

Cupid—Advertising Agent

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

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"What do you think of it?" the man asked the girl as she stood before the sign.

Slowly, scornfully, the girl surveyed her house and lawn, one beautiful but so disheveled with large signboards proclaiming the virtues of Chee-Rup Breakfast Food.

"I think," said she forcefully, "that it is simply shameful."

"Oh, come now," said the man. "Don't you think it rather cultivates the neighborhood? This aristocratic section of the town had seemed rather dull to me lately. By the way, how did you enjoy your trip?"

"Bob" said she severely, "don't try to change the subject. As soon as they told me what you had done while I was away I came right over here to persuade you to take them all down."

"Impossible!" he cried. "I've got to see a contract. You wouldn't want me to break a contract, would you?"

No, she wouldn't want him to do that. One of the nicest things about Bob was his trustworthiness. Moreover, she didn't know whether the law would allow him to break it.

"Oh, Bob," she cried in sorrow, "what made you put up these unsightly signs? Can't you see how they spoil the looks of the whole street? From our veranda we look directly at that big yellow one. Why be blue? Eat Chee-Rup Breakfast Food and be happy."

There were tears in her eyes.

"Oh," she continued, "I was thinking how happy I'd be to see the dear old house again, and then you must spoil it all! Oh, Bob!"

Bob felt decidedly uncomfortable, yet happier than he had for several days. She had been home for a week, of course, for him—that was impossible—but for the town as a whole, and he



"I THINK," SAID SHE FORCEFULLY, "THAT IT IS SIMPLY SHAMFUL."

was a part of it. But to show his joy might spoil the plan, and it was too early in the game to risk anything.

"So," she said, carefully controlling his voice to the tones of polite interest—"so you did miss us?"

"Miss you? She thought how intensely she had missed them—and him. Yes, Bob! During the three months of her absence she had come to long for the sound of his voice, the merry laugh in his eyes. How happy she had felt when she saw him at the station the night before! Not that she meant to show her change of feeling toward him. She had refused him too emphatically before sailing to willingly acknowledge that she had made a mistake. For a time she would not acknowledge it even to herself.

But she had never thought that Bob would so destroy the beauty of his home, the home she had learned to love.

"Bob," said she again, ignoring his last question, "why did you try to ruin my leaving here soon," he said, outwardly calm.

"Leaving here?" she gasped.

"Yes," he answered nonchalantly. "I'm going to the city to be nearer my business, and as I don't care to sell this place or retire, I thought I ought to think up some way of making it pay the taxes at least."

"Oh, Bob!" she cried tearfully, ambiguously. "How could you? Then she ran precipitately to her own home.

Bob gazed after her dubiously. Perhaps her father was right, but he doubted it. Of course she had always loved Bob's place, and her ideals of beauty were both sensitive and militant. The house and yard certainly did look a sight too. The plan was worth trying. Bob felt that anything that might make her reconsider her answer to the great question which he had propounded to her was worth trying, and the income derived from the ads. was not inconsiderable. The papers had devoted a great deal of space to the discussion of the signboards being installed on such beautiful private property, and consequently the Chee-Rup food had received a great quantity of free advertising.

That night at dinner the girl informed her family that Bob was planning to move to town.

"Ah," said her father, "I heard he had a young woman on the slying down there. He is very attentive to her, they say. Of course I wouldn't tell you if I thought that there was any possibility of your reconsidering the answer you gave Bob in the spring. You can't think it's a boy for seeking consolation, and they say that she is very wealthy."

"I feel forced herself to eat her salt calmly. So that was the reason he had taken her homecoming so easily. Another woman had captured his fancy. Well, she would keep her secret.

The next day Bob came over to the house for a conference with her father. Meeting him in the hallway, she questioned him as to the day of his departure, although she dated herself for doing it.

"Oh, in about a month," said Bob indifferently and hurriedly.

How different from the way he had spoken to her, she thought.

During the month Bob made many trips to the city, and each morning the girl woke up to gaze from her windows at the signs with a deep accentuation of the hatred with which she had regarded them on the first day of her return. To her they began to seem the "scars of the woman that had left from her—the cold, calculating

ing business spirit. How she hated those signs! It seemed to her that she would do anything to get rid of them. Must she live within their sight all her life, constantly reminding her of the love she had lost? The thought was unendurable, and she appealed to her father.

"I can't do anything," said he. "Bob has a contract with the Chee-Rup company, and he must live up to it. If only you had been kind to him this wouldn't have happened. To my mind it only shows what good sense Bob has. This place has no more attractions for him, so why not make it yield an income?"

The evening before the day set by Bob for his departure he called. The girl was seated on her veranda as far as possible from the sight of the signboards. Her parents had gone out for the evening, and she received Bob with a strange, sinking feeling. This might be the last time he would come to see her—alone.

"Bob," said she when he had seated himself at a safe distance—"Bob, now that you are going away, probably forever, can't you do something about those awful signboards?"

He regarded her quizzically.

"I wish I could," said he, "but you see the Chee-Rup company's contract runs for ten years, and the advertisement doesn't prove to be so good that they would not release me unless I paid a sum of money that would absolutely break me."

Ten years! A life time!

"Bob," she cried impulsively, "would you be willing to do anything to get rid of those dreadful signs?"

Bob looked at her quickly. This was the first time that the father and mother had ever encouraged him to hope, but he hesitated at warring his happiness on a short sentence. Nevertheless he must make the plunge some time, and the present moment seemed as propitious as any.

"So you would really like to get rid of them?" he asked. "Well, I believe we could arrange that with the company satisfactorily if you could reconsider your decision of some months ago."

She looked at him unsteadily.

"Why, Bob," she said, "I believe that you are asking me to marry you again."

"That's just what I am doing," he said excitedly. "What's your answer?"

"But that other woman?" she cried.

"What other woman?" he asked.

"That wealthy one in the city—that business woman whom my father said you had on the string."

Bob smiled broadly.

"You evidently misunderstood in what connection I had her on the string. We are going to sell her the business."

The girl looked at him happily.

"If that's the case," said she, "I suppose I might change my answer to that question if you are sure about taking down those signs. You mustn't sacrifice a lot of money to those people, Bob. We'll need it."

"No, I'll not," said he as he folded her in his arms. "You see, my father and I happen to be the Chee-Rup Breakfast Food company, although we are on the point of selling the business to that woman in the city, and so, I guess, there will be no trouble about having that contract annulled."

Italian and Wheat Flour.

The Italian housewives of the poorer classes used to have one unchangeable recipe for a baking. A pound of flour, five societies have found this out by the women always asking for a certain number of pounds of flour, just enough for one baking, in their grocery lists. They make the flour into a number of loaves, which, put into one pan, bake into one great loaf. The size of the family seems to make no difference. If the family is small, the bread simply lasts a little longer and gets a little drier. The bread is very good when fresh. They do not use as much yeast as American cooks, and the bread is very crusty, something on the order of French bread. The poorest families also use a great deal of "polenta." This is merely flour stirred into boiling water, after the manner of old-fashioned American "basty pudding," only that flour is used instead of cornmeal. No people in the world are so devoted to wheat flour as the Italians. Whether in the form of bread, polenta or the omnipresent macaroni, it forms the bulk of their diet. —New York Globe.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

Develops the Arms, Lungs and Chest and Trains the Eye.

It is not only the muscles of the arm which are tested by properly organized rifle shooting. It supplies an excellent exercise for the chest and lungs. One of the first things the young rifle shot has to learn is how to take a deep breath, to fill the lungs with air, and then to hold the breath while the rifle is kept absolutely steady and the finger is gradually tightening on the trigger. A glance at any successful rifle shot will show you a man with a deep chest and full powers of breathing.

Any form of recreation which trains the muscles of the arm and exercises the chest and lungs would seem likely to be beneficial to health, but if that is not enough there is the unequalled training which rifle shooting gives to the eye and to the hand working with the eye. The writer remembers hearing a military instructor boast that he had lengthened not only his own sight, but the sight of scores of boys whom he had taught how to use their eyes in aiming at a target, by two or three hundred yards, simply by continued practice at long distance shooting. It is astonishing what results can be obtained in this way by placing a rifle on a sand bag raised on a tripod and making the pupil aim as accurately as he can at any distant object. The eye can be trained, of course, equally well, though the sight will not necessarily be lengthened, by aiming at objects close at hand. —London Spectator.

Temper.

Temper itself is not a bad quality. It is not to be destroyed, as some times say. Without temper a bar of steel becomes like lead. A man without temper is weak and worthless. We are to learn self control. A strong person is one who has a strong temper under perfect mastery. There is a deep truth here—that our mistakes and our sins, if we repent of them, will help in the growth and upbuilding of our character.

Fair Proposition.

"Don't you throw off anything because of the big holes in these doughnuts?" asked the new wife of the baker.

"I'll tell you," he replied, scratching his chin. "Eat the doughnuts, and we'll make a liberal allowance when you return the holes."

Hantway's Punishment

By JOHN J. O'CONNOR

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It was October when Tim came to school. The family had been visiting relatives in the west, and he had rejoined in the prolonged vacation. It seemed rather hard to have to go back to school, and it was with laggard feet that he headed, with the rest of the scholars, toward the little frame building where the tender mind of district No. 4 was trained.

The new teacher's soft, volunteered Tommy English. "The other day Bill Hendricks brought a bean blower and shot the teacher in the back, and all she said was, 'Please don't.' I guess there's going to be fun."

The teacher's remark was encouraging to know that he could practice his devilements without the risk of a thrashing. The last teacher had been a man, and Tim had had good reason to remember him, for of the younger boys Tim was the ringleader, just as Hendricks was the leader of the older boys. That Bill had eventually thrashed the teacher and forced him to resign just before the end of the spring term was no great consolation to Tim.

The trustees had put in a woman teacher as an experiment, thinking that perhaps feminine appeal might be more potent than the hickory switch. Tim rather expected a stout old lady, as a certain Miss Flint had been, and when she made his appearance in the schoolroom and presented himself before the teacher he was shocked to find so young a woman.

Marion Murtha was only nineteen, and her fresh coloring and the liquid brown eyes made so deep an impression on him that for the first ten days he was one of the model scholars, and Miss Murtha was beginning to congratulate

him on his good behavior.

"You let me alone," he shouted. "I've got to lick you. I said I was going to lick you feller that made Miss Murtha cry, and I licked 'em all except Billy Hendricks, and I threw stones at him."

"I didn't make her cry," laughed Hanway, though his face worked very white. "What makes you think so?"

"You used to drive her home," cried Tim, "and now you don't come any more, and I went into the schoolroom this afternoon, and she was cryin', with her head on the desk, and I knew it was her fault, because she was working at her desk when the door burst open and Tim was upon him like a young catamount, pummeling and kicking indiscriminately. The attack was so sudden that it was several minutes before Hanway could grasp the youngster.

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CUTTLEFISH FARMS.

Where the Queen Centuries Are Cultivated to Be Killed.

Does any one know that cuttlefish are cultivated on farms to be milked? These cuttlefish farms are located on the coasts of Great Britain, and the cuttlefish are kept in tanks or ponds to be milked of their ink. The pond or tank is connected with the sea by a pipe, and a thousand or more cuttlefish are kept in a single one.

They form a most curious sight as they move about, trailing their long arms and staring out of their bulging eyes. They are guarded by screens which prevent them from being scared, for if they are suddenly frightened they will squirt their ink into the water, and it would therefore be lost. This fluid or ink is very valuable, and a cuttle will yield about \$3 worth a year. It is secreted in a bag which can be opened and closed at will, the cuttle ejecting the fluid to darken the water so that it may escape unseen when attacked.

The best cuttlefish are procured in China, where for some reason or other they produce the best quality of milk. When the farmer considers it opportune to milk the cuttle he proceeds by opening the sluices of the pond and gently agitating the water. The cuttle then swim around the pond, and as soon as one passes through the sluice is closed. The cuttle passes down a small channel into a basin or metal receptacle, and as soon as it is securely there the water is drained off. It is then frightened and at once squirts the milk from the bag. When it is exhausted it is put out the sluice and collected and the basin prepared for another.

Run would probably be in the office of the lumber yard, and thither he bent his way, carrying his walking stick under his arm. He was looking at his desk when the door burst open and Tim was upon him like a young catamount, pummeling and kicking indiscriminately. The attack was so sudden that it was several minutes before Hanway could grasp the youngster.

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THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

A Room Apart That Should Be Known as the "Office."

The most privately conducted home must communicate with increasing frequency with the world outside. The country man, the ice man, the automobile repair shop must be upgraded or caajoled. Reports must be reviewed, accounts kept, bills examined and the sundries occasionally treated with a check. From a room removed from the rest of the house one must speak with the railway station, settle with the expressman or deliberate with the chauffeur or coachman, for none of these things should disturb the tranquillity of the home or the equanimity of guests. If the house is to minister to all the necessities of a home it is high time that space be devoted to this business of living. For want of a best of a room devoted to such a purpose may be called the "office" of the house. Here the telephone stands on a table that bears also the most efficient pens and pencils and a few other things always wanted in a house where they can be found. Here are collected, marking books, dictionaries, time tables, while a few old papers, a calendar, two bits of Dresden, water colors and a few cherished photographs relieve an otherwise humming collection of necessities. Here morning papers are placed and the daily mail opened. Mysterious cupboards that are drawers with locks that open, ink-bos and Out.

A CONTRAST.

French and English Women as They Cross a Muddy Street.

See a Parisienne cross a muddy street. She advances tiptoe to the edge of the pavement, poises like a bird ready for a flight, deftly raises her dress, more than enough to show her embroidered skirt, the dainty hose and elegant footgear, and without more delay she trips across, toe and heel barely touching and the mud refusing to cling to the fairy feet that hardly leave an impression on it. Landed on the other side, she gives her fine feet a little shake into place and passes on with looks that look as if just put out at that moment.

Watch an Englishwoman immediately afterward. She reaches the curbside, comes to a dead standstill and solemnly contemplates the muddy road. Finally she selects a route. Then, very cautiously, she lifts her dress, making sure that the tops of her shoes are under cover; then, slowly advancing, she puts her right foot out. Plunged it goes, the water oozing over it, and then splash, splash, splash, under the other side is reached, when with solid skirts and soaked shoes, she proceeds on her wet and muddy way.

Nothing could be more characteristic of their respective nationalities, and nothing could be more amusing than their mutual contempt for each other's ways. Translated from the French for St. Louis Republic.

The Dandified Part.

"See here," loudly complained the victim after the accident, "I thought you said it was perfectly safe to go up in that elevator!"

"Well," replied the elevator man, "so it was safe to go up. You see, the dangerous part of it was coming down."

A Good Patient.

First Physician—Has he got an hereditary trouble? Second Physician—Yes, I hope to hand his case down to my son—Harper's Bazar.

It is well for one to know more than he says.—Plautus.

"Well," said Cadley scornfully, "I bet you didn't do the proposing. It's a safe bet that your wife asked you to marry her."

"No," replied Heuspek, "you're wrong."

"Oh, come now, be honest."

"No, one shouldn't ask me, she told me so," Philadelphia Press.

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