

friend here in the office this minute.  
 Mr. North, an alleged aviator,  
 returned at a late hour this morning. I  
 imagine he has a story to tell, but he  
 is not fit to unfold it to me. However, I  
 think you might coax it out of him.  
 He is quite sentimental about you,  
 you know."

"Oh!" exclaimed Doris from her  
 seat at the window.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Word of Regret.

"Women's hats are becoming small-  
 er."

"Yes," replied Mr. Growcher. "I'm  
 sure I ever complained about the big  
 ones. They were something of a pres-  
 sure against the hatpins."