The Challenge

BY MELLA RUSSELL McCALLUM.

PART II.

The next morning Aimee was beautifully penitent. She looked tired, however. He wondered if she ever got a real healthy outing.

"Ever go picknicking, Aimee?" he asked her.

"I went on an automobile picnic one Sunday in August."

"H-m! With thermos bottles, and a past-midnight ride down Broadway, eh?"

"Why, how did you know?"

Neilsen smiled.

"Will you go on a fresh-air picnic with me next Sunday? Oh, I forgot—you have a Saturday evening engagement."

"I'm not going to keep that date, Mr. Neilsen. I called that fellow up. I got to thinking, you were so decent not to bawl me out—and what if I didn't get around here all right Monday? But I didn't know you ever went out with a model."

"I don't. It'll be like going out with your father."

Afterward he had his qualms. How could he keep her from attaching sentimental interest to the excursion? And if she didn't, her mates would. She would tell them. She might even boast. Many artists met their models socially, he knew.

Well, the thing was done. He was going picknicking with a seventeen-year-old girl. How Adam Beith would laugh!

He packed a lunch with sandwiches, none too dainty, but nourishing, and brewed a quart of coffee, adding plenty of cream and sugar to the thermos bottle. He was to meet Aimee at the ferry.

She looked the youngest thing on earth. He wished she hadn't worn a silk dress. Her small black velvet hat made her look still younger by its sophistication. She had on French-heeled slippers.

They rambled about the woods for a time; but the French heels were no good for that, and she seemed relieved when they came to the ledge of rock that he had found the other day. Neilsen tried to talk, but they had nothing to talk about. They ate their lunch, reserving half for later, and he produced a popular magazine he had bought in the ferry house. She seized upon that eagerly.

She sat facing the river, her knees drawn up to her chin, poring over the pictures of movie actresses. He wanted to sketch her in a new light and a new setting, but he hadn't brought her out here to pose. He kept his hand away from his pencil and watched her.

After a time she flung the magazine down petulantly. She had none of that tendrilness which the lover of books bestows on the meanest printed page.

"Oh, but a person gets tired reading!" she yawned. "The little old town looks good from here, don't it?"

"Yes."

"It's a great town. Id hate to have to leave it. I've had some good times there, all right! I tell you, I was homesick for it when I was out on the road; but I guess it wouldn't miss me any."

"Oh, yes, it would! It's the art centre of the country, you know."

"I never trail much with artists, Mr. Neilsen. They're either—you know or else they're like you, and let us alone."

"I don't mean that. I mean that you're doing such a service for art."

She turned around and grinned.

"Go on!"

"Think of the pictures that give pleasure to people. They all had to have models except the landscapes. An artist couldn't learn to paint without a model."

Aimee was silent.

"Didn't you ever think of it in that way? You give something to art that no one else can—your beauty. You think of it as just earning your living, and so it is—just as the money I receive for pictures is my living; but it's more than that."

"I had an artist talk that way once before to me. He was drunk. I didn't take no stock in it; but you—my God, you'd have me throwing bouquets at myself next."

"Throw all you like; but remember it isn't just for me—it's for art. You'll be posing for other serious work, too—pictures that will be finer than mine, I don't doubt."

"You talk so queer, it scares me—as if I had a—a duty!"

"I'm not sure but you have; but after a few years I'd like to see you marry some nice fellow and settle down."

Aimee squared her shoulders and shook her head hard.

"Not for mine! I saw all the married life I want to before I left home!"

"But what will you do?"

"I can take care of myself!"

"But, child——"

"I should worry about the future! I'll manage."

"You can't go at things that way, Aimee. You've got to have some plan."

"That girl in 'Challenge'—has she a plan?"

"Nonsense! That's different." Yet he knew it wasn't different. "Well, anyway, don't forget that you have a mission now, and a fine one. Shall we eat the rest of our lunch?"

"Say, I want to get your sermon straight. Am I doing a—a service for you or for 'Challenge'?"

"For art."

"For 'Challenge,' you mean."

And, because he saw that she liked the concrete, he let it go at that.

On the whole, Neilsen was rather pleased with the excursion. The girl had breathed pure air perforce, and perhaps she had found a mental peg to tie to; but her utter lack of intellectual compensations made him uneasy. How long could she remain steady?

He had better get at his final canvas. He was ready for it now.

It went fast. He knew his subject so perfectly that he didn't have to strain for effect. Hendricks, looking over his shoulder, whistled. A too gay sea, with a hint of malice under its joy. The girl in blue, laughing, daring the mocker. The canvas measured three and a half feet by four feet.

But Neilsen wasn't quite satisfied. He didn't know why. The girl was gay and confident. The sea was gay and confident. What more did he want?"

"It's almost done, isn't it?" Aimee asked.

She took great interest in the work. She had never before posed so long for one thing.

"I suppose it is," Neilsen said. "Then what for you?"

She shrugged, and flung out her arms in a yearning gesture.

"Then, for me—one—good—time! One of Hortense's friends is going to give us a house party. They're holding it up, waiting for me to get done here. It's a swell place, fifty miles up the river, with a dance hall and a billiard room and a wine cellar. The fellow's mother is in England, and the servants are away on their vacation."

"You're too young for such parties."

"Well, I've got to do something, haven't I? You can't say I haven't been steady lately."

"You've been an angel."

"Yes—a jack-in-the-box angel, ready to bust out!"

The day came soon when Neilsen declared that he could do no more to the picture. He wasn't satisfied, but he could do no more. The sea was well enough—he could see that; but the girl—was her confidence slightly superficial, where he had intended it supreme? It must be the challenge of ignorance—for what else would challenge the sea?—but it must be absolute, and he hadn't made it so. There was a hint of Aimee's own cynicism in his girl.

He wheeled the easel to the far end of the room and pushed everything else to one side. Aimee, still in the blue drapery, clasped her hands.

"It sort of makes me think of church, Mr. Neilsen, up there in the end of the room. I could get down and worship it, honestly!"

"I think I have prayed for it right along," said the artist, smiling. "I have prayed to it to be good work."

"Is it an, Mr. Neilsen?"

"I hope so, but it isn't all I wanted it to be."

Aimee looked puzzled. She gazed at it several seconds longer.

"And now you're finished with me!"

"Yes—finished."

She ran out to change her costume.

"I want to thank you a thousand times, Aimee," he said seriously, when she returned. "Use me as a reference. You've been a good child." He forced a jocose tone. He was feeling a bit blue at the prospect of losing her. "When does the wonderful house party begin?"

"To-morrow. We're going to motor out. Some time we'll have!"

"You ought not to go, Aimee. We'll do be careful."

They shook hands, laughing a little. Then she tripped away.

Neilsen had a strange, empty, let-down feeling that afternoon. The picture was done. Every one said it was good. It was good, only——

But no more he was foolish to be dissatisfied. He cleaned his brushes and decided to go out for the rest of the day.

He hunted up Hendricks, and dragged him away from the book manuscript he was perusing, preparatory to illustrating it. Hendricks had a small car, and they drove out through Yonkers, along the river.

The passive exercise was soothing to Neilsen. He listened with half an ear to Hendricks' talk. He was receptive to the late October landscape and the tonic air. The flat, let-down feeling departed.

They dined at an inn, and drove home in the early evening. When they were within a few blocks of the studio they heard fire engines. Presently they found the crowd so large that they had to park the car and proceed on foot.

Then they saw that it was Neilsen's building that was burning.

A choking sobber rage filled Neilsen. The injustice of it! His best work! All his talent, inspired labor. Hendrick's grip on his arm tightened.

The firemen had roped off the crowd. One was running along shouting.

"No cause for alar-r-um! Ivery wan is out!"

"'Tis nothing but a lot av empty stoodio places that's burnin'," went on the cheerful firefighter.

Suddenly Adam Beith pounced on them. He had evidently recognized Nielsen's height across the crowd. He pressed the painter's other arm.

"Your exhibition, Adam!" began Neilsen.

"They're nothing to the bonny picture, man!"

The Scotsman choked over the words.

Clearly the building was doomed. The walls might hold, but the interior was gone. Smoke began to curl out of the windows. Glass snapped. Neilsen's studio was on the third floor. The worst of the fire was still above that.

"God! Look!"

The crowd sent up a cry of horror, as a studio window, not yet broken, swung open, and a figure emerged. Aimee! Barefooted—in the blue shift. She stood on the sill, and she had the picture in her hand.

"Aimee!" bellowed Neilsen. "You little fool!"

She stood still, on one foot, head flung up. It was the pose! Neilsen stared, fascinated, hardly breathing; for on her face was the expression he had missed getting in the picture—real challenge—not merely gay ignorance! He would never forget it!

Below the firemen were spreading the life net. In the kinship of horror, the throng was silent. A moment more Aimee held the pose. Then, with a gay laugh which all could hear, she jumped. The blue drapery was on fire.

There was a great, collective groan. The firemen fought back the crowd, fought back the three artists at the edge of the rope barrier. The net strained.

Adam Beith it was who caught up the picture unharmed. Neilsen stepped over the rope—over the protests—and picked up Aimee. With Hendricks clearing an avenue he carried her out beyond the throng.

A dozen coats were whipped off to make a couch for her. Neilsen laid her down tenderly and arranged the blue shift about her. She was still smiling—a ghost of that last gallant challenge.

By this time Hendricks had found a physician in the crowd; but Neilsen didn't need a physician to tell him that Aimee was dead. How she came to be in the burning studio he never knew, though he guessed that her love of "Challenge" had drawn her there for a farewell sight of it; but she had done her last service to art when she saved his picture.

(The End.)

Continents Adrift?

Are Europe and America drifting farther apart?

This question, asked in a geological sense, was set before the British Association by Professor J. W. Gregory, who proposed to answer it by the use of wireless time signals for the determination of variations in longitude.

Kept up for a few years, he said, these would afford a conclusive test of the theory recently advanced by Wegener that the Atlantic Ocean was produced by drifting apart of America on one side and Europe and Africa on the other.

The reality of a drifting motion of whole continents is now accepted by many geologists. Recent investigations have shown that beneath the uppermost sixty miles or so of rocky crust ther is a semi-molten layer of lava overlying the earth's solid central core, and on this viscid mass the continental blocks find more or less uncertain footing.

Other People's Good-Byes.

To grasp and shake vigorously one another's necklaces before parting is etiquette in the South Sea Islands, where the men as well as the women wear these ornaments.

The Turks cross their hands on their breasts and bow.

With the Fijians saying "good-bye is quite a ceremony. Men and women carry red feathers, which they produce before parting and place in the form of a cross. The significance of this is that, although they must now tear themselves away from each other's presence, their paths having once crossed, their hearts will for ever be in unison.

The Japanese way of bidding adieu is to flourish a slipper in the air. In certain South Sea Islands the lover's method of expressing a farewell consists of clasping his sweetheart's ankles; while in Otaheite a man taking leave of a woman twists her skirt till it becomes like a piece of rope.

And a Fine Fellow to Boot.

Mabelle—"Father, don't you think Jack a handsome man?"

Dad (grimly)—"Oh, yes—and a fine fellow to boot."

Peace Hath Her Victories.

The French government has just awarded the ribbon of the Legion of Honor to Dr. Henry Vadon for devotion to duty in exceptional circumstances. While he was performing a surgical operation an involuntary movement of the patient drove an instrument into the physician's hand. Although immediate treatment would have averted danger, Dr. Vadon refused to receive it until he had completed the operation. His devotion to duty cost him his arm.

"Pettifogging" means "a little cheat." The word comes from "petty," small, and the old word "fog," which means to cheat.

ECLIPSE FASHIONS

Exclusive Patterns

1229

SMART BOLERO COSTUME.

The Spanish bolero has come into its own this season, and is smartly interpreted in the frock pictured here. Figured crepe fashions the underbodice, and narrow braid makes a neat finish for the collar, cuffs and edge of the bolero which ripples across the front only. The back is in one piece, and has two wide tucks either side of the centre back running from the neck to the hem. The front of the skirt has an inverted plait, while a narrow belt covers the joining of the skirt and the bodice. The bolero may be omitted and the dress made all of one material; or a pretty effect obtained by lining the bolero with figured material and making the collar and cuffs of it. No. 1229 is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years (34, 36 and 38 inches bust). Size 18 years (36 bust) requires 4⅝ yards of 36-inch, or 2⅝ yards of 54-inch, for dress made all of one material. When the blouse is made of contrasting material ¾ yard is required, with 3¾ yards of 36-inch, or 2⅝ yards of 54-inch plain material for the remainder of the dress. Price 20 cents.

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World's Wonder Railway.

The Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway, of which Sir Arthur Watson has been appointed general manager, is probably the most wonderful in the world.

Though the two termini, Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso, are tropical towns, the line, owing to the immense elevation it attains in crossing the Andes, runs for hundreds of miles through a region of eternal snow, and is frequently blocked by avalanches, as the Prince of Wales recently discovered.

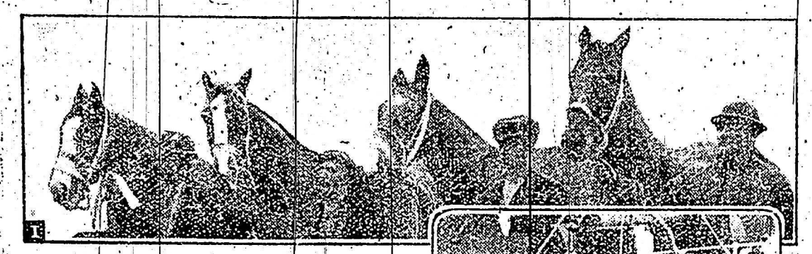
Among its wonders is a spiral tunnel that cost five million dollars to build, a natural bridge of rock, and a string of 118 steel bridges, linked together by short stretches of solid permanent way.

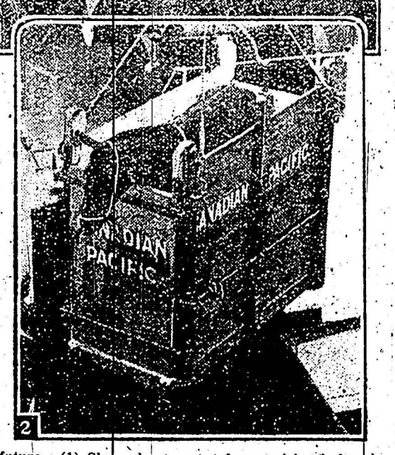
Doing Homework.

A teacher in London East-end received the following letter from the mother of one of his pupils:

"Dear Sir.—Please don't give Charlie any more homework. That sum about how long would it take a man to walk forty times round Trafalgar Square caused his father to lose a whole day's work. Then when he'd walked it, you marked the sum wrong."

Fine Hunters From the Emerald Isle





Ireland is quickly being adapted to pursuits of peace. Agricultural fairs and stock shows are the order of the day, and recently Irish bred cows were announced among the finest in the world.

But there is another thing which is due to bring the little island to the attention of every country in the world where the thrill of the chase and the clarion call of the horn on still, cool countrysides in autumn have a place in the heart of the people.

When the trees are bare, days begin to get shorter and cooler, the ground is covered profusely with brown and russet-red leaves, and an atmosphere of contentment seems to settle down. The hurried frenzy for summer sports is allowed to subside. There is a universal desire for "something different."

Hunting seems to be exactly the thing, and in Canada this sport is becoming more popular each succeeding year. Strong, powerful horses, known as Irish hunters, are being brought here for that purpose.

These horses are noted for their stamina, speed and beauty. Long slim bodies, wiry tapering legs, there is in them the heart of the hunter who never gives up. Thomas Lawton, of Cork, has shipped four specially selected Irish horses recently, by the Canadian Pacific liner Metagama, the second shipment to Canada within the last few months. These horses were purchased by Hugh Wilson, of Oakville, Ontario, one of the largest importers in Canada.

It is understood that more orders are to be placed by Mr. Wilson and other Canadian importers in the near future. (1) Shows hunters out for an airing before being led to the sheds. (2) Horses being loaded on board the Canadian Pacific liner Metagama in special box crates.

NELSON'S DAY

October 21st was the 120th anniversary of Trafalgar—the greatest naval victory in the world's history. In it Nelson shattered the naval power of France and Spain, and put an end to Napoleon's long-cherished grandiose scheme of an invasion of England.

In reading the history of the events which preceded the great battle one is struck by one significant fact. When Nelson sailed from Portsmouth in the Victory to join the British fleet off Cariz, he was attended by only one other ship, the frigate Euryalus, commanded by his friend, Captain Blackwood.

If the French naval secret service could only have learnt this they might have captured the Victory, with the intrepid admiral on board! In that case, the history of Europe might have taken a very different course.

What a scene that was at Portsmouth, at noon of September 14th, 1805, when Nelson started on his last voyage!

The Bulldog Breed.

All classes, men, women and children, broke into a deafening cheer as they recognized the slight figure, rendered familiar by the engraver's art, of the man who had already secured the safety of their country, and whose name appeared in their eyes synonymous with victory.

Many of the spectators were moved to tears; others knelt on Southsea beach and invoked blessings and Heaven's protection on his head. Nelson himself could not restrain tears of gratitude, and, turning to his companion, Captain Hardy, he remarked:

"I had their hurrahs before; I have their hearts now."

The main story of the great battle is, of course, familiar to most of us. Perhaps a few personal touches, however, may be of sufficient interest to bear re-telling. One concerns a gallant seaman on the Leviathan, who had one of his arms shattered by a cannon-ball. He refusd to be carried below by his mesemates, telling them they were of more use at the guns, and coolly walked down to the cockpit.

Here he would not allow the surgeon to attend to him until his turn came. The brave fellow, during the time his arm was being amputated, close to the shoulder, sang "Rule, Britannia!" in a clear, steady voice. Recollect there was no chloroform in those days! Sad to say, he died in hospital.

His Last Order.

Another story illustrates Nelson's great qualities as a practical seaman as well as a fighter. Just before his death he gave his flag-captain, Hardy, orders to anchor.

After he had passed away this order was conveyed to Admiral Collingwood, who succeeded to the command; but he, for reasons best known to himself, declined to do so.

There was a remarkable sequel to the ignoring of Nelson's dying command. A gale sprang up on October 22nd, and prize after prize was either wrecked or scuttled. Eventually the only survivors of the eighteen captured vessels were the four which had conformed to the dead hero's injunction.

There was a remarkable scene at Nelson's public funeral at St. Paul's Cathedral, on January 9th, 1806. Royalty, Cabinet Ministers, and nobles of the land attended, but the chronicler tells us that the most interesting figures were the brave sailors from the Victory.

As the coffin disappeared into the crypt they tore his flag, the White Ensign from the Victory, to pieces, everyone who could retaining a fragment as a memento of their beloved chief.

For the information of readers who may not know it, it may be added that in the Painted Hall at Greenwich Hospital may be seen Nelson's coat with the bloodstains and bullet-hole in the shoulder.

Planned Balloon in 1505.

Notes left by the great painter Leonardo do Vinci show that in 1505 he understood the principles of the fire balloon and parachute and had plans for a vertical rising heavier-than-air flying machine.

A drop of ink may make a million think.—Byron.

Hoes were first put on shoes to prevent a horseman's foot from slipping in the stirrup.

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The choice teas used exclusively in Salada yield only of their delicious goodness. Say Salada.

Surnames and Their Origin

TAYLOR.

Variation—Parmentier.
Racial Origin—English.
Source—An Occupation.

Here are two family names which are the sole surviving forms generally met with in this country of a group which at one time embraced a great number of variations.

There are two sources for the name of Taylor, and one for that of Parmentier. Originally the name of Taylor was descriptive of the occupation of the person to whom it was applied, the calling being either that of the tailor or that of the "tascler," the latter word being now extinct, though strangely enough the industry, or rather, process in the textile industry which it represents, is carried on to-day by means of the same sort of thistle or burr from which the occupation took its name. The "tzil," "tasel," "teasel" or "tassel" was used to scratch the surface of cloth in order to produce a nap. It is still used to-day, though machinery is used in the application.

But as family names developed the spellings of "Taylzer" and "Tassler" became confused with the many variations of Taylor, of which "Talyer," "Taylleur" and "Taillour" were examples.

The "Parmentier" was simply another name, of Norman origin, for the man who made clothes out of cloth, old spellings of which were "parminter," "parmenter" and "parmitar."

There is a branch of the Clan Cameron of Scotland which uses the name of Taylor, but in the form "MacMan-tailliear" (descendants of the "tailor") from "Taillear-dubh-na-tuaighe" (The Black Taylor of the Axe—17th century. This, of course, [illegible] traced back to the English [illegible]

O'KANE

Variations—Kane, Kean, Keane, Keen, [illegible] O'Cain, O'Caine, O'Cane, [illegible] O'Cahaine, O'Cahan, [illegible] O'Chane, O'Kean, Cane, [illegible] Cahane, Cahaine, Ga-[illegible]

Racial Origin—Irish.
Source—Given Name.

[illegible] an index to a whole [illegible] of family names; but [illegible] surname, in its many [illegible] There are few Irish clan [illegible] have given rise to so [illegible] of spelling, and even [illegible] when translated into [illegible] of "O'Cathain." [illegible] Anglicized forms, probably [illegible] that strikes the closest [illegible] pronunciation of "O'Cahane" or O'Cahane [illegible] tendency of the English [illegible] and throat is to slur, [illegible] the second syllable of [illegible] is accented, most of [illegible] versions simply slur out [illegible] sound and the aspirate, [illegible] syllable of it. Whether [illegible] "k" or a "K," or an "a" [illegible] usual process in Irish [illegible] English, though that of [illegible] unusual; in which case, [illegible] "a" is used. As a matter [illegible] this change of sound [illegible] development in English [illegible] modern times, and is [illegible] pronounced in Eng-[illegible]

[illegible] an offshoot, an ancient [illegible] of Tyrone, found-[illegible] chieftain named "Cathan" [illegible] "warrior") in the twelfth [illegible]

A WORD OF FOURTEEN LETTERS

By Adrien Vely

Translated by William L. McPherson

On his return to Paris Lebrigue hurried to Diana's house. But he felt more uneasiness than joy at the thought of seeing her again. In the letters which he had received from her regularly during his absence he had believed that he sensed preoccupations foreign to their love. Diana had shown herself in them still affectionate and tender, but did not seem very spontaneous, or entirely settled in her mind. Something new appeared to have entered into her life.

Diana received him charmingly. Their hands remained clasped for a long time. Legrigue, nevertheless, noticed that her glance, though not avoiding his, wandered a little. Her mind seemed occupied with some inner vision. He concealed his worriment as best he could and said, after sitting down:

"I thought of you so much that at times I had the illusion of having you with me."

"I thought of you, too," Diana answered, with the air of one who is thinking of something else.

And her absent-mindedness was so evident that Lebrigue suddenly despaired of being able to keep up the conversation. As Diana, on her side, did nothing to sustain it, they sat there silent, not even looking at each other. Diana finally ended the embarrassing pause. She said in a voice which made Lebrigue tremble:

"My dear, can you give me a tip? What is a word meaning 'reluctance to return'?"

Lebrigue answered in an offended tone:

"Is it my return to which you refer? And ought I to apologize for not having made it appear more enthusiastic?"

"What do you mean by such suggestions? It has nothing to do with you. I want a definition. 'Reluctance to return.' What can that be. I can't find the word. Can you?"

"I?" Lebrigue stammered.

"Ah! I forgot," cried Diana. "I forgot the most important thing. The word must have fourteen letters."

"Oh!" said Lebrigue, suddenly reassured. "You are doing a cross-word puzzle?"

"What did you think I was doing? It is foolish to give such vague definitions. I wonder whether there isn't some mistake?"

Lebrigue noticed then that the little table-desk was covered with dictionaries and puzzle handbooks. He said with a smile:

"I see that I have interrupted you when you were very busy. What annoys me is that I feel I must disturb you further."

"Why?"

"Because I am going to ask you to think a little less of your cross-word puzzle and to think more of us two."

"You are not polite to talk that way to me. But I think all the time of that—of us two. One breathes naturally, without paying any attention to it. That does not prevent one from smelling a flower."

The answer was a courteous and sympathetic one. Nevertheless Lebrigue did not get all the satisfaction which he expected out of the comparison. Said he:

"Then, my dear, if you are willing, let us talk about our marriage."

[illegible] sides."

[illegible] you say to the twen-[illegible] south?"

"Yes!"

[illegible] however, to be thinking [illegible] perhaps there was some ob-[illegible] Lebrigue waited. A minute [illegible] repeated, as if in a dream: [illegible] fourteen letters. 'Re-[illegible]'?"

[illegible] no reply, but he felt [illegible]

[illegible] entered the room and [illegible] said. She glanced at it [illegible] Bring him in."

[illegible] Lebrigue protested.

[illegible] true. You don't like [illegible] But he is a nice fel-[illegible] on cross-word puz-[illegible] fact. But I see [illegible] to meet him. Will [illegible] the salon. While you [illegible] find the word meaning [illegible] return.' By the way, [illegible] we see for the [illegible] we will talk that over [illegible] while."

[illegible] way. Lebrigue took [illegible] sheet between his [illegible] it and looked at it and [illegible] was charged with hate-[illegible] for a long time. Then [illegible] his fingers relaxed and [illegible] the floor.

[illegible] returned to the room, [illegible] drawn at once to the [illegible] puzzle sheet showed [illegible] freshly written in, filling [illegible] squares of the word [illegible] He read it with ecstasy. "I [illegible]" As for Lebrigue, he [illegible] She never saw him [illegible]

Singing and Health.

[illegible] has long been advocated as [illegible] fulness of body. The [illegible] reactions of an exercise [illegible] alike the brain, the [illegible] the lungs, would certainly [illegible] beneficial. Geetry, the [illegible] French Composer, [illegible] placed three fingers of [illegible] on an artery and sang [illegible] pulse of my pulse. The [illegible] beat order an air [illegible] and I distinctly felt [illegible] quicking or slacking its [illegible] accommodate itself to the [illegible] tempo." The [illegible] most of the famous [illegible] impressive testimony [illegible] singing in this regard [illegible] Even the [illegible] physique of the [illegible] fairly be quoted in [illegible]

[illegible] and Tommy.

[illegible] Thomas had been [illegible] lecture on the evils [illegible] rather and, strangely [illegible] for once taken it to [illegible] unfortunately it had not [illegible] his mother, and been [illegible] a neighbor, and at the [illegible] the evening the lady of [illegible] held out her arms to the [illegible] cooed:

[illegible] want to kiss me, Tom-[illegible]

[illegible] said Tommy, stopping [illegible]

[illegible] like me, dear?" came the [illegible]

[illegible] swered the boy quickly; [illegible] very ugly."

[illegible] noticed the boy's [illegible] "Ain't [illegible] shaved?"

[illegible] said the practical [illegible] gave a lecture for no [illegible] yesterday, and I ain't go-[illegible] risks to-day."