

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. "Buzbuz 'em down. And Grayson, half a minute; don't go. Here's a regular scorch—it might bring a rinkle 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 afloat 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 thunderbolt, shall I bid you forth to tilt at windmills? What do you think?"

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

"I think it's 'earthbreaking, sir!'" he exclaimed, in his distress flinging asperities to the four winds, "earth-breaking!"

Severance threw up his head to laugh, caught sight of his man's face, and, leaning 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!"

"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'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.

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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!"

**this winter
California**

5

**daily trains
including
The Chief**

You really enter sunny California the moment you step aboard one of the five famous Santa Fe cross-continent trains.

The new Chief—extra fare—is the finest and fastest of the Santa Fe California trains. Only TWO business days on the way.

No extra fare on the four other daily trains.

Fred Harvey dining service sets the standard in the transportation world.

Enjoy the out-of-doors this winter—take your family. California hotel rates are reasonable.

May I send you our picture folders?

F. T. Hendry, Gen. Agent
Santa Fe Railway
404 Transportation Building
Detroit, Mich.
Phone: Randolph 4744

ISSUE No. 8-27.

"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 muted.

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.

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Use MAGIC BAKING POWDER



in all your baking—
That's the way to assure success.

Made in Canada
No Alum

E. W. GILLET CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CAN.

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, and swung away as the gears whirred some.

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

(To be concluded.)

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."

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.



At the City Hall.

"Why is that councilman making such a row?"

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

Athletes use Minard's Liniment.

York Minister's New Century.

The beginning of 1927 meant something more to York Minister 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 Minister, 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 Minister, 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 Minister has been the scene of two fires, one of which was caused by a fanatic.

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 desiring of becoming nurses. This hospital has adopted the latest X-ray system. The pupils receive salaries of the hospital, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.



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 man, as he joined a life-saver unit 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 doesn'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 is 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.

At the City Hall.

"Why is that councilman making such a row?"

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

Athletes use Minard's Liniment.

York Minister's New Century.

The beginning of 1927 meant something more to York Minister 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.

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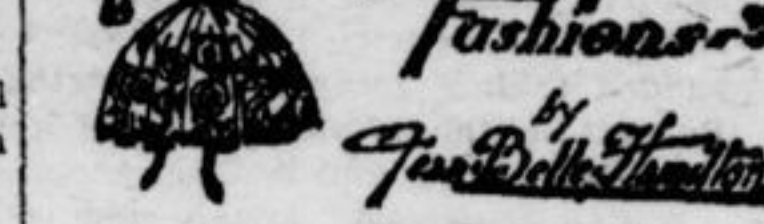
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patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

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 Gikchrist, in "Wide Pastures."

For Colds—Minard's Liniment.

To Protect the Bear.

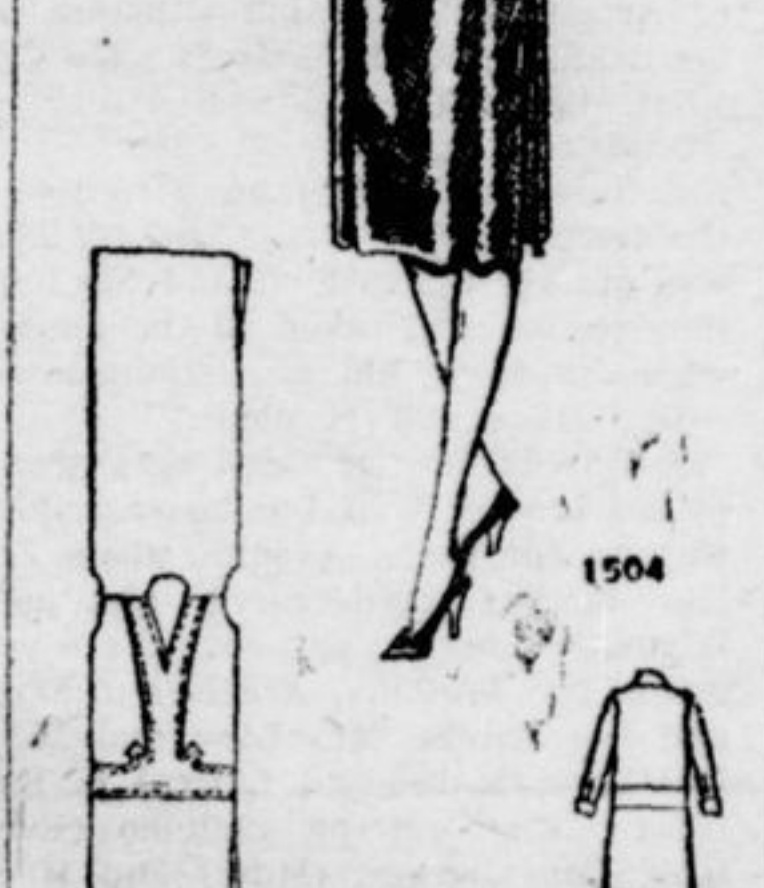
State laws to protect the bear during the breeding season and make it a game animal are urged by the American Game Protective Association.

New Use for Seaweed.

Agar, used in making capsules, candy, paints 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 workmen who remained loyal during the strike in Great Britain.



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, 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 3 3/4 yards 38-inch material, or 2 1/2 yards 54-inch. Price 20 cents the pattern.

The secret of distinctive dress lies in good taste rather than a lavish expenditure of money. Every woman should want to make her own clothes, and the home dressmaker will find the designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book to be practical and simple, yet maintaining the spirit of the mode of the moment. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

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