

The Head of The House

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

"Buck," said Tom Atherton in a serious tone of voice, "I've been doing a job of thinking on our future."
"Why, Tom, what have you been thinking about?"
"Well, when we're married there's got to be a head to our partnership. There's always a head to every business firm."

When the Worm Turned

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Recently a man omitted to hand his tailor a few chunks of silver in exchange for good togs, and after waiting a reasonable length of time the tailor party sued for the amount of the bill.
Thus it was that he found himself on the witness stand one day, with the insistent lawyer for defendant trying to establish the point that his client had three months in which to pay for the goods and that that time had scarcely elapsed.

An Appeal to the Sense of Beauty

By EUNICE INLAKE

Dr. Worthington was the physician of the upper ten thousand—not a physician of the upper ten thousand, but the physician of that class. He was thirty-five years old and considered the handsomest man of the city in which he lived and practiced his profession.
One night a lamp exploded in the home of a young widow, setting fire to the clothes of an old lady, a member of the family, and burning her so severely that she lived but twenty-four hours after the accident. Every doctor in the neighborhood was called in, among them Dr. Worthington. There was little that could be done for the patient, who was known to every doctor there, but there was a great deal to be done in calming those present.

Three Liars

A Story For Easter By F. A. MITCHEL

When our troops came home from Cuba and, shortly after, were included from transports on the steamer of the Line, I found the camps that held them were thronged with persons who had come to see relatives or friends.
One of these an old lady with an anxious look on her face, stepped at a table before which sat an officer in a camp chair and asked him a question: "Can you tell me if my boy has come?"
The officer rose, took of his hat respectfully and said: "What regiment did your boy belong to, madam?"

Nigeria's Paradise

By EUNICE INLAKE

With no taxes to pay and no wearing restrictions to undergo, living in a land so fruitful that a few weeks' labor is enough to supply them with food, home and clothes for a whole year, the Ekot, natives of extreme southern Nigeria, on the equator, should be and probably are among the happiest people on earth, according to P. A. Talbot, African explorer, of London.
The Ekot are devoted parents, he writes. "They have curious beliefs as to the advent and death of their babies. One charming superstition forbids all quarrelling in a house where there are little children. The latter, so they say, love sweet words, kind looks and gentle voices, and if these are not to be found in the family into which they have been reared, they will close their eyes and forsake the earth till a chance offers to return again to their native quarters."

When England Had Dues

By EUNICE INLAKE

Probably the last duel fought about in England through indiscretions in print was the encounter between John Arthur Roebuck and John Black on Nov. 19, 1835.
Roebuck, who was then a member of parliament for Bath, had issued a pamphlet bitterly attacking newspapers in general and the Morning Chronicle in particular, and for this he was challenged by the editor of the Chronicle. Black was a practical duelist, having been out thirteen times before, but the dwarflike figure of his opponent offered a poor target, and two shots were exchanged without result.
Eight years later a speech of Roebuck's in the house of commons provoked a challenge from John Somers, M. P. for Sligo. He not only declined to fight, but reported the matter to the speaker, who severely rebuked the pugacious Irishman.—London Chronicle.

Revenge

By EUNICE INLAKE

It is recorded that once during the rehearsal of a musical comedy Mr. Charles Brookfield, the late reader of plays, came upon a composer wandering about the corridor of the theater muttering angrily to himself. "Why, what's the matter?" Mr. Brookfield asked. "You look very ferocious."
The composer growled out, "As I was passing along the back of the stage just now I heard one of the scene shifters—the impudence of the fellow!—strutting one of my new songs on the rehearsal piano." "Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Brookfield in astonished and sympathetic tones, "Why don't you get square?" "Get square?" repeated the outraged composer. "How?" "Go and shift some of his scenery!" replied Mr. Brookfield.—London Tatler.

The Living Present

By EUNICE INLAKE

Remnants

By EUNICE INLAKE

Hopesless

By EUNICE INLAKE

Discretion

By EUNICE INLAKE

Goes the Rounds

By EUNICE INLAKE

Plenty of Time

By EUNICE INLAKE

Not One Sided

By EUNICE INLAKE