

Jessica Goes to the City

By MALCOLM BROWN

"Don't go, dear—we shall miss you, oh, so much!" Kind, gentle Aunt Priscilla placed a pleading hand on the fair golden head of her favorite niece, Jessica, as she spoke. Jessica loved her as everybody else did. She clung to her now, but still she murmured pleadingly: "I shall miss you, too, dearest aunt, but, oh! I do so want to see what life is like away from this quiet, humdrum village. Cousin Marcia has written me so much about the bright, brilliant life she leads. They have asked me to come so often. Marcia says that Uncle and Aunt Williston feel quite offended at my constant refusal to accept their invitation, so—so—"

The Owner of "Silver King"

By MARVIN ST. JOHNS

Danbury saw that the man was lying in the middle of the road, in imminent danger of being run down by the whirling automobiles that followed each other in a never-ending stream. He shook him, but the man did not respond. Then, lifting him in his arms, the young American carried him to the side of the highway and laid him down under a tree. Automobiles and carriages streamed past them, but no one stopped to notice the recumbent man. For this was at Kempton Park, and one of the classic races of the year was to be run. The man had evidently fainted. He was elderly, thin, gaunt, wild-looking. Leaving him there, Danbury bought some sandwiches.

SUNG HIS OWN COMPOSITIONS

Thomas Moore, Famous Irish Poet, Was Surely Exceptionally Endowed by Nature.

Thomas Moore, Ireland's favorite minstrel poet, was born in rooms over a Dublin corner grocery in 1779, and died a baronet, the "pote of all circles and the darlin' of his own," the idol of two continents, in 1852. For the last thirty years of his life he lived in a cottage at Sloperon, near Devizes, Wiltshire, where he devoted himself to all manner of literary efforts. His works include not only delightful short poems of "The Last Rose of Summer" type, but also poems to form a quarto volume, such as "Lalla Rookh," for which Moore received 3,000 guineas (\$15,000), and they include prose of all kinds, a series of humorous letters, biographies and even a "History of Ireland."

The Singer's Sacrifice

By WINIFRED DUNBAR

A beautiful young woman standing at the window of a drawing room, superbly furnished, a young man leaning towards her, tall, aristocratic looking, graceful and composed and with a fine intellectual face—this was the picture. The young man was the brother and the lonely girl the warmest friend of widowed Beatrice Lane. "You are determined, Laura?" the young man was saying. "You are determined, Laura?" the young man was saying. "You are determined, Laura?" the young man was saying.

OLE WAS OBEYING ORDERS

First Five Hundred Miles Slowly, Said Agent, and He Intended to Do as Directed.

The agent of a certain popular automobile made a sale to a Swedish farmer in a small town near Topeka. In his instructions to the purchaser he said: "You must be careful." "Ay shall do dat." "Also for the first 500 miles you must drive slowly—not over 15 miles an hour—or you will burn out your bearings." "Ay do dat, too," said Ole. "Your car has two gears, high and low. If you want to go fast put 'er in high. If you want to go slow, put 'er in low."

The Cuban Dancer

By CALVIN HENDRICKS

It was in the splendor of the Florida sunset that Ned Murdoch told Dolores of his love. He was resting upon his oars, half way between the mainland and Cypress Key. Under their boat the blue tides ran swiftly. "Dolores," said the young planter, "will you stay here and marry me?" She started and looked at him intently. "Your wife?" she murmured, and her fingers clutched the rowlocks convulsively for a moment. "No!" she continued hurriedly. "You don't know who I am or anything about me."

LAWYER COULD NOT SEE IT

Legal Luminary Felt Himself Regretfully Compelled to Decline Offered Job of "Spellbinding."

"I want to take time by the forelock," he said as he entered a lawyer's office. "Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" was the reply. "Always take time by the forelock and you won't get left. What it is, sir." "Well, we are to have an election this fall for city offices, and I wanted to know if I could engage you to make a speech for me the night before election."

CAUSE OF CANCER UNKNOWN

Dread Disease Has Baffled the Best Efforts of the Medical Fraternity for Centuries.

Medical science today knows no more about the cause of cancer than was known 1,800 years ago. Some families seem to be immune. In other families deaths from cancer occur in generation after generation, as if to show a hereditary tendency. There are many so-called "cancer houses," in which deaths from the disease have occurred with such lamentable repetition as to destroy their market value for selling or renting purposes. An evil repute attaches to certain well-known "cancer districts," in which the death rate from this malady is extraordinarily high.

"Blue Blood."

To belong to the "caste of Vere de Vere" is synonymous to being all that is honorable and illustrious, of pure and ancient lineage, among the noblest of the land. Macaulay, the historian, extolled the family of de Vere as "the longest and most illustrious line of nobles that England has seen," while Tennyson has immortalized the name of the race as of pure and ancient lineage. The family name of Vere, however, is a name of English origin.

Coats Earnich Dolls' Hair.

The hair on the heads of most of the thousands of dolls exhibited at the shop windows is obtained from the Angora goat.

Bret Harte.

Bret Harte, American poet and novelist, was born at Albany, N. Y., August 25, 1822. While a youth he went to California, where, several years later he founded the Overland Monthly in San Francisco. In 1870 he was made professor of recent literature in the University of California, but resigned and returned to New York the following year. He was United States consul at Cremona, Germany, 1878-80, and at Glasgow, 1880-85, and afterward lived in England. Among his many works are "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Condensed Novels," etc.

Her Daddy Was All Right.

When I was twelve years old I called upon Mary (aged eleven) one Sunday evening. I was all dressed up and had pliffed an armful of mother's cherished lilacs from the garden. I stole out the alley gate, traversed Mary's back yard and she met me at the kitchen door. We sat on the back steps. I restrained a strong impulse to flee when Mary said, "Father is coming, I think." He was a gruff, bad man. When he saw us I was terror-stricken. What he said was, "How's the boy tonight?" and he took us both in the house and sent little brother after ice cream and Mary's mother cut a cake. So I wasn't kicked out by an irate father, after all; in fact, he still likes me and often jokes about the lilacs and the kitchen steps, although another young man walked up the aisle with Mary.—Chicago Journal.

Doubtful Ending.

"Has your story a happy ending?" "Well, that depends on the viewpoint." "What do you mean?" "Some might call it a happy ending and some might not. The lovers got married in the last chapter."

His Pride Lamp.

Father (reading a letter from his son at college to mother)—Myopia says he's got a beautiful lamp from boxing. Mother—I just know he'd win some thing in boxing, athletics.—From the Orange Post.

The Sheep Fair.

The little village of East Isley, on the main road between Newbury and Oxford, has just celebrated the seven hundred and first anniversary of its sheep fair. In the old days Newbury was a great center of the cloth trade, and East Isley fair frequently saw as many as 80,000 sheep penned in its narrow streets. The picturesque cloth hall at Newbury is now a museum; and East Isley fair is only a shadow of its former self, but that fair will continue to be held as long as a single sheep can be heard on the neighboring downs. That is the pleasant custom of England.—Christian Science Monitor.

Emergency Case.

"I cannot countenance your kissing one of your patients, nurse." "But, doctor, it was in my line of duty." "How so?" "This gentleman swore he'd die without it."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

True Economist.

He was an ingenious and ingenious small boy. "Mother," he said on one occasion, "will you wash my face?" "Why, Hugh, can't you do that?" "Yes, mother, I can, but I'll have to wet my hands, and they don't wash."—Harper's Magazine.

Early English History.

The reason that the Norman conquest did not subjugate the English is explained by the fact that "Jutes, Angles, Saxons, Danes and Normans" were all kindred in race and so they united in one race; the Welsh, Irish and Scots were of the Celtic race. The Normans were not Frenchmen in the beginning but pirates from Scandinavia, who had come to France and had been given a tract of land. They adopted the French language and became in time the most courteous and noble people in Europe, but when they won the battle of Hastings, they were more nearly akin to the English or Anglo-Saxons than to the French, although they brought the French language to England, and many of their words were incorporated into the language. Because of racial differences the Welsh, Irish and Scotch did not unite with the English as easily, but the centuries have obliterated many racial characteristics because of many intermarriages.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Noise.

Every organ of your body develops resisting powers as you need them. A miller gets so used to the sound of his mill wheels that he ceases to hear them and can catch a whisper. Put 50 identical machines in a room. Workers forget the noise. But, if one machine stops, the operator knows it instantly by the changed sound. This power of the ears to adjust themselves to environment makes city life possible. Metropolitan men live in an inferno of noise. The ears ignore it, in a large sense, though the noise is there, tearing away at the nervous system.

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