

Gene Byrnes Says:—"Here's the Music—Write Your Own Words."



An Angel Strayed From Heaven

By WILLIAM FALL.

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George Chapin was reading a letter from his married sister when he sat in his bachelor apartment, and he scratched his head in evident perplexity.

"My dear George," his sister wrote, "we are in great trouble about Walter. He has had a terrible quarrel with his father about some dreadful actress whom he says he is engaged to be married to, and Philip—you know how hasty he is—has ordered him out of the house. You know Walter may expect to inherit a comfortable fortune, and it is natural that this woman, Linda Manners, as she calls herself, should want to get her fingers on it. Now, George, you are a man of forty-five, and of ripe experience. She lives in your town. Can't you get to her and find out whether a sufficient inducement would persuade her to leave Walter alone? And don't forget to tell her that if she marries Walter he won't get a penny of his father's fortune."

There was a tap at the door and, as George Chapin put the letter aside, a young man entered. He was a good-looking boy, in his early twenties, and George was uncommonly proud of him.

"Hello, Walter," he said, rising and offering his hand. Sit down. So you've been getting into another scrape, eh?"

"Please don't allude to my fiancée, Miss Manners, as a scrape, Uncle George," replied the young man with dignity.

"Well, Walter, we won't quarrel over words. But do you realize that you are up against a serious predicament? How are you going to earn a living if your father disinherits you?"

"Uncle," said the young man impressively, "if once you saw Linda—Miss Manners—I think you'd agree with me that she's worth sacrificing any amount of money for."

"Well, where is she?" his uncle asked.

"At the Lyric theater," answered his nephew. "Say, uncle, what did mother write you?"

"She wrote me that—oh, the devil, Walter, I'm no hand at intrigue. Read it," said his uncle, thrusting the letter into the other's hands.

Walter Hampton read it and returned it with a grin. "I can forgive the suggestion," he said, "because I know mother means well. She's just hasty, that's all."

George Chapin smiled a little sadly. "My dear nephew," said the other, "you're going up to Escombe on that fishing trip you wrote me about, and you're going to be gone three days, and you will neither see nor communicate with your inamorata until the time is past. Otherwise I wash my hands of the affair."

Consequently it was without serious misgivings that Walter Hampton went off on his fishing trip, and though the time dragged wearily, he returned to town eager to hear his fiancée's praises from his uncle's lips.

His first surprise was when the door of the spacious apartment was opened by a maid—a new maid in cap and apron, who looked at him inquiringly, as though he had no business there.

"My uncle—Mr. Chapin. Is he at home?" asked Walter.

The maid hesitated. "Yes, sir," she said at length, "but Mrs. Chapin doesn't receive visitors—"

"Mrs. Chapin!" exclaimed the young man. "Who is she?"

"Haven't you heard of Mr. Chapin's marriage, sir?" whispered the maid. "I believe it was very sudden, sir."

Walter pushed past her, ran along the hall, and broke into the reception room without ceremony. A woman rose from a chair—Linda!

Walter did not see the library door open. He rushed toward her. "Linda!" he cried. "You here? You? What does this mean? You're married to my uncle?"

The elder man had come softly up and placed a hand on his shoulder. George Chapin was smiling; his nephew was purple with fury. He flung himself upon his uncle, striking out wildly with his fists, and they fought all over the room, till finally the other got him down, pressed his face into the sofa pillows, twisted his arms, and sat on him.

"Linda, my dear, come here," he said. "Shall I tell this young idiot the truth, or will you?"

The girl, who had retreated in fear to the farther corner of the room, now came forward. There were tears in her eyes, but a smile played about her mouth. "You tell him," she said.

"Then listen," said George Chapin. "Alice Manners—now Mrs. George Chapin—is an old friend who had passed out of my life for years. We had a lovers' quarrel long ago. That's why I've never married. When I found her again I took her right around to the city hall and got a license to marry her, and then rushed her to a minister. That was two days ago. I wasn't taking any more chances. Understand that, lunatic? And from the way your father and I mauled each other when we were boys, to see who should propose to Alice—that is, my wife—I guess he won't have any more objections to your marrying Miss Linda, her daughter."

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REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Filed for week ending June 4, 1921: The Alliance Building & Loan Association to Alvina Anderson, lot 8, block 14, Wyoming addition, \$2,500.00. F. M. Knight, unmarried, to F. A. Lape, lot 4, block 23, Box Butte addition, \$550.00. Alice A. Anderson, unmarried, to Alton B. Hall, lot 4, block 1, Second County Addition, \$6,000.00. Grace T. Miller to John G. Hasbrow, lot 2, block 7, First Addition, \$1,500. Frances H. Pardee et al, to John A. Keegan, part of lot 14, block 9, Alliance, \$1.00. Thos. E. Miskimen and wife to John Dieter and J. A. Dankey, NE 1/4 of sec. 35-26-49, \$42,000.

QUANTITY

"Which is more to be desired, quantity or quality?"
"Quantity."
"Can you think of anything that conveys that idea?"
"Being kissed by a hippopotamus."
—Youngstown Telegram.

THE AMATEUR UNBELIEVER

The census-taker had asked many questions and Mike was tired of answering them.
"And what is your religious belief?" the suave census man continued.
"God forgive me, but I'm an atheist," said Mike.—Everybody's.

To revive an ancient joke, Daniels, as secretary of the navy, abolished "starboard and larboard" and "sideboard." Denby can restore only the first two.

Some people keep themselves poor spending money to keep others from finding out that they are poor.

COMMENT & DISCOMMENT

They're having quite a row in University of Nebraska circles, due to the Cornhusker, the annual student publication. This happens every year or so, and furnishes a topic of conversation for sewing circles and near-beer saloons. This time the fracas is occasioned by a so-called "Student Life" section, which contains a number of discursive jokes and references to things that some of the serious and earnest minded students and profs think have no place in a school annual. The thing that has raised the largest roar, however, is a number of snapshots of pretty sorority girls in nightgowns and pajamas.

You can imagine, of course, that this sort of thing would light like a bombshell in the midst of Lincoln, the city that contains more reforms and purity leaguers to the block than any other in the world, bar none, as Jimmy Fink would say. Let's see, it was only twelve years ago, in the days when we were interested in the publication date of the Cornhusker, that the last big row over that book took place. The illustrations that were considered so frightfully shocking at that time would appear rather tame, judged by present-day standards. Then the chancellor—the same one who now is permitting himself to be interviewed by reporters—called in all the books. We were chump enough to obey the mandate, but our roommate got out of it by saying that he had already mailed his to an aged relative in some far-off clime. Sometimes, when we have to think real fast, we don't.

We haven't seen a copy of the 1921 Cornhusker, and now that all this fuss has been raised, we'll probably never have a chance. It's probably pretty raw. Most student publications are raw, in one way or another. When editors are selected because of their popularity with the student body, rather than because they are qualified for the job, it is bound to result in a poorer book.

But, no matter what the editors have done, it hardly justifies the loud wails of the reform element, who begin spouting about ideals and other things like that, as though they were in the senior class in some high school. Ideals are fine things to possess, and most of use have one or two tucked away, though they are probably rusty from disuse. That's one beauty about ideals—it's possible to change them.

We hardly think there is any grave danger of the University of Nebraska really suffering a loss of respect on the part of the public because two or three half-baked youths put in a few jokes or pictures that are not approved by everybody. Senses of humor vary considerably, and what may seem exasperatingly funny to one may not appeal to someone else. As to the pajama pictures—that's all in the imagination. It isn't considered at all out of the way to publish pictures of bathing beauties—some of our best publications do it, and the movies are full of them. Actually, pajamas are just as much clothing as bathing suits. Undoubtedly the girls whose pictures appear are fearfully mortified and humiliated, but if they didn't want anyone to see the pictures, they weren't forced to permit them to be taken. Student life is wild, of course, but we never heard of any girl or boy student being hauled out of bed and forced to pose for a flashlight.

Perhaps the worst feature about the whole thing is that while the Cornhusker "Student Life" section may not reflect student life or student ideals, it does reflect public taste. If you don't believe it, just look over almost any newspaper or magazine, with the possible exception of the Christian Advocate and one or two others in its class, and you'll find the joke section is quite similar to that of this year's Cornhusker. People laugh at different jokes than they did fifty years ago. Don't be fooled too much with the old saying that a good joke never dies. All you have to do is to turn to old copies of Harper's Weekly and read one or two—that'll be all you'll want to read—of the jokes in it. They always refer to some person in high life—nothing less than an archbishop, will do—and they have a stately measure that will bore you to tears.

News-days, jokes are about Mr. Volstead, home brew, chorus girls, moth-

ers-in-law, married life and a totally different class of subjects. Now, knowing what these young university editors have been reading in their favorite newspaper and magazines during their entire school career, can you blame them for making the joke section of their annual along similar lines. University annuals have to sell, just as do magazines, and while they may not reflect ideals, they do reflect the preferences of their readers. The popular notion of humor is to joke about popular topics for joking. The professional jokesmiths set the styles in humor, just as the dressmakers set the length of dresses. Ideals don't have anything to do with this question. And even if they did, the most of us keep our ideals wrapped up in tissue paper a good share of the time, dragging them out only when we want to make an impression.

A PSYCHIC PROBLEM

Two powerful colored stevedores, who had had some sort of falling out, were engaged in unloading a vessel at a St. Louis dock. Uncomplimentary remarks and warnings of intended violence were exchanged whenever the two passed each other with their trucks.

"You jest keep on pestificatin' around wid me," declared one of the men, "an' you is gwine be able to settle a mighty big question for de scientific folks!"

"What question dat?" asked the other.

"Kin de dead speak!"—Harper's.

HOSTILITY

In the casual camp at St. Aignan one outfit of colored Yanks was used exclusively in the pick and shovel brigade. Hence the following conversation at mess:

"Man, what yo'-all doin' eatin' bean soup wid a fark?"

"Big boy, Ah hates mah shovel so bad Ah done throwed away mah spoon."—American Legion Weekly.

ANTICIPATED JUDGMENT

The Father (to his young hopeful): Far be it from me to say you are a darn fool, but if anybody else said so I'd be the first to believe it.—Kasper (Stockholm).

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