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J. C. YUTZY, Falls City, Nebraska



REASONING IT OUT

The Girl Won, of Course, But Not by Argument

"My, what a loud one!" whispered Herbert. They sat up straight and listened for mother's approaching footsteps, but not a drum was heard, not a funeral note.

Gertrude put her head back on Herbert's shoulder. "Mother didn't hear," she giggled. "It's a wonder," said Herbert. "It sounded like an old cow pulling her foot out of a swamp."

"Louder than that," said Gertrude; "it sounded like Old Bob the hackman chirping his horse, and when old Bob chirps his horse, you know, you can hear him all over town."

"Yes; I know," said Herbert, "but even so, he doesn't chirp his horse as loud as a cow pulls her foot out of a swamp."

"I'd like to know why not?" "It stands to reason. Of course, Old Bob makes a loud noise when he chirps his horse; we'll all admit that; but when an old cow pulls her foot out of a swamp it just naturally stands to reason that she can make more noise than ever Old Bob could!"

"No, Herbert." "Yes, Gertrude." "No, Herbert." "Yes, Gertrude."

"No." "Yes." "No." "Yes."

"Herbert Knight, I just want you to understand that you don't necessarily know it all, even if you have been to college, and I just want to tell you again that if Old Bob was chirping his horse at the same time that the old cow was pulling her foot out of the swamp, why, you just wouldn't be able to hear the old cow—that's all!"

"But, my dear girl—" "Don't you call me your dear girl!" "But, Gertrude! Listen! Listen to reason! I love you dearly, but let the basis of our love be reason! That is the only enduring love! Now, when Old Bob chirps his horse, how does he make the sound. With his lips? Very well, now let us say that Old Bob's mouth is three inches wide. Let us even say it is four, and that when he chirps he presses his lips together until the surface of contact is four inches by one inch—a total of four square inches. Now, on the other hand, here's the cow—"

"I just don't care! When Old Bob chirps his horse—" "Just one moment, please. Now here's the cow and we'll say that her hoof is three inches in diameter or, say, nine inches in circumference. Let us also say that it is three inches high, so when her foot is in the swamp there is a total contact surface of 27 square inches as against Old Bob's four—"

"That makes no difference. When Old Bob chirps his horse you can—" "Of course it makes a difference. And when you take into consideration the fact that the cow has so much more strength than Bob, and that her foot is of such shape that it lends itself most peculiarly and particularly to the production of a loud, chirping sound, why, then, my dear—" "Don't you call me your dear!" "But, Gertrude, your stand is so ridiculous!"

She looked at him with a face like ice. "For the last time," she coldly cried. "I say that it sounded like Old Bob when he chirps his horse!"

He gazed back at her like a man who is being sorely tried, but who will die for his convictions. "And I say," he as coldly answered, "that it sounded like an old cow pulling her foot out of a swamp."

"I warn you now!" she cautioned him, and with the air of one who fires a last shot over an enemy's bow she exclaimed: "Old Bob!"

"I cannot help it!" he decisively answered, and with the aspect of a man nailing his colors to the mast he clenched his teeth and returned: "Old cow!"

"Old Bob!" she cried. "Old cow!" he firmly responded. "Old cow!" "Bob!" "Cow!" "Bob!" "Cow!"

She slowly took off his ring and slowly gave it to him, averting her head suddenly and sobbing: "G-g-g! G-g-g! I can never be yours!"

"But, my dear girl! Gertrude! My love! Listen to me! You must listen to me!"

"I want you to g-g-go away," she sobbed. "We could never be h-h-happy together and I want you to g-g-go!"

"But, Gertrude—couldn't you see that I was—that I was only joking?" She lifted her tearful face from her handkerchief.

"Couldn't you see how absurd my arguments were?" he cried. "Why, of course Old Bob chirps to his horse louder than an old cow pulls her foot out of a swamp! Of course he does!"

He took her hand, solemnly replaced his ring, pressed her to him and as he gave her another loud one she closed her eyes in ecstasy and murmured to herself over and over again:

"O, I can twist him around my little finger! O, I can twist him around my little finger!"

Bronson—What makes you think we will have an open winter? Woodson—My wife has just purchased an expensive set of furs.—Judge.

A HEROIC CURE

By SUSAN BROWN ROBBINS

(Copyright.)

"Have you noticed Paul don't use tobacco any more? He dropped it about two months after he was married."

"No; he didn't give it up of his own free will exactly. In fact there was a kind of conspiracy. Margaret's the one that made the cure. She did the hard work, though I'm bound to say, and she says so, too, that I'm the one she got the prescription from, so to speak."

"Margaret and I were sitting sewing together one day, and we began to kinder talk Paul over. You know women will discuss their men folks when they feel confidential. Finally I says: 'Paul's a good boy, if he is my nephew. He's one in a good many hundred, but he's got one fault I can't abide. If you don't mind it, I says, 'why, it's all right and I'm glad for you, but it's something I never could get used to.'"

"I do mind it," she says right up quick. "I always said I'd never marry a man that smoked. But now I've done it, and as long as I know beforehand, why, she says, 'I'll stand it the best way I can, and just won't nag him about it.'"

"That's right," I says. "It don't never do no good to nag a man. It just gets him more set in his ways, and it makes you both unpleasant to get along with."

"Paul says himself that he'd like to stop, and I know it isn't good for

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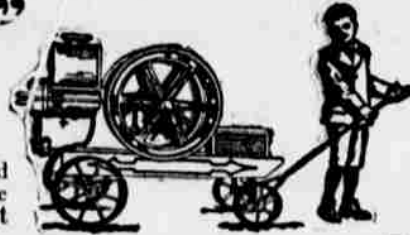
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"I Told Her It Would Make Her Sick as a Horse."

him," she says, "but the habit is so strong that I don't suppose he ever will give it up."

"I believe he can be cured," I says, "and if you are willing to try it I'm pretty sure, knowing Paul as I do, that you can cure him in less than a fortnight."

"She put down her sewing at that, and looked at me. 'I'd do anything in this world,' she says, and she seemed terrible in earnest."

"What doctor do you have when you are sick?" I says.

"She looked kinder surprised, as if she didn't see what that had to do with it. 'I haven't been sick since I've been here,' she says, 'but I always had a homeopathic doctor.'"

"I always doctored t'other way," I says, "but I don't see after all but what the home'paths have just as good luck. Anyhow, that's what I'd try on Paul, if I was you. Let's see—what is the motto of the home'paths? Don't it mean that you cure a thing with something just like it?"

"She didn't say nothing for a long time. I could see she was studying on what I'd said, but she didn't get over looking puzzled. Finally, when I thought the right minute had come, I says:

"'And speaking of smoking, I had an old uncle and aunt once that both smoked. I don't s'pose anybody knows what a sight of comfort they took. They'd set down every evening 'side of the fire and smoke together. It seemed kinder queer till you got used to it.'"

"Margaret looked at me steady, and then she smiled a little bit. 'I think I see,' she says, and then she made up a face and shivered."

"We didn't say no more about smoking that afternoon. I don't believe in telling folks too much when I'm giving 'em advice. They're too apt to go and say I told 'em to do so and so, and that's likely to make feelings. So I just let 'em think things out for themselves."

"When Margaret went home she says: 'I'm going to try it, Aunt Senath, if it kills me.' So then I waited pretty interested to see what would happen next."

"Well, Margaret didn't let no grass grow under her feet. It wa'n't more'n three days later that Paul dropped in to see me. I knew by the looks o' him that he'd got something on his mind, and I says to myself: 'You're going to be counsel for both sides.'"

"I talked as fast as I could on other things, for I've found that the longer you keep folks away from what they've come a-purpose to talk about, the more they'll say when you do let 'em get at it."

"Finally a pause came, and then Paul spoke up. 'Aunt Senath, I'm in an awful scrape.'"