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APRIL SHOWERS

By SUSANNA MACKIN.

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"Be sure that you take your umbrella, Myra." Mrs. Bennett had come softly into her daughter's room. "It looks like rain," she continued, "and it feels more like the middle of March than it does like the middle of April."

Myra Bennett stood before her mirror, deftly adjusting her new spring hat—a chic flame colored toque. Her black dress of soft clinging stuff had a touch of flame yellow at the neck, wrists and grille; and from her young, well-formed shoulders it hung in simple, girlish lines. A swift side-long glance at her reflection brought a look of approval to her troubled face as she turned from the mirror and slipped into her coat.

"Yes, I'll take an umbrella," she assured her mother.

"And be sure you get something good for your luncheon, Myra," her mother cautioned. "You—you haven't eaten much breakfast—a cup of coffee is nothing for a girl to work on."

"Don't you worry, mother," the girl broke in as she fumbled in her beaded bag. "I'll make up for breakfast—you ought to see how much I eat at noon."

"I'm glad you do, Myra. I hope you're not letting anything trouble you."

Mrs. Bennett returned to the dining room and began to clear away the breakfast dishes.

"I should worry!" Myra Bennett whispered to herself.

Her eyes sought the eyes of a square-jawed young man in a silver frame upon her bureau.

"I should worry!" she repeated as she took the photograph from the frame. "I can stand it if you can," she informed the picture, flinging it into the waste basket. Then she fled from the house.

In the big millinery shop, where Myra designed "fashionable" hats for Madam La Bonte's fashionable client, her fingers fluttered about among the frail straw and gorgeous flowers; and "wonderful creations" were fashioned by her capable fingers but her thoughts were leagues away.

By the magic of thought she had taken herself back to a night in June; to a moonlit beach and John Martin, the scent of the sea, the touch of hands. By this same magic she walked in the future. There was a little white house and a garden of roses—real roses. John Martin walked beside her, and there a child's chubby fingers were clinging to her skirts.

When she had come back from her meanderings the same magical thought told her that she had been dreaming, romancing, and that she had lost—lost John Martin through her own silly nonsense, her unreasonable jealousy.

Myra Bennett was glad when the hour to quit work had come. She had, of late, done her work in a dazed way.

Out in the canyon-like street the rain was pelting against the sidewalk, and, occasionally, a gust of wind slapped the rain into the faces of the passersby.

Myra, her scant skirts clinging to her, made her way to a nearby subway, but just as she had reached the entrance a strong gale struck her and sent her umbrella and her flame-colored hat clashing each other across the street.

Out from a drug store doorway a man darted after them, then another man joined in the chase, and Myra her brown hair wet and disheveled, watched them. Again and again the man that was chasing the hat had his hands almost upon it when, like a flash, the freakish wind carried it off again. She had lost sight of the other man and the umbrella.

"It was a perfectly good silk umbrella," Myra soliloquized; "perhaps the man needed it himself—well, let him keep it, and the hat? The hat must be a wreck."

Myra suddenly became aware that a tall man was holding an umbrella over her. She looked up into a pair of laughing eyes. The man holding her umbrella was hatless, and moisture was streaming down his young, square-jawed face.

"John Martin! Where?" "This only proves, Myra," John Martin interrupted, "that you need me around—especially in a storm."

Fear Costs Rabbit Life.
In killing gray or other rabbits, weasels often run them down, jump upon their backs and inflict the death wound by a bite just back of the ear. Sometimes hunters or others have witnessed these tragedies, and have taken the rabbit for their share—the weasel being in some cases lucky to get off with its life, says the American Forestry Magazine. While the chase is on the rabbit will often give up and, squatting down, commence to squeal in the most pitiful manner until its merciless hunter takes its life. Of course, were the rabbit not so terrified—its heart nearly bursting with fear for its life—it could easily escape, for no weasel living could overtake a rabbit on a stern chase run.

Not the Time for It.
Brown—I'm greatly surprised to hear that you're married.
Brand—Why should you be?
Brown—Because you and I were together last summer at Brighton, and you never once spoke of your wife.
Brand—No man ever mentions his wife when he's on a holiday, does he?
—London Answers.

THE SANDMAN STORY

WHY MR. FOX MOVED

MR. FOX had a great many neighbors and he was anxious to be friendly with them all. He was sly and clever, like all his family; but this time he overdid the matter, as you will see.

Mrs. Squirrel had a new family of little squirrels, and as soon as Mr. Fox heard this, over he went to call on her.

"Oh, what handsome babies!" exclaimed Mr. Fox when he saw the new squirrels. "Your children are the handsomest in the woods; Mrs. Squirrel. You may be sure of that," he told her.

Now, it happened that on his way home he was called in to Mrs. Rabbit's house to see her new babies, and Mr. Fox told her that her children were by far the prettiest he ever had seen; "the very prettiest in the woods," Mrs. Rabbit told her.

The next day Mr. Fox heard that some new little possums had been brought to Mrs. Possum by the stork.



so over ran Mr. Fox to call, "for," said he, "the best way to keep on good terms with my neighbors is to praise the children to their mothers."

He told Mrs. Possum that her children were the prettiest in the woods; and when Mrs. Coon sent for him to

see her new babies Mr. Fox told her the same thing.

Mrs. Porcupine and Mrs. Badger also received a call from Mr. Fox, and were told that no children in the woods could compare with their new babies, so that each mother thought her children the prettiest babies, for not one told to the other the nice things Mr. Fox had said.

All would have gone well with Mr. Fox if Mrs. Squirrel had not been anxious that every one should know that her babies were considered the prettiest and proposed that they should hold a baby show and have Mr. Fox for the judge.

To this, of course, all the mothers agreed, for each one was sure her babies would get the prize.

Mrs. Squirrel frisked over to Mr. Fox's house to tell him the news.

"Of course," she said, "it will be a great disappointment to the others when you tell them that my children are the prettiest, but it cannot be helped. Some one must have the prettiest babies, and any one with half an eye can see that mine are far ahead of all the other wood children."

Mr. Fox smiled a sickly smile when he heard this and said, of course, he would be proud and pleased to be the judge, but as soon as it was dark that night he took his valise—he did not stop for a trunk or his household goods—and out of the woods he went, far away over the hills, and never did he show himself there again.

Well he knew what would happen to him if he went to that baby show and picked out the prettiest babies, and he did not intend to take any such risk.

When Mr. Fox did not show up, Mr. Owl was called upon to judge, but being a very wise bird he told the mothers that he could not see well enough in the daytime to give an honest opinion, and so the mothers went home each sure that her children were the prettiest babies in the world.

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SCHOOL DAYS

I got it! I got it! I got it! I got it! I got it!
Ledge of it — I kid
Threw'er over my head —
In the pig eye
You've got it!
You and no sick
at a thing
What's number
of you —
The Cincinnati Reds was to bat, on the Clinton — de Clinton Bledsoe was pitching in de Paddy Richardson was catching — ask the never used no more — an de Frank Ryan was a-settin on his foot out in center, an ole Lurnar Darnell was shovin behind third, an they's a man on first on the Red socked third an two outs on the Red socked a cannon ball foul ten feet up on the foot out o' third on de Thomer jiss naturally shot out like a Blacksnake after a dragonfly, reached out with his right hook an poked ar down! Gosh, blame I was a-cough a seen that there crowd! Boy!



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Diré Consequences.
She—You liked my cooking well enough just after we were married.
He—I didn't have dyspepsia then.

He Gets It Again.
Cholly—I feel like a fool tonight.
Miss Keen—So glad you've recovered.—Boston Transcript

No Scarcity.
"All the world's a stage."
"Yep, and there's no scarcity of monologue artists."

It Wasn't for an Ice Palace.
"If you've got your building permit, what are you waiting for?"
"A weather permit."

Its Character.
"Here's a bad mistake in that story about the escape of a lot of pigs."
"That was merely a slip of the pen."

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