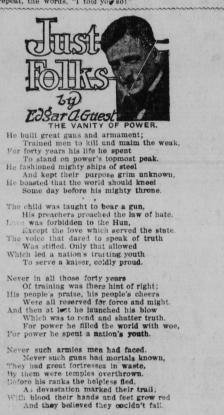


tient, however, and after a priced them all he will be in

RIPPLING RHYMES By WALT MASON.

I told you, Wilhelm, how 'twould be, when you unsheathed your snickersnee, and said you'd rule the world; I said that any bonehead kind who tried to pull so cearse a thing, would from his throne be hurled. And now your splendors all are gone, your crown and acepter are in pawn, no homage do you know; and while, distressed, you walk the floor, I whisper at your bedroom door, "Oh, Bill! I told you so!" Your German Gott, to whom you cail, has turned your picture to the wall, the has great, crushing blow; and while your fingerails you chew. I whisper softly down the flue, "Oh, Bill! I told you so!" Your wished to set Time marching back along a dark and dismal track to feudalism's age; you'd have the world no longer see the institutions of the free, in your blind, vandal rage. I told you 'twas too big a stant for one anointed Prussian runt and tried to stary your hand; but you laughed all my words to scorn and blew a blast upon your horn, and strated to beat the band. And now you go your path alone; you have no scopter and no throne, no courtiers bending low; and while you dream of seas of gore. I'm at the keyhole of your door, to say. "I told you so!" You'll hear me when the midnight rain is streaming down the window pane, and when the breezes blow; oh, when you sleep and when you eat, you'll hear me evermore repeat, the words, "I told you so!"



For forty years he'd builded might. In less than five he came to know That none shall ever conquer right, However well he plans the blow



what had he read? And then Even an I-and You?

ments are constructed. convincing. "They might be," he said, the things he was trying to dig were things they don't believe a The trouble with him is that h never looked into the matter doesn't really know anything on the basis of that and of a sm he had once read (also writ-me years ago) he presumed to the writer. \ t that absurd? ever looked cesn't really acir creed."

The Most Popular Subject of All.

Indge the writer. Isn't that absurd? And yot isn't it usual? Thave been in the habit of saying that I didn't care much for a certain humorist who is considered by the majority among America's best. By virtue of the flucturations in happond to get interested in an article written by him in one of the monthly maga-sines and found myself laughing sines and found myself laughing aloud,—that supreme tribute of the honesty I acked myself what I had based my projudice upon. And though I had read articles by him will be cue of the minor biesen they were so far in the past that I preace. **DULT COOK**

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