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Misleading Muriel.

Muriel Mudsplasher was a queer girl, but the other day she received a proposal of marriage from a man whom she had always regarded as a brother rather than a lover.

"Muriel," he began, "you know I have always turned to you, that I have always thought of you. May I—that is—would you—er—oh, hang it, Muriel, will you be my wife?"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Muriel. "What a start you gave me, George. At first I thought you were trying to borrow some money."

The Real Damage.

The Policeman (after the examination of the victim of motor accident, to motorist)—"This is goin' to be serious for you. You've broken his arm, cut his head, sprained his ankle, bruised—"

The Motorist—"Yes, that's all very well, but have you seen what he's done to my car?"

Not So Serious.

Young M'Nab was worried.

"I'm feart I've made an awfu' mistake," he confided to M'Pherson. "I've got engaged tae a lass in Auchtermuchty, an' noo I hear she's a terrible flirt an' has been kissed by every man in the toon."

"Ah, weel," said M'Pherson, comfortingly, "Auchtermuchty's no sae verra big a place after a'!"

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Write Your Own Ticket.

Write your own ticket, young fellow, and state
Your name and address, your birth and the date.
How far would you travel, what sights would you see?
What is it you're anxious to do and to be?
Life's roads are all open! Which one will you use?
Here are all sorts of stations,
Come, step up and choose!

Write your own ticket! State plainly your dream;
Will you drift with the current, or paddle up stream?
Fair name or shady, good habits or bad,
Step up and pick them. They're here to be had.
Where would you be when you're fifty, let's say?
Tell us that now, and get started today!

Write your own ticket! There's none to deny
Your right to whatever you're willing to try.
Where are you going to? What is your plan?
Would you be known as a fool or a man?
Life still has much for its stout hearts to do.
Which task will you tackle? It's all up to you.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Resignation.

Trouble is part of the common lot. The sacred writer averred that man was born to it as inevitably as "the sparks fly upward." Nevertheless, I hold that it is a big mistake to regard life as a troublous sea with which we are doomed to battle without cessation.

There is much respite in life, many "havens under the hill" in which one can find peace and rest.

Of all these sure havens, the surest, and the most calm and restful, is the haven of resignation. That word does not mean just "taking things lying down." It means, rather, facig things serenely, standing squarely upon two feet.

Trouble may be inevitable; but its effect upon nerve and heart and will depneds almost wholly upon the manner in which it is met, the spirit in which it is endured, the courage with which it is faced.

Trouble may weaken, but it may also strengthen. The sturdiest oak of all its neighbors is usually the one exposed the most to the storm. That is the thought Longfellow expresses when he says:—

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

That is true resignation—"to suffer and be strong." It is fighting patience, it is calm determination, which cannot be baffled, to win joy and inspiration and hope from life, dispite its many discouragements and disillusionments.

When the hero of Bunyan's allegory was flung down by Apollyon, and his sword fell from his hand, he did not give up. The field thought he had the pilgrim of life at his mercy. But the man, though prostrate, was not beaten—though "down," was not "out." He stretched out his hand, clutched his sword again, and crying: "I fall; but I rise again!" sprang to his feet and put the fiend to flight.

We all have to be "up and doing, with a heart for any fate," if we would win through life. Resignation, then, is not the whining cry of the weakling, the folded hands of the conquered. On the contrary, resignation defies all "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" by refusing to be slain by them; it is the spirit that smiles even in the face of death, and says: "Be of good cheer; while there's life there's hope!"

Yes, it plucks the fruit of courage from the tree of despair, and finds flowers or hope growing on the margin of life's roughest roads. It believes in the happy endings of the most sombre volumes of experience.

Sense of Value.

The teacher had been telling the children about the various human faculties for hearing, seeing, etc., and how they frequently testified erroneously. Having finished, she asked the class, "Now, what are the five senses for?"

Little Marilyn, aged six, replied: "To buy th' ice cream cone with."

Long Trip by Motor.

Intending to make the whole of the 3,000 miles journey by motor car, Mr. Lawrence Braber has set off from Manchester to Calcutta.

Minard's Liniment for Colds.

THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Cont'd.)

"Do you feel better, Dick?" Ken bent over him and pulled a great coat closer about him.

"Yes. Gee! But I was glad it was you fellows coming along—not the others." He nodded toward the departing "Scooter." He seemed to have a horror of them after the treatment they had given him. "I was afraid they were going to get me back after all. And what they would have done to me!"

"Oh, boy!" exclaimed Ken. "Dick, won't your mother be glad when she sees you again!"

"Won't I be glad to see her? How is she? And Vira?" Dick was fast recovering, but his teeth chattered between still blue lips. "I knew you'd help me, Ken, old scout. . . . But I never expected you'd come down out of the sky to do it! . . . Say, I'm hungry!"

It was then that I knew Dick was all right. When a boy begins to think of his stomach he is not badly off. I had known Dick and Ken to make cruises up and down the Sound and come back with not a word to tell save of the food here and the eats there—and the swordfish they regaled themselves on at Block Island.

"Down, Laddie! Stop rocking the boat!" adjured Ken to the dog. "Yes, Dick. Wait till I get you home, hot cakes and maple syrup even if it's not winter—and me across the table counting how many you eat, old scout!"

It was an alluring picture and I think it did something that only real food might have been expected to do. It seemed to put them normal. Dick was better for the mere conversation about eating.

Easton and Craig had been dividing their attention between the boy and the "Scooter," which seemed to have seven-league boots on, so fast was she putting the trackless ocean between us and her.

They had left Dick to Ken and me for the last few moments and now and again Easton had been adjusting and testing out something in his fuselage.

Dick was feeling better every minute. Now he raised his head and looked about. It showed his resiliency that he should have thought of anything except his own recovery.

"Oh, Uncle Craig—Easton—don't let them get away!" he cried.

Now the tables were turned. Once he had been ready to undergo any peril to get away from the "Scooter." Now he was ready to push even his slowly returning strength to get back to it.

"Why, if they get away we have FAILED!" he cried.

I could not help smiling. The boy had it in him. To us the main quest had been Dick. To him it was the capture of the criminals.

"Yes," urged Ken. "We've got to land that Radio Gang!"

There was the "Scooter." Far out to sea it was, plunging ahead at a great rate. How were we to stop it? How get it? The "Scooter" was defiant to the last. And these boys amused me. What did they think we were going to do? If we got to it, might it not be like the man who had caught the bear by the tail—afraid to let go, lest the bear turn on him?

On the "Scooter" there was every preparation going on for a fight, for they knew that we were not going to let them get away without putting up some kind of scrap. One would have thought it was a floating arsenal to see the guns and automatics that this villainous crew were bringing forth—even murderous looking knives and blackjacks. If it came to a tussle close-handed and we attempted to board them, they were determined to sell their lives dear. Had they not suddenly had snatched away from them their prize, little Dick Gerard, with whose very life they had expected to negotiate with us for safety and the loot of their robberies?

The muffled skipper was issuing orders and it was easy to see how he kept control of them. He was resourceful. Never an emergency which would have floored their sodden brains but that he had a plan and a clever energetic means of meeting the crisis. Now they were obeying him with an alacrity that almost amounted to worship.

"Here, Kennedy!" Easton was keyed up like a thoroughbred nervous hunter. "Take these controls! I'll take the radioplane!"

"That's the stuff, Easton! All right! Turn the 'Sea Scout' over to me!"

Kennedy seized the other of the double set of controls.

"Now—go to it—and get them!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE RADIOPLANE.

Easton Evans was at work over a peculiarly marked switchboard. Kennedy was guiding the "Sea Scout" as she rose from the water again, shaking off the salt spray like a huge sea bird preparing to rise and swoop down on some luscious fish that it might see swimming near the surface.

Ken, Dick and myself huddled there in our narrow space with Laddie in the stern, leaned forward eagerly watching every move of Easton and Kennedy.

"What is it?" asked Ken.

I did not expect Evans to answer. But it seemed to relieve his tension to use his lips as he worked feverishly, testing out a connection here, making it more certain there.

"This is one of the newest of sciences—telautomatics," he muttered above the wind rush.

"Tel—auto—matics." The syllable of the word came back from Ken.

"Self moving at a distance." Easton was nodding. "I sit here safely turning switches, pressing buttons. Miles away, perhaps, an automobile, a boat, a submarine, a torpedo, an airplane obeys me as if I were in it!"

Ken turned to Dick. It was an idea that fascinated them. They had read about such things. "Oh, Dick! Wireless control!"

"That's it." Easton was pleased to have a mind as quick of Ken's to grasp things. It was why he had wanted him as patrol leader. He pointed overhead to the affair that we were carrying which had interested Ken vastly from the very moment when we rose over the quiet waters of the harbor at Rockledge.

"That's the real, active end of it, up there, the radioplane."

Though the conversation was between the boys and Easton, I was as deeply interested in it as they. Their questions were much the same questions that I would have asked. I had been very much intrigued by the secret activity of Craig and Easton that summer out at Rockledge and, while I had not been taken into their confidence, I knew by their very secrecy that something big was afoot. So this was it, and it was going to be put to the test now.

There flashed through my mind as I listened to these boys—for Easton was still not much more than a boy—what a difference there was in this generation and the past. In my day we had been much interested in things that had engaged boys for gene ations. Boys still were boys and interested in them. But there had been an expansion of life to them. Life was so full of a number of things now that fascinated boys. Here was this very radio with which our present adventure was concerned. It was a toy for the boy as well as the most recent of sciences. And what a toy! Surely the present generation, the Kens and Dicks, and Eastons was a wonderful generation, the most wonderful that ever lived—provided we, the Kennedys, the Adamses, the Gerards, the Jamesons, measured up to our mark and made them so. We had just seen an example of the other side—the Hawkinses, and Hank. We were going to see other products of those on the wrong road. There was no use blaming the young folks for things that were wrong—no use blaming society or modern conditions—when it was strictly up to us, the older generation. We could not pass the buck.

This was no time for moralizing. Ken and Dick saw to that, with their rapid fire of questions, questions that even taxed Easton to answer.

"It may carry enough TNT, for instance, this radioplane," he was saying, "to blow anything to kingdom come. Yet it obeys my will—goes where I direct it—explodes only when I explode it—wipes off the face of the earth, anything I want annihilated!"

The boys were as fascinated as I was, as Easton said that. Here was a modern miracle of science, a thing that was going to give a new twist to the next war, revolutionize life.

Kennedy was flying the "Sea Scout" low now, and slowing up a bit, for it seemed that he had covered the intervening space between us and the "Scooter" in a matter of seconds.

"Come down to the water!" Easton directed.

Kennedy depressed the "Sea Scout." We taxied along. The "Scooter" changed her course, zig-zagging, as if that might make it more difficult. Little did they realize what was in store for them.

Easton swung a switch of his radio-control apparatus. A little "tell-tale" light, as it was called, gleamed overhead. He swung another switch. Another signal changed. That was testing it out. The first had been, as it were, a signal to get ready.

"Go!"

Easton put in words the second impulse. The little propeller of the radioplane spun.

He pressed a third switch. The radioplane took off from its nest overhead, not like a bird as the "Sea Scout," the mother ship to it, did when she started. It was like a bolt from the blue.

It was a long, torpedo-like thing of aluminum with wings and pontoons just like the big plane in which we were, only in miniature.

It was flying like a hornet, only we could not hear it buzz above the noise which we ourselves were making.

Easton pressed another lever.

The radioplane changed its course. Easton was leaning forward, himself spell-bound. It was as if he were Jove hurling the thunderbolts from his young hand.

"I can sit here and send my little David anywhere to strike down Goliath!"

We were moving as Kennedy directed us in unison with the "Scooter," following it up. The "Scooter" was trying to escape us. Now it had something else to escape, something unescapable. Again the "Scooter" zig-zagged its course.

Easton pulled a lever. A light flashed back showing that the impulse had been given and received and obeyed instantaneously. The radioplane changed its course correspondingly.

"I send a boy the radio impulse, to do a man's work—the work done by the motor power released by the boy!" Easton laughed joyously at the thing, as he played with the telautomatic torpedo.

On it flew, relentlessly, on. Nearer—right at the "Scooter."

The skipper on the "Scooter" was terror-stricken. He knew what he was up against. Impotently, in rage, he pulled a gun, fired twice, three times at the THING.

On it came!

I was waiting momentarily for the explosion.

The skipper waved, gave orders.

"He's surrendering!" cried Ken.

Easton touched another lever—just in time.

The radioplane circled the "Scooter," deflected, and started back to us. On the hydroaeroplane Easton, pulling levers, controlled the coming back of the radioplane as Kennedy taxied nearer and nearer the "Scooter."

Having given orders to surrender, the skipper, muffled, turned and went below.

Easton managed to regain the radioplane and replace it where it could be sent off immediately again.

Kennedy brought up, close to the "Scooter." He called for a rope, and a sailor, covered by Craig's gun, passed one to us.

Then, with guns drawn, we swarmed aboard, Craig first, then myself, Easton, and the boys.

The first thing was to line up this sullen crew and disarm them. Such a collection of gats and knives I had never seen as was laid out there on the deck. Then Craig ordered all hands forward, while we stayed aft on guard over the miniature arsenal we had relieved them of.

Hastily now Craig ran over the sullen faces of the men. It did not satisfy him. There was one missing. Easton and I had them covered, and even Ken and Dick joined in doing so.

(To be concluded.)

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Human nature presents few more interesting studies than the criminal tribes of India, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine. They number about a million and live entirely by organized crime.

Roaming the length and breadth of the country, they prey upon native and British society alike, with a cleverness that is almost uncanny. Quite uneducated, they are nevertheless the most ingenious ad resourceful rogues in the world, so much so that all the forces of law and order are incapable of curbing their activities.

The "crims," as they are called, consist of different sects or castes, who form themselves into tribes, villages, or clans each sect pursuing its own type of crime. There is a sect, for instance, which is addicted solely to housebreaking; another whose members are coiners; and neither would ever dream of encroaching upon the province of another tribe or clan whose special forte might be picking pockets.

The members of one tribe devote their time exclusively to jewel robberies in railway trains, carrying out their thefts with almost inhuman stealth and dexterity. Again, many of the sects will on no account commit violence; others, on the contrary, do not hesitate to murder. Some rob only at night; others only during the day. These eccentricities of conduct are so strictly observed that they have assumed the nature of rites, and are adhered to most religiously.

Thoughtless of Him.

Mrs. Newwed—"What's this thing, dear?"

Newwed — "It's a pawn ticket, honey."

Mrs. Newwed—"Why didn't you get two, so we could both go?"

Strenuous.

"What makes you so tired?"

"I dreamed all night that I was waiting in line to get tickets for a football game."

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Worse.

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"No, but I often get stuck in a garage."

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