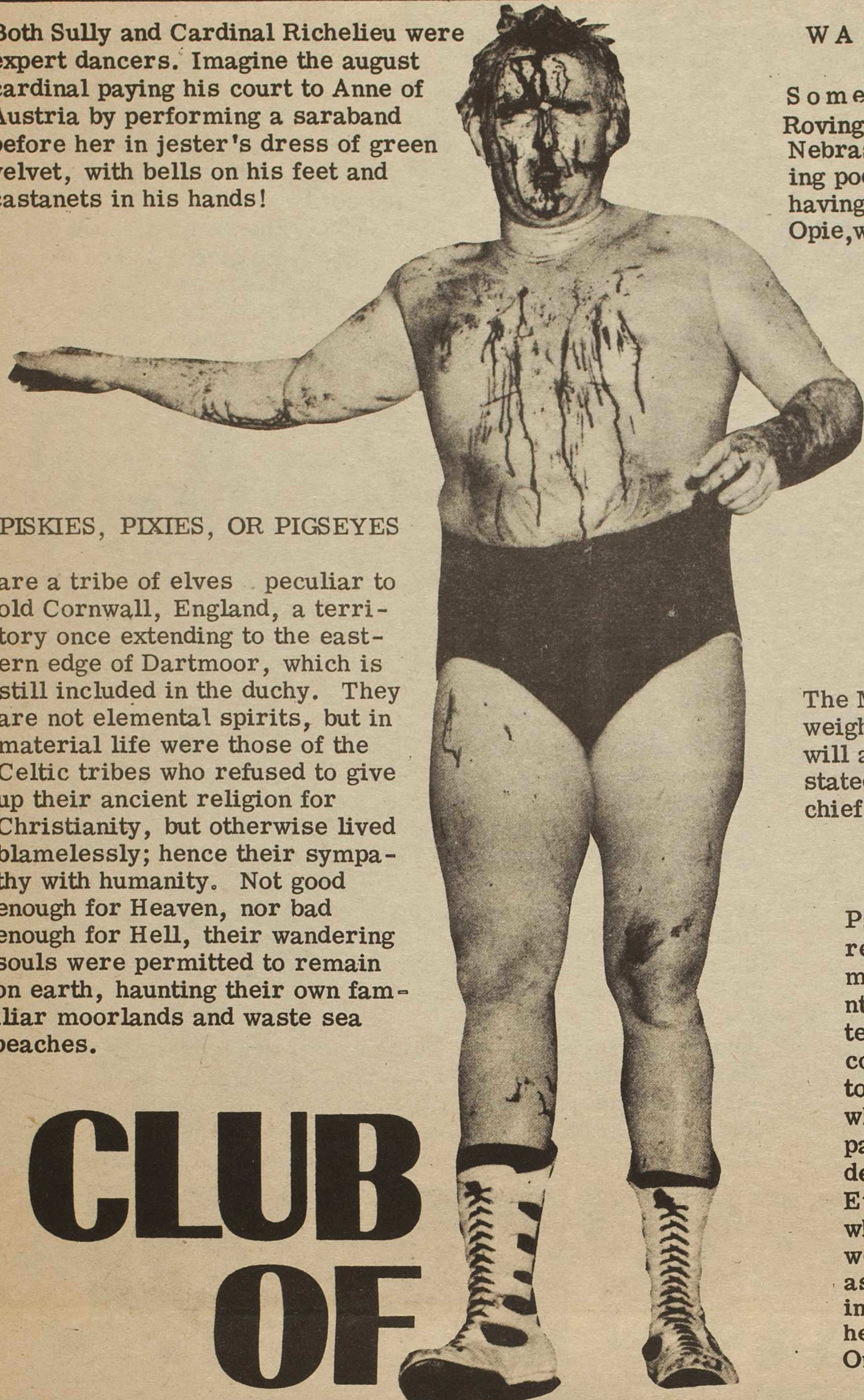


Both Sully and Cardinal Richelieu were expert dancers. Imagine the august cardinal paying his court to Anne of Austria by performing a saraband before her in jester's dress of green velvet, with bells on his feet and castanets in his hands!



PISKIES, PIXIES, OR PIGSEYES

are a tribe of elves peculiar to old Cornwall, England, a territory once extending to the eastern edge of Dartmoor, which is still included in the duchy. They are not elemental spirits, but in material life were those of the Celtic tribes who refused to give up their ancient religion for Christianity, but otherwise lived blamelessly; hence their sympathy with humanity. Not good enough for Heaven, nor bad enough for Hell, their wandering souls were permitted to remain on earth, haunting their own familiar moorlands and waste sea beaches.

CLUB OF WANDERERS

"He was from Douglas County. He had eaten nothing but grasshoppers since the 4th of July, 1874, and his stomach was in an awful condition—it was full of grasshoppers. He could feel them jumping about, trying to find their way out but their toenails scratched his alimentary canal He had left a wife and nine famished children at home and had gone to Lawrence to collect funds to save his neighbors from starvation. He had not been successful — perhaps because his credentials were not strong enough. And now, if the barkeeper would accommodate him with a spoonful of whisky—it was the only thing that would keep the grasshoppers quiet in his stomach; it kind of stupefied them and caused them to lie dormant for several hours

"He had killed a great many of them with whisky, but their eggs were all the time hatching and he believed there were at least 10,000 live ones occupying the space designed by nature for the laboratory of bread and meat and such things. He had no money

but if the barkeeper would trust him for a few drops he would remunerate him out of his first collections for the sufferers. By adding a little peppermint and a few grains of sugar to the liquor, the medicine would be made more potent; or if there was no peppermint handy, a drop of ginger would do as well.

"The barkeeper deeply sympathized with the grasshopper-stricken people of Kansas. He pitied any man who had grasshoppers in his stomach. If whiskey, and peppermint, and ginger, or anything else his bar afforded, would relieve him, he was welcome to partake. . . . The barkeeper poured two table-spoonfuls of the essence of Jamaica ginger into a tumbler, added an equal quantity of pepper sauce, shook in a thimbleful of Cayenne pepper, emptied a small vial of sulphuric acid on top, and then sprinkled a few drops of tanglefoot over the mixture and handing the tumbler to the man, told him to swallow it quick. The grasshopper-plagued stranger waited for no second

invitation, but poured the decoction down his throat

"How do you like it?" asked the barkeeper. The grasshoppered individual made no reply. His eyes rolled in their sockets, and the tears ran out of them in streams. His mouth was open wide enough to swallow the barkeeper and all his decanters. He placed both hands over his stomach and cast an imploring glance toward the water pitcher

"Take some of this horse radish," said the barkeeper. "It will do you good." The stranger still made no reply, but gradually his mouth grew smaller, his lips contracted, and the air rushed into his throat with a whistling sound At last the barkeeper took compassion upon his writhing customer and gave him a glass of ice water to cool his throat. When the stranger was able to speak he looked reproachfully at the 'medicine man' and said: "See here, stranger, if that's the kind of stuff you give a man for grasshoppers, I'd like to know what in Hell you'd give a feller if he had a tapeworm."

TITANIC SURVIVOR TO BE HANGED Moon Special

Following his sensational escape from the county jail last night, as a result of which he was at liberty for 10 minutes, Noon Jonesy, Titanic survivor, is now back in his cell nursing a broken tailbone, and will have to hobble to the gallows on crutches when he is hanged Friday week.

Hanging with him that day will be Delicious Nelson, a high kicking vandal who caved in four fender panels at Boxberger Motors, also a Titanic survivor, who lodged his foot a little too far into a windshield during one of his famous kicks. The next morning police found him, the following day the courts judged him, and Friday week the noose shall hang him.

WAS IT A HELLBENDER ?

Some months back, my own son, Loren Rovingstine, while travelling north of Oshkosh, Nebraska, saw the first of the neutrodyne landing pods. I might have questioned him about having hallucinations, but his twin sons, Gull and Opie, were there to corroborate the sighting.

Going to California a couple of winters ago, for a sail on the Salton Sea, the family stopped at the Painted Desert sign. While parked there, they discovered something all lit up 200 ft. from the car. It was a bright-eyed thing, and all meat it appeared. Stricken with compulsion and hunger, each took a fateful bite, with the innocence of Adam at the apple. Who would have predicted we'd ever eat things from space?

DONKEY FLEET TO SAIL

The Mineral Wells Donkey Fleet will weigh anchor this morning for Dallas and will arrive here tonight via shanty boat, stated Admiral Breck, commander-in-chief, plenipotentiary and extraordinary.

PARCHMAN WINTER AGAIN

Parchman's waterwells bubble iron red, reeking fatuously of sulphur and marsh gas, from open-ended pipes, into galvanized tubs, at measured intervals beside our pony roads, for the comfort of travellers, those on route to the Hunger Art Picnic and elsewhere. The sisters assure us that it packs a load of radio medicine, hardens the teeth, benefits a hundred ways. Even through winter's cockled heart, when frost is on every surface, the wells go on producing undiminished, as generously steaming as a tea boil in December's kitchen. Be with us here at Parchman. Oneba is, and Oneba is One.

CAWKER CITY MAN VISITED BY SANDWICH ARTIST

A sandwich man has been listed among elves, ghosts, spirits and other nocturnal beings who make house calls.

In the dark of the night recently someone left five sandwiches on the lawn and front step of the Jack Pirotee home in Cawker City. There were three egg sandwiches, one ham sandwich and one jelly sandwich.

Twenty-eight years ago Captain E. J. Smith of the S.S. Titanic disappeared in New York. Three years later an unknown, penniless man, whom local police called "Halloween Buggage" died in Lima, Ohio. The stranger wouldn't talk except to mutter "Buggage" when asked his name. Undoubtedly he was an Irish seaman. The Rock of Ages was tattooed on his chest. A map of Mars was tattooed on his back. His height and weight were the same as the Titanic's Captain Smith. Embalmed by a local undertaker, Buggage's body has been kept on display in an effort to identify him. No one has yet been able to do so. But the body is a good barometer and the hair continues to grow and must be cut every so often by the man who is in charge of the body.

