CHAPTER XXIV.

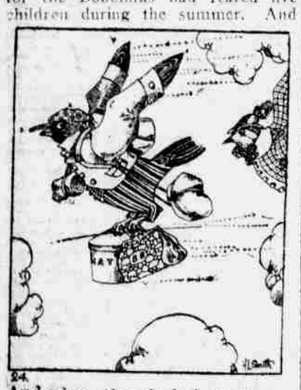
Off for the South.

As the summer lengthened, the Hermit Thrush had little reason to complain of Bobby Bobolink's merry singing. A strange change had slowly come over Bobby. He sang less and less. And when he did now and then give voice to a song it never was so sprightly and care-free as of old.

The Hermit declared that now and then he could even hear a mournful note in Bobby's songs. And he said he had hopes that in time Bobby Bobolink would be able to sing as doleful a ditty as anybody could want to listen to.

There was something else, too, about Bobby Bobolink that pleased the Hermit. Bobby no longer wore the brilliant clothes to which the Hermit had once objected. Instead he had donned a suit of dull, yellowish-brown, the same color as the dress that Mrs. Bobolink wore. The Hermit said that it wasn't half bad, especially since Bobby wore a spotted waistcoat with it, not unlike the Hermit's own.

Nobody knew exactly what it was that had changed Bobby Bobolink. Some said that it was family cares—for the Bobolinks had reared five children during the summer. And



And when they looked for them, they couldn't find them anywhere.

there were others who claimed that Bobby Bobolink had sung too much. They said it was a well known fact that there could be too much of a good thing.

Old Mr. Crow haw-hawed loudly whenever he heard such talk. He declared that Bobby Bobolink was getting ready to go South, where the rice was ripening, and that he was wearing his Rice Bird clothes. "He hopes," said Mr. Crow, "that the planters won't know him, because he's dressed differently from the way he was when he visited them last spring. . . . But he can't fool the planters," Mr. Crow croaked. "They can tell a rice-thief, no matter what he wears."

Perhaps there was some truth in what Mr. Crow said. Anyhow, it was only a few days before Mrs. Bobolink noticed that her husband's appetite was not what it had been. He had lost his taste for insects, and lived upon seeds of one kind or another, with milky oats now and then, which he gathered in Farmer Green's fields.

At last Bobby said to his wife one day, "How good a little rice would taste!"

"There's plenty of wild rice growing around here," she replied.

"I now it," he said with a sigh. "I've eaten a good deal of that. But it hasn't the flavor of the kind they raise down South."

It was only a short time after that that the neighbors missed the mellow chinks of the Bobolink family, calling to one another across the swamp. And when they looked for them, they couldn't find them anywhere. It was only the end of August. And some of the swamp-dwellers didn't know what to think.

But old Mr. Crow laughed at them again.

"'t's just as I told you!" he said. "The Bobolinks have gone South."

THE END.

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WHY—

Do We Fear Snakes?

The obvious answer is that we know the snake will hurt us, or that we fear that it may—but children who have never seen or heard of a snake, will shrink back at the sight of one, and the average child of three or four years will draw away from a worm or a beetle in much the same way, although it has never been told that these crawling things may be dangerous.

The reason for this lies in one of the most interesting studies connected with mankind—the study of the instincts which, in spite of the passage of centuries, are still alive and operating in the brain. Just as a tiny kitten will arch its back and strike out with its claws at the first dog it sees, and the majority of dogs will turn round and round before going to sleep even on the softest pillow—an instinctive action which dates back to the time when their ancestors roamed the forests and had to make their own beds in the tall grass—so also is there an instinctive fear of snakes and of insects in the human mind. Our forefathers knew the menace of these crawling things. They fought the snake and the scorpion, and the other deadly members of their tribe, and their centuries of warfare upon this type of life has become so firmly implanted in the human brain, that babies are born with it almost as strongly as they are born with their instinct to seek their food through sucking, a heritage of countless centuries which even generations of city life have been powerless to eradicate.

Four Sentenced to Pen

Three thieves and one check artist were sentenced to the penitentiary yesterday by Judge Goss. They are: Elias A. Lacy, forger, sentenced to one to two years; Louis Kuhney and Clyde Harrow, auto thieves, one to three and one to five years each; Harry Thorne, who broke into a clothing shop, one to three years.

THE GUMPS.... FLAT VS. HOME—ROUND THREE

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith.
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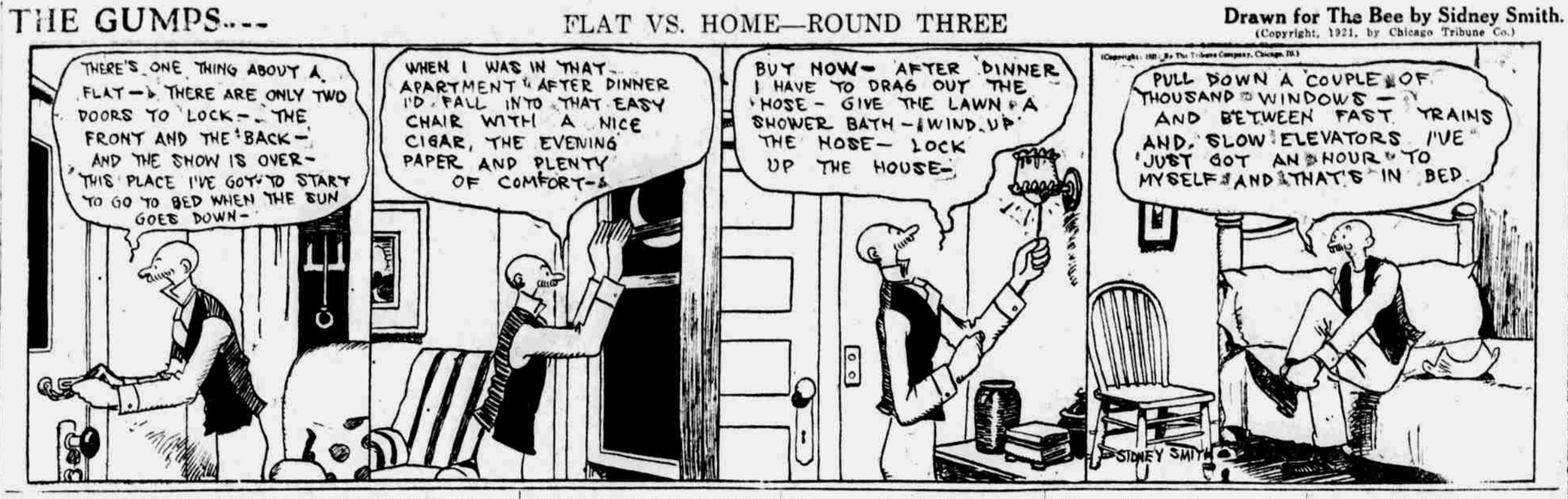

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

LEST WE FORGET

A Baillad for Husbands.

Loose as a leaf in a breeze was Napoleon—
A trait that one seldom observes among Frogs—
Ready to part with his utmost simoleon
In buying his empress the classiest togs.
He never let Josephine's harness bills worry 'er
He bought her a half a dozen dresses a day;
Plenty of credit she had with the furrier
Limitless ticks on the Rue de la Paix.
Beautiful bonnets she kept by the closet full,
Chest after chest full of intimate wear,
Jewels and rings by the safety deposit full,
But do not forget that he gave her the air.

Ball gowns of satin, with silvery filaments,
Tea gowns of sequins ingeniously wrought,
Priceless lawn tennis and sporting habiliments—
These were a few of the things that she bought.
All of the bills were defrayed by the emperor
And, though he sometimes was shy at the banks,
He never complained, or got into a temper or
Asked if she thought he was made out of francs.
Costliest stockings and shoes he provided her,
And though they wore out at a ruinous rate
Never he scolded or hectored or chided her,
But do not forget that he gave her the gate.

Nowadays ladies reflect rather wistfully
That they could have brilliant and gorgeous array,
If only their husbands did not so tightfistfully
Cling to the cash that they've salted away.
They think of Napoleon's large liberality,
And wish that their men-folks would not throw a fit
Or lecture on thrift and the joys of frugality
Whenever requested to loosen a bit.
But though Mr. Bonoparte, quite undeniably,
Was loose to a fault in his gifts to his spouse,
History tells us, and very reliably
That nevertheless he did give her the 'raus!

THE EXCEPTIONS.

This is a country of equal opportunity, except, of course for disabled veterans.

ONLY IN SECOND PLACE.

In the matter of publicity it is estimated that Mr. Stillman got just a trifle less than did the great war.

EASY

If we should get into any jam with England we can send Mr. Harding over to settle it by playing a golf match with Lloyd George.

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Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham

The Excelsior Fiddling Band was hired Saturday night to go to Tickville to act as an orchestra for a show, but the orchestra got so interested in what was happening on

the stage it almost forgot to play right soft just as the villian was about to strike the widow with a mule whip.

* * *

Yam Sims, while at Bounding Billows the other morning bought a lot of bologna sausage, but it was so tight he could hardly swallow it.

* * *

Sim Finders was out stirring around today looking for fishing worms. In his search he will leave no stone unturned.

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Jewel, Flower, Color Symbols for Today

By Mildred Marshall.

Today the violet brings good luck to those who wear it, since it is the talismanic stone and the natal gem as well. It is said to bring success to any undertaking and make its wearer overcome all obstacles when worn as a talisman.

Those who wear on the left arm a diamond set in gold will enjoy deep and lasting love, according to an ancient superstition. Set in this way, it is also said to drive unhappy fancies and forebodings of evil.

According to the ancients, brown brings peace and serenity to those who wear it on this day.

Today's flower is the single violet which brings contentment to those who wear it.

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Do You Know the Bible?

(Cover up the answers, read the questions and see if you can answer them. Then look at the answers to see if you are right.)

Follow These Questions and Answers As Arranged by J. WILLSON ROY.

1. Who was king of Judiah when Sennarcherib invaded that country?
2. What preparation did Hezekiah make to check the invasion?
3. Was the invasion successful? If not, why?
b. What was the manner of Sennacherib's death?
5. By whom was he slain?
6. Who succeeded Sennacherib as king of Assyria?

Answers.

1. Hezekiah.
2. See 2 Chronicles, xxxii., 2-8.
3. The invasion failed. An angel of the Lord destroyed the army of the Assyrians.
4. He was slain while worshipping in the house of his god, Misroch.
5. By his own sons, Adammelech and Sharezer.
6. His son, Ezarhaddon.

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Parents' Problems

How can a love for the Bible best be instilled in children?

By hearing the Bible read, at the right time, in the right place, by the right persons. In the home, just before bedtime, by father or mother—these perhaps make up one set of best circumstances. In church, on Sunday morning, by the minister—these make up another set. A child should hear the Bible under both. If he does, he will surely love it better than any other book in the world.

Where It Started

Milling Coins.

Milled coins, or those with milled edges, were invented by Antoine Brusher, of France to prevent the common practice of slipping or snaving the edeges of coins in order to accumulate the bits of precious metal till enough was acquired to be of value. It was first issued regularly in England in 1553. The practice was discontinued in 1572, but became permanently established in 1662.

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In India, more than 50 of the ruling rajahs have up-to-date motion picture outfits installed in their palaces, and are regularly supplied with the best films.

Holding a Husband

Adele Garrison's New Phase of *Revelations of a Wife*

The Sight Which Greeted Madge and Dicky.

We drifted through the moonlight, Dicky and I— for I held down the speed of the car until its motion could be called little else than drifting—savoring to the full the exquisite beauty of the mild, late spring night.

"If you know an untrodden path to this heavenly beach of yours, please take it," Dicky requested, shortly after we had left the farmhouse. "I don't feel like main traveled roads tonight."

"We can keep off the main highway until we are within a mile and a half of the beach," I replied. "After that there is but the one road."

"Here's hoping it won't be popular tonight," he rejoined.

I made no answer, for through experience and hearsay I knew there was no chance of our having the beach to ourselves. But there was no use to dwell upon the fact. I was too blissfully content to mar in any manner the too quickly passing moments. I knew Dicky shared my mood, for neither of us spoke again until by a roundabout route we approached the corner where we must turn into the main road. Then I said softly:

"Here is where we strike the main road, dear. I suppose I'd better speed the car up a bit."

"Ye-es, I fancy our gait would lead an unprejudiced observer to believe we were following an imaginary funeral procession," he replied, "or had one eye trained on an astral Fifth avenue traffic cop."

"I grant you the traffic cop," I returned, "but it is easy to see you are unfamiliar with rural funerals. I drove Mrs. Ticer to one last year, and I give you my word I had to go 25 miles an hour part of the time to keep my place in the procession."

"Hurry him to his grave!" he quoted, then added impatiently: "Heavens! I feel as if someone were walking over mine or yours. Whatever did you bring up a subject like that for"

"Do You Remember—?"

There is a strain of superstition in Dicky, some far-off Celtic ancestor, I suppose, which often crops out, to my amusement or irritation, as my mood may determine. I felt neither emotion at his unreasonable query, for he himself had first uttered the words "funeral procession." I felt only a vague disappointed wonder that the perfect moments which the drive had brought us could be so easily marred. Happiness, especially of the marital variety, was like that, I reflected—a beautiful, shimmering thing of gossamer, which aught save the tenderest handling could tear.

Dicky had taken his head from its resting place against mine when we had turned into the main road, and I had accelerated the speed of the car. But his arm had remained around my waist. Now, as if he had sensed my disappointment, he tightened his clasp, murumuring contritely:

"Terr'ble sorry, sweetheart. Didn't mean to be cross. Forget it, and love your boy again."

"I haven't stopped," I murmured shyly, forgetting, as would any woman, that there had been even the tiniest shadow upon me, and I heard my husband give a happy, satisfied little chuckle.

"Burn up the rest of this mile and a half," he pleaded. "There must be some sheltered nook along that beach where it will be safe to kiss you as you deserve. Heigh ho! I feel as if we'd turned back the pages of the years to that one before we were married. Do you remember the night when we went on that motor boat party and strolled along the beach at Point Lookout?"

A Surprise.

Did I remember? I had not words to tell even my husband how every precious incident of that whirlwind wooing was graven on my heart. Never so royal a lover as Dicky, never so wonderful a husband—in the thrill and thrall of remembrance I blotted out all the faults I had discovered in him, as I hoped he was obliterating my imperfections.

The car rounded a turn in the road, just after he finished speaking, and there, spread out before us, dancing, glittering in the moonbeams, were the ocean waves, running up on the broad, sandy beach with stealthy swishing whispers, which had in them the sinister note never absent from the ocean no matter how calm it may be.

At our left curved a long line of high sand-dunes. At our right a coast guard life-saving station gleamed starkly white. And, drawn up on the beach, as closely ranked as if on a crowded city parking place, a dozen cars stood.

Dicky's first exclamation was one of ecstatic admiration for the beauty spread out before him. I had known that his artist's soul would revel in it, and I expected that he would forget even me for a time. But a muttered imprecation upon the occupants of the other cars, as unreasonable as it was heartfelt, told me that he had not forgotten his desire to exclude every one but me from the moonlit beagh.

"The car's safe enough, isn't it?" he queried after a pause. "Give me the key and let's get out and go for a stroll. The night is young."

I obeyed him, and he helped me tenderly from the car. As he did so another car puffed up behind ours, and stopped as its driver turned off the switch. And then a clear, girlish voice called excitedly:

"Oh, Dr. Pettit, there's Mrs. Graham!"

(Continued Monday.)

Crown Prince Hirohito Leaves Paris for Belgium

Paris, June 10.—Crown Prince Hirohito of Japan, who has been visiting here for several days, left Paris at noon today for Brussels.