

Humorous Department.

Doctor First.—A motor car was careering down a beautiful rural country lane, with millions of twists and turns...

As the car was traveling at thirty miles an hour and the wagon at three miles an hour, the odds seemed on a collision.

The driver on the hay wagon was thrown into the road on his head and lay there in a semi-conscious condition until the two occupants of the motor car lifted him to the side of the lane.

Another rustic came up at that moment and upon inquiries the motorists discovered that the nearest houses were an undertaker's shop, two miles in one direction, and a doctor's house, which they had passed, one mile and three-quarters behind them on the road they had just come along.

"Shall we take him to the undertaker's shop or back to the doctor's?" asked the first of the motorists.

The victim of the accident raised his head and cried: "Take me to the doctor's first, you fools!"

Confidential.—"Once a very charming young woman presented a small check at my window," said the speaker at a recent bankers' convention.

Fancy and Fact.—She was pretty and ambitious and had studied the matrimonial problem to a nicety.

That evening a bowlegged, lath-framed youth wearing checked trousers and smoking a cigarette rattled the door knob and the girl knocked four tumbledors and a cut glass fruit dish off the sideboard in her haste to get to him.—Houston Post.

Delightful Flavor.—An inexperienced golfer appeared on a suburban golf course and soon showed his prowess in scattering turf.

His partner, a complacent person, stood it for a long time in silence. Presently the beginner made a magnificent drive, his ball flew over the horizon, and several pecks of soil were driven into his partner's mouth.

Big as a Porfirer's Heart.—From giants the conversation had turned to dwarfs and then the city prevaricator spoke.

"All those dwarfs you've mentioned may have been very small," he declared, airily, "but none of them can compare with a stunted specimen I once came across. He was so short that every time his horns hurt him."

"Every time his horns hurt him," said the narrator, "he imagined he had a headache."—Houston Post.

A Good Joke, However.—An argument as to the origin of bagpipes had waxed loud and long between a Scotchman and an Irishman, each of whom claimed that his own country had produced the instrument.

Time to Move.—An Irishman visiting a friend in the hospital began to take an interest in the other patients.

Wrong!—On returning home from school one day Jackie at once proceeded to the rabbit hut. From inside the house his mother could hear him questioning the rabbits thus: "Twice two?" no answer. Again, "Twice two?" Still no answer.

No Symptoms.—"Who is the mysterious stranger?" "Some kind of an investigator."

"Working for the government?" "I doubt it. He keeps pretty busy."

"Detroit Free Press."

The CLAN CALL by Hapsburg Liebe Illustrations by Irwin Myers

The night passed, and another bright summer day dawned, and in the Cartersville jail there was one prisoner who had not slept at all.

At noon a furious windstorm, accompanied by much vivid lightning and blinding rain, sprang out of the west and began to sweep the country side and out of the lowering wet gloom there came one to deliver Bill Dale.

He was a mountaineer, young and stalwart and strong, and about him there was much of that certain English finesse that was so striking in his father.

He entered the low, square building of brick and stone and stopped in the center of the corridor, where he stood while water ran from his wet clothing and gathered in little pools at his feet and looked to his right and to his left.

"How are ye feelin' by this time, Bill? It's some h-a-1 of a place, ain't it?"

Dale took a step toward him. "Well, a queen's bonoir is nicer. What are you doing here, Cale?"

Dale stared unbelievably. "But that is impossible, Cale. How could you set me free?"

"Call Tom Flowers, and I'll slight ye."

Dale called, and the officer came immediately. Caleb Moreland turned from the cell door and faced him.

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He swallowed, went a trifle pale under his tan, and continued bravely: "Bill Dale that, he never done it. I am the one 'at done it. Bill he shot at Adam, but he missed—Adam had done shot at Bill fust, y'understand, Tom. But I didn't miss. I don't never miss. I'm a plumb tombstone shot. They allus ruses me out at any shootin' match. I'd ha' owned up to it yesterday, but the thought o' jail had me skeered bad. I just can't let as good a man as Bill Dale that suffer fo' a thing I done myself. So you let him out, Tom, and put the right man in thar."

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Will ye Tom? "Well, see," said Flowers. Forthwith he dispatched a deputy for Judge Carter and Major Bradley, who hastened to the jail.

An hour later Caleb Moreland was the occupant of the cell at the end of the whitewashed corridor, and Dale was mounting his bay horse Fox to ride back into the heart of the ever-lasting hills. He arrived two hours after nightfall.

It was plain to Flowers that they did know something about it, and he finally ordered that they be kept in a cell on a diet of bread and water until their tongues loosened.

LUKE TOOK CHARGE of his tired horse and led it away to the old log barn and to some fifteen ears of yellow corn.

John Moreland turned up the light a little, and cracked a worn but timely joke; then he looked toward one of the men who he had fought throughout many years, and muttered into his thick brown beard:

"Saul, friend, will ye do us the favor o' axin' the bleasin', ef ye please?"

"Saul Littleford, the very illiterate, laced his big fingers together across his plate, bent his head, and told the good Almighty that they were all very much obliged to Him for the fine supper they had before them, for Ad-die Moreland had cooked it, for peace, and for Bill Dale."

"The big hillman's answer came almost sharply: 'No Moreland ever grieved over a sacrifice, Bill.' Dale sat up straight. 'A sacrifice! What do you mean?'"

This time the big hillman's answer came slowly. "I mean 'at Cale he's a-takin' all o' the load o' fo' yore shoulders 'at he can. Cale he's a-takin' yore place in jail ontel the trial comes off, which'll be at the October term o' co'te. He trusts you to come back and set him free on the day o' the trial. O' course you'll do it; we hain't never doubted that fo' one little minute, Bill. But it wasn't all done fo' yore sake. You're the hope o' the Morelands, and you can do a heap more here 'an Cale can."

He leaned toward Bill Dale and went on in a confidential tone: "And I can tell ye this here, ef yore found guilty o' killin' Adam Ball, and sentenced fo' even one year, the Morelands and the Littleforths is a-goin' to take ye from the officers and turn ye loose with a good, long start on the law."

"Wouldn't that be rather—"

Dale broke off because he had seen the tall figure of a man appear in the open gateway. It was By Heck, and he spoke.

"Hello, John Moreland!" "Hello yes!" growled Moreland, who was not at all pleased at the interruption.

Heck advanced, carrying his rifle by its muzzle. He halted with one foot on the stone step.

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CHAPTER XIII Sentenced to Hang. Sheriff Tom Flowers and four able deputies rode out of Cartersville very early on the following morning. They went to the Big Pine mountain country, and, by a scheme that entailed some shrewdness on the part of the chief officer, arrested two Balls and two Torreys on suspicion and took them away without trouble.

The two Balls and the two Torreys were lodged in the Cartersville jail and offered their liberty and exoneration from all blame in the dynamiting affair if they would give the names of the other guilty parties and appeal against them.

It was plain to Flowers that they did know something about it, and he finally ordered that they be kept in a cell on a diet of bread and water until their tongues loosened.

(To be Continued.) MISS ROBERTSON TALKS

Corrects Impression Given Out by Press of the Country. Miss Alice M. Robertson, Congresswoman from Oklahoma, made the following statement recently:

"The newspapers announced that a delegation of women were to urge the president to appoint a woman member of the Disarmament Commission. On August 16, I went to the executive office and filed a letter recommending Mary Chandler Hale of Maine, for such appointment. A reporter stopped me in the lobby to ask what I had seen the President about to which I replied I had merely filed a letter. He asked if my letter was as to a woman on the commission. I did not wish to give him a direct answer, so I answered with a question. 'Do you know of a woman who is qualified?'"

"I admit I was an anti-suffragist, but with the Nineteenth amendment I accepted the equal suffrage it made my duty. I cannot accept equality and demand special privilege as a woman. I therefore oppose all organizations of women as women voters, instead of American citizens—such organizations tending to the most dangerous of class legislation, that of sex. This attitude causes many good ladies to decay all words or acts of mine and is responsible for the 'tempest' in a teapot' which has amused without harming me."

"In my judgment very few men in America are qualified to serve successfully on the commission. The appointments so far announced seem to be admitted to be 'all right.' Probably it may be thought well to call as aids experts from our army and navy to aid in a fair basis of settlement. I should hardly suppose that as the Gospel stands for peace there should be the embarrassment of selecting some distinguished clergyman as an expert, or at the other extreme some representative of war munitions manufacturers whose business interests might be involved."

"I do not think that any woman will be appointed. A leading member of congress than whom women in politics have no stronger champion, told me he thought such action would be a mistake as a seeming act of international discourtesy to delegates from countries less progressive than the United States. There could be no better authority than his."

"The president wrote me: 'I must compliment you on your extreme good sense and your wisdom in discernment. Mrs. Hale is a very remarkable and highly typical representative of American womanhood.'"

This World First.—There is an English church where a box hangs in the porch. It is used for communications for the pastor. Cranks put their notes in it, but occasionally it does fulfill its purpose. Recently the minister preached, by request, a sermon on "Recognition of Friends in Heaven," and during the week the following note was found in the box: "Dear Sir—I should be much obliged if you could make it convenient to preach to your congregation on 'The Recognition of Friends on Earth,' as I have been coming to your church for nearly six months, and nobody has taken any notice of me yet."—Christian Register.

A brewing company at Port Washington, Wis., recently offered 1,000 barrels of beer to the United States Public Health Service, for use medicinally in military hospitals and homes for disabled soldiers. The beer is sealed in the vats of the brewery, which were closed for one year by the federal court.

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