

My Colorado Bedroom.

My Colorado bedroom has no limit to its wall.
Its roof is in the heavens, and the heavy dew that fall
Sprinkle floor and lawn and carpet, paint the colors in the rose
That blooms around my bedroom and blossoms in the snows.

My Colorado bedroom is as broad as it is long.
It was built by the Creator with foundations deep and strong;
God Almighty laid the corners, spread the carpet on the floor
That changes as the seasons change with everything outdoor.

My Colorado bedroom has no lock upon its door.
No curtains on its windows and no chains upon its floor;
The smoke goes through the ceiling and as I rest from care
I'll never find a sweeter place when I get "over there."

My Colorado bedroom is out in the open air.
There's no mortgage on its freehold and no landlord anywhere;
The snow blows through the attic, but the sun shines in the door,
Sifted down through angels' fingers and spread out upon the floor.

My Colorado bedroom is very dear to me.
With the silent stars above it shining like an astral sea,
And when this life is over and the pearly gates I see,
May I rest within its bosom; it is heaven enough for me.

—Denver Post.

THE MILK IN THE COCOANUT

By KENNETT HARRIS
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On one social occasion Trooper William J. Jones made a public declaration that he could whip to a rich, creamy froth any gentleman there present, and that any lady within sound of his voice was his, to have and to hold, whensoever he chose to exercise his sovereign will.

The gentlemen present numbered perhaps twenty-five or thirty, and it was not their usual habit to disregard any challenge of this character, but Trooper William Jones, six feet three inches in his government socks, bull-throated, bullet-headed and with muscles of might, jumping up and down on the fiddler's platform, his eyes blazing in alcoholic frenzy, his knotty fists waving and lunging, was so grizzly and menacing an object that they let the boast pass in lofty silence.

As for the ladies—well, perhaps the less said about them the better.

The incident, however, illustrates the fact that Trooper William J. Jones was addicted to drink; further that when he had indulged in this form of vice he became aggressively pugnacious and particularly amorous. It goes without saying that he was the cock of his company, and Company D had some pretty husky men in its ranks too.



Jumping Up and Down.

One midsummer afternoon Trooper Jones decided that he was superior to military discipline. He was assisted to this conclusion by a little yellow-faced man in indecently tattered canvas trousers who came into camp with a certificate of good character from the Cuban general and a gunnysack full of green cocoanuts. He presented the captain and lieutenants of Com-

pany D with a cocoanut apiece and they found the milk so mild and refreshing that they had no hesitation in permitting the little yellow-faced man to peddle the fruit around the camp. Trooper William J. Jones purchased a cocoanut and he found the milk so stimulating that he declared his intention of getting more of it, and rose with the evident purpose of looking for the yellow-faced man.

"Sit down, you damned fool," said his bunkie, "you're drunk enough now. He's five miles off by this time."

"You lie," retorted Trooper Jones. "The measly cocoanut didn't hold more than a pint an' you drunk a third o' that, you grinnin', ganglin', spider-legged tank. Tell me I'm drunk on a half pint of new rum and I'll make you swaller the heel o' my boot. I'm goin' to git some more if I foller Mister Dago Amigo to hell or Santiago."

Their shelter tent was within three lurches and a stagger of the manigua, at least those evolutions took Trooper William J. Jones into it and a moment later the mottled and scarlet land crabs were scuttling before his uncertain feet as he steered for the Sevilla trail.

Now it so happened that Dolores Teresa Novaro y Vados had in this unlucky hour decided to visit her sister, Maria, at her little red-tiled house on the outskirts of Sevilla. She had no idea that there was any risk attending the proceeding, for she was a good patriot, and was not the presence of the generous and brave Americanos a sufficient guarantee that no Spanish guerillas were in the neighborhood? So she mounted her little donkey and set off. Right by the spreading mango at the gate of the Bendizo plantation, at which point she entered the trail, she was delighted to see Trooper Jones.

That is, she was delighted at first. She was a little bit of a flirt, was Dolores, black, but comely, and the blackness didn't count in the province of Santiago. When she first recognized the khaki uniform and noted the splendidly proportioned, almost gigantic form it clothed and caught the bold, admiring look of Trooper Jones' dark eyes, she showed her white teeth in an inviting smile. But when she saw how he lurches in his gait and the stumbling haste with which he approached her, the smile faded away and she smote the little donkey vigorously.

"Hold on, Senorita Peacherino!" cried Trooper Jones, grasping the donkey's bridle as it began deliberately to get under way. "Wait for me, honey gal. Don't be scared," he continued, encircling her generous waist with his arm, "I'm heap plenty amigo an' you're just my size—sabe? Here! Wha's matter? I ain't goin' to hurt you—jest want to love you. Quit your foolishin' an' let me pet you."

She screamed, and buffeting his bullet head with both hands, strove in vain to escape. Trooper William J. Jones laughed and relinquishing his hold on the donkey's bridle, lifted her easily out of the saddle and carried her, struggling and kicking, to the roadside and there set her down. Almost at the same instant he received a stinging blow on the cheek from the flat of a machete and turning with an oath, saw before him an undersized mulatto in the dirty white drill uniform of an insurgent lieutenant, who was dancing up and down, shouting defiance and brandishing his weapon.

Dolores instantly availed herself of the diversion. With a bound she was on the little donkey's back and "Pepita of my Soul," so adjoined, forgot for once the perverse obstinacy of her nature and trotted briskly down the trail.

As for Trooper Jones he likewise wasted no time. The oath he uttered in his surprise changed to an inarticulate howl and the next moment the little mulatto lieutenant was caught up in his arms and hurled like a stone from a catapult into the thorny aloes that bristled at the side of the trail. It was only their stiff resilience that saved Teniente Jose's neck.

Then Trooper Jones, who was emphatically a man of one idea, looked

for Dolores and seeing that she was rapidly attaining the vanishing point, gave chase. He was a good runner and Pepita would have had little chance against him even with her start, had it not been for the roof of a cedrilla that, stretching across the trail, engaged his foot and sent him sprawling with a force that knocked the breath out of his body.

He was struggling to his feet when a sharp, violent pain shot through his thigh and a stream of high-pitched, excited Spanish assailed his ear. It was the little insurgent lieutenant again, and this time he had scored, as the blood trickling down the trooper's brown garters testified. Trooper Jones made another rush, but this time the little mulatto was wary; he sprang



The trooper caught him in the pit of the stomach.

aside and as his bulky antagonist passed, his machete flashed in the sunlight and bit into the trooper's shoulder, who whirled about and then stood still. Trooper Jones felt suddenly sobered and alert. He looked at his man. The mulatto's eyes were blazing with fury and his lips were writhed above his teeth in a devilish grin; but he too was alert, for all his rage.

"No more rushes," thought Trooper Jones, "God! If I only had a gun!" He glanced rapidly around for a stick or a stone. There was none in sight. Then he advanced cautiously upon his grinning foe, who retreated three paces and then suddenly lunged.

Trooper Jones leaped back, but not so quickly as to avoid a sharp prick in the side, and at that he stopped again with a sudden realization of his helplessness.

"Here," he said, "I've got enough of this. Amigo—sabe? I'll call it quits. You vamos—vamos—sabe? You're all right, John—oh, damn you! then get me if you can."

For the mulatto made no reply, but with the point of his machete advanced, began to circle around the American, his body crouched and his whole expression one of absolute relentlessness. Then, for the first time in his life, fear crept into the heart of Trooper William J. Jones and he lifted up his voice for help in a long, shrill ululation.

The little man whirled his machete again, but Jones avoided the blow and rushed. Again his foe retreated and began his wary circling.

Something in his crouching attitude recalled to Trooper Jones a knife duel between two Mexicans that he had witnessed in Juarez four years before. It gave him an inspiration. He suddenly stripped himself of his blouse and wrapped it about his left forearm, just in time to prove its efficacy by parrying a savage cut at his head.

Gaining confidence he rushed again, but the mulatto was too quick for him and slashed him twice down the face. Then with a shout the little man cut at the unprotected wrist. But that blow was his last, for the trooper caught him in the pit of the stomach and as he staggered back sick with pain Jones got him.

They found him lying in the trail, the insurgent lieutenant almost dead. Trooper Jones, bleeding from half a score of ugly wounds, was as near dead as a man may be and yet be brought back to life. They patched him up somehow, but he is not good to look at, and he will utter ferocious boasts in the dance halls of El Paso never more.

NEVER WRITE AT NIGHT.

Girl Philosopher Gives Good Advice to Her Chum.

From 8 to 10 p. m. the tall girl wrote letters. The next morning immediately after breakfast she announced that her time up to 12 o'clock would be devoted to correspondence.

"Surely you are not going to write more letters," said the top-floor girl. "You wrote a dozen last night."

"I know I did," was the reply, "but I am not going to send them. I never mail a letter that I write at night. It isn't safe. I say too many idiotic things. I only write them as a kind of safety valve. There are certain things that I must say to relieve my mind. After I get those surging thoughts put down on paper I feel better, but you couldn't hire me to mail the letters."

"I used to, but that was before they got me into so much trouble. We let our emotions run away with us when writing at night. We get entirely too confidential. Under the witchery of a shaded gas jet we tell things that wild horses couldn't drag from us by the light of day. Hopes, aspirations and the history of deeds accomplished are described in tropical language. Next morning we realize what geese we have made of ourselves, but if the letters have been mailed it is too late to do anything, and we just have to sit down and wait for the avalanche to strike us. It has struck me so many times that it has endowed me with a little caution."

"I still write letters at night, but only as a relief to my surcharged heart. This morning I shall write to the same persons I wrote to last night, but the letters will not be even first cousins to those emotional lubrications. These will be safe and sane and warranted innocuous enough to be read aloud in the best-regulated family without producing a ripple. I can't say the same for the ones I tore up before going to bed."

The top-floor girl looked uneasy. "I wrote a letter myself last night," she said.

"Better read it," the tall girl advised. "You'll be pretty sure not to send it if you do."

The top-floor girl opened the envelope and perused her letter slowly.

"I think," she said, "that I will go upstairs and write another."

Those Kindly Persons.

It happened in a railway station.

The baby cried and cried and cried.

"Perhaps he desires his bottle," suggested a fatherly looking old party.

"He has not been raised on the bottle," cuttingly replied the handsome young woman who held the infant.

The baby's shrieks grew terrific. He made unmistakable signs that he wanted his dinner.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said the elderly party, "but may I suggest that you—er—permit the child to—er—take nourishment?"

"This baby belongs to my sister," replied the young lady, blushing furiously, "and she won't be here for half an hour. I'm holding it for her."

Politeness in the East.

In the battle of Fenghuangcheng the Japanese took among their captures two enormous Chinese vases of thirteenth century workmanship. On learning that they were a present to Gen. Kouropatkin Gen. Kuroki promptly dispatched them to the Russian outposts with a polite note ending: "May the flowers of friendship blossom high in these vases." In Kouropatkin's reply he referred to the Japanese as "a people of generous friends whom I visited in peace, of magnanimous foes in war, at whose hands even defeat is no disgrace."