The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

ILLUSTRATIONS by LAUREN STOUT

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SYNOPSIS.

John Valiant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Valiant corporation, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, had failed. He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the creditors for the corporation. His entire remaining possessions consist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Damory court, a neglected estate in Virginia. On the way to Damory court he meets Shirley Dandridge, an auburn-haired beauty, and decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. Shirley's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, and Major Bristow exchange reminiscences during which it is revealed that the major, Valiant's father, and a man named Sassoon were rivals for the hand of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth. Sassoon and Valiant fought a duel on her account in which the former was killed. Valiant finds Damory court overgrown with weeds and creepers and decides to rehabilitate the place. Valiant and Shirley from the bite of a snake, which bites him. Knowing the deadliness of the bite, Shirley sucks the poison from the wound and saves his life. Valiant learns for the first time that his father left Virginia on account of a duel in which Doctor Southall and Major Bristow acted as his father's seconds. Valiant and Shirley become good friends. Mrs. Dandridge faints when she meets Valiant for the first time. Valiant discovers that he has a fortune in old walnut trees. Attending a tournament, a survival of the jousting of feudal times, is held at Damory court. At the last moment Valiant takes the place of one of the knights, who is sick, and enters the lists. He wins and chooses Shirley Dandridge as queen of beauty to the dismay of Katherine Fargo, a former sweetheart, who is visiting in Virginia. The tournament ball at Damory court draws the elite of the countryside. Shirley is crowned by Valiant as queen of beauty. Valiant tells Shirley of his love and they become engaged. Katherine Fargo determines at once to cause trouble and without a struggle, points out to Shirley how terrible it would be for the woman who caused the duel to meet Valiant, who looks so much like his father. Shirley, uncertain, but feeling that her mother was in love with the victim of Valiant's pistol, breaks the engagement. Major Bristow is fatally wounded by Greef King, a liberated convict, who he had sent to prison, but before dying Bristow confesses to Mrs. Dandridge that he had kept a letter Valiant had written to her after the duel. Valiant decides to leave Damory court and he writes Shirley that he will love her always.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

With unsteady fingers she unwrapped the oiled-silk, broke the letter's seal, and read:

"Dearest:

"Before you read this, you will no doubt have heard the thing that has happened this sunshiny morning. Sassoon—poor Sassoon! I can say that with all my heart—is dead. What this fact will mean to you, God help me! I cannot guess. For I have never been certain, Judith, of your heart. Sometimes I have thought you loved me—me only—as I love you. Last night when I saw you wearing my cape jessamines at the ball, I was almost sure of it. But when you made me promise, whatever happened, not to lift my hand against him, then I doubted. Was it because you feared for him? Would to God at this moment I knew this was not true! For whatever the fact, I must love you, darling, you and no other, as long as I live!"

When she had read thus far, she closed the letter, and pressing a hand against her heart as if to still its throbbing, locked the written pages in a drawer of her bureau. She went downstairs and made Ranston bring her chair to its accustomed place under the rose-arbor, and sat there through the falling twilight.

She and Shirley talked but little at dinner, and what she said seemed to come winging from old memories—her own girlhood, its routes and picnics and harum-scarum pleasures. And there were long gaps in which she sat silent, playing with her napkin, the light color coming and going in her delicate cheek, lost in revery. It was not till the hall-clock struck her usual hour that she rose to go to her room.

"Don't send Emmaline," she said. "I shan't want her." She kissed Shirley good night. "Maybe after a while you will sing for me; you haven't played your harp for ever so long."

In the subdued candle-light Mrs. Dandridge locked the door of her room. She opened a closet, and from the very bottom of a small haircloth trunk, lifted and shook out from its many tissue wrappings a faded gown of rose-colored silk, with pointed bodice and old-fashioned puff-sleeves. She spread this on the bed and laid with it a pair of yellowed satin slippers and a little straw basket that held a spray of what had once been cape jessamine.

In the flickering light she undressed and rearranged her hair, catching its silvery curling meshes in a low soft coil. Looking almost furtively about her, she put on the rose-colored gown, and pinned the withered flower-spray on its breast. She lighted more candles—in the wall-brackets and on the dressing-table—and the reading-lamp on the desk. Standing before her mirror then, she gazed long at the reflection—the poor faded rose-tint against the pale ivory of her slender neck, and the white hair. A little quiver ran over her lips.

"Whatever the fact," she whispered, "I . . . you and no other as long as I live."

She unlocked the bureau-drawer then, took out the letter, and seating herself by the table, read the remainder:

"I write this in the old library and Bristow holds my horse by the porch. He will give you this letter when I am gone.

"Last night we were dancing—all of us—at the ball. I can scarcely believe it was less than twelve hours ago! The calendar on my desk has a motto for each leaf. Today's is this: 'Every man carries his fate on a ribband about his neck.' Last night I would have smiled at that, perhaps; today I say to myself, 'It is true—it's true!' Two little hours ago I could have sworn that whatever happened to me Sassoon would suffer no harm.

"Judith, I could not avoid the meeting. You will know the circumstances, and will see that it was forced upon me. But though we met on the field, I kept my promise. Sassoon did not fall by my hand."

She had begun to tremble so that the paper shook in her hands, and from her breast, shattered by her quick breathing, the brown jessamine petals dusted down in her lap. It was some moments before she could calm herself sufficiently to read on.

"He fired at the signal and the shot went wide. I threw my pistol on the ground. Then—you remember maidenhead by my refusal to fire, I cannot tell—he turned his weapon all at once and shot himself through the breast. It was over in an instant. The seconds did not guess—do not even now, for it happened but an hour ago. As the code decrees, their backs were turned when the shots were fired. But there were circumstances I cannot touch upon to you which made them disprove—which made my facing him just then seem unchivalrous. I saw it in Bristow's face, and liked him the better for it, even while it touched my pride. They could not know, of course, that I did not intend to fire. Well, you and they will know it now! And Bristow has my pistol; he will find it undischarged—thank God, thank God!

"But will that matter to you? If you loved Sassoon, I shall always in your mind stand as the indirect cause of his death! It is for this reason I am going away—I could not bear to look in your accusing eyes and hear you say it. Nor could I bear to stay here, a reminder to you of such a horror. If you love me, you will write and call me back to you. Oh, Judith, Judith, my own dear love! I pray God you will!"

She put the letter down and laid her face upon it. "Beauty! Beauty!" she whispered, dry-eyed. "I never knew! I never knew! But it would have made no difference, darling. I would have forgiven you anything—everything! You know that, now, dear! You have been certain of it all these years that have been so empty, empty to me!"

But when, the faded rose-colored gown and the poor time-yellowed slippers had been laid back in the haircloth trunk; when, her door once more unbolted, she lay in her bed in the dim glow of the reading-lamp, with her curling silvery hair drifting across the pillow and the letter beneath it, at last the tears came coursing down her cheeks.

And with the loosening of her tears, gradually and softly came joy—infinitely deeper than the anguish and sense of betrayal. It poured upon her like a trembling flood. Long, long ago he had gone out of the world—it was only his memory that counted to her. Now that could no longer spell pain or emptiness or denial. It was engoldened by a new light, and in that light she would walk gently and smilingly to the end.

She found the slender golden chain that hung about her neck and opened the little black locket with its circlet of laureled pearls. And as she gazed at the face it held, which time had not touched with change, the sound of Shirley's harp came softly in through the window. She was playing an old-fashioned song, of the sort she knew her mother loved best:

> Darling, I am growing old,
> Silver threads among the gold—
> Shine upon my brow today;
> Life is fading fast away.
> But, my darling, you will be
> Always young and fair to me.

Outside the leaves rustled, the birds called and the crickets sang their unending epithalamia of summer nights, and on this tone-background the melody rose tenderly and lingeringly like a haunting perfume of pressed flowers. She smiled and lifted the locket to her face, whispering the words of the refrain:

> Yes, my darling, you will be
> Always young and fair to me!

The smile was still on her lips when she fell asleep, and the little locket still lay in her fingers.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

When the Clock Struck.

"Sorrow weeps—sorrow sings." As Shirley played that night, the old Russian proverb kept running through her mind. When she had pushed the gold harp into its corner she threw herself upon a broad sofa in a feathery drift of chintz cushions and dropped her forehead in her laced fingers. A gilt-framed mirror hung on the opposite wall, out of which her sorrowful brooding eyes looked with an expression of dumb and weary suffering.

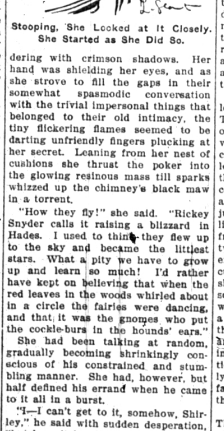
Her confused thoughts raced hither and thither. What would be the end? Would Valiant forget after a time? Would he marry—Miss Fargo, perhaps? The thought caused her a stab of anguish. Yet she herself could not marry him. The barrier was impassable!

She was still lying listlessly among the cushions when a step sounded on the porch and she heard Chilly Lusk's voice in the hall. With heavy hands Shirley put into place her disheveled hair and rose to meet him.

"I'm awfully selfish to come tonight," he said awkwardly; "no doubt you are tired out."

She disclaimed the weariness that dragged upon her spirits like leaden weights, and made him welcome with her usual cordiality. She was, in fact, relieved at his coming. At Damory court, the night of the ball, when she had come from the garden with her lips thrilling from Valiant's kiss, she had suddenly met his look. It had seemed to hold a startled realization that she had remembered with a remorseful compunction. Since that night he had not been at Rosewood.

Ranston had lighted a pine-knot in the fireplace, and the walls were shuddering with crimson shadows. Her hand was shielding her eyes, and as she strove to fill the gaps in their somewhat spasmodic conversation with the trivial impersonal things that belonged to their old intimacy, the tiny flickering flames seemed to be darting unfriendly fingers plucking at her secret. Leaning from her nest of cushions she thrust the poker into the glowing resinous knot till sparks whizzed up the chimney's black maw in a torrent.



Stooping, She Looked at It Closely. She Started as She Did So.

"How they fly!" she said. "Rickey Snyder calls it raising a blizzard in Hades. I used to think they flew up to the sky and became the littlest stars. What a pity we have to grow up and learn so much! I'd rather have kept on believing that when the red leaves in the woods whirled about in a circle the fairies were dancing, and that it was the gnomes who put the cockle-burs in the hounds' ears."

She had been talking at random, gradually becoming shrinkingly conscious of his constrained and stumbling manner. She had, however, but half defined his errand when he came to it at first.

"I—I can't get to it, somehow, Shirley," he said with sudden desperation, "but here it is. I've come to ask you to marry me. Don't stop me," he went on hurriedly, lifting his hand; "whatever you say, I must tell you. I've been trying to for months and months!" Now that he had started, came with a boyish vehemence that both chilled and thrilled her. Even in her own desolation, and shrinking almost unbearably from the avowal, the hope and brightness in his voice touched her with pity. It seemed to her that he was a strange jumble of unescapable and incomprehensible pain. And all the while, in the young voice vibrant with feeling, her cringing ear was catching imagined echoes of that other voice, graver and more self-contained, but shaken by the same passion, in that iteration of "I love you! I love you!"

His answer came to him finally in her silence, and he released her hands which he had caught in his own. They dropped, limp and unresponsive, in her lap. "Shirley," he said brokenly, "maybe you can't care for me—yet. But if you will marry me, I—I'll be content with so little, till—you do."

She shock her head, her hair making dim flashes in the firelight. "No, Chilly," she said. "It makes me wretched to give you pain, but I must—I must! Love isn't like that. It doesn't come afterward. I know. I could never give you what you want. You would end by despising me as I—should despise myself."

"I won't give up," he said incoherently. "I can't give up. Not so long as I know there's nobody else. At the ball I thought—I thought perhaps you cared for Valiant—but since he told me—"

He stopped suddenly, for she was looking at him from an ashen face. "He told me there was no reason why I should not try my luck," he said difficultly. "I asked him."

There was a silence, while he gazed at her, breathing despair. Then he tried to laugh.

"All right," he said hoarsely. "It—it doesn't matter. Don't worry."

She stretched out her hand to him in a gesture of wistful pain, and he held it a moment between both of his, then released it and went hurriedly out.

As the door closed, Shirley sat down, her head dropping into her hands like a storm-broken flower. Valiant had accepted the finality of the situation. With a wave of deeper hopelessness than had yet submerged her, she realized that, against her own decision, somewhere deep within her had taken shy and secret comfort in his stubborn masculine refusal. Against all fact, in face of the impossible, her heart had been clinging to this—as though his love might even attain the miraculous and somehow, somehow, recreate circumstance. But now he, too, had bowed to the decree. A kind of utter apathetic wretchedness seized upon her, to replace the sharp misery that had so long been her companion—an empty numbness in which, in a measure, she ceased to feel.

An hour dragged slowly by and at length she rose and went slowly up the stairs. Her head felt curiously heavy, but it did not ache. Outside her mother's door, as was her custom, she paused mechanically to listen. A tiny pencil of light struck through the darkness and painted a spot of brightness on her gown. It came through the keyhole; the lamp in her mother's room was burning. "She has fallen asleep and forgotten it," she thought, and softly turning the knob, pushed the door noiselessly open and entered.

A moment she stood listening to the low regular breathing of the sleeper. The reading-lamp shed a shaded glow on the pillow with its spread-out silver hair, and on the delicate hands clasped loosely on the coverlet. Shirley came close and looked down on the placid face. It was smooth as a child's and a smile touched it lightly as if some pleasant sleep-thought had just laid rosy fingers on the dreaming lips. The light caught and sparkled from something bright that lay between her mother's hands. It was the enamel brooch that held her own baby curl, and she saw suddenly that what she had all her life thought was a solid pendant, was now open locket-wise and that the two halves clasped a miniature. It came to her at once that the picture was Sassoon's, and a quick thrill of pity and yearning welled up through her own dejection. Stooping, she looked at it closely. She started as she did so, for the face on the little disk of ivory was that of John Valiant.

An instant she stared unbelievingly. Then recollection of the resemblance of which Valiant had told her rushed to her, and she realized that it must be the picture of his father. The fact shocked and confounded her. Why should her mother carry in secret the miniature of the man who had killed—

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STOPPED LOSS OF PENNIES

Newsman's Peculiar System of "Balancing His Books" Proved Most Effective.

It was after the rush hour on the subway. The ticket-chopper had resumed his chair, the newsman had finished tying up his unsold papers, and save for the lingering clangor of a departing train and the click, now and then, of a slot machine, quiet reigned.

The commuter was wondering exactly how long he would have to wait before he caught sight of the red and green lights of a Bronx express, when he was startled by a loud pounding noise in the direction of the newsstand. He turned and saw the attendant leaning over the sloping top and banging the boards with might and main. When he had pounded awhile in one section he went to the next and repeated the performance. The commuter approached and ventured a question.

"What's the matter, my friend," he said, "was business so poor today?"

"Business poor? Not on your life. Sales was fine. Why d'ye ask?" Thus the newsman.

"Struck me you might be relieving your feelings by beating up your stand."

"Oh that! That's part of my bookkeepin' system. When I first took this job I was always short in my change. I wasn't careless and I couldn't make out what was the matter till one day by accident I dropped my bundle of papers on the stand. What do you think? Out rolled about ten pennies and a dime. They had lodged in the crevices of the wood after they'd been thrown down by people rushing for the train. Every night since I pound these four sections in order to strike a balance, and—"

The roar of an incoming train drowned the rest and the man bound for the Bronx hurried into his car. As he peered through the window of the moving train he saw the newsman still pounding away.—New York Evening Post.

Day of Stately Minuet.

We are promised a revival of the stately minuet. But consider well the responsibilities of that dance. Thus, for instance, Mr. Austen Leigh on the eighteenth century minuet: "It was not every one who felt qualified to make this public exhibition, and those ladies who intended to dance minuets used to distinguish themselves by wearing a particular kind of lappet on their headdress. I have heard also of another curious proof of the respect in which this dance was held. Gloves immaculately clean were considered requisite for its due performance, while gloves a little soiled were thought good enough for a country dance; and accordingly some prudent ladies provided themselves with two pairs for their several purposes."—London Chronicle.

Rubber Corks.

In making holes in rubber corks much annoyance is caused by the punch making "tapering" holes and "running to the side." A little ammonia water poured on the rubber and the boring instrument causes the hole to become of uniform size at every point and the operation is accomplished with much more ease.

MANY ODD MAKES OF SHOES

Interesting to Note the Evolution of Footwear Through Its Centuries of Use.

In the ninth and tenth centuries the greatest princes of Europe wore wooden shoes. In the reign of William Rufus of England in the eleventh century a great dude, "Robert the Horned," used shoes with sharp points stuffed with tow and pointed like ram's horns. The Romans made use of two kinds of shoes, the solea or sandal, which covered the sole of the foot and which was worn at home or in company, and the calceus, which covered the whole foot and was always worn with the toga when one went abroad.

Greek shoes were peculiar in reaching to the middle of the leg. Slippers were in use before Shakespeare's time and were originally made rights and lefts. Shoes among the Jews were made of leather, linen, rush or wool; soldiers' shoes were usually made of brass or iron. In the reign of Richard II. shoes were of such absurd length as to be required to be tied to the knee with chains sometimes made of gold or silver.

In 1463 the English parliament took the matter in hand and passed an act forbidding shoes with spikes more than two inches in length being worn or manufactured. The present fashion in shoes was introduced into England in 1633.

Family Dissensions.

Dissension in families often rises from a lack of humility and too much presumption on the part of the different members of the family. "The soft answer that turneth away wrath" is forgotten for the hasty reply, the unkind retorts that kindle the fire of ill-feeling and are the outcome of disorderly minds which are prone to resentment on account of lacking in the gentle grace of humility. Love does not linger in the home where petty pride shows its unlovely qualities. It chooses to dwell in the home where the spirit of unselfishness, of self-control, of thoughtfulness and of charitableness makes the atmosphere sweet.

TABLES IN SLANG

By GEORGE ADE

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The New Fable of the Night Given Over to Careless Revelry.

All those who had Done Time at a certain endowed Institution for shaping and polishing Highbrows had to close in once a Year for a Banquet. They called it a Banquet Because it would have been a Joke to call it a Dinner.

The Invitations looked like real Type-Writing and called upon all Loyal Sons of Old Bohunkus to dig up 3 Sesterces and get ready for a Big Night.

To insure a Riot of spontaneous Gaiety the following Organization was effected:

Committee on Invitation.
Committee on Reception.
Committee on Lights and Music.
Committee on Speakers.
Committee on Decorations.
Committee on Police protection.
Committee on First Aid to Injured.
Committee on Mayhew.
Committee on Liquid Nourishment.

Each Committee held numerous Meetings, at the Call of the Chairman, and discussed the impending Festivities with that solemn regard for pitfalls Detail which marked the Peace Conference at the Hague.

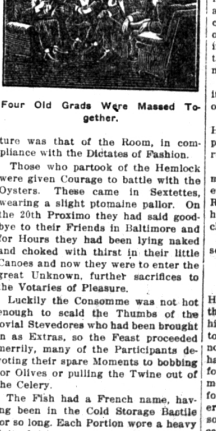
The Frolic was to be perpetrated at a Hotel famous for the number of Electric Lights.

The Hour was to be 6:30 Sharp, so that by 6:45 four old Grads, with variegated Belshazzars, were massed together in the Egyptian Room trying to fix the Date on which Dr. Milos Lobsquosset became Emeritus Professor of Saracenic Phlobotomy.

Along about 7:30 a Sub-Committee wearing Satin Badges was sent downstairs to round up some recent Alumni who were trying to get a running Start and 7:45 a second Detachment was sent out to find the Rescue Party.

Finally at 8 o'clock the glad Throng moved into the Main Banquet Hall, which was a snug Apartment about the size of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, done in Gold and various shades of Pink, to approximate the Chambermaid's Dream of Paradise. The Style of Ornamentation was that which prefigurated the French Revolution.

Beside each Plate was a bloode Decoction named in honor of the Martini Rifle, which is guaranteed to kill at a Distance of 2,000 Yards. The compounding had been done in a Churn early that morning and the Temperature was that of the Room, in compliance with the Dictates of Fashion.



Four Old Grads Were Massed Together.

Those who partook of the Hemlock were given Courage to battle with the Oysters. These came in Sextettes, wearing a slight Romaine pallor. On the 20th Proximo they had said goodbye to their Friends in Baltimore and for Hours they had been lying naked and choked with thirst in their little Canoes and now they were to enter the great Unknown, further sacrifices to the Votaries of Pleasure.

Luckily the Consomme was not hot enough to scald the Thumbs of the jovial Stevedores who had been brought in as Extras, so the Feast proceeded merrily, many of the Participants devoting their spare Moments to bobbing for Olives or pulling the Twine out of the Celery.

The Fish had a French name, having been in the Cold Storage Bastile for so long. Each Portion wore a heavy Suit of Armor, was surrounded by Library Paste and served as a Tee for two Golf Balls billed as Pommes de Terre.

It was a regular Ban-quet, so there was no getting away from Filet de Biff aux Champignons. It was brought on merely to show what an American Cook with a Lumber-Camp Training could do to a plain slice of Steer after reading a Book written by a Chef.

Next, in accordance with honored Tradition, a half-melted Snowball impregnated with Eau de Quinine.

Just about the time that the White Vinegar gave way to the Aniline Dye, a nut-headed Swozzle, who could get into Matteawan without Credentials, moved down the Line of Distinguished Guests asking for Autographs. His Example was followed by 150 other Shropshires, so that for the next 30 Minutes the Festal Chamber resembled the Auditing Department of a large Mercantile Establishment.

During this Period the Department of Geology in the University was honored by the appearance of a genuine petrified Quail. And the Head Lettuce carried the Personal Guarantee of the Goodyear Rubber Co.

Between the Rainbow Ice Cream and the Calcareous Fromage, a member of the class of '98 who could not Sing arose and did so.

Then each guest had to take a Tablespoonful of Cafe Noir and two Cigars selected by a Farmer Student who had promised his Mother never to use Tobacco.

It was now after 10 o'clock and time to go Home. Those who had started to tune up along in the Afternoon were dying on the Vine. Others, who had tried to catch even on the $3 Ticket, felt as if they had been loaded with Pig Iron. Up at the Long Table enough Speakers to supply a Chautauqua Circuit were feeling of themselves to make sure that the Manuscript had not been lost. Each thought that he was the Orator of the Evening.

The Committee had put on the Toast Program every one who might possibly take Offense at not being Asked.

Also they had selected as Toastmaster a beaming Frenchee whose Vocal Chords were made of seasoned Moose-Hide and who remembered all the black-face Gravy that Billy Rice used to shoot across at Low Benedict when Niblo's Garden was first opened.

After every 30-minute Address he would spend ten minutes in polite kidding of the Last Speaker and then another 10 Minutes in climbing a Mountain Height from which to present the Next Speaker.

Along about Midnight the Cowards and Quitters began crawling out of Side Doors, but most of the Loyal Sons of Old Bohunkus propped themselves up and tried to be Game.

Before 1 o'clock a Member of the Faculty put them on the Ropes with 40 Minutes on projected Changes in the Curriculum.

At 1:20 the Toastmaster was making Speech No. 8 and getting ready to spring the Oldest Living Graduate.

Protected by all the Gray Hairs that was left to him he began to Reminisce, going back to the Days when it was considered a Great Lark to put a Cow in the Vestibule.

The Toastmaster arrived home at 3 a. m. and aroused his Wife to tell her it had been a Great Success.

MORAL—If they were paid $3 a Head to stand for it, no one would attend.

The New Fable of the Young Fellow Who Had No Father to Guide Him.

Once there was a Boy who had been told twice a Day ever since he could remember that if he started to go into one of those Doggeries with Swinging Doors in front and Mirrors along the Side, a Blue Flame would shoot out and burn him to a Cinder.

Also he had been warned that every Playing Card in the whole Deck was a Complimentary Ticket admitting one to a Hot Griddle in the Main Parquette of the Fiery Furnace.

And every little Paper Cigar was another Spike in the Burial Casket.

With seven or eight Guardians trailing him Day and Night to keep him away from the Lures of the Wicked World it looked like a Pipe that he would grow up to be the Dean of a Theological Seminary.

Across the Street lived a poor unfortunate Lad whose Father was making the futile Endeavor to take it away faster than the Revenue Officers could put Stamps on it. He was the original Blotter. When they were trying to pry him away from it he would take a chance on anything from Arnica to Extract of Vanilla.

According to all the Laws of Heredity the only Son was cast for the Part of Joe Morgan.

He is now the Head of a Mail-Order House. When he sees a Corkscrew he pulls his Hat firmly over his Ears and runs a Mile.

The Graduate of the Lecture Bureau may be found in a Swagger Club any evening with a Bourbon H. B. at his Right, a stack of Student Lamps at his Left and Two Small Pair pressed closely against his Bosom.

MORAL — The Modern Ambition seems to be to vary the Program.

No Tolls on Wireless Messages.

Hiram Percy Maxim, Jr., son of Sir Hiram Maxim and the inventor of the rifle silencer, has been devoting his spare moments for the last year to wireless telegraphy and has announced that his Hartford Radio Club has formed a nationwide organization for the free transmission of wireless messages, provided, of course, no unforseen difficulty arises, such as federal investigation and interference on some interstate commerce technicality.

"With all the amateur stations dotted all over the country," Mr. Maxim said, "anyone may communicate with a friend at a distant point without the assistance of a big corporation or the federal government's mail service."

No Chance for the Real Thing.

The young man brought some verses to his father.

"Father, I have written poems."

"What! Let me see them instantly."

The father read them over carefully, the tears slowly welling to his eyes as he did so.

Finishing the last one he threw down the manuscript, folded the boy to his breast and sobbed:

"Oh, my poor, poor son!"

"Are they so bad as that, father?"

"Bad! They are exceedingly bad. They are real poetry. My boy, my boy, you will starve to death!"

Great Advantages.

"Why are you so anxious to have this man made a director in the company? Has he any special financial ability?"

"No, but he'd make a splendid witness in an investigation of our transactions. He's deaf and dumb."