businesslike, he brought his proposition to a conclusion.

"I realize, my dear sir," he added, putting the last finishing touches to a really magnificent arabesque, "that it hardly fulfills your conditions of risk and danger——"

"Upon the contrary, Mr. Winter," assured Severance gravely, "the bare thought of a marriage ceremony turns me cold. I was best man at my late colonel's wedding, and the vision of a gallant man petrified with fear still haunts me in my dreams!"

Mr. Winter laughed. He felt his heart warm toward this irresistible young man with the whimsical eyes who sat so coolly and unconcernedly in his chair. He could not help wondering what his own conduct would be were he placed in a similar position. The legend of Damocles—modernized—sprang into his imagination.

"My client," said Mr. Winter, wistfully, "is a charming young lady—I have known her since childhood. It seems cruel that she should suffer for an old man's petulant freak!"

As he spoke the door opened.

"Miss Fenwick, sir," announced the ink-stained office boy, red as a gobbling turkey in his effort to effectively dispose of a large toffee lump.

Both men rose from their seats to pay homage to the delightful vision in the doorway.

Mr. Winter beamed over his glasses.

"Good morning, my dear. Let me introduce Mr. Severance."

The blue eyes opened wide in breathless surprise.

"Not Mr. Richard Severance, the author!" she exclaimed, and then with shocked sympathy as she read her answer. "Oh, it's too dreadful. I'm so sorry. My affairs must seem very petty and banal to you—" She hesitated, obviously fearing dangerous ground.

Severance grinned pleasantly.

"'Whom the gods love . . .,'" he quoted lightly. "And personally, Miss Fenwick, I shouldn't call the loss of 60,000 pounds petty!"

Valerie's troubled gaze sought Mr. Winter.

"I don't think we can go on," she said feebly. "It's too awful and cold-blooded! We'll just have to find some other way out."

Mr. Winter cleared his throat noisily. To be perfectly candid, he was beginning to feel that way himself.

Severance, with a laugh, took the bull by the horns.

"I should simply hate the idea of all that money going toward civilizing unhappy cannibals!" he declared, the imp of whimsicality now fairly dancing in his eyes. "But there's just one condition I must make and insist upon. You know I've always fancied a wedding breakfast at Prince's. So while Mr. Winter is fixing up other necessary little items, I'll just dash round and have a bottle or two put in the ice bucket!"

Valerie was not a hundred miles off crying; she blinked desperately in an effort not to make a fool of herself.

"Mr. Severance," she said softly, "your generosity makes me incapable of saying much, but I—I think you must be a very brave man!"

"Hear, hear!" applauded Mr. Winter, polishing his glasses with totally unnecessary vigor.

Severance, feeling suddenly like a clown in a circus who has been praised for his admirable portrayal of Hamlet, flushed to his ears. Somehow the maiden with the blue eyes and flowerlike face had an unhappy knack of getting under his guard!

Three hours later, outside Prince's Restaurant, Richard Severance helped his wife into a taxi. Mr. Winter, a few minutes earlier, had betaken himself off to Ely place, chewing the cud of reflection and marveling mightily at the strange and wonderful denouements which life occasionally inflicts upon its puppets.

"I feel like the ogre in the fairy tale who for a few short hours has usurped the part of the Prince," declared Severance gayly. "Now, I'm going to come down to gross earth again with a bump!"

"You leave the Princess very lonely," murmured Valerie in a low voice. She hesitated and then shyly, "Won't you come and see me before you sail for Egypt? I—I haven't thanked you properly yet."

Severance shook his head sadly.

"I dare not, my dear!"

"Why?" The word came in a soft whisper; she leaned toward him, eyes very bright.

"Because—because—" floundered Severance. He made a sudden gesture. "You see, I might fall in love with my wife," he smiled, "and that would never do!"

He bent forward into the shade of the cab, and brushed her fingers with his lips.

"'Ave atque vale!" he murmured softly. "Good-bye, my dear; your life is just beginning!"

Then he shut the door abruptly, waved to the impatient driver, and swung away as the gears whirred home.

He walked through from Piccadilly into Jermyn street resurrecting in his mind the kaleidoscopic events of that extraordinary day.

(To be concluded.)

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The Call of the Bells.

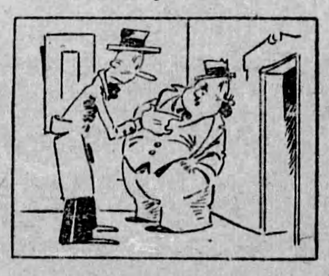
We hear them ringing so often, but do we think of them as more than a summons to church?

Our forefathers had many more uses for bells. In their superstitious way they believed that thunder and lightning could be driven from the parish by the ringing of the church bells.

The "Passing Bell" is still heard in some country parishes of England to bespeak the prayers of the faithful for some soul in extremis. The bell is rung or tolled nine strokes for a man, six strokes for a woman, and three strokes for a child. So do the villagers know for whom to pray.

It used to be quite usual in some parts of East Lancashire to ring the bells as noisily as possible after a funeral, the idea being that the loud noise would frighten away the evil spirits from the soul of the departed.

The "Dinner" or "Pudding Bell" is still rung in some country parishes. It is rung immediately the morning service is concluded, and the story goes that it is to let the people at home know that the good folks have finished their worship and are on their homeward way to "Dinner" or "Pudding."



At the City Hall.

"Why is that councilman making such a row?"

"He's chairman of the antinoise committee, you know."

Athletes use Minard's Liniment.

York Minister's New Century.

The beginning of 1927 meant something more to York Minster than just the start of another year. For this "most august of temples," as Sir Walter Scott once called it, the occasion marked the commencement of a new century.

Already there are thirteen hundred crowded years of history behind York Minster, which dates back to the year 627, when a small wooden church was put up.

The anniversary was kept with fitting ritual. Half an hour before midnight on the last day of 1926 the Dean and Chapter met for a solemn act of penitence at a temporary altar in the nave. Just before midnight a procession arrived at the west door of the Minster, and the Archbishop of York knocked thirteen times—once for each century—with his pastoral staff. As the sound of the last knock died away, the door was opened, and he entered to celebrate the long ages of Christian York.

Within the last hundred years the Minster has been the scene of two fires, one of which was caused by a lunatic.

Superfluous Question.

"Harold, let's have soup for lunch."

"Sure, what kind, dear?"

"Canned, of course."

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

OWL-LAFFS

BY O. W. L.
(On With Laughter)

Most investments look good until you try to borrow some money on them.

The average politician's ideal of relieving the farmer is to have more pickpockets at County Fairs.

"Two halves make a hole," said the ram, as he joined a life-saver mint together.

"Do you take lodgers?"

"Yes. What lodge do you belong to?"

A little nonsense now and then will undo the best of men.

True Love Needs No Valentine.

His wife loves him, yet she don't care if he goes around with other women. You see, he owns a merry-go-round.

The only upward trend that brings no protest is in women's skirts.

A Mere Legend.

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
Said the spider to the fly;
That sophisticated insect
Then replied, "Indeed, not I!
I might walk into your drawing-room
Or living-room, but say!
Are you so dumb you do not know
That parlors are passe?"

It is the girls of to-day and not the wrongs against them that should be dressed!

A good way to keep from wearing out friendships to not to use them.

Condoning Turpitude.

Though we complain 'tis an outrageous thing
When Winter lingers in the lap of Spring,
We inconsistently carp not at all
When Summer lingers in the lap of Fall.

More good time is wasted by people trying to have one than any other way.

Trying to keep a good man down is about as hard as trying to keep a good for nothing one up.

1890: Knee swells. 1926: Swell knees.

The Tooth of the Matter.

It is a pleasant sight to see
The guards manoeuvring with skill;
But, ah, the difference to me
When my good dentist starts to drill!

Jack—"I called on Mabel last night and I wasn't any more than inside the door before her mother asked me my intentions."

John—"That must have been embarrassing."

Jack—"Yes, but that wasn't the worst of it. Mabel called from upstairs and said, "That isn't the one, Mother."

The key to a man is his thought; to a woman her tongue.

Truths.

Many a bad husband beats a good wife.

Don't be impatient—even the flapjack has to wait its turn.

Opportunities still lie on every hand—so do a lot of people.

To get rid of a crowd—take up a collection.

Even the tea kettle in hot water up to its neck continues to sing.

Honesty, like homely women in street cars, stands up longest.

Yesterday's preparation accounts for to-day's luck.

Few people are really important—many act that way.

A humbug "bite" is slow to heal.

Bankers know a lot of "birds" by their notes.

Revenge promises much but gets little.

Many have a "kick" coming who never get it.

Many a fellow whom you think is square is a rounder.

A lie is legless but it travels fast.

Girls will be girls—so will a lot of old women.

Pearls worn by others are always imitations.

Face powder never tastes as good as it smells.

A smile has more than its face value.

No beaten paths lead to success.

Many a girl marries for a support, and accordingly sits down on her husband.

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"SALADA" GREEN TEA 773
Pure, uncolored, delicious. Ask for it.

A SMART DAYTIME DRESS.

Decidedly smart is the daytime dress shown here. The skirt has an inverted plait in each side seam and is joined to a bodice of unusual design, while the back is in one piece. A belt fastening at the sides achieves the modish two-piece effect. The long dart-fitted sleeves are finished with shaped cuffs to correspond with the bodice in cut, and the collar is of the becoming convertible type. No. 1504 is for misses and small women and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 (36 bust) requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch material, or 2⅝ yards 54-inch. Price 20 cents the pattern.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

The Earth.

On her at night the full-orbed moon bestows
Iced pools where barberries find blurred reflection,
Gaunt shadowed symmetry of leaf and weed,
Frost arabesques of lace.
She wears the vast enchantment of the snows,
Rayed wheels and silver stars of brief perfection,
Bleached silken grasses, patterns of wind-strewn seed
With all unconscious grace.
—Marie Emilie Gilchrist, in "Wide Pastures."

For Colds—Minard's Liniment.

To Protect the Bear.

State laws to protect the bear during the breeding season and make it a game animal are urged by the American Game Protective Association.

New Use for Seaweed.

Agar, used in making capsules, candy, points and media for bacteriological research, is now obtained from seaweed along the coast of lower California.

Reward.

One colliery in Ireland has awarded ten weeks' bonus to all of its workers who remained loyal during the strike in Great Britain.

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Ar. Tampa	8:05 pm
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