

BABS IN THE CITY
By ARMIGER BARCLAY

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"Well, how did you like the city, Babs?" asked the admiral.

Babs perched on a high stool in front of the tape-machine, ceased pulling the paper ribbon through her fingers and looked up.

"I'm wavered," says she. "It's the quotations. I never was good at awfmetric."

"Oh, the quotations! They are puzzling when you're not used to them, agrees the admiral.

"I never shall be," admits Babs. "I never could learn the multiplication table. When people say eight times nine's fifty-four, how can you tell it's two?"

The admiral ponders the indictment before he answers. "Your illustration certainly does place arithmetic in a new light. All the same, business would be rather dull on the stock exchange without it. Eh, Mr. Hands?"

Babs throws a glance over her shoulder at the stock broker. "If fings go up free points how much would I make on a fousand?" she asks him.

The question took him by surprise. He had been regarding the earl's small daughter with great interest, but hardly as a potential dealer.

"It depends, Lady Barbara," he smiles. "Depends whether it's stock or shares."

"I was finkin' of Mexicans—second prefs," observes Babs, sagely.

It is as much as Mr. Hands can do to answer. "A rise of three points on a thousand Mexicans means £30 profit," he stammers.

"Fanks," says Babs, and becomes immersed in the tape once more.

People who meet Babs for the first time are usually bewildered by her baby-like perspicuity, and the stock broker is no exception to the rule. The admiral evades his glances of stupefaction by addressing Babs.

"What is the trouble, little lady?" he asks, leaning over her chair.

"Nofin'; I'm wavered busy," she answers without moving her eyes from the tape.

The admiral dutifully moves away and rejoins the earl and Mrs. Fane, who are now in consultation with Mr. Hands. Mrs. Fane has certain investments to make, and the earl, her



The Men Come and Stand Over Her, Watching the Ribbon.

trustee, has accompanied her into the city. For reasons not yet apparent, Babs has insisted on being of the party, and persuaded the admiral to make it a partie carree.

While the tape machine ticks and jerks under the regard of her big blue eyes, the others go into the merits of Japanese fours, colonial government securities and English rails, and in due course Mrs. Fane's business is disposed of.

"We may as well have a flutter, now we're here," suggests the earl to his sartor friend.

The admiral concurs with a nod. "What would you advise?" he asks the stock broker.

"Grand Trunks and Hudson Bay are looking up," answers Mr. Hands impartially.

"You'd much better stand in wiv me," murmurs Babs from the other end of the room.

Mr. Hands sits up with a start, then turns an inquiring face to his clients.

"What is it, Babs?" asks the admiral. "I didn't know you were an authority on stock exchange transactions."

"I'm perfectly serious," insists Babs. "If you want to earn your winter's corn, buy Mexican second prefs."

Mr. Hands, through his pine-needles, eyes her in a fascinated way, but feels compelled to dissent. "The very last thing to touch. No dividend expected, you know," he observes in an un-dertone to the earl.

"I know it's not expected," returns Babs, whose sharp ears have caught the words. "But there's goin' to be a dividend, all ve same. It's a stable secret."

"My dear child!" reproves Mrs. Fane, fearful of the stock broker taking offense. "How can you know anything about it?"

"Oh, I know it for a couple of fornings. I had it stwait from the Belsteins."

"Belsteins?" repeats Mrs. Fane. "I never heard of them. Babs does get to know the strangest people!"

"Belstein!" exclaims Mr. Hands with sudden interest. "He's the leading operator in the Mexican market!"

"Where did you pick them up, Babs?" inquires her father.

"I didn't. They picked me up in the park one day, and took me for a ride in their motor car. It's a Cantilever, and mops up petwo by the bucketful. That's how I got my illustrated frost."

"Mops!" gasps Mrs. Fane. "Really, Babs, you do get hold of the most extraordinary—"

"Let's hear about her new friends," interposes the earl. "Who are they, Babs?"

"I only know Percy, weakly. He's their son. I met him at a juvenile party; but I got my maid to look them up in "Who's Who," and it says they're an old Jacobite family. There is someen' curious about their noses. And old Mr. Belstein takes hours to tell you anything—even wiv all the hs left out."

"But where do they live?" demands Mrs. Fane.

"In a place called Bayswater—where the buses come from," explains Babs.

"Was it at the party that Mr. Percy became confidential about Mexicans?" asks the admiral.

Babs allows her diminutive shouder a slightly contemptuous shrug. "Yes," she admits. "When a boy is epis wiv you he always tells you his private affairs."

Mrs. Fane deems it essential to lift her eyebrows censoriously.

"It was private, then?" ponders the earl.

"Ravher, daddy! He said the only over person besides me who knew a word about it was the head rabbit."

There is a pause while they revolve her meaning.

"Chit! Rabbi!" exclaims Mr. Hands, with sudden inspiration. "It must be something very exceptional, or Belstein wouldn't—would you mind telling us exactly what he said, my dear?"

Before Babs answers she opens the little jeweled bag that hangs on her wrist and exhibits a banknote.

"You'll put this on for me?" she asks. "It's some of my 'Sarewitch winnins'."

"That's all right, Babs," promises the admiral.

"Well," proceeds Babs, while the three men hang on her words, "he said he'd heard his faver say that Mexicans were goin' to soar to heaven when the dividend came out, and that I could pick up a few seconds prefs. in the street next Friday before free o'clock I should go home feelin' 18 carat. And I wasn't to bweave a word to anyone."

"What a little horror the boy must be!" deprecates Mrs. Fane.

"He is," allows Babs; "but it's a soft fing all the same."

"Friday—three o'clock!" muses Mr. Hands, looking at his watch. "If we only can—"

"Spoil the Egyptians!" augments the earl grimly.

There is a short consultation between the three men and then Mr. Hands hurries out.

Five minutes later he returns, rather out of breath, and announces that he has got 11,000 second preference at 61—five each for the earl and the admiral, and the odd thousand for Babs.

"It's like racin', only not so exciting," observes Babs as she turns once more to the tape.

As she speaks, the machine, which has been silent for half a minute, recommences ticking. The men come and stand over her, watching it. A good yard and a half of ribbon slowly exudes in spasmodic jerks, giving the prices of various stocks and shares. The office clock points to five minutes past three and Mr. Hands, watching it, grows anxious.

"Here they come!" cries Babs, as the words MEX. 1st appear, followed by the price, and then 2nd is disclosed with the quotation 61—5. Mr. Hands seizes the ribbon and reads off the figures that are now coming in as fast as the operator at the other end can send them.

"Two to a half—three—three and a quarter—four!" he ignores the first preference stock. "Four and a half—five! Dividend three and three-quarters per cent! Well, I never!"

"That's good enough!" cries the earl. "Better close. They'll be up another point by the time you get to the house!"

One more Mr. Hands hurries out, this time, in his excitement, forgetting his hat. Babs climbs down from her stool.

"It's all over bar the shoutin'," she remarks calmly. "How much have we won, daddy?"

"By Jove, they've touched 66!" cries the admiral at the tape.

"You'll rake in at least 60 for your share, young woman!" laughs the earl.

Babs looks up with a smile at the admiral. "Well, how do you like the shipmate?" she asks mischievously.

"I think it's a thundering fine place to come to—with you, Babs!" is his prompt answer.

"I'm so glad," she drawls. "But I fink the Belsteins have a good deal to do wiv it. I shall have to leave cards on them to-morrow, I suppose."

"You may as well leave mine, too, Babs," says Mrs. Fane meekly.

Shelley's Edinburgh Home.

One of the two Edinburgh houses associated with the name of Shelley is in process of demolition. Though there is a little uncertainty as to Shelley's first house, the house in which or from which he was married to Harriet Westbrook in September, 1811, a correspondent thinks the evidence is almost conclusive in favor of 60 George street, the "handsome front parlor" in which Shelley spent his honeymoon being now a shop.

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MY CITY FOR THE BLIND BY CARMEN SYLVIA QUEEN OF ROMANIA



HER MAJESTY AS AN ARTIST

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM By William Pitt



TRY A LAUGH WHEN THE SIGH FALLS.

WORK WILL GO EASIER AND BETTER IF YOU THINK IT OUT.

BED THE HORSES WELL SO THEY WILL NOT BRUISE THEIR KNEES ON THE FLOOR.

HELP YOURSELF WHEN YOU HELP YOUR NEIGHBOR TO BE A BETTER FARMER.

MIX YOUR FEEDS DRY AND WET AFTERWARDS, IF YOU WANT TO SECURE A GOOD MIXTURE.

EGGS FROM THE BEST OF THE TWO-YEAR-OLD LAYERS ARE CONSIDERED BEST FOR HATCHING.

WITH A GOODLY FLOCK OF CHICKENS THE FARMER IS NEVER AT A LOSS FOR A LITTLE READY MONEY.

WHERE CRUDE PETROLEUM IS OBTAINABLE AT A LOW ENOUGH PRICE IT MAKES A PRACTICAL DRESSING FOR ROADS.

WHEN BUYING STOCK FOR BREEDING PURPOSES BE WILLING TO PAY THE PRICE WHICH WILL SECURE THE GOOD GRADE ANIMAL.

IF THE TEMPERATURE OF YOUR FRUIT AND VEGETABLE CELLAR RANGES TOO HIGH OPEN THE DOOR DURING THE NIGHT AND CLOSE IT DURING THE DAY.

THE MISTAKES OF THE PAST SHOULD BE COMING STEPPING STONES TO BETTER THINGS THIS YEAR, NOT STUMBLING BLOCKS WHICH ARE GOING TO BE FURTHER FAILURE.

FENCE POSTS ARE A CONSIDERABLE ITEM OF EXPENSE, MAKING IT NECESSARY TO MAKE THEM LAST AS LONG AS POSSIBLE. FEELING OF THE BARK HELPS SOME.

TO SELL THE CORN OFF THE FARM SELLS THE FERTILITY OF THE PLACE BUT FEED TO THE STOCK IT RETURNS A DOUBLE PROFIT, IN FACT, CATTLE AND HOGS AND IN MANURE.

WHEN THE MANE AND TAIL ARE ALLOWED TO BECOME CLOGGED WITH DIRT IT IS APT TO CREATE ITCHING, RESULTING IN THE HORSE RUBBING HIMSELF IN SUCH A WAY AS TO INJURE THEM.

A DIARY FOR THE DAIRY MIGHT BE A GOOD THING THIS YEAR. BEGIN TO KEEP A RECORD OF THE COWS. SEE WHAT EACH ONE IS DOING. TEST THE MILK ONCE A MONTH. WEED OUT THE POOR COWS.

KEEP THE APPETITES OF THE HORSES SHARP, SO THAT THEY WILL ALWAYS BE ON THE SEARCH FOR FOOD. UNDERFEED IF IT IS OVERFED WITH Poultry EVERY TIME. BUT THE BEST RULE IS TO STUDY YOUR STOCK AND FEED JUST RIGHT.

MAKING TIME AND MARKING TIME SOUND A GOOD DEAL ALIKE, BUT THEY ARE VASTLY DIFFERENT IN FACT. THE MAKER OF TIME IS THE HUSTLER, THE MARKER OF TIME IS THE FELLOW WHO STANDS STILL AND SHUFFLES. LOTS OF STEPPING BUT NO WALKING.

IT IS SAID THAT NOT TWO PER CENT OF THE EDIBLE PLANTS OF THE WORLD ARE GROWN BY THE AMERICAN FARMERS. THIS IS REASON ENOUGH, THEN, WHY THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD SEND ITS AGENTS INTO ALL THE WORLD TO FIND NEW PLANTS BETTER ADAPTED TO OUR LANDS THAN SOME WE ARE NOW GROWING.

OUR PLAN DEVELOPED. WE DETERMINED TO FIND A COLONY OF THE BLIND, A CITY OF THE BLIND, WHERE BOTH THOSE WITH AND WITHOUT SIGHT MIGHT DWELL TOGETHER, FOR THE GREATER NUMBER OF THE BLIND WERE MARRIED, OR WISHED TO BE.

THE BLIND MAN BEGAN AT ONCE TO MAKE PROOFS OF THE PAGES WHICH MONSKOKE THEN PRINTED, AND THEY WORKED IN HARMONY IN A LITTLE GARRET IN MY RESIDENCE. AGAIN THEODORESCO EARNED HIS BREAD AND LIVED HAPPILY WITH HIS AMILAB YOUNG WIFE, THANKING GOD DAILY FOR HIS FORTUNE.

AS WE HAD TO CONSIDER THE EXPENSE OF THE RENT, HE AGREED TO PAY A QUARTER OF THE PROFIT TO THE OWNER OF THE HOUSE.

WE PATENTED THE MACHINE IN THE PRINCIPAL COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD. MONSKOKE WORKED INCESSANTLY. CHRISTMAS, 1906, HE PRESENTED ME WITH A DANDY LITTLE MODEL, BUT WHEN I WORKED WITH IT I REVELED SOME FEW DEFECTS.

HE SET HIMSELF TO WORK AGAIN, AND AT LAST PRODUCED THE PRESENT PATTERN, SO INCREDIBLY SIMPLE THAT MY COMMENT WAS "THE EGG OF COLUMBUS."

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