

# ELTON'S WEATHER REPORT

By LESLIE W. QUIRK

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When the managing editor of the Clayville News opened his paper at breakfast one morning and looked for the weather report he found in its place a modest notice stating that the circulation of the News was the largest of any paper in the city. Now, this fact was interesting to the managing editor, but it was not what he wanted to read. He was looking for the prophesy of the weather bureau, which was telegraphed each night from a neighboring city.

The managing editor allowed his steak to grow cold while he searched the paper. But nowhere in it, from the top of the first column on the front



"I'VE BEEN A FOOL," HE REPEATED TO THE GIRL.

page to the end of the last one on the final page, could he find any comments on the weather. He folded the paper deliberately, swearing softly to himself, and fifteen minutes later he confronted young Elton, the telegraph editor.

"The weather report," said the latter, with the air of executing the bureau, "did not come last night."

"Ah!" said the managing editor dryly.

"No, sir," went on the telegraph editor. "I held the paper till 3 o'clock waiting for it, but for some reason it failed to come."

"Ah!" said the managing editor again. Then his anger burst forth, and he raved as became a man who held reporters and editors under his thumb.

"I suppose," he concluded sarcastically, "that it never occurred to you to 'fake' a report, to realize that any guess on the weather was better than none, to appreciate the comments the Times will make on the incident, to imagine the disappointment of every one of our readers. Why, you fool, do you suppose any one would have known that your guess was not a reliable report even if it differed from that of the Times? Do you?"

He stopped suddenly, turned on his heels and went out the door, with the remark, "Don't let it happen again!"

Young Elton stared at the ceiling for a good five minutes. Then he went straight to his desk with the mail and deliberately forgot all his troubles in reading a dainty, scented note. She said some very nice things to him and asked how he was faring in his work.

The weather report failed to come that night. Young Elton prepared some slips of paper with various weather conditions written on them and then drew one cautiously. It said, "Rain today, colder."

The managing editor read it the next morning and wondered if it were reliable. It was not. All day a warm wind blew gently from the south, and a blue sky and a hot sun smiled geniality.

Three nights later the message failed again, and young Elton guessed it would be fair. The next day the greatest rain of the season poured down from early morning till late at night.

Young Elton's face was beginning to grow careworn. In desperation he went to the girl and told her the whole story.

"So far my guesses have been all wrong," he confessed. "Now, I have a plan that certainly deserves success. It's simple, you understand. I am going to drop in and see you for a minute or two each evening over dinner time, if I may, and I shall gauge my guesses by your demeanor. If you are very cordial I shall say the next day will be clear. If you are not so glad to see me I shall prophesy cloudy weather. If I find you bored by my visits the report will say rain. Do you understand?"

The girl did, and though she suggested the possibility of fair weather every day young Elton decided to try the plan. He grinned cheerfully and went back to the office and wrote the report, "Fair today, with southerly winds." And, although the Times promised rain, the next day was cloudless and warm.

It was very clear for a week, during which time young Elton was called upon to guess the weather conditions several times. The rival paper seemed to be steadily wrong, and the managing editor of the News took it upon himself to write a little editorial on the subject, reprinting the reports of the two papers in parallel columns. The reporters slapped young Elton on the back and told him she should try the ruse.

Then one night something went awry at the girl's house. It was only a trivial thing in itself, but it lowered the spirits of both. The paper promised cloudy weather, and all the next day ugly, black clouds gloomed.

The little quarrel was over by the next night, but the conversation was strained. A few evenings later the girl happened to mention another man who was not young Elton's idea of a fit companion for a woman. He said so very frankly, and the girl disappeared.

The weather report read, "Rain today." For twenty-four hours the weather proved down unmercifully.

Late that next afternoon young Elton sat at his desk thinking deeply. He had been out of sorts all day, and he knew very well where the trouble lay. He looked at the clock thoughtfully and noted that it was nearly time for his call. He wondered whether it was worth while to go.

Suddenly he rose, slipped on his rain

coat and went out of the office. There was resolution in his every movement. "I've been a fool," he told himself, "a poor, blind fool. The nicest girl in the world almost nine—the nicest, prettiest—"

The girl met him at the door and invited him into the house a bit unsteadily, as if she did not quite understand. Young Elton slipped off his coat with the weather report wrinkled and a little tear stained, and began bravely.

"I've been a fool," he repeated to the girl, "a poor, blind fool. If you will only forgive me, I'll—"

She cried a little very softly on his shoulder, and then, with the prophesied rain pattering down outside, he slipped a ring on her finger, and they fell to talking of the something when there should be a little cottage with a bit of green and maybe a dog.

When the managing editor took up his paper the next morning he neared the weather report until he had read some strong editorials, which struck him as very excellent. He smiled complacently at the forcible words and turned to the weather report.

His face grew very white. "Southerly winds," he read, "and fair weather forevermore."

He was alone.

## THE SCENE PAINTER.

He Plays an Important Part in Staging a Modern Play.

When a play has been accepted for production it is sent to the scene painter, who goes over it carefully, taking note of all details to be reproduced. Then, if the subject is difficult, he makes a sketch of it in the flat. If this proves satisfactory to manager, actor and author, he builds it up in a miniature model on the scale of half an inch to the foot as perfect in proportion and exquisite in detail as the final scene. An old gentleman lately, looking over a collection of models in one of the New York studios, remarked that his granddaughter would be delighted to have them for doll houses. The proprietor of the studio smiled to himself. The models for a single play cost well over a thousand dollars. For an ordinary four act play they cost, on the average, from six to ten thousand dollars. The cost of the great scenic productions is never as much as the press agents say, but has been known to exceed \$100,000.

When the model is approved, the stage carpenter takes measurements for such framework as may be necessary. The clumsy construction of the old days has given way to the solid sort of building. Windows slide in their sashes; doors slam, shut and lock. Staircases are solid to the tread. Trees are built up in the round, and columns are turned out of solid wood. But as every stage is intended to travel among all the great cities of the continent the heaviest scene must be made up of pieces short enough to be packed in a freight car.

The scene painter marks out the pieces of his model in tiny squares and then hangs a huge canvas beside the paint bridge with corresponding squares in scale. The draftsman stands on the bridge with a piece of charcoal on a stick like a billiard cue and square by square copies the lines of the model, while an assistant raises and lowers the cloth with tackle. Then the body paint is put on, and the details are added until the cloth is complete.—John Corbin in Scribner's.

## A WOMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

There ain't no possible good 's 'c'n come o' leudin' money to them 's ain't able to pay it back.

'S far 's my observation 's extended, 's it's always folks a long ways off 's 's wisest to lay off faults to.

No woman 's 's 's got to fall in love over ought to begin by marryin' an other man first. It mixes things all up.

'S far 's my observation 's extended, no one don't ask for advice 'less they've pretty well made up their mind not to take it.

It's better for you to learn the lesson 's all is vanity now than to wait 'n have it fall on your head like a un-expected peckle jar.

I did 'n get my trunk down 'cause I'll have Friday to peck anyhow, 'n any one 's side a trunk down a ladder any time, but nobody can't never slide nothin' up nowhere.—Susan Clegg and Her Friend, Mrs. Lathrop, by Anne Warner.

There is a wisdom which is heavenly, a knowledge which is human and a knowledge which is diabolic; there is a knowledge which is blessed and a knowledge which is accursed. The first is ennobling and elevating and lifts man toward God. The second is debasing, degrading, and drags men toward the pit. The knowledge gained by rooting amid the groans and agonies of living creatures, whom their Maker and ours put into our power, to teach us mercy, as he gives mercy to us, is such an accursed knowledge that only demons could seek for it, and it can turn to no human good. "Science" so gained is not for men, but for devils.—Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson in Success.

## Battles in the Snow.

Many great battles have been fought in the snow, Elihu and Hollenhdin being familiar examples. Antietam was fought in intensely cold weather, and the Russian losses were increased by Napoleon turning the fire of his artillery on the frozen lakes over which the Russians sought to retreat.

In our civil war Fort Donelson was captured in February, Fredericksburg was fought in December, Stone River Dec. 21, 1862, Jan. 2, 1863, and Thomas defeated and ruined Hood's army at Nashville on the 15th and 16th of December, 1864.

## ASIATIC TIGER PROVERBS.

A tiger's meal—a glutinous repeat. To face the tiger in his lair—great bravery.

A winged tiger—cunning added to power and ability.

After the Chinese tigers—total devastation of a country.

A tiger of wood—a harmless being with a dangerous exterior.

To bring up a tiger and have him turn upon you—ingratitudes.

"Malignolo," a man enter—a person with an ungovernable temper.

A tiger with a broken back—rage and fury which are powerless.

To let go the tail of a tiger—to avoid one danger and encounter another.

To turn from a deer and meet a tiger—the danger of too much caution.

Decoured by a tiger—said of a man who wishes to be concealed from his creditors.

You must enter the tiger's den if you would secure a cub—which is worth having is not procured without risk and trouble.—Washington Post.

# "As One of the Family"

By JAMES K. HEARNE

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Everybody in Greenville regarded Manning as "one of the family." He was the confident, adviser and friend of man, woman and child, from old Grandfather Pennel, who declared himself to be 102, though he was born in 1817, to little Robert Sefton Provine, who had arrived in Greenville only three months before under the guidance of a friendly stork.

On envelopes and billheads he was "Mr. William Manning." At all other times he was "Bill" or "Uncle Bill," according to the age of the speaker. Manning had no particular business to occupy his time. His father had left him an independent income, and he had only the affairs of others in which to take an interest. It was the universality of his knowledge that made him so good an adviser. He could judge both sides instead of only one.

This had continued for some years, when suddenly Miss Amanda Penrose came to Greenville. She was a distant cousin of Grandfather Pennel's granddaughter, and this she considered sufficient reason why the Pennels should take her under their roof. Mrs. Pennel III declared hotly that, considering the fact that Lillian Douglas, who had been the daughter of Pennel's second wife by her first husband, had been dead for three years, Miss Penrose had no right to claim relationship. Grandfather Pennel smiled amably at the disputants, but in the end always decided in favor of Miss Amanda, inclined thereby by the fact that she was willing to admit that he was 102, even though she knew better.

In the course of time the pitched battles between Susan Pennel and Miss Amanda ceased. Miss Amanda, silent and smiling, was far too much for blunt, outspoken Susan. In the end she bowed her head to the affliction and suffered, if not in silence, at least without direct opposition to the intruder.

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where he had heard the confessions of half the village. "I don't like to speak of it, William," she was saying proudly. "I don't suppose I had any right in the first place to ask you to get that woman out of the house, but you see you're like one of the family, and I thought you might help me."

"Amanda's a mighty fine woman, Susan," he answered, nervously plucking at a loose button on the chair arm, "a mighty fine woman, but, you see, she's never had any husband to domineer. You can't blame her when you realize that, you know. Now, I think the best way will be to get a husband for her."

Susan sniffed. "You don't happen to know of any one who wants her as a wife, do you?" she asked scornfully. Manning blushed.

"No one," he said slowly—"that is, no one except myself. You see, I've been like one of the family to the whole town so long that I never before realized that it would be nice to have a family of my own."

## POOR THROMBETH!

The Sad Tale of the Professor and the Journalist.

Professor Thrombeth, whose praises were so much sung in the foreign press as knowing the greatest number of languages of any one ever born, relates an anecdote of himself which occurred just after he was "discovered."

In Rome he was so pestered by journalists that his patience at last gave way, and when cornered by the gentlemen of the press his language became distinctly lurid.

One day as he was coming out of the central postoffice a frank looking fellow came for three years, Miss Penrose had no right to claim relationship.

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KEEP UP YOUR ENERGY. Stand Erect and Walk as Though You Were Satisfied. Never allow your physical standard to drop. Keep up your energy. Walk as if you were somebody and were going to do something worth while in the world, so that even a stranger will note your bearing and mark your superiority.