

# Y SISTER'S FLIRTATION

th a Girl at a Window Opposite Who Mistook Her For Me.

By EDWARD C. HANCOCK.  
Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

"What a lovely room!" exclaimed my sister Alice. She had come to inspect new bachelor quarters in the city. "I'm glad you like it. There's something lovelier over there in the back that house. A pretty girl sits every noon in the middle third story window."

"A girl came to the window designated a pair of white arms on the wall looked down at the clotheslines and went away without seeing me."

"You don't mean to say you call her 'Alice'?" said Alice.

"I consider her beautiful. I would like to attract her attention, but dare not."

"What are you afraid of?"

"Being a stranger to her, I am afraid of offending her."

"Suppose I coach you on starting a conversation with a girl at an opposite window?"

"I wish you would."

"Will you do as I say?"

"Certainly."

"Very well. If she comes to the window again while I'm here I'll tell you to do it."

"Alice went about the room opening drawers and closets, poking her nose everywhere. I never saw anything but the curiosity of a girl. Presently, she saw the girl sitting at window opposite. She was darned stockings. Alice, keeping far enough back not to be seen, watched for a few minutes, then said to me: 'Go to the window, pull up the shade something to make a noise that will



ALICE THREW HER A KISS.

"attract her attention, and when she sees at you throw her a kiss."

"Do you suppose I'm crazy to do that?"

"I thought you promised to do as I said."

"I didn't promise to offer an insult. Stupid!"

"What do you mean?"

"Am I not a girl, and don't I know what would please a girl?"

"You wouldn't wish a man you had never seen to throw you a kiss, would you?"

"Never seen! Do you suppose she never seen you?"

"I don't know that she has. Anybody I have no reason to suppose she noticed me."

"I have. I saw her casting glances at her."

"Oh, you see too much! I've been catching her too. She hasn't taken eyes off the heel of that stocking she has been at the window."

"There's nothing to be made of a girl like you. Get me out some of those clothes. I'll put them on and do a trick myself. You and I are the age of each other, and she won't see the difference."

"I'll be put on just enough of my clothes to represent me and went to the window, giving a loud 'Ahem!' The girl noticed, and Alice threw her a kiss, a girl pulled down the sash with a gig and led the window apparently high degree."

"There," I said to Alice, "you've flattered everything!"

"You mean I've started a flirtation?"

"What can I do to?"

"Nothing. I'll do it for you. You'd flatter it all."

be a man, showed every evidence of being offended. Then she got up from her chair, closed the blinds and shut us off.

"Very likely she won't come to the window again today," said Alice. "It's too near dinner time. She'll have to do her hair before dinner, and then it will be too late."

"You seem to know all about it. Why will she have to do her hair before dinner?"

"Because it isn't fit for the dinner table."

"I thought it delightfully negligee." "Delightfully frowsy you mean."

"I took Alice to the theater that night, and the next day she was ready to resume her efforts with the girl opposite. After breakfast Alice called me to come to the window."

"There, stupid!" she said, pointing to the window opposite. "What do you think of that?"

"On a stand near the window was a tumbler and in the tumbler was a rose."

"That's the identical rose you threw at her."

"You don't mean it?" I cried. "What's the next move?"

"I would like to have you make it yourself, only you might act silly. You see, at this time of day the sun shines on this window, and I'm afraid she'll suspect I'm a girl."

"I'll do it. I'm all right now. I'm not afraid of anything."

"Bosh! You have no pluck at all."

"However, it was arranged that I should make the next move, whatever that might be, though Alice was to decide upon it. We sat, I reading the paper, Alice keeping watch on the window opposite. Presently the girl appeared in a very becoming morning costume. She looked up at the sky."

"She's pretending she's interested in the weather," said Alice, "but that's pretty thin considering there's not a cloud in the sky. Stay where you are. She can't see either of us. She'll think you have gone out and will give herself away by and by."

"After the girl had examined the heavens she swept her eyes in a lightning glance across my window. Then she disappeared."

"Too bad," said Alice, "that she has put on her finery to be disappointed."

"What finery?"

"What finery! Do you suppose girls dress that way in the morning when they are doing household duties? She expected after yesterday's performances to see her admirer at least for a moment before his going downtown."

"Alice went shopping during the morning, and I went to my club. Not yet being settled in an occupation, I am obliged to get away with the day as best I can. I met Alice at a glove counter and took her to lunch. Then we went to my room ready to continue my wooing by proxy. Alice concluded to close the blinds in order that she might observe the enemy through the slats; but, fearing the girl opposite would see her watching, she called a maid for the purpose. Then Alice and I lounged, awaiting developments. About 3 o'clock the girl came to her window and, seeing my blinds closed, did not scruple to fix her eyes upon them. Alice, who was watching her, directed me to suddenly throw the blinds open. I did so. The girl beat a precipitate retreat."

"After while Alice told me to go to the window and sit there reading a paper with my back to the light. I did so, while Alice herself went to another window and watched through the slats. Presently she caught sight of a dim figure in the back of the room opposite. She could see that the girl was watching me. Then the girl came forward, unconscious that she was under observation. Suddenly Alice burst into a laugh."

"What is it?" I asked.

"She's throwing a kiss at the back of your head."

"This was too much for me to endure without seeing. I turned just in time to catch a glimpse of a figure getting back out of the light."

"Now I have started you," said Alice. "I leave you to do the rest yourself. I shall go home tomorrow."

"Do you think I can get on alone?" I asked.

"There's nothing more to do in this way. If you wish to follow the matter up you must find a way to make her acquaintance, and, having met her, you must be careful not to mention anything you have learned of her interest in you. Better not mention this part of it."

"Treat her as a perfect stranger."

"Would you mind, Alice, I asked, 'telling me how you learned all this?'"

"I haven't needed to learn it. I'm a girl."

"But how about your experience in similar circumstances?"

"Oh, bother! There haven't been any similar circumstances in my case."

"You got it all by instinct?"

"Yes."

"Well, all I have to say is your instinct is mighty strong."

"I at least had the ability to find out who the girl opposite was and hunted among my friends till I found a mutual acquaintance who introduced me. I courted her, but blundered, and it was a long time before I won her."

"Power of Imagination."

"The imagination is wonderful," said a college professor. "I know a Chicago man who went last summer to Asbury Park. He in a quiet way proved my point. He didn't reach Asbury Park till 10 o'clock at night, and, very tired, he turned in at once. As he settled in he heard comfortably on the pillow he said to his wife: 'Listen to the thunder and hiss of the surges. Maria, I haven't heard that glorious sound for forty years. No more insomnia now!'"

"And, indeed, for the first time in three months the man slept like a log. But when he awoke in the morning he found that the uproar which had lulled him to sleep was the noise of a garage in the rear of the hotel. The sea was over a mile away."—Detroit Free Press.

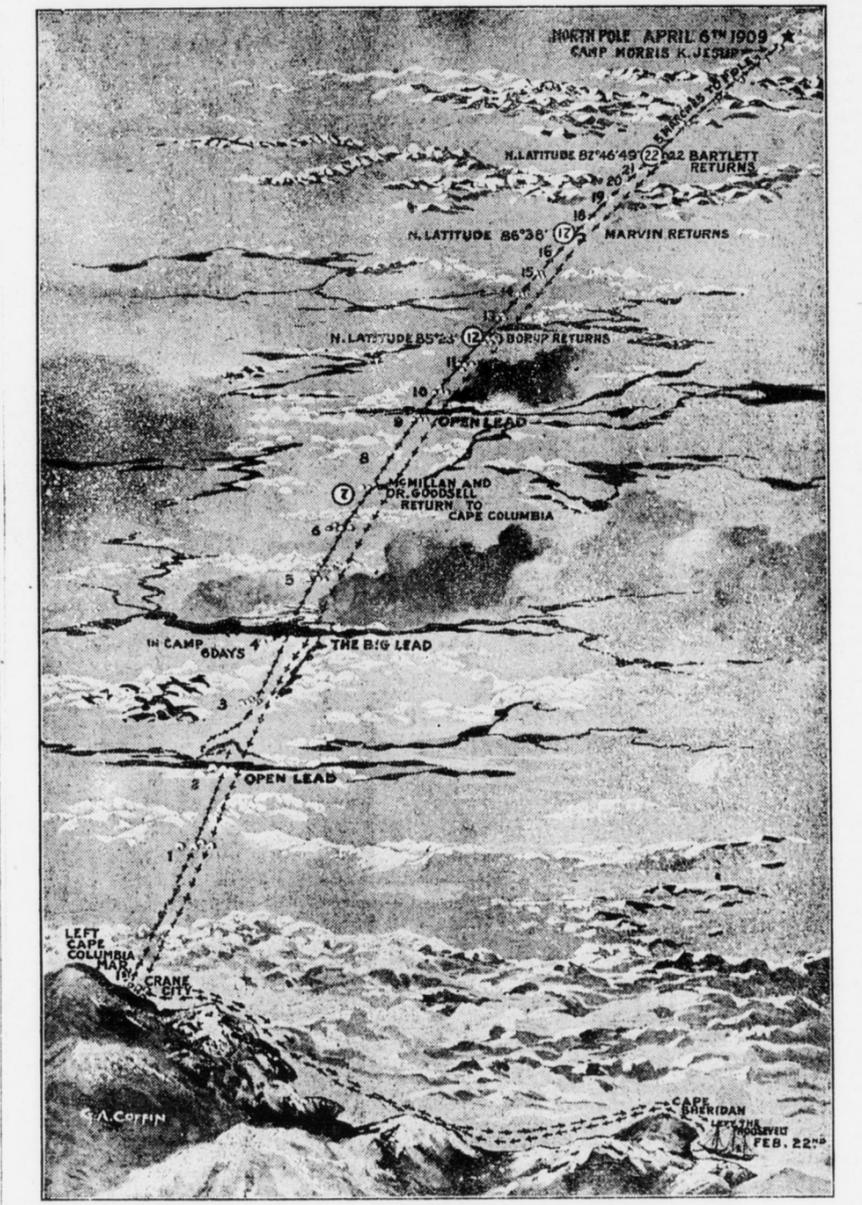
# PEARY LAYS POLAR PROOF BEFORE WORLD

Carefully Planned Marches, Necessary For Success, Told In Detail. Trip to 87 Degrees 6 Minutes, Former Record, Filled With Danger. Bartlett's Party Nearly Swept Away on Ice Floe While in Igloo.

THE latest installment of Commander Peary's narrative, in the July issue of Hampton's Magazine, tells of his trip across the polar ice to beyond his own "farthest north." It presents many of the proofs which Commander Peary refused to turn over to congress, and it carries the polar expedition right up to the last stage of the dash to the pole itself. It also tells of Peary's

main party nine men, seven sledges and sixty dogs. "Five marches farther on Bartlett would return with two Eskimos, twenty dogs and one sledge, leaving the main party six men, forty dogs and five sledges. "I hoped that with good weather and the ice no worse than it had been thus far Borup might get beyond 85 degrees, Marvin beyond 86 degrees and Bartlett beyond 87 degrees north.

dred yards distant and put up our igloos. I was just dropping off to sleep when I heard the ice creaking and groaning close by the igloo. "Leaping to my feet and looking through the peephole of our igloo, I was startled to see a broad lead of black water between our two igloos and Bartlett's, the nearer edge of water being close to our entrance, while Bartlett's party was moving east on the ice raft which had broken off.



PEARY'S SUCCESSFUL DASH TO THE NORTH POLE SHOWN BY MAP. This "birdseye" view map shows the Peary system of marching. At the end of the seventh actual march McMillan and Dr. Goodsell returned to land. At the end of the twelfth march Borup returned. At the end of the seventeenth march Marvin returned. At the end of the twenty-second Bartlett returned. At the end of the twenty-seventh march Peary reached the pole. As far as possible the returns were over the trail made by the party going out.

"marching system" and makes plain the improbability of discovering the pole by any other method. This he outlined as follows:

"On the evening of the 19th, while the Eskimos were building the igloos, I outlined to the remaining members of my party, Bartlett, Marvin, Borup and Henson, the program which I should endeavor to follow."

"At the end of the next march (which would be five marches from where McMillan and the doctor turned back) Borup would return with three Eskimos, twenty dogs and one sledge, leaving the main party twelve men, ten sledges and eighty dogs."

"Five marches farther on Marvin would return with two Eskimos, twenty dogs and one sledge, leaving the main party eight men, six sledges and sixty dogs."

"When I awoke March 28 the sky was brilliantly clear. After traveling at a good pace for six hours along Bartlett's trail we came upon his camp beside a wide lead. In order not to disturb Bartlett we camped some hundred yards from his igloo."

"It looked as if the ice raft which carried Bartlett's division would impinge against our side a little farther on, and I shouted to Bartlett's men to break camp and hitch up their dogs in a hurry in readiness to rush across to us."

"Slowly the raft drifted nearer and nearer until the side of it crunched against the floe, and we had no trouble in getting Bartlett's men and sledges across and on the floe with us."

"Notwithstanding the extra fatigue and the precarious position of our camp this last march had put us well beyond my record of three years before, probably 87 degrees 12 minutes, without allowing for our drifting with the ice."

"The United States Steel corporation at Gary, Ind., wants fifty cats and will pay 50 cents apiece for them."

"The demand for cats is due to a peculiar incident. For many months the company has been pestered by rodents, and every known form of poison and traps has been tried without success. The final blow came when several rats got tangled up in one of the great dynamos which give power to the blast furnace mill. This tied the work up for four hours and resulted in the loss of \$10,000."

"Gary was hunted in vain for stray cats, and as a last resort an advertisement was inserted in a Gary paper."

"The only way to make the mass of mankind see the beauty of justice is by showing them in pretty plain terms the consequence of injustice.—Sydney Smith."

"Progress is the activity of today and the assurance of tomorrow.—Emerson."

"A Soft Place. First Artist—Reduced to a drainpipe for a pillow, old chap? Second Artist—Idiot! Can't you see it's filled with straw? Bon Vivant."

"At the end of each five march period I should send back the poorest dogs, the least effective Eskimos and the worst damaged sledges."

"This program was carried out, and the farthest north of each division was even better than I had hoped."

"We were now across the eighty-seventh parallel and into the region of perpetual daylight during six months of the year. Only about six miles beyond this point, 87 degrees 6 minutes, I had been obliged to turn back nearly three years before."

"When I awoke March 28 the sky was brilliantly clear. After traveling at a good pace for six hours along Bartlett's trail we came upon his camp beside a wide lead. In order not to disturb Bartlett we camped some hundred yards from his igloo."

"It looked as if the ice raft which carried Bartlett's division would impinge against our side a little farther on, and I shouted to Bartlett's men to break camp and hitch up their dogs in a hurry in readiness to rush across to us."

"Slowly the raft drifted nearer and nearer until the side of it crunched against the floe, and we had no trouble in getting Bartlett's men and sledges across and on the floe with us."

"Notwithstanding the extra fatigue and the precarious position of our camp this last march had put us well beyond my record of three years before, probably 87 degrees 12 minutes, without allowing for our drifting with the ice."

"The United States Steel corporation at Gary, Ind., wants fifty cats and will pay 50 cents apiece for them."

"The demand for cats is due to a peculiar incident. For many months the company has been pestered by rodents, and every known form of poison and traps has been tried without success. The final blow came when several rats got tangled up in one of the great dynamos which give power to the blast furnace mill. This tied the work up for four hours and resulted in the loss of \$10,000."

"Gary was hunted in vain for stray cats, and as a last resort an advertisement was inserted in a Gary paper."

"The only way to make the mass of mankind see the beauty of justice is by showing them in pretty plain terms the consequence of injustice.—Sydney Smith."

"Progress is the activity of today and the assurance of tomorrow.—Emerson."

"A Soft Place. First Artist—Reduced to a drainpipe for a pillow, old chap? Second Artist—Idiot! Can't you see it's filled with straw? Bon Vivant."

"They that stand men have blasts to shake them.—Shakespeare"

# "OLD DATE."

A Young Girl Graduate and the College Professor.

By ELIZABETH PARKER.  
Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

When I was invited by Mrs. Winston to meet Professor Dayton, the man whom everybody was talking about for having made so many remarkable scientific discoveries, I was somewhat surprised. I was but eighteen years old, didn't know anything about science and seemed to myself to be an unfit person to be asked to meet a scientific man.

But there was not much going on in our quiet town, and mamma said there would certainly be some other young persons invited or an invitation would not have been sent to me. So I accepted. I arrived late and found a mixture of young and middle aged persons standing about in little groups. I saw Sue Bond standing alone and joined her. I had been "out" but little, and as she is one of my intimate friends I felt reassured at trying myself to her. I saw Mrs. Winston, who was chatting with a dandified young fellow with a very high shirt collar and very long cuffs, look at me in a way that led me to believe she meditated getting me away from Sue and attaching me to the young man. I was not averse to her doing so, for I dreaded lest I should fall into the hands of some of the learned men invited to meet the professor, if not the professor himself. Then I saw her bringing the young man toward me, and I knew that my prognostications were correct.

I was very diffident. Indeed, I was so intent upon thinking how I would start conversation with the young man that I heard nothing of Mrs. Winston's words of introduction. But when left alone with him I hadn't thought of anything to say to him. He soon put

me at my ease by flitting off several commonplace remarks, which gave me time to find my tongue. "I don't understand," I remarked, "why we young people are invited to meet this professor. I suppose Mrs. Winston has invited us to fill up and will surround him with the older ones."

He gave me a pleasant smile, showing a set of very white, regular teeth, and said, "Surely you're not afraid of him?"

"I wouldn't get caught with him for half an hour on any account," I replied. "What could we talk about?"

"Oh, he doesn't talk shop in company," he replied.

"Do you know him?"

"Very well. He lectured at my alma mater."

"Have you been graduated?"

"Certainly. Why do you ask?"

"Why, you don't look old enough."

He seemed to be much amused at this and told me that he had been out of college quite awhile, but admitted that he had entered very young.

"Oh, well," I said, "if you are a college graduate you might coach me upon some topic that would enable me in case I should meet this learned man to open conversation with him."

"Certainly. Upon what subject would you like to draw him out?"

"Oh, I leave that to you. I don't know anything about any of them. I have only been to the high school and couldn't learn even the elements of any science while there."

"Well, I'll tell you what you do. Say 'Professor, is it true that the discovery of radium has upset the theory of the conservation of energy?'"

"I couldn't remember all those big words. Can't you give me something easier?"

"You might ask him to tell you what your own sex has had to do with recent scientific discoveries. That will draw him out on a subject that should be interesting to you."

"What would he say?"

"What would he say? Good gracious, do you suppose I know? Do you take me for a scientific phenomenon? I am simply giving you a pointer for the professor."

"But you have heard him lecture?"

"Yes."

"Then you must know things he has said. Tell me some of them."

"His lectures are very dry. He has little faculty for making scientific truths interesting. His forte is in getting his nose down to his test tubes and blowpipes in his laboratory and digging out things that way."

"I shouldn't think such a man would care for society, and I should expect him to be awfully hard to talk to."

"On the contrary, 'Old Date,' as the students call him, is very fond of society."

"How old is he?"

"Somewhere between thirty and forty."

"Thirty isn't old—that is, not very old."

dents. They always prefix 'OJ' to the names of members of the faculty and cut off one or more syllables."

"Where is Old Date, as you call him? Is he in this room?"

"I don't see him," he replied, looking about him. "Would you like me to find him and bring him to introduce to you?"

"Oh, heavens!" I gasped. Then, remembering myself, I put on what dignity I could assume and added: "If there is any one you wish to talk to don't hesitate to leave me. I dare say Mrs. Winston will take care of me."

"Not by any means. You have talked so much of Professor Dayton that I thought you might like to know him. I assure you I should consider it a deprivation to give you up to him."

At that moment Mr. Winston approached with a baldheaded man in spectacles whom she introduced to me and took the young man I had been chatting with away to introduce to some one else.

The rest of the evening was very dull to me, and I was glad when I saw mamma making a move to leave. As I was passing out of the house the young man I had passed a pleasant half hour with stepped up to me and asked me if he might not come and see me. I gave the required permission.

The next day the weather was very warm, and in the afternoon I sat out on the piazza overlooking the garden.

About 5 o'clock I saw the young man I had met this evening before coming. He was dressed immaculately in white flannel and an orchid in his button-hole. As soon as he came near he lifted his hat and, turning at the gate, joined me. He looked so pleased at seeing me that I was quite set up. I had never had any attention from a real grown-up young man before, my oldest beau being less than twenty."

I felt more at ease sitting in my own wicker chair at home, and, flattered by such marked attention from a grown-up man, I was quite myself. I'm not disposed to sit mute any more than any other girl when I am at ease, and I kept up my end of the conversation very well, if I do say it myself. But I think my caller contributed to this. He had a way of drawing me out. Indeed, I got to gabbling without realizing that I was doing all the talking. But he seemed so interested in all I said and listened so attentively, was so deferential, that I could not help talking on. It was an hour before I bethought myself that I, a child of a girl, had been monopolizing a conversation with a young man who might be twenty-five or twenty-six years old. Then he rose to go, and I was quite mortified that I would have no opportunity to redeem myself by permitting him to say a few things himself. In withdrawing he said he had passed a delightful hour, and I showed my own appreciation of him by asking him to call again soon, to which he replied that he would be leaving the next morning. As I bade him good-by I could not but wish that he would delay his departure. Somehow by this time I had forgotten his stylish dress and had come to consider him quite sensible.

As he went out of the gate he stopped and said: "By the bye, 'Old Date' is to be at Mrs. Martin's this evening. Are you going?"

"I'm not invited. Are you?"

"Yes. I shall be sorry not to meet you again. Good-by."

So was I; sorry enough. In less than half an hour Helen Martin called me up on the telephone and asked me to come round in the evening. Professor Dayton was to be there—only a few people informally. I had no interest in "Old Date," but I had a great deal of interest in a certain young man who was to be that evening at the Martins'.

When I entered the Martins' drawing room I was the second guest to arrive. The young man whom I now met for the third time was the only one who preceded me. He was chatting with Helen Martin and as I entered looked at me with a very comical expression on his face. I supposed it had something to do with my having, after all, been invited. As I approached the two Helen said:

"Evelyn, I don't know if you have met Professor Dayton. Professor, this is my friend Miss Cummings."

"Well, I declare!"

My exclamation was not especially intelligible to Helen, but it was to Professor Dayton. His eyes fairly danced with amusement.

"I'm 'Old Date,'" he said, "true enough."

I was so mortified, so angry, that I turned with the intention of striding out of the room; but, recollecting myself, I turned again and, with hot cheeks, stammered:

"You shouldn't have—"

"Pardon me," he interrupted. "You are quite right. No one has any right even for amusement to sail under false colors. The temptation was too strong for me. Any penance you name I will do."

And I took care that he should do ample penance. I kept him dangling about me for six months after his first proposal and did not accept him until he had made a dozen.

"All the professors are old to the stu-



"WELL, I DECLARE!"

# SOMETHING NEW!

## A Reliable TIN SHOP

For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work.

Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.

PRICES THE LOWEST!

QUALITY THE BEST!

JOHN HIXSON  
NO. 119 E. FRONT ST.