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When the Firemen Appear

The Day Before the Fire

O. C. TEEL Reliable Insurance

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

Copyright, 1915, the Cincinnati Enquirer

Huh! "I do not like this book," said I.

Paw Knows Everything. "Willie—Paw, what is philanthropy?"

Queer! This boarding house serves food that's prime!

The Wise Fool. "Women feel where men think,"

You Know Them. Some people, I find to my sorrow,

Brevity. "Brevity is the soul of wit,"

It's a Thin Excuse Anyway. We have been thinking of writing

But She Wouldn't Do It. A lady much given to laughter

Names Is Names. A. Hero runs a confectionery shop

Is That So! Dear Luke—A real corn husking

By Gosh, You're Right! Dear Luke—When you have read

Things to Worry About. You can't tie a live eel into a knot.

Our Daily Special. Have more confidence in yourself

Order to Show Cause. State of Nebraska, In The County Court

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A Fallen Star

By Frances Elizabeth Lanyon

"He is dead to the world for a good many hours to come."

"Then his chances are ruined!"

"Doctor," spoke Dacre, "this is a critical juncture in the affairs of my

"I am sorry," said the doctor, "but all my science would not enable me

"How did you come to be with Mr. Fortescue?" he asked, in a half resentful way.

"Plainly, I saw him on the street. I knew him, but he didn't remember me."

"For all the affected tone of carelessness of the old man, he bore evi-

dences of intellectuality and a certain quiet dignity of manner. Dacre eyed him keenly.

"You say you have known Mr. Fortescue before this?" he questioned skeptically.

"Yes, familiarly."

"And as his instructor. He was my dramatic pupil. I taught him what he knows. That was business and he paid me for it."

"Who are you, anyway?" questioned Dacre, tracing a something of power

"A fallen star," voiced the other, in a startling tone. "I am not parading my necessities nor misfortunes, but

"The question is," continued Edgerton, "can the situation be remedied?"

"He came very close to Dacre and spoke almost in a whisper. The manager recoiled with a sharp gasp. He was astounded.

"Nonsense!" he uttered. "Sheer nonsense!"

"Is that so?" cried Macready Edgerton in vibrating tones, rising to his full height.

Wayne Fortescue was removed to his hotel very quietly and smuggled unostentatiously to his room. Then

the manager took the arm of Edgerton and led the way to the theater.

Wayne Fortescue awoke the next morning, dull, dazed, dizzy-headed, sick at soul.

He stared at his garish surroundings in a lost, despairing way.

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Wayne Fortescue awoke the next morning, dull, dazed, dizzy-headed, sick at soul.

He stared at his garish surroundings in a lost, despairing way.

His hands were trembling, his frame weak and unsteady.

A bell boy, as was customary, placed a pitcher of ice water and a morning newspaper inside the room.

Started, fairly hypnotized, he read down a column, a critique of the rendition of Julius Caesar the evening previous.

"It couldn't have happened!" gasped Wayne. "In my condition—"

"Dacre," cried the tormented Wayne, "explain that!"

"Yes," spoke Dacre, quietly, "just in time I provided the understudy. He is here—an old friend."

They rejuvenated Macready Edgerton, did the manager and Wayne Fortescue, so far as new attire and full pocketbook were concerned.

And Ellise never knew, and Wayne never gave her reason to suspect how nearly he had grazed the blight of disgrace.

And the happiest moment in the life of "the fallen star" was when, after the wedding, he placed his hands on their heads with serio-comic eloquence, pronouncing the benediction:

"Bless you, my children, bless you!"

A Baldwin locomotive, built in Philadelphia, whisked us through the green hills and past the quaint thousand-year-old villages of Corea.

Any American road, says the Christian Herald, would have been proud of the dinner on that train.

And if this were not enough, ice cream and wafers were served at 3 p. m. That was the last straw.

Where Safety Lies. "I see when a man runs for office he has to put himself in the hands of his friends."

"If a woman ran would she have to put herself in the hands of her women friends?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, I don't imagine any women will run. Think of taking such chances!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Language" of the Elephant. An elephant rushing upon an assailing trumpets shrilly with fury.

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