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Some one-probably one of those | comedy guy slaps in the face with a Frenchmen whose life job it was to bunch of lettuce. Say, there's somemake epigrams-once said that there thing about you that makes a person But now, as she studied the woman are but two kinds of women: Good get gabby and tell things. You'd make women, and had women. Ever since a swell clairvoyant." then problem playwrights have been | Beneath the comedy of the bleached putting that fiction into the mouths of hair, and the flaccid face, and the

teresting object.

wronged husbands and building their bizarre wrapper; behind the coarse-"big scene" around it. But don't you ness and vulgarity and ignorance, believe it. There are four kinds: Good Emma McChesney's keen mental eye women, bad women, good bad women, saw something decent and clean and and bad good woman. And the worst beautiful. And something pitiable, of these is the last. This should be a and something tragic, story of all four kinds, and when it is finished I defy you to discover which is which.

When the red stuff in the thermometer waxes ambitious, so that fat men stand, bulging-eyed before it and beginning with the ninety mark count up with a horrible satisfaction-ninety- down, askance, at the hand on her one-ninety-two-ninety-three - ninety-four! by gosh! and the cinders are filtering into your berth, and even the porter is wandering restlessly up and down the aisle like a black soul in purgatory and a white duck coat, then the thing to do is to don those mercifully few garments which the laxity of sleeping-car etiquette permits, slip out between the green curtains and fare forth in search of drafts, liquid and atmospheric.

At midnight Emma McChesney, inured as she was to sleepers and all their horrors, found her lower eight unbearable. With the bravery of des- liked the feel of your hand on my door. She found hergelf hoping that peration she groped about for her cin- arm, like that. Say, I've done the the hotel clerk would not class her der-strewn belongings, donned slippers same thing myself to a strange dog and kimono, waited until the tortured that looked up at me, pitiful. You porter's footsteps had squeaked their know, the way you reach down, and way to the far end of the car, then pat 'm on the head, and say, 'Nice dogsped up the dim nisle toward the back | gie, nice doggie, old fellow,' even if it platform. She wrenched open the is a street cur, with a chawed ear, and door, felt the rush of air, drew in a no tail. They growl and show their long, grateful, smoke-steam-dust laden teeth, but they like it. A womanlungful of it, feit the breath of it on Lordy! There comes the brakeman, spine and chest, sneezed, realized that Let's beat it. Ain't we the nervy old she would be the victim of a summer hens!" cold next day, and, knowing, cared not.

'Great, ain't it?" said a voice in the found in sleeping-car dressing-rooms darkness. (Nay, reader. A woman's had taught Emma McChesney to rise betimes that she might avoid contact voice.)

Emma McChesney was of the nonwith certain frowsy, shapeless beings screaming type. But something inside armed with bottles of milky liquids, of her suspended action for the frac- and boxes of rosy pastes, and pencils tion of a second. She peered into the that made arched and inky lines; bedarkness.

"'J' get scared?" inquired the voice. let tollet water; beings in doubtful cor-Its owner lurched forward from the sets and green sllk petticoats perfect corner in which she had been crouching, into the half-light cast by the vestibule night-globe.

inches of mirror space and consenting Even as men judge one another by a Masonic emblem, an Elk pin, or the to move for no one; ladies who had band of a cigar, so do women in sleepcome all the way from Texas and who ing-cars weigh each other according to insisted on telling about it, despite a the rules of the Ancient Order of the mouthful of hairpins; doubtful sisters Kimono. Seven seconds after Emma who called one dearle and required to McChesney first beheld the negligee be hooked up; distracted mothers with that stood revealed in the dim light three small children who wiped their she had its wearer neatly weighed, hands on your shirt waist.

from the bill-boards. "That's our paper," explained Blanche LeHaye. "That's me, in the ner in a real home has got Sherry's center of the bunch, with the pink reins in my hands, drivin' that four-inhand of Johnnies. Hot stuff! Just

let Dacre try to get it away from me, that's all. I'll show'm.' She sank back into her corner. Her the day for me." anger left her with the suddenness characteristic of her type.

"Ain't this heat fierce?" she fretted. Now, Emma McChesney was a broadminded woman. The scars that she

had received in her ten years' battle with business reminded her to be tender at sight of the wounds of others. huddled there in the corner, she was conscious of a shuddering disgust of ner-of the soiled blouse, of the cheap

finery, of the sunken places around the jaw-bone, of the swollen places beneath the eyes, of the thin, carmined lips, of the-Blanche LeHaye opened her eyes suddenly and caught the look on Emma

McChesney's face. Caught it, and comprehended it. Her eyes narrowed, and "I guess you'd better come in and she laughed shortly. get some sleep," said Emma McChes-"Oh, I dunno," drawled Blanche Le-

ney; and somehow found her hand Haye. "I wouldn't go's far's that, kid. resting on the woman's shoulder. So Say, when I was your age I didn't plan they stood, on the swaying, jolting to be no bum burlesquer neither.] platform. Blanche LeHaye, of the Sam was going to be an actress, with a Levin Crackerjack Belles, looked farm on Long Island, like the rest of you." 'em. Every real actress has got a shoulder, as at some strange and infarm on Long Island, if it's only there in the mind of the press agent. It's a

"Ten years ago," she said, "that would have started me telling the story of my life, with all the tremolo stops on, and the orchestra in tears. Now it only makes me mad."

Emma McChesney's hand seemed to snatch itself away from the woman's shoulder. I wouldn't change places with."

"You can't treat me with your life's history. I'm going in."

The female of the species as she is

McChesney's lips just as the driver "Wait a minute. Don't go away drew up at the curbing outside the sore, kid. On the square, I guess I hotel and jumped down to open the with her companion.

At 11 o'clock that morning Emma McChesney unlocked her door and walked down the red-carpeted hotel corridor. She had had two hours of restful sleep. She had bathed, and breakfasted, and donned clean clothes. She had brushed the cinders out of her hair, and manicured. She felt as alert, and cool and refreshed as she looked, which speaks well for her comfort.

Halfway down the hall a bedroom door stood open. Emma McChesney glanced in. What she saw made her The next moment she would stop. have hurried on, but the figure within called out to her.

Miss Blanche LeHaye had got into ings redolent of bitter almond, and vioin a dejected heap in a shair before

the window. There was a tray, with a as to accordion-plaited flounce, but by her side. showing slits and tatters farther up; "Gawd, ain't it hot!" she whined beings jealously guarding their ten niserably. "Come on in a minute. I

peach just off the ice. Got a gent grew in her mind. friend in town?" "No," answered Emma McChesney

hurriedly, and turned to go.

road for ten years a real Sunday dinhat off with my toe." flossiest efforts looking like a picnic

collation with ants in the pie. You're gently. coming with me, more for my sake Blanche LeHaye grinned broadly at than for yours, because the thought of the two women who were watching you sitting here, like this, would sour

her so intently. "I think I ought to tell you," she be-

Blanche LeHaye's fingers were pickgan, "that I never was a minister's ing at the pin which fastened her gown. She smiled, uncertainly, havin' been deserted by my sweet-

"What's your game?" she inquired. heart when I was young and trusting. "I'll wait for you downstairs," said Emma McChesney, pleasantly. "Do you ever have any luck with caramel that the weather bureau gets out- her a little. icing? Ethel's and mine always one of those high and low barometer

"Do 1?" yelled the queen of burlesque. "I invented it." And she was phy." down on her knees, her fingers fum-She shut her eyes and lay back in bad."

bling with the lock of her suitcase. the depths of the leather-cushioned Only an Ethel Morrissey, inured to the weird workings of humanity by moment.

years of shrewd skirt and suit buying, could have stood the test of having a ney, suddenly, rising and coming over to get away from all this, and start Blanche LeHaye thrust upon her, an to the woman in the big chair, "that's over again." unexpected guest, and with the wofn-

an across the street sitting on her front porch taking it all in.

At the door-"This is Miss Blanche LeHaye of the-er-Simon-"

"Sam Levin Crackerjack Belles," put in Miss LeHaye. "Pleased to meet

curdles.

"Come in," said Miss Ethel Morrissey, without batting an eye. "I just phoned the hotel. Thought you'd gone back on me, Emma, I'm baking a carakind of a religion with 'em. I was mel cake. Don't slam the door. This goin' to build a house on mine that your first visit here, Miss LeHaye? Exwas goin' to be a cross between a cuse me for not shaking hands. I'm California bungalow and the horticulall flour. Lay your things in there. tural building at the world's fair. Say, Ma's spending the day with Aunt Gus I ain't the worst, kid. There's others at Forest City and I'm the whole works outside of my smear, understand, that around here. It's got skirts and suits

beat a mile. Hot, ain't it? Say, sup-A dozen apologies surged to Emma pose you girls allp off your waists and I'll give you each an all-over apron that's loose and lets the breeze slide around."

Blanche LeHaye, the garrulous, was strangely silent. When she stepped about it was in the manner of one who

is fearful of wakening a sleeper. When she caught the eyes of either of the other women her own glance dropped. When Ethel Morrissey came in with the blue-and-white gingham aprons Blanche LeHaye hesitated a long minute before picking hers up. Then she held it by both sleeves and looked at it long and curiously. When she looked up again she found the eyes of the

other two upon her. She slipped the apron over her head with a nervous little laugh. "I've been a pair of pink tights so

long," she said, "that I guess I've almost forgotten how to be a woman.

her kimono again. She was slumped But once I get this on I'll bet I can come back."

She proved it from the moment that bottle and some glasses on the table she measured out the first cupful of

brown sugar for the caramel icing. She shed her rings, and pinned her hair back from her forehead, and left the door open to catch the breeze, tucked up her sleeves, and as Emma but there ain't any. You look like a McChesney watched her a resolve

The cake disposed of-"Give me some potatoes to peel, will you?" said Blanche LeHaye, suddenly. "Give 'em "Wait, a minute," said Blanche Le- to me in a brown crock, with a chip to unbutton her gingham apron. Haye, sharply, and rose. She slouched out of the side. There's certain things

one day. After you've been on the a laugh when I kick the comedian's spleler tells the crowd who lives there, and how he made his money. But they "But there must have been a time haven't any kids, Len told me. He's insinuated Emma McChesney, crazy about 'em. But his wife don't want any. I wish you could have seen Len's face when he was talking

> about It." She dropped the gingham apron in a circle at her feet, and stepped out of it. She walked over to where her

daughter, and I don't remember ever own clothes lay in a gaudy heap. If I was to draw a picture of my life it skirt over her head. The silence of would look like one of those charts the other two women seemed to anger

things, all uphill and downhill like a clear through, don't you? Well, I chain of mountains in a kid's geogra- ain't. I don't hurt anybody but my-

"But I don't think you're bad clear chair. The three sat in silence for a through," cried Emma McChesney. "I don't. That's why I made that propo-"Look here," said Emma McChes- sition to you. That's why I want you



They Walked With Her to the Front Porch, Making Talk as They Went.

vance you right along."

enough to be wise to the fact that they

lithographs of the Sam Levin Cracker- | in the back yard, and fool with the | Haye finished for her. "I used to I've | their home is one of the kind where | BUILDING "CASTLES IN AIR" jack Belles company glared at one dog, and act like a human being for got over that. Now all I ask is to get the rubberneck auto stops while the

"Exit the gingham. But it's been great." She paused before slipping her

"I guess you think I'm a bad one, self. Len's wife-that's what I call

Proceeding That Seems Foolish, If Net Reprehensible, to Some, May Readily Be Explained.

Those who build castles in the air are occasionally spoken of by more natter-of-fact persons with brutal and hoisy derision, but oftener with a kind of tender pity which they find, not unustifiably, far more exasperating. It implies so complete a misunderstanding of the builders' frame of mind. They are supposed to live in a vale of disappointments, but if they be outand out workmen with a love of their art they do, in fact, nothing of the kind. Long before one castle has actually fallen, sometimes even before so much as a telltale crack has appeared in the walls, they are planning

the foundations of another on a larger and more gorgeous scale. When the crash ultimately comes it is unheard, for the din of cranes and hammers already are hard at work again. We have it on Sam Weller's authority that to take to building houses is "a medical term for being incurable." And very fortunately that is, a fortiorl, still more true of castles. It is not, however, this implication of a life made up of disillusionments that is the most difficult to bear. Rather it is the suggestion that those who indulge in day dreams are so besotted as to believe that they will all of them come true. This is at once a slur on their intelligence and on their ability to play their own game properly; it shows that the sympathetic and stupid creatures who make it could never acquire the rudiments of the game if they were to try for a thousand years. As long as the player is trammeled by doubts and wonderings whether anything so beautiful could ever really befall him, he must almost of necessity curb his fancy and turn sadly back from some glorious flight; but, once he has as much as half admitted to himself that he is moving in the realms of fantasy, he can soar away to heights unknown.

Putting altogether on one side the delight that they give in the making, it may well be a question whether any material profit is to be derived from castles in the air.

Is Tobacco a Drug?

An interesting case of splitting hairs has arisen in Iretand in the administration of the national insurance act as to whether tobacco is a drug, a necessity or a luxury, all three views being taken by different authorities, says London Tit-Bits. It appears that the superintending medical officer of the Dublin district recommended that a consumptive patient coming under the provisions of the act be given tobacco for smoking to comfort him in his last days, offering to pay for the weed himself, but the insurance committee decided that the tobacco was necessary to the patient's treatment and sent in the bill to the insurance commissioners. Two weeks later the local authorities received a lengthy communication demanding an explanation of their action in charging the government with a shilling's worth of tobacco. Their reply was that tobacco was recognized as a drug in the British codex under the title of nicotiana tabacium and that it had been prescribed by a registered practitioner.

"Me?" laughed Blanche LeHaye. can get you a place in our office-not "Me! In a office! With ledgers, and much, perhaps, but something decent sale bills, and accounts, and all that -something to start with. If you-" stuff! Why, girls, I couldn't hold "For that matter," put in Ethel Mor- down a job in a candy factory. I rissey, quickly, "I could get you some- ain't got any intelligence. I never had. thing right here in our store. I've You don't find women with brains in been there long enough to have some a burlesque troupe. If they had 'em say-so, and if I recommend you they'd they wouldn't be there. Why, we're start you in the basement at first, and the dumbest, most ignorant bunch then, if you made good, they'd ad- there is. Most of us are just hired

Blanche LeHaye stood up and, twisting her arm around at the back, began a blamed hard time savin' souls. The

not the life for a woman like you. I,

"I guess you think I'm a bad one,

girls, dressed up. That's why you find the Woman's Uplift union having such souls they try to save know just

marked, listed, docketed and placed. The blonde woman cast upon Emma McChesney an admiring eye. "Gawd, ain't it hot!" she said, so-

ciably.

"I wonder," mused Emma McChes- queen of burlesque bore in her arms a ney, "if that porter could be hypnothe glass?"

"Lemonade!" echoed the other, wonthe car, and hugging her plump, bare arms. "Travelin' alone?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," replied Emma McChesney, and decided it was time to go in. pany? Goin' far?"

"I'm accustomed to it. I travel on business, not pleasure. I'm on the road, representing T. A. Buck's featherloom petticoats!"

"On the road! Sellin' goods! And I way your hair's fixed, I suppose. Say, that must be a hard life for a woman -buttin' into a man's game like that."

a woman out into the world-" began Emma McChesney vaguely, her hand on the door-knob.

"Sure," agreed the other. "I ought to know. The hotels and time tables alone are enough to kill. Who do you suppose makes up train schedules? They don't seem to think no respectable train ought to leave anywhere before eleven-fifty p. m., or arrive after six a. m. We played Ottumwa, In., last night, and here we are jumpin' to Illinois."

In surprise Emma McChesney turned at the door for another look at the waged, for suddenly she flung through

you think mine is a hard life for a heavily. One of the women turned, Is there-

and laughed not prettily. "I ain't a bus driver climbed into his seat and woman. I'm a queen of burlesque."

those-" Emma McChesney stopped, form turned and trailed off down the her usually deft tongue floundering.

You guessed it. I'm Blanche LeHaye, most part, hurrying on ahead. When way you did this morning, h'm? What- The heat and bustle of the little kitchof the Sam Levin Crackerjack Belles. the bus lurched past them the woman ja mean? You got a nerve turnin' up en seemed to work some miraculous We get into North Bend at six tomor- who had screamed the oath after row morning, and we play there tomor- Blanche LeHaye laughed shrilly and row night, Sunday." She took a step made a face, like a naughty child, be, neither. What the-" forward so that her haggard face and whereupon the others laughed in falartificially tinted hair were very near Emria McChesney. "Know what I was come out here?"

"No: what?"

there by the steps and try what the newspaper accounts call jumping into sweet to me the last week or so, the a jump and Sunday here. I've a the night.' Say, if I'd had on my other lyin' sneak. I'll show'm a leadin' lady's friend here named Morrissey-Ethel ney's alert mind. She caught Blanche as they should, but there is less problawnjerie I'll bet I'd have done it."

supposed to be funny ""

So it was that Emma McChesney, hatted and velled by 5:45, saw the curtains of the berth opposite rent asunder to disclose the rumpled, shapeless figure of Miss Blanche LeHaye. The

conglomerate mass of shoes, corset, tized into making some lemonade-a purple skirt, bag and green-plumed pitcherful, with a lot of ice in it, and hat. She paused to stare at Emma Mcthe cold sweat breaking out all over Chesney's trim, cool preparedness. "You must have started to dress as

soon's you come in last night. I never der and amusement in her tone. "Are slep' a wink till just about half a hour they still usin' it?" She leaned against | ago. I bet I ain't got more than eleven the door, swaying with the motion of minutes to dress in. Ain't this a scorcher!"

When the train stopped at North Bend, Emma McChesney, on her way out, collided with a vision in a pongee "Lonesome, ain't it, without com- duster, rose-colored chiffon veil, chamols gloves, and plumed hat. Miss Blanche LeHaye had made the most of her eleven minutes. Her baggage attended to, Emma McChesney climbed into a hotel bus. It bore no other passengers. From her corner in the vehicle thought you was only a kid. It's the she could see the queen of burlesque standing in the center of the depot platform, surrounded by her company.

It was a tawdry, miserable, almost "Oh, I suppose any work that takes tragic group, the men under-sized, be diamonded, their skulls oddly shaped, their clothes a satire on the fashions for men, their chins unshaven, their

loose lips curved contentedly over cigarettes; the women dreadfully unreal with the pitiless light of the early morning sun glaring down on their bedizened faces, their spotted, garish cloths, their run-down heels, their vivid vells, their matted hair. They were quarreling among themselves, and a flame of hate for the moment lighted up those dull, stupid, vicious faces. Blanche LeHaye appeared to

"Oh, you're an actress! Well, if over to the bus and climbed into it the shrill group and walked swiftly and involuntarily put out her hand, cold cream is one; and new potatoes "why-my dear-you've been crying! and brown crocks is another."

her face livid beneath the paint, to "Mel" said the green-gold blonde, scream a great oath after her. The down the squat little glass she had in chopped spinach until her face was took up the reins. After a moment's her hand and stared resentfully at scarlet, and her hair hung in limp "Burlesque? You mean one of indecision the little group on the plat-Emma McChesney's cool, fragrant strands at the back of her neck. She

freshness. street, the women sagging under the "One of those 'men only' troupes? | weight of their bags, the men, for the setto chorus.

A touch of real color showed in she came back to where Blanche Lethinkin' just one second before you Blanche LeHaye's flabby cheek. "I'll Haye stood. show'm," she snarled. "I'll show'm I

a leadin' lady. Let 'em go to their Morrissey-and she's the biggest-heart- LeHaye's eye, and smiled. Into Emma McCheaney's understand- hash hotels. I'm goin' to the real inn ed, most understanding friend that a ing heart there swept a wave of pity. in this town just to let 'em know that woman ever had. She's skirt and suit But she mewered lightly: "Is that I got my dignity to keep up, and that buyer at Barker & Fisk's here. I have her chair. "Tell me, Miss LeHaye,

I don't have to mix in with scum like a standing invitation to spend Sunday haven't you ever thought of guitting The plomp blonde yawned. "It de that. You see that there?" She point- at her house. She knows I'm coming. that-the stage-and turning to some ends on your funny bone. Mine's got | ed at something in the street. Emma I help get dinner if I feel like it, and thing-something-" I'm the lady that the Irish McChesney turned to look. The cheap wash my hair if I want to, and sit out "Something decent?" Blanche Le

over to where Emma McChesney stood always goes hand-in-hand in your and looked up at her sullenly. mind. You can't think of one without "Why!" gasped Emma McChesney, the other. Now, Lillian Russell and

Rumpled, Shapeless Figure of Miss Blanche LeHaye.

"Say," she demanded suddenly,

"Now listen to me," she said. "You

She peeled potatoes, sitting hunched

skinned tomatoes. She scoured pans.

"This beats burlesquing, doesn't it?"

I'm not the worst. I've got a brother. He lives out West, and he's rich, and

married, and respectable. You know the way a man can climb out of the mud, while a woman just can wade out of it? Well, that's the way it was with us. His wife's a regular society bug. She wouldn't admit that there was any such truck as me, unless, maybe, the Municipal Protective league, or something, of her town, got to waging a war against burlesque shows. I hadn't seen Len-that's my and I hope it won't come off for a brother-in years and years. Then one night in Omaha, I glimmed him sitting down in the B. H. row. His face just seemed to rise up at me out of the audlence. He recognized me, too. Say, room if I don't get my trunks in first." men are all alike. What they see in a dingy, half-fed, ignorant bunch like porch, making talk as they went. Reus. I don't know. But the minute a man goes to Cleveland, or Pittsburgh, of admiration all played across the or somewhere on business he'll hunt up a burlesque show, and what's more, he'll enjoy it. Funny. Well, Len wait, of the steps Blanche LeHaye, prima ed for me after the show, and we had | donna of the Sam Levin Crackerjack a talk. He told me his troubles, and I Belles turned. told him some of mine, and when we

got through I wouldn't have swapped got. I want to tell you that if you with him. His wife's a wonder. She's wait until your caramel is off the climbed to the top of the ladder in her stove, and then add your butter, when town. And she's pretty, and young- the stuff's hot but not boilin' it won't looking, and a regular swell. Len says | lump so. H'm? Don't mention it."

MANY MEN WHO STAY YOUNG | half century ago, and they take inter-

pass the Masculine Sex in Warding Off Age.

me as asvery catchy sort of an announcement, and after thinking it over I decided that there were a good many "No, there ain't. I can bawl, can't I, up on the kitchen chair with her high more men who stay young now than

There was a time when men of fifty and over felt incumbent on themselves to dress and act as though they were old, a writer in the New London Day says. Nowadays, many of those who have passed that milestone in life's pilgrimage refuse to be old as long as they feel young, and they wear clothget as much fun out of living as many breakdown of the cerebral mechanism who started their careers many years

do not grow old quicker nowadays is the fact that conditions that govern labor are much different than they ain't no dead one yet. That hussy of a shed that purple kimono of yours and ting room, with the shades drawn, and used to be. There has been a very worked itself out in Emma McChes- some men do not improve their chances

ability of being prematurely broken down by hard labor than there was

when the number of hours that conshe said. She leaned forward a bit in stituted a working day was larger. When it comes to keeping young. however, the men are not in it with men like the Naw York storekeeper the gentler sex. Grandmothers nowa- who has put over his place a big sigs days dress younger than women of reading "Culinary Art Specialties."

couldn't hold down a five-per-week don't you? Well, maybe I am. But job. Don't you feel sorry for me. I'm doing the only thing I'm good for." Emma McChesney put out her hand. it for-"

"Why, of course," agreed Blanche LeHaye, heartily. "And you, too." She turned so that her broad, good-natured

smile included Ethel Morrissey, "I've had a whale of a time. My fingers are all stained up with new potatoes, and I'd like to stay, but I'm going to hump the nerve to swipe the star's dressing-They walked with her to the front faces of the two women, whose kindness had met with rebuff. At the foot

est in the enjoyable things of life quite as strongly as those who are younger. But Women, Taken as a Whole, Sur. I'm glad to see that tendency. One might just as well enjoy life as to refuse the privilege because a certain age has been reached. There is, of course, such a thing as going to an extreme, but people as a whole are

more sensible than some of the critica are willing to admit. Telegrapher's Cramp. It was said by a delegate to the

recent congress of the International Federation of Postal and Telegraph Servants that telegrapher's cramp is increasing in England at an alarming rate. The increase is attributed to the system of speeding up which has been introduced into telegraphic service. The committee of inquiry found that the disease is seated in the central nervous system and is a weakening or

in consequence of muscular strain. A telegrapher suffering from the malady in an advanced stage can expect no cure unless he or she is removed completely from the service. The forearm, hand and fingers become numb and cease to answer to the nerves and muscles. In some cases

Up-to-Date Storekeeper.

Selling delicatessen a prosaic occu pation, fit only for fat men of Teutonia extraction? Nonsense! Not while the business or art or profession contains

Thereupon the commissioners consulted learned K. C.'s and they are still wrestling with the subject. Meanwhile the patient is dead, the tobacco I'm sorry," she said. "I only meant has been smoked and the expense of the disputation has already reached a hundred times the cost of the original tin of shag.

His First Thought.

A well-known athlete says that on entering a Turkish bath one night he my nails is full of strawberry juice, found a stranger struggling in the swimming pool. There was nobody week. And I want to thank you both. near, and the man was evidently unable to swim, having jumped in probover to the theater. That Dacre's got ably without ascertaining whether the water would be above his head. The athlete swam to the assistance of the struggling man. Grasping him by the hair, he towed him to the side of sentment and discomfiture and a sort the tank and assisted him to hang on until he recovered his breath.

What were the first words uttered by the rescued one? Did he stammer out thanks to his human preserver? No. The human mind is a curious affair. As the half drowned man strug-"Oh, say," she called. "I almost for gled back to conscisousness memories of an old jest seemed to flit through

his brain, for he said: "Lucky for mo I wasn't baldheaded!'

No Loafing Allowed.

A well-known theatrical manager, more famous, if possible for the "breaks" he unde than for his many successes, attending the rehearsal of one of his plays, noticed that a man in the audience who had to play the trombone was holding the instrument in front of him and doing nothing.

Mr. Stetson at once called him to account.

"Say," said he, "what do you mean by not working along with the other fellows?"

"Why, Mr. Stetson," said the musician, "I can't play; I have 19 bars rest.

"Not on your life!" replied the angry manager. "I don't pay anyone for resting. Either you play when the other fellows do, or you clear out. See?"

Surgery in the Air.

Sitting astride a steel beam on the highest section of a new theater under construction a doctor recently chloroformed a structural ironworker, and snapped into place the bones of a dislocated shoulder. When the accident occurred the workman was left helpless, as both arms were disabled, and there was no means of descent except a series of ladders. The doctor removed his hat, coat and vest, and began the dangerous ascent. A workman followed with the doctor's surgical case. After the operation the workman was able to make his way down the ladder and was taken to his home,

Decrease in Hydrophobia.

Since the founding of the Pasteut institute in Paris, there has been a steady decline in the number of cases of hydrophobia, none at all occuring some years.

I noticed an advertisement while riding on a train recently which announced clothing "for young men and men who stay young." That struck

if I am a bum burlesquer?" She put heels caught back of the top rung. She there were some years ago.

She wiped up the white olicioth table-'whatja mean by lookin' at me the top with a capable and soapy hand. your nose at me, you have. I'll just change in her. Her eyes brightened, ing that expresses their feelings, and

bet you ain't no better than you might Her lips smiled. Once, Emma Mc-Chesney and Ethel Morrissey ex-Swiftly Emma McCheeney crossed changed covert looks when they heard later. Perhaps one reason that some men the room and closed the door. Then her crooning one of those tuneless chants that women hum when they wring out disheloths in soapy water. After dinner, in the cool of the sit-

"I was thinkin' what a cinch it would Zella Dacre thinkin' she can get my hustle into some clothes and come their skirts tucked halfway to their material shortening up of hours and be to just push aside that canvas thing part away from me when I ain't along with me. I mean it. Whenever knees, things looked propitious for much greater opportunity is afforded the power to hold a knife and fork is lookin'. I wised she was gettin' too I'm anywhere near this town I make that first stroke in the plan which had for rest and recreation. Of course lost.