



dog soldier, if I ever saw one. Of course, on such short notice I'm not actually prepared to say he was crooked, but I'll bet he could digest a pretzel

a heap sight easier than a cheese straw.

"And pretty soon I gathered that he was trying to induce Young Prince Charming to look favorably on one of those scrap-iron invalids that is always vacillating between walking typhoid and creeping paralysis, and is sometimes called a 'motor car' by the unthinking. So I knew my preliminary diagnosis was correct.

"I felt it was up to me to take our Young Friend in hand and give him some real fountainhead information with the dewy spray still on it. I bade him come to my knee, and when he came I poured horse-sense into him until he must have felt like a measure of oats.

"'Son,' says I to him, 'if it is your desire to do most of your riding standing still, far be it from me to interfere with your simple pleasures. Only you'll