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Shaw and the Tourist.

George Bernard Shaw recently convulsed an audience by relating a story of a tourist who asked a rustic whether he was on the right track for Stratford-on-Avon. The rustic, somewhat startled, replied: "Come, come," said the tourist encouragingly, "Stratford—Shakespeare's town—Shakespeare, the famous poet, you know. Surely you know Shakespeare?" "Yes," replied the rustic, brightening. "You he?"

176,000,000 Lives Saved.

Superintendent C. F. Culler reports that approximately 176,000,000 fish were rescued from landlocked waters along the Mississippi river during the season which closed November 1.

This work establishes a record in the history of the bureau's operations and serves to illustrate the tremendous mortality to which the river fishes are liable because of physical conditions resulting from freshets—Fisheries Service Bulletin.

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

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However, if you wish first to test this medicine, send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper—Advertisement.

The Critic.

The brilliant Edgar Saltus of unhappy memory sat in his club one afternoon when a widower entered.

The widower, with a deep sigh, sank into a chair, pressed a black-bordered handkerchief to his eyes and groaned:

"I tell you, Saltus, old man, a chap never realizes the full value of his wife till he loses her."

"True, true," said Mr. Saltus, "and especially true if she was insured."

Idle Hours With Statisticians.

It is estimated that a man who reaches the age of eighty years spends two years of his life dressing. No body has the courage to estimate how many of her years a woman devotes to—but, as we were saying, it's a hard winter that has no soft spots.

Theories do very well for the mind, but cornstarch and cabbage is better for the body.

Man is said to be a free moral agent, but there are some married men who are doubters.

Melancholy is sometimes simply obituary.

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The UPPOLE

by Booth Tarkington

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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THE SECRET.

Synopsis—Proud possessor of a palatial place and equipment, the late Uncle Joseph to his nephew, Herbert Hinesworth Atwater, Jr., aged thirteen, the fortunate young man, the North 2nd Daily Oracle, the same age, begins the publication of a full-length newspaper, the North 2nd Daily Oracle. Herbert's small cousin, Florence Atwater, being brought into the enterprise, on account of her intense and natural feminine desire to be a part of the thing, she is not at all backward in saying so. However, a poem she has written is accepted for insertion in the Oracle, on a strictly commercial basis—cash in advance. The poem, which is somewhat of the nature of a love letter, is the result of the inexperienced of the youthful publishers in the Oracle editors. The Sunday following, Florence's particular chum, Patty Fairchild, pays her a visit. She is joined, despite Miss Atwater's openly expressed disapproval, by Herbert Atwater's sister, Henry. Patty is delighted. Florence stays aloof.

PART I—Continued.

At times the noted eyes of Atwater Atwater were gentle, after a short outburst of enthusiasm, especially when Patty felt called upon to improve the two with little courtesies of signs and pushes. Noted for her spiritfulness, she was not a particularly hot person. She was noted for her spiritfulness, she was not a particularly hot person. She was noted for her spiritfulness, she was not a particularly hot person.

"Now I tell you what let's play," the versatile Patty proposed, after exhausting the pleasures of "Geography," "Ghosts," and other tests of intellect. "Let's play 'Truth.' We'll each take a paper and a pencil, and then each of us asks the other some question, and we had to write down the answer and sign your name and fold it up so nobody can see it except that one, and we had to keep it a secret and never tell us long as we live."

"All right," said Henry Rooter. "I'll be the one to ask you a question, Patty."

"No," Herbert said promptly. "I ought to be the one to ask Patty."

"Why ought you?" Henry demanded.

"Listen," Patty cried. "I know the way we'll do. I'll ask each of you a question—we had to whisper it—and each one of you'll ask me one and then we'll write it. That'll be simply grand!" she clapped her hands; then checked herself. "Oh, I guess we can't, either. We haven't got any paper and pencils unless—here she seemed to recall her hostess. "Oh, I guess we can't, either. We haven't got any paper and pencils unless—"

Florence gave no sign other than to increase the loudness of her voice as she sang. "Polly sickening, dear me, let me get my stick-thing!"

For me, Henry produced pencils, and his professional notebooks, and supplied their fair friend and themselves with material for "Truth." Come on, Patty, whisper me whatever you want to."

"No," I ought to have her whisper me first," Henry Rooter objected. "I'll write the answer to any question; I don't care what it's about. I'll write it down, and then you'll ask me the truth, you know," Patty warned them. "We'll all be to write down just exactly the truth on our word of honor and sign our name. Promise?"

"All right," said Henry. "Now I'll whisper Henry a question first, and then you can whisper yours to me first, Herbert."

This seemed to fill all needs happily, and the whispering and writing began. The taste of the piously stinging Florence. She altered all previous opinions of her friend Patty, and when the latter finally closed the session on the steps and announced that she must go home, the hostess declined to accompany her into the house to help her find where she had left her hat and wrap.

"I have the least idea where I took 'em off," Patty declared in the strict manner. "If you won't come with me, Florence, I'll have to tell your mother to get 'em for me."

The two boys stood waiting, having in mind to go with Patty as far as her own gate. "That's a pretty way to speak to company!" Herbert admonished his cousin with heavily marked severity. "Next time you do anything like that I'll march straight in the house and inform your mother of the fact."

Florence said swung her foot and looked dreamily away. She sang, to the air of "Rock of Ages":

"Henry Rooter—Herbert, too—they make me sick—that's what they do!"

However, they were only too well prepared with their annihilating response.

"Oh, say not so, Florence, say not so! Florence, say not so!"

They even sent this same odious refrain back to her from the street, as they departed with their lovely companion; and, so, too, as feminine loyalty, sometimes, under these stresses. Miss Fairchild mingled her sweet, tantalizing young soprano with their changing and cackling falsetto.

"Say not so, Florence! Oh, say not so! Say not so!"

PART TWO

They went satirically down the street, their chummers with one another, but with a certain amount of common derision of the outsider on the porch; and even at a distance they still contrived to make themselves intolerable. The boys, over their shoulders, at intervals, with say-not-so expressions on their faces. Even when these faces were far enough away to be but yellowish oval planes, their say-not-so expressions were still biting as daggers.

Now a northern breeze chilled the air, as the hateful three became indistinguishable in the haze of autumn dusk. Florence stopped swinging her foot, left the rapping, and went morose. "Say not so, Florence. And here it was into the house. And here it was into the house. And here it was into the house."



"Say Not So, Florence! Oh, Say Not So! Say Not So!"

her fortune to make two discoveries arising out of a conversation between her father and mother in the library, where a gossipy fire of soft coal encouraged this proper Sunday afternoon entertainment for man and wife.

"Sit down and rest awhile," said her mother. "I'm afraid you play too hard when Patty and the boys are here. Do sit down quietly and rest yourself a little while."

As Florence obeyed, Mrs. Atwater turned to her husband, saying, "Well, that's what I said. I told Aunt Carrie I thought, he same way about that you did. Of course, nobody ever knows what Julia's going to do next, and she's coming to see us. Ever since she came home from school about four-fifths of all the young men in town have been wild about her—and so every old bachelor, for the matter of that."

"Yes," Mr. Atwater added. "Every old widower, too."

His wife warmly accepted the amendment. "And every old widower, too," she said, nodding. "Butter! And of course Julia's done exactly as she pleased about everything, and naturally she's going to do as she pleases about this."

"Well, of course, it is her own affair. Mollie," Mr. Atwater said, mildly. "She couldn't be expected to consult the whole Atwater family connection before—"

"Oh, no," she agreed. "I don't say she could. Still, it is rather strange, when one of the family has ever seen him—never heard his very name before."

"Well, that part of it isn't especially strange, Mollie—when he was born and brought up in a town three hundred miles from here. I don't see just how, we could have heard his name—unless he visited here, or got into the papers in some way."

"Her poor father," his wife repeated, commiseratingly.

"Why, Mollie, I don't see that father's especially to be pitied."

"Didn't you?" said Mrs. Atwater.

"The old man, to live to live in that kind of a life, except a few negro slaves, just—"

"Why, no! About half the houses in the neighborhood, up and down the street, are fully occupied by close relatives of his! I don't think he'll be really as lonely as he seems to be. And he's often said he'd give a great deal if Julia had been a son, an unpopular girl. I'm strongly of your opinion, myself, that he'll be pleased about this. Of course I may upset him a little, just at first."

"Yes, I think I will!" Mrs. Atwater spoke her head forebodingly. "And he isn't the only one it's going to upset?"

"He isn't," her husband admitted, seriously. "That's always been the trouble with Julia; she never could bear to seem disappointing; and, so, of course, I suppose every one of 'em had a special idea that he'd be really about the best of the best with her."

"Every last one of 'em was positive of it," said Mrs. Atwater. "That was Julia's way with 'em!"

"Yes, Julia's always been much too heart-broken for other people's good!"

Thus Mr. Atwater summed up—and he was Julia's brother. Additionally, since he was the older, he had known her since her birth.

"If I ask me," said his wife. "I'll really be surprised if it all goes through without a suicide."

"Oh, not quite suicide, perhaps," Mr. Atwater protested. "I'm glad it's a dry state, though. She failed to fathom his simple meaning."

"Well, some of 'em might feel that desperate at last," he explained. "Prohibition's a safeguard for the disappointed in love."

This phrase, and a previous one stirred Florence, who had been sitting quietly, according to request, and "resting"; but not resting her curiosity. "Who's disappointed in love, papa?" she inquired with an eager expression, which slightly startled her preoccupied parents. "What is all this about Aunt Julia, and Grandpa going to live alone, and people committing suicide and prohibition and everything?"

"Nothing," Mr. Atwater said. "I'm afraid you're asking me a lot of questions about the family. What is it?"

She pointed to the door, which would be interesting to little Julia, Florence. Merely some family matters."

"My goodness," Florence exclaimed. "I'm not a 'little girl' any more, papa! You're always forgetting my age! And you're always forgetting I belong to the family. I guess, about as much as anybody else, don't you?"

"I don't care how old I am," said Mrs. Atwater. "If you don't like it, you can go and live with your father. I'm really nothing you'd care a jot one way or the other," he said.

"Well, I'd care about it if it's a secret," Florence insisted. "It's a secret I'd want to know whatever it's about."

"Oh, it isn't a secret, particularly. I suppose. At least, it's not to be made public for a time; it's only to be known in the family."

"Well, didn't I just prove I'm as much one of the family as—"

"Not a word!" her father said scoldingly. "I don't suppose there's any harm in your knowing it—if you won't tell it to anybody else. Your aunt Julia has just written us that she's engaged."

Mrs. Atwater uttered an exclamation, but she was too late to check him.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I'm afraid you oughtn't to have told Florence. She isn't just the most discreet—"

"Pshaw!" he laughed. "She certainly is one of the family, however, and Julia wrote that all of the family might be told. You'll not speak of it outside the family, will you, Florence?"

But Florence was not yet able to speak of it, even inside the family—so surprising, sometimes, are parents' theories of what will not interest their children. She sat staring, her mouth open, her throat clogged, and in the uncertain illumination of the room the symptoms of her emotional condition were unobscured.

Aha! Fortune throws to Miss Atwater a sure instrument of revenge!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Changing Fashions in Hats. During the last 800 years there have been more changes in hat fashions than in any other part of men's attire.

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Music in Common Noises.

Camille Saint-Saens, the French composer, best known for his opera, "Samson and Delilah," heard music in the commonest noises when a child. He would plant himself in front of a clock to hear "it" strike. Seated on a small stool before the fire he used to wait for the tea-kettle to sing.

In a book of recollections, Saint-Saens says that his friend, Pasteur, the great bacteriologist, was the object of public wrath when he first announced his new treatment for disease. A mass meeting was held to protest against his serum discoveries, at which an eminent man said: "Scientific questions should be settled by the people."

Operations on Old Men.

The venerable Dr. Beverly Robinson, in a letter to the Medical Record (New York), protests against some of the operations which are performed nowadays on elderly persons, whom there is scarcely a chance of saving. Too many of these are done, he says, and the result is only increased discomfort to the patient.

Speed of Glaciers.

Studying Alaskan glaciers, Prof. W. S. Cooper finds that Muir glacier has receded 60 miles in the last 127 years.

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