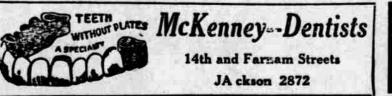




knowledge.

I said. just fit."

Dicky.



"Conie on here, old fellow, and play me a game of checkers." He sighed and they rested the board on his knees. and counters. He nodded in agreement. can't put my mind on games," She wiped out his first three men

in four moves. "Oh, come, come, wake up," she said impatiently. "You know you can do better than that."

he admitted.

He tried to make a counter at-

caimly, "provided one has a keen mind to see the moves far enough ahead."

Jill's next four moves won four more men and gave her two more

kings, as well. "Mercy, but you are a stpid check-er player, dear," she said sweetly.

er player, dear, sne said sweetly. Iack grunted. Then suddenly something happen-ed. Jill never did quite make it out, although Jack's only king made the rounds slowly and with maddening methodical positiveness. That ter-rible lonely king of his just wiped out six counters while Jill looked on in amazed surprise. on in amazed surprise.

And the final swirl of Jack's king cleaned the board of all her counters - kings and commoners alike-while four of Jack's odious black men re-

"Oh!" she cried and she drew back, the board falling from Jack's knees, and his counters rolling on

the floor. "Oh! Why, that was just horried of you, Jack," cried his Jill-girl. Jack yawned and lighted a match

for his pipe. "Some day I'll teach you chess, kid," he said, with irritating kind-

ness. Can't men be just too aggravating for words?

(Copyright, 1911, Thompson Feature Service.)