

MAY DAY

long I can't be without it. And as for this being a law-abiding state,—well sometimes it is, and then again, sometimes it ain't." And a few minutes later he was only a cloud of dust to the man on the porch.

Tom had finished his business and was on the way home in the afternoon two days later when he came upon a man and a horse standing by the roadside. The man, who was bending over the horse's foot, was well dressed, but the animal was most sorry looking. Tom noticed a small black leather satchel strapped to the saddle. The ranchman stopped and asked what the trouble was, to which the stranger replied that he had hired the horse at a livery stable in San Antonio and now it seemed to have something the matter with its foot.

Tom examined the foot and then said: "I reckon we'd better take him over to the Dry Creek ranch about a mile from here and they'll return him to the stable. Where were you heading for?"

"Martinsville," was the reply.

"Well," said Tom, "that's only about ten miles south of my ranch. I might as well take you over there, especially as I'd like to see an old friend of mine who lives there."

And thus it was arranged, the horse was disposed of, and Tom and the stranger, who said his name was Jones, continued on their way, the latter carefully taking along his black satchel, on which he always kept a watchful eye. But the "trusty steed" did not prove trusty and ran very badly, so that frequent halts had to be made for repairs.

"I judge," remarked Tom during one of the intervals of smooth running, "that you're not particularly acquainted with these parts?"

"No," admitted the stranger, "I'm not."

"You know Martinsville is about the nearest place hereabouts to the border. Better look out some of the greasers don't come over and take a shot at you."

Mr. Jones laughed. "I'll take a chance," he said. "I have to go down to see about a question of some land, you know."

At this point the engine broke down again, and Tom, declaring they wouldn't get home in time for breakfast, set to work to fix it. He had a difficult job, and when it was finally finished, the evening glow had passed and darkness was fast setting in. Tom took stock of their surroundings.

"Well," he said, "we're a long ways from Tipperary and I guess we better spend the night here."

Mr. Jones seemed rather bothered by the delay and said it was imperative for him to get to Martinsville as soon as possible, but Tom promised to land him there early the next morning. Then he got a few canned provisions from the machine and set about preparing supper. The stranger helped to the best of his ability and they had soon finished a hearty meal. Then Mr. Jones washed his hands and opened the black satchel to pull out a towel. As he did so, a small leather case of papers, apparently hurriedly fastened, slipped out.

Tom picked it up to return it to its owner. "Nice case that," he said, "but you'd better fasten it more carefully or you'll lose all your papers."

But Jones seemed concerned only in getting it quickly back into the satchel, at the same time murmuring something about pertaining to the land question.

Tom noticed that a few papers were lying loose in the satchel, but said nothing more. Then both rolled themselves up in blankets and went to sleep, Jones with the satchel for pillow.

Tom was first up the next morning and began preparations for starting, without waking the other. As he rolled up his blanket, he noticed a sheet of paper lying on the ground.

"Looks like one of those papers of Jones'," he thought, picking it up and glancing at it idly. Then its queer appearance struck him. "Doesn't look like any language I ever saw," he said to himself. "Looks more like one of them codes." He examined it closely, then looked at the stranger, and finally put it in his pocket.

They arrived at Tom's ranch in time to be welcomed by Bill to a hasty breakfast, and Tom and Bill had a short but very important talk just before the latter set out again. The machine had scarcely disappeared from view when Bill mounted his horse and set off at top speed in the direction of the Mexican border.

Tom's machine had an even worse time of it than on the day before. Stops had to be made every few minutes, while Jones became obviously more and more anxious. But at last they reached Martinsville. Tom headed straight for the railroad station. Bill sat astride his horse in front of the little building and on the platform stood two men, quite ordinary looking, but to the experienced eye their appearance quite shouted that they were plain-clothes men. At sight of them Jones turned swiftly toward Tom, at the same time putting his hand on the door of the machine, only to find himself face to face with Tom's revolver.

"That's all right, my friend," said the latter. "Just sit still there. And you needn't make no motion toward your hip pocket."

Jones was safely handed over to the secret service agents, who explained that he was a German agent escaping into Mexico. They had been on his track, but he had given them the slip at San Antonio.

When this business was accomplished, Bill came over to his partner. "Some little day's work," he remarked, joyfully.

"Yes," said Tom, putting back the revolver which he had all the time held in his hand. "As I believe I've remarked before, there are times when this state is real law-abiding; also there's times, much too frequent, when it ain't."

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Vernon Grey sat on his cot in his cell, thinking of the past. He recalled the pretty little orphan girl that he had married; of their first quarrel, for which she had taken the blame when it had been his fault; and of the Van Pelt fire, for which he had been sent to prison on circumstantial evidence. His poor little wife had pleaded his innocence, but all the evidence had been against him. Jim Harrison had sworn that he had seen Grey coming from an alley, back of the Van Pelt building, ten minutes before the fire.

In his loneliness and despair he longed for his wife. "Oh, if she could come for only a moment tonight, I could sleep a peaceful sleep. My poor little Velerie! she has little left for her support. Tonight my first night, and I have five years of them. God, be merciful to her."

Six months had passed when Grey was called to the warden's office. He hastily read the telegram and, hardly noticing the warden's congratulations, he said, half to himself, half to the warden, "The father of a son and serving time. Poor boy! Poor dear little girl!"

Three days later the warden sent for him again. "Grey, your wife is very ill and has asked to see you. Tomorrow morning Elkins will take you to Berkeley. I have given the barber orders to shave you, but not to shave your hair."

Grey felt the warden grip his hand in a man-to-man shake, and with a glance into his eyes Grey knew that the warden understood.

The next evening Grey was with his wife. In the two days they remained in Berkeley Grey noticed how much his presence cheered her. With deep regret he finally left her.

As he boarded the train a desire to break away from his guard possessed him. But he remembered Velerie and faced the serving of the remainder of his term. Grey and his guard sat in the smoker behind two elderly gentlemen who were reading the morning papers,

Presently the stout man said to the thin man, "Too bad that the new Physicians' Building was burned so soon. Hardly finished. There surely was some culprit, bah! some demon, behind that work."

"Yes, I am of the same opinion," returned the thin man.

"Bently said there are some side issues, too. I think (of course this must be confidential) I am of the opinion that the detectives are hot on the trail, but are saying nothing."

"Yes, yes!" said the thin man as he glanced up from the war news.

At a small station three men boarded the train. One of them sat four seats in front of Grey and his guard. The other men sat together across the aisle from Grey. Grey was reading a newspaper when he noticed one of the men go to the front of the car for a drink. A few moments later confusion near the drinking tank caused him to look up. The man who had been sitting alone was standing. Grey heard him say, "I beg your pardon," to the man who had gone for the drink.

"We ain't grantin' pardons to sich people as is the like of you," said the detective.

As the detective brought his protesting prisoner down the aisle Grey stared into the face—of his own double! The man was on the point of confessing his own guilt when his eyes met Grey's.

"That man did it," he exclaimed as he pointed at the guarded man. "See, you've made a mistake!"

The guard grinned and showed his badge.

"What for?" questioned the guilty one.

"Arson. Circumstantial evidence," was the guard's curt reply.

Four days later Grey again embraced his wife. "Velerie, dear, I'm free! I'm free! And the papers, read them," he cried.

She read every word in his "papers" and then glanced at the big headline in the newspaper, "Innocent Man Freed."

There was a moment's silence as his arms held her. Then as she fingered the lapel of his coat her black lashes lifted and she said, "I've named the baby Vernon."

BYE-BYE NEWS



NEXT!!



LAUGH



AND
LIVE

"What is your first name?"

"Clark."

"And your last name?"

"Alice."

"Why, you mean the reverse."

"No, I took the name of Clark the day I was born and I was named Alice three months later."

Doctor—This is a very sad case, sir; very sad, indeed. I much regret to tell you that your wife's mind is gone—completely gone.

Peck—I'm not one bit surprised. She's been giving me a piece of it every day for the last fifteen years."

A Serious Parody

Knitters to the right of me,
Knitters to the left of me,
Knitters in front of me,
Drop stitch and blunder.

On to the "German fall,"
On to the "Peace for all,"
Knitting for the soldiers
Who fight in the cause.

Blizzard to right of them,
Snow storms to left of them,
Cold winds in front of them,
Whistle and thunder.

Oh! but the sweaters warm,
Keep them from wind and storm.
On with the knitting, girls,
Stop not to wonder.

—S. P. H. S.

First Hod Carrier—So poor Bill has gone, has he? How did he die?

Second Hod Carrier—Three tons of cement fell on his chest.

First Hod Carrier—Poor fellow! He always was weak there!

"Good morning! I came to tune your piano."

"Piano? But I didn't send for you."

"No, ma'am, but the neighbors said I ought to call."

Codfish—Split my gills, you're looking happy this wet day.

Salmon—Why shouldn't I be? Mrs. Salmon presented me with 4,562,943 children this morning.

Down and Up

Jane is quite poor, John owes the town,
May's rich and Jim's a wealthy pup;
So Jim wed Jane to settle down,
And John wed May to settle up.

(A college chap in love with home town girl.)
First week—My own dearest darling duck, sweet little bunch of love.
Second week—My ownest dear longed for pet.
Third week—My honebunch little girl.
Fourth week—My dearest Hazel.
Fifth week—My dear Haze.
Sixth week—Dear Hazel.
Seventh week—Dear Miss Nutt.
Eighth week—You poor Nutt.

Van Loan—I want to borrow a suit to go out on a party with.
To Loan—Full dress or otherwise?
Van Loan—Otherwise. It'll be full enough when I come back.

Easiest

Mr. A.: "So your doctor ordered you to give up smoking, drinking and late hours. You'll have to change your entire mode of living, won't you?"
Mr. B.: "Not much, I won't! I'll change doctors."

Contempt—Man, man! Who blacked your eye, and broke your nose, and put your arm in a sling?
Exempt (sufferingly)—I married one of those war brides.

Saleslady—Don't you want a talking machine in your home?
He—This is so sudden.

She—My husband is very indulgent.
Neighbor—Yes, so I've noticed nearly every night.

Papa—Daughter, daughter, hasn't that young man gone yet?
Daughter—No, father, but I've got him going.

Lady—I'd like to see a dog collar, please.
Clerk—Excuse me, madam, what size shirt does he wear?

He—What do you say to a tramp in Oak Park?
She—Gracious! I'd never speak to the horrid thing.

A man may have short hair, but a woman can always upbraid him.

There are meters of accent,
And meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone.

There are letters of accent
And letters of tone,
But the best of all letters
Is to (figure it out for yourself).

Stella—Girls' dresses are becoming shorter.

Fella—Yes, and the shorter the more becoming.

She—Did you see that girl with the purple veil and the striped stockings?

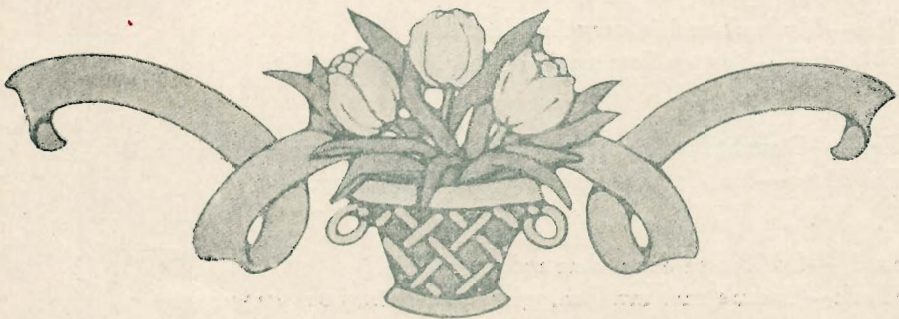
He—Oh, did she have a purple veil?

"They say she has been declining for years."

"Never knew she was asked."

Mabel—They say the moon is a dead body.

George—Let's sit up with the corpse.



Fixis...