The TRUMPET

A NOVEL

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CHAPTER XXX (Continued).

—16—

Old Man Sheridan goes to Bibbs' room to console the boy about Mary Vertrees' rejection of his proposal of marriage. Instead, against his will, the father rants about his son's need for hard work—and suddenly halts his abuse in the middle of a sentence.

Bibbs looked up patiently—an old, old look. "Yes, father; I'm listening."

"That's all," said Sheridan, frowning heavily. "That's all I came to say, and you better see 't you remember it!"

He shook his head warningly, and went out, closing the door behind him with a crash. However, no sound of footsteps indicated his departure. He stopped just outside the door, and stood there a minute or more. Then abruptly he turned the knob and exhibited to his son a forehead liberally covered with perspiration.

"Look here," he said, crossly. "That girl over yonder wrote Jim alleyr—

"I know," said Bibbs. "She told me."

"Well, I thought you needn't feel so much upset about it—" The door closed on his voice as he withdrew, but the conclusion of the sentence was nevertheless audible—"if you knew she wouldn't have Jim, either."

And he stamped his way downstairs to tell his wife to quit her frettin' and not bother him with any more fool's errands. She was about to inquire what Bibbs "said," but after a second thought she decided not to speak at all. She merely murmured a wordless assent, and verbal communication was given over between them for the rest of the afternoon.

Bibbs and his father were gone when Mrs. Sheridan woke, the next morning, and she had a dreary day. She missed Edith woefully, and she worried about what might be taking place in the Sheridan building. She felt that everything depended on how Bibbs "took hold," and upon her husband's return in the evening she seized upon the first opportunity to ask him how things had gone. He was noncommittal. What could anybody tell by the first day? He'd seen plenty go at things well enough right at the start and then blow up. Pretty near anybody could show up fair the first day or so. There was a big job ahead. This material such as it was—Bibbs, in fact—had to be broken in to handling the work Roscoe had done; and then, at least, an overseer, he must take Jim's position in the Realty company as well. He told her to ask him again in a month.

But during the course of dinner she gathered from some disjointed remarks of his that he and Bibbs had lunched together at the small restaurant where it had been Sheridan's custom to lunch with Jim, and she took this to be an encouraging sign. Bibbs went to his room as soon as they left the table, and her husband was not communicative after reading his paper.

She became an anxious spectator of Bibbs' progress as a man of business although it was a progress she could glimpse but dimly and only in the evening, through his remarks and his father's at dinner. Usually Bibbs was silent, except when directly addressed, but on the first evening of the third week of his new career he offered an opinion which had apparently been the subject of previous argument.

"I'd like you to understand just what I meant about those storage rooms, father," he said, as Jackson placed his coffee before him. "Abercrombie agreed with me, but you wouldn't listen to him."

"You can talk, if you want to, and I'll listen," Sheridan returned, "but you can't show me that Jim ever took up with a bad thing. The roof fell because it hadn't had time to settle and on account of weather conditions. I want that building put just the way Jim planned it."

"You can't have it," said Bibbs. "You can't, because Jim planned for the building to stand up, and it won't do it. The other one—the one that didn't fall—is so shot with cracks we haven't dared use it for storage. It won't stand weight. There's only one thing to do: Get both buildings down as quickly as we can, and build over. Brick's the best and cheapest in the long run for that type."

Sheridan looked sarcastic. "Fine! What we goin' to do for storage rooms while we're waitin' for those new bricks to be laid?"

"Rent," Bibbs returned, promptly. "We'll lose money if we don't rent anyhow—they were waiting so long for you to give the warehouse matter your attention after the roof fell. You don't know what an amount of stuff they got piled up on us over there. We'd have to rent until we could patch up those process perils—and the Krivitch Manufacturing company's plant is empty, right across the street. I took an option on it for us this morning."

Sheridan's expression was queer. "Look here!" he said, sharply. "Did you go and do that without consulting me?"

"It didn't cost anything," said Bibbs. "It's only until tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock. I undertook to convince you before then."

"Oh, you did?" Sheridan's tone was sardonic. "Well, just suppose you couldn't convince me."

"I can, though—and I intend to," said Bibbs, quietly. "I don't think you understand the condition of those buildings you want patched up."

"Now, see here," said Sheridan, with slow emphasis: "Suppose I had my mind set about this. Jim thought they'd stand, and suppose it was—well, kind of a matter of sentiment with me to prove he was right."

Bibbs looked at him compassionately. "I'm sorry if you have a sentiment about it, father," he said. "But whether you have or not can't make a difference. You'll get other people hurt if you trust that process, and that won't do. And if you want a monument to Jim, at least you want one that will stand. Besides, I don't think you can reasonably defend sentiment in this particular kind of affair."

"Oh, you don't?"

"No, but I'm sorry you didn't tell me you felt it."

Sheridan was puzzled by his son's tone. "Why are you 'sorry'?" he asked, curiously.

"Because I had the building inspector up there, this noon," said Bibbs, "and I had him condemn both those buildings."

"What?"

"He'd been afraid to do it before, until he heard from us—afraid you'd

"They've Got to Copie Down Now."

see he lost his job. But he can't condemn them—they've 'got to come down now."

Sheridan gave him a long and piercing stare from beneath lowered brows. Finally he said, "How long did they give you on that option to convince me?"

"Until two o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

"All right," said Sheridan, not relating, "I'm convinced."

Bibbs jumped up. "I thought you would be. I'll telephone the Krivitch agent. He gave me the option until tomorrow, but I told him I'd settle it this evening."

Sheridan gazed after him as he left the room, and then, though his expression did not alter in the slightest, a sound came from him that startled his wife. It had been a long time since she had heard anything resembling a chuckle from him, and this sound—although it was grim and dry—bore that resemblance.

She brightened eagerly. "Looks like he was startin' right well, don't it papa?"

"Startin'? Lord! He got me on the hip! Why, he knew what I wanted—that's why he had the inspector up there, so 't he'd have me beat before we even started to talk about it. And did you hear him? 'Can't reasonably defend sentiment!' And the way he say 'Us:' 'Took an option for Us!' 'Stuff piled up on Us!'"

There was always an alloy for Mrs. Sheridan. "I don't just like the way he looks, though, papa."

"Oh, there's got to be something! Only one chick left at home, so you start to frettin' about it!"

"No. 'He's changed. There's a kind of a settish look to his face, and—"

"I guess that's the common sense comin' out on him, then," said Sheridan. "You'll see symptoms like that in a good many business men, I expect."

"Well, and he don't have as good color as he was gettin' before. And he'd begin to fill out some, but—"

Sheridan gave forth another dry chuckle, and, going round the table to her, patted her upon the shoulder with his left hand, his right being still heavily bandaged, though he no longer wore a sling. "That's the way it is with you, mamma—got to take your frettin' out one way if you don't an other!"

"No. He don't look well. It ain't exactly the way he looked when he begun to get sick that time, but he kind o' seems to be losin', some way."

"Yes he may 'a' lost something," said Sheridan. "I expect he's lost a whole lot o' foolishness besides his Godforsaken notions about writin' poetry and—"

"No," his wife persisted. "I mean he looks right peakid. And yesterday when he was settin' with us, he kept lookin' out the window. He wasn't readin'."

"Well, why shouldn't he look out the window?"

"He was lookin' over there. He never read a word all afternoon, I don't believe."

"Look here!" said Sheridan. "Bibbs mustn't 'a' kept goin' on over there the rest of his life, moonin' on and on, but what he heard Sibyl say did one big thing, anyway. It woke him up out of his trance. Well, he had to go and bust clean out with a bang; and that stopped his goin' over there, and it stopped his poetry, but I reckon he's begun to get pretty fair pay for what he lost. I guess a good many young men have had to get over worries like his—they got to 'lose something if they're goin' to keep ahead o' the procession nowadays—and it kind o' looks to me, mamma, like Bibbs might keep quite a considerable long way ahead. Why, a year from now, I'll bet you he won't know there ever was such a thing as poetry! And ain't he funny? He wanted to stick to the shop so's he could 'think.' What he meant was, think about something useless. Well, I guess that's keepin' his mind pretty occupied, anyhow, the way these days go. Sir, it took a pretty fair-sized shock to get him out of his trance, but it certainly did the business." He patted his wife's shoulder again, and then, without any prefatory symptoms, broke into a boisterous laugh.

"Honest, mamma, he works like a gorilla!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

And so Bibbs sat in the porch of the temple with the money changers. But no One came to scourge him forth, for this was the temple of Bigness, and the changing of money was holy worship and true religion. The priests knew that "settish" look Bibbs' mother had seen beginning to develop about his mouth and eyes—a wary look which she could not define, but it comes with service at the temple; and it was the more marked upon Bibbs for his sharp awakening to the species of that service.

He did as little "useless" thinking as possible, giving himself no time for it. He worked continuously, keeping his thoughts still on his work when he came home at night, and he talked of nothing whatever except his work. But he did not sing at it. He was often in the streets, and people were not allowed to sing in the streets. They might make any manner of hideous uproar—they could shake buildings, they could outthunder the thunder, deafen the deaf, and kill the sick with noise; or they could walk the streets or drive through them bawling, squawking or screeching, as they chose if the noise was traceably connected with business; though street musicians were not tolerated, being considered a nuisance and an interference. A man or woman who went singing for pleasure through the streets—like a crazy Neapolitan—would have been stopped and bellied locked up, for freedom does not mean that a citizen is allowed to do every outrageous thing that comes into his head. The streets were dangerous enough, in all conscience, without any singing; and the Motor federation issued public warnings declaring that the pedestrian's life was in his own hands, and giving directions how to proceed with the least peril. However, Bibbs Sheridan had no desire to sing in the streets, or anywhere. He did come to his work with an energy that, for some hours, was like singing, and there was no song left in him.

He began to know his active fellow citizens. Here and there among them he found a business kind soul, a relic of the old period of neighborliness, "pioneer stock," usually, and these were men particularly among the mechanics and manufacturers. "Honest they leaned backward," reputations sometimes attested by stories of heroic sacrifices to honor; nor were there lacking some instances of generosity even nobler. Here and there, too, were bookmen, in their little ledges, and, among the Germans, musicians, who took trips, some fleeting, shaped Bigness and the growth, each man serving for his own sake and for what he could get out of it, but attuned in their faith in the beneficent glory of their god.

To almost all alike that service stood as the most important thing in life, except on occasions when it was the brief interregnum as the dangerous illness of a wife or child. In the way of "relaxation" some of the servers took golf; some took fishing; some took "shows"—a mixture of infantile and negroid humor, stockings, and the music, some took an occasional debauch, some took trips, some took cards, and some took nothing. The high priests were vigilant to watch that no "relaxation" should affect the service. When a man attended to anything outside his business, eyes were upon him; his credit was in danger—that is, his life was in danger. And the old priests were as ardent as the young ones; the million was as eager to be bigger as the thousand; seventy was as busy as seventeen. They strove—nightly against one another, and the old priests were the most warlike, the most partisan and the most dangerous. Bibbs learned to mount walk charily among these—he must wear a thousand eyes and beware of spiders indeed!

And outside the temple itself were the pretenders, the swarming thieves and sharpers and cheaters, the sly rascals and the open rascals; but these were feeble foes, not dangerous odes he knew them, and he had a good guide to point them out to him. They were useful sometimes, he learned, and many of them served as go-betweens in matters where business must touch politics. He learned also how breweries and "traction" companies and banks and other institutions fought one another for the political control of the city. The newspapers, he discovered, had lost their ancient political influence, especially with the knowing who looked upon them with a skeptical humor, believing the journals either to be rabid partisans, like the lawyers, or else striving to forward the personal ambitions of their owners. The control of the city lay not with them, but was usually obtained by giving the "floating voters" gin money, and by other largesses. The revenues of the people were then distributed as fairly as possible among a great number of men who had assisted the winning side. Names and titles of offices went with many of the prizes, and most of these title holders were expected to present a busy appearance at times; and, indeed, some among them did work honestly and faithfully.

Bibbs had been very ignorant. All these simple things, so well known and customary, astonished him at first, and once—in a brief moment of forgetting that he was done with writing—he thought that if he had known them and written of them, how like a satire the plainest relation of them must have seemed! Strangest of all to him was the vehement and sincere patriotism. On every side he heard it; it was a permeation; the newest schoolchild caught it, though just from Hungary and learning to stammer a few words of the local language. Everywhere the people shouted of the power, the size, the riches and the growth of their city. Not only that, they said that the people of their city were the greatest, the "finest," the strongest, the Biggest people on earth. They cited no authorities, and felt the need of none, being themselves the people thus celebrated. And if the thing was questioned, or if it was hinted that there might be one small virtue in which they were not perfect, and supreme, they wasted no time examining themselves to see if what the critic said was true, but fell upon him and hooted him and cursed him, for they were sensitive. So Bibbs, learning their ways and walking with them, hearkened to the voice of the people and served Bigness with them. For the voice of the people is the voice of their god.

* * * * * *

Sheridan had made the room next to his own into an office for Bibbs, and the door between the two rooms usually stood open—the father had established that intimacy. One morning in February, when Bibbs was alone, Sheridan came in, some sheets of typewritten memoranda in his hand.

"Bibbs," he said, "I don't like to butt in very often this way, and when I do I usually wish I hadn't—but for heaven's sake what have you been buying that ole busted inter-traction stock for?"

Bibbs leaned back from his desk. "For eleven hundred and fifty-five dollars. That's all it cost."

"Well, it ain't worth eleven hundred and fifty-five cents. You ought to know that. I don't get your idea. That stuff's deader'n Adam's cat!"

"It might be worth something—some day?"

"How?"

"It might not be so dead—not if We went into it," said Bibbs coldly.

"Oh!" Sheridan considered this unsingly; then he said, "Who'd you buy it from?"

"A broker—Fansmith."

"Well, he must 'a' got it from one o' the crowd o' poor simmies that was swindled with it. Don't you know who owned it?"

"Yes, I do."

"Ain't sayin', though? That it? What's the matter?"

"It belonged to Mr. Vertrees," said Bibbs, shortly, applying himself to his desk.

"So!" Sheridan gazed down at his son's thin face. "Excuse me!" he said. "Your business." And he went back to his own room. But presently he looked in again.

"I reckon you won't mind lunchin' alone today?" he was shuffling himself into his overcoat—"because I just thought I'd go up to the Inspector and get this over with mamma." He glanced apologetically toward his right hand as it emerged from the sleeve of the overcoat. The bandages had been removed, finally, that morning, revealing but three fingers—the forefinger and the next to it had been amputated. "She's bound to make an awful fuss, and it better spoil her lunch than her dinner. I'll be back about two."

But he calculated the time of his arrival at the new house so accurately that Mrs. Sheridan—much was not disturbed, and she was rising from the

"That Stuff's Deader'n Adam's Cat!"

lonely table when he came into the dining room. He had left his overcoat in the hall, but he kept his hands in his trousers pockets.

"What's the matter, papa?" she asked, quickly. "Has anything gone wrong? You ain't sick?"

"Me?" He laughed loudly. "Me sick?"

"You had lunch?"

"Didn't want any today. You can give me a cup o' coffee, though."

She rang, and told George to have coffee made, and when he had withdrawn she said querulously, "I just know there's something wrong!"

"Nothin' in the world," he responded, heartily, taking a seat at the head of the table. "I thought I'd talk over a notion I mine with you, that's all. It's more women folks' business than what it is man's, anyhow."

"What about?"

"Why, ole Doc Gurney was up at the office this morning awhile—"

"To look at your hand? How's he say it's doin'?"

"Fine! Well, he went in and sat around with Bibbs awhile—"

Mrs. Sheridan nodded pessimistically.

"I guess it's time they had two, I knew Bibbs—"

"Now, mamma, hold your horses! I wanted him to look Bibbs over before anything's the matter. You don't suppose I'm goin' to take any chances with Bibbs, do you? Well, afterwards, I shut the door, and I and ole Gurney had a talk. He's a mighty disagreeable man: he rubbed it in on me what he said about Bibbs havin' brains if he ever woke up. They ain't anything he want to get something out o' me, he got so flattering—for a minute! 'Bibbs couldn't help havin' business brains,' he says, 'bein' your son. Don't be surprised,' he says—'don't be surprised at his makin' a success,' he says. 'He couldn't get over his heredity: he couldn't help bein' a business success—once you got him into it. It's in his blood. Yes, sir,' he says, 'it doesn't need much brains,' he says, 'up only third-rate brains, at that,' he says, 'but it does need a special kind o' brains,' he says, 'to be a millionaire. I guess,' he says, 'when a man's driven a start, no nobody gives him a start, why, course he's got to have luck and the right kind o' brains. The only miracle about Bibbs,' he says, 'is where he got the other kind o' brains—the brains you made him quit usin' and throw away.'"

"But what d' he say about his health?" Mrs. Sheridan demanded, impatiently, as George placed a cup of coffee before her husband. Sheridan helped himself to cream and sugar, and began to sip the coffee.

"I'm coming to that," he returned, placidly. "See how easy I manage this cup with my left hand, mamma?"

"You been doc' that all winter. What did—"

"It's wonderful," he interrupted, admiringly, "what a fellow can do with his left hand. I can sign my name with mine now, well's I ever could with my right. It came a little hard at first, but now, honest, I believe I rather sign with my left. That's all I have to write, anyway—just the signature. Rest's all dictatin'. He blew across the top of the cup unctuously. "Good coffee, mamma! Well, about Bibbs. Ole Gurney says he believes if Bibbs could somehow get back to the state o' mind he was in when he made the machine shop—that's, if he could some way get to feelin' about business the way he felt about the shop—not the poetry and writin' part, but—" He paused, supplementing his remarks with a motion of his head toward the old house next door. "He says Bibbs is older and hardeyn what he was when he broke down, this time, and, besides, he ain't the kind o' dreamin' way he was then—and I should say he ain't! I'd like 'em to show me anybody his age that's any wider awake! But he says Bibbs' health'll never need bother us again if—

Mrs. Sheridan shook her head. "I don't see any help that way. You know yourself she wouldn't have Jim."

"Who's talkin' about her havin' anybody? But, my Lord! she might let him look at her! She needn't 'a' got so mad, just because he asked her, that she won't let him come in the house any more. He's a mighty funny boy, and he's been sick, and he's pretty near as hard to understand as a little boy. Ole Gurney kind o' got me in the way o' thinkin' that if she'd let him come back and set around with her an evening or two sometimes—get regular, I don't mean why—Well, I just thought I'd see what you'd think of it. There ain't any way to talk about it to Bibbs himself—I don't suppose he'd let you, anyhow—but I thought maybe you could kind o' slip over there some day, and kind o' hint around till you see how the land lays, and ask her—"

"Me?" Mrs. Sheridan looked both helpless and frightened. "No." She shook her head decidedly. "It wouldn't do any good."

"You won't try it?"

"I won't risk her turnin' me out o' the house. Some way, that's what I believe she did to Sibyl, from what Roscoe said once. No, I can't—and what's more, I'd only make things worse. If people find out you're rich, you can't help think you're cheap, and then they won't do as much for you as if you let 'em alone. I don't believe it's any use, and I couldn't do it if it was."

He sighed with resignation. "All right, mamma. That's all." Then, in a lively tone, he said, "Ole Gurney took the bandages off my hand this morning. All healed up. Says I don't need 'em any more."

"Why, that's splendid, papa!" she cried, beaming. "I was afraid— Let's see."

She came toward him, but he rose, still keeping his hand in his pocket. "Wait a minute," he said, smiling. "Now it may give you just a little teeny bit of a shock, but the fact is—well, you remember that Sunday when Sibyl came over here and made all that fuss about nothin'—it was the day after I got tired o' that statue when Edith's telegram came—"

"Let me see your hand!" she cried.

"Now wait!" he said, laughing and pushing her away with his left hand. "The truth is, mamma, that I kind o' slipped out on you that morning, when you wasn't lookin', and went down to ole Gurney's office—he'd told me to, you see—and, well, it doesn't amount to anything." And he held out, for her inspection, the mutilated hand. "You see, these days when it's all dictatin', anyhow, nobody d' mind just a couple o'—"

He had to jump for her—she went over backward. "For the second time in her life Mrs. Sheridan had fainted

CHAPTER XXXII.

It was a full hour later when he left her lying upon a couch in her own room, still lamenting that the "fuss" which she was making irked him far more than his physical loss. He permitted her to think that he meant to

"Don't Be Surprised," He Said.

return directly to his office, but when he came out to the open air he told the chauffeur in attendance to await him in front of Mr. Vertrees' house, whither he himself proceeded on foot.

Mr. Vertrees had taken the sale of half of his worthless stock as manna in the wilderness; it came from heaven—by what agency he did not particularly question. The broker informed him that "parties were interested in getting hold of the stock," and that later there might be a possible increase in the value of the large amount retained by his client. It might go "quite a ways up" within a year or so, he said, and he advised "sitting right" with it. Mr. Vertrees went home and prayed.

He rose from his knees feeling that he was surely coming into his own again. It was more than a mere gasp of temporary relief with him, and his wife shared his optimism; but Mary would not let him buy back her piano, and as for furs—spring was on the way, she said. But they paid the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker, and hired a cook once more. It was this servitress who opened the door for Sheridan, and presently assured him that Miss Vertrees would "be down."

He was not the man to conceal admiration when he felt it, and he flushed and beamed as Mary made her appearance, almost upon the heels of the cook. She had a look of apprehension for the first fraction of a second, but it vanished at the sight of him, and its place was taken by a glow and a soft brilliance, while color rushed in her cheeks.

"Don't be surprised," he said. "Truth is, in a way it's sort of on business I looked in here. I'll only take a minute, I expect."

(To be CONTINUED.)

FRIENDSHIP THAT IS REAL

Distance Has but Small Part in Severing Ties Bound Together by True Affection.

We often hear of cases—more often between men, but sometimes between women—where school friends separate and marry, living their lives apart for ten or fifteen years, only to find the old relation just as firm as ever on meeting again. Or in certain instances friends separate, never to meet again, but keep up their correspondence for years, and the one in a far city would do just as much for the distant chum, were the occasion to arise, as if their friendship had recently been close and intimate.

Friendship knows no space and no bounds. It is an indissoluble link between two human beings. And if you expect to enjoy the affection of a real pal you must be prepared to do your share. Do not be forever demanding and expecting from your friends. You can only keep alive the pure flame of friendship by giving unselfish love and disinterested affection. Do not look for them, but give from your heart, and you will receive. That is one of the beauties of friendship. The more love you give, the more you receive, but the more you demand and expect, the less you get.

Good pals are more precious than diamonds or gold, for they are the rarest of all valuables. Friendship is the salt of the earth and those who know the joy of real friendship should do all in their power to guard and keep it, not to destroy it.

How often we risk losing the affection of real friends for some worthless acquaintance! So often we offer insults and snubs (sometimes unconsciously) to those who weigh more in friendship's scales than a thousand of the aimless flatterers who would try to make us believe they are friends. Let us learn to know our real friends and to give a heartfelt appreciation for the value of such friendship.

Great Waste of Ink.

He entered the West hotel, a fine, courtly southern gentleman, very affable and genial, says the Minneapolis Tribune. And this is what he wrote on the register:

"Hinton Graves Lee, resident in Augusta, Ga., prior to February 1, and in Georgia state since 1852, now resident at Kansas City, Mo., and Kansas City, Kan."

Clerks A. D. Hein and A. M. Shartin looked it over and had a whispered consultation.

"Think of it," said Hein. "Why, the ink firm could afford to pay the traveling expenses and a good salary to Mr. Lee. If that habit ever spreads, there wouldn't be ink enough in the United States to go around."

First Footpaths in 1762.

The student of old London, noticing the whitened curbs in the streets today, is inevitably reminded that the institution of the footway is really of quite recent date. It was not, indeed, until after the Westminster paving act of 1762 that footways became at all general. Before that time man and beast took the same road. Many of the old iron posts, which are still to be seen in Regent street and elsewhere, showing the crown and the monogram of the Georges, indicate the corners of these first footways.

Libby's Vienna Sausage and Sliced Dried Beef

Both contain less heat producing properties than heavy meats.

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Insist on Libby's at your grocer's

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"ROUGH on RATS" Kills Rats, Mice, Bugs, Lice on chickens, 15c and 25c.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 38—1916.

HAD GRAND DAY'S SHOOTING

Amateur Sportsman Thoroughly Enjoyed Himself Until Unfortunately His Supplies Gave Out.

"Awfully sorry, old chap," said the host, greeting his guest, who had arrived for a week-end with the guns, "but I shan't be able to come out today. However, a sportsman-like fellow'll be able to get on by yourself. There's a gun, and here's a bag o' ferrets. Keep well in the wood, and you ought to have plenty of sport."

So away went the cockney sportsman, gloriously arrayed in glaring leggings, deer-stalker and Norfolk jacket.

At about midday-tiffin, the mighty hunter returned.

"Well, how'd you get on, ole chap?" asked his host.

"Oh, grand! Capital sport! Got any more?"

"Any more what?"

"Why, any more of those squirrel things you gave me in that bag. I've shot that lot."—Cutlery Bits.

Standard Maple Sirup.

The state of New Hampshire has adopted a standard for maple sirup, and all that is sold in or sent from that state must now conform to the following:

"Maple sirup is a sirup made by the evaporation of maple sap or by the solution of maple concrete, and contains not less than 35 per cent of water and weights not less than 11 pounds to the gallon."

Explained.

Patricia: And you say he kissed her several times while she was at the piano, singing?

Patrice: Yes.

"But did her father notice the interruption?

"They was no interruption."

"Why, how in the world could she keep singing when he kissed her on the mouth?"

"Oh, she always sings through her nose, you know."

Inconsistent.

"Why are you so sore at Doctor Jones?"

"The old hypocrite charged me ten dollars for advising me to confine myself to a diet of crackers and milk, and the very next evening I saw him in a restaurant blowing in my ten on lobsters and champagne."

Field for Him.

"You don't get much expression into your portraits."

"Then you think I can't make a living at art?"

"I don't say that. You'd be just the man to design kings, queens and knaves for playing cards."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Grape-Nuts

Gets Attention—

First, because of its wonderfully delicious flavor—

Then again, because it is ready to eat—fresh and crisp from the package.

But the big "get attention" quality is its abundance of well-balanced, easily digestible nourishment.

For sound health, every table should have its daily ration of Grape-Nuts—

"There's a Reason"