

SELECT CULLINGS

The Scrap Book

A FIRST PROPOSAL

The Way She Was Comforted After It Was Over.

By KEITH GORDON.

It was the softest of spring days, and Mowbray and Miss Farrar strolled through the greenery of the park with the languid abstraction born of the first warm weather and a friendship of several years standing.

Miss Farrar, indeed, was living over other days inevitably brought back by the warm breeze and the smell of growing things—other springtimes when life meant only the beautiful possibility of love.

He sent a speculative glance toward her as she walked beside him looking off into the distance with the preoccupied air of a woman whose whole mind was given to some engrossing and persistent thought.

He waited patiently with eyes that roved carelessly over the mansions on the far side of Fifth avenue, which in turn sent back a well bred stare, knowing that her feelings would soon reach the point of overflow.

"No," he admitted, "I can't say that you do—that is"—He stopped rather vaguely.

"Oh, now don't try to soften the truth," she interrupted quickly. "I'm after facts, and I am not going to lay anything you may say up against you."

"I haven't the least idea what it is about, but I am glad that there is going to be no animosity," Mowbray observed politely.

"I think I shall propose to you," he remarked deliberately.

For a second she looked surprised, and then her eyes danced.

"Let it be in your best style," she pleaded. "Remember, it's my first, and I fear it may be my last too!"

any one to ask you?" he inquired diplomatically.

"No, indeed!" "And no man has ever told you that he loved you?" he murmured in a thoughtful tone.

"There was a faint suspicion of a blush on Miss Farrar's smooth cheeks, but her glance met Mowbray's with its usual unswerving honesty.

"Men have told me that they loved me—several of them! But that's not a proposal, you know, any more than it's a purchase when I say that I adore a string of pearls at Tiffany's!"

"The ejaculation was full of enlightenment. Mowbray was beginning at last to understand things that had always puzzled him, as his next question showed.

"Would it be impertinent to ask how you have received these declarations?" "Why, I just listened. You see, it's embarrassing. It makes one feel so terribly conscious."

"What about the man?" Mowbray asked quietly. "Doesn't it occur to you that perhaps he might need a little encouragement—that perhaps he might be a trifle conscious too?"

"I never thought of that," she admitted slowly. "I thought that sort of thing was so in a man's line—his meter." She laughed a bit ruefully.

"I have it," said Mowbray. "I have it! Learn from the squirrel! Lightness, aliveness, coquettishness! Don't you see what I mean?"

But she was not to be diverted. "I am serious," she assured him. "There's always a reason for everything, and there must be a reason for this. There's Alice Nixon. She's not so awfully pretty. I heard her say that she had had nineteen proposals!"

"Still—she's from the south," she added, and her tone implied that an allowance should be made for the fact.

"Mowbray bit his lip. "Then there's her sister—just an ordinarily nice girl—follows with fifteen. Marlon Pierce owns up to a dozen, and Beth Garrett—dear, homely Beth—acknowledges six!"

"I specially wanted to find out. Perhaps you can imagine how queer it makes me feel."

"What do you say upon such occasions?" demanded Mowbray, watching the squirrel that was again eyeing them from a distance.

There was a palpable pause before Miss Farrar replied. But at last her straightforwardness prevailed.

"Sometimes I shake my head and look rather shocked. Then they think that I disapprove of such conversations—think I'm noble, you know! At other times I laugh and say, 'I have never had one!' in a tone which implies just the reverse."

She finished this confession and looked at Mowbray out of the corner of her eyes in a way that drove the last vestige of fear out of his mind.

"I think I shall propose to you," he remarked deliberately.

The Young Men's Fancy. O summer girl, sweet summer girl, We're watching now for you!

O summer girl, sweet summer girl, Come early as you can And be, as you have always been, A blessed boon to man!

I deemed it of good augury that the man to whom I presented the bill was courtesy itself.

A Born Fisherman. Too tired to work, Too tired to walk, Too tired to read,

Had to Quit. Returned Traveler—What has become of the Municipal-State-National-International Reform club?

Wise Father. Father has to wear his whiskers just as mother tells him to.

The Men Don't Deserve It. I defy any one to name a field of endeavor in which men do not receive more consideration than women!"

Too Brisky. A young wife concocted a biscuit. Her husband, too fearful to rescuit, Smashed a beautiful vase

Dialogue. "Teacher, does cocoanuts really grow on trees?" "Why, of course, Jacob," was the answer.

Conundrums. What is the center of gravity? The letter V.

Books in the Middle Ages. When in the middle ages an author at any European university desired to publish his thoughts his book was read over twice in the presence of the authorities and if approved might be copied and exposed for sale.

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In a Minority. In 1747 John Brown was invited to become the pastor of a church at Hingham. There was but one opponent to his settlement, a man whom Mr. Brown won over by a stroke of good humor.

Separation of the Sexes. The separation of the sexes seems to have been formerly by no means an uncommon practice in the Church of England.

New English Submarine. A seven foot sink-or-swim submarine showed good form at a preliminary trial in an English swimming bath.

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Curious Human Nature. Paris was treated to a curious instance of inconsistent human nature the other day. The incident occurred at the end of a trial for attempted murder.

No Boulevards in Washington. Washington is to be congratulated on having no "boulevard." In every city where this word is used for a thoroughfare it has caused trouble.

A Hole in the Sky. Professor E. E. Barnard, in discussing the remarkable dark lanes seen in his photographs of the nebula surrounding the star Rho Ophiuchi and the apparent veiling of the more distant stars by this and a neighboring nebula, calls attention to "a small black hole in the sky" which has appeared on a number of his photographs for the past fifteen years.

Raising the Hat. The formation of a league in Berlin to substitute a military salute for the practice of raising the hat has probably been brought about by the spread of the all invading cap.

What Bismarck Would Have Done. Colonel Gadke, the military critic of the Berliner Tageblatt, has been discussing the possibilities of a German invasion of England and of an English invasion of Germany.

Green Snow. The familiar red snow of Alpine and arctic regions is well known to be due to the growth in it of a minute ocellid species of alga.

Mark Twain. It is a tribute to Mark Twain's originality and spontaneity that he has never had an imitator. During a career reaching back almost to the second series of "Biglow Papers" he has held the primacy as master of both gentle and ironic wit.

Caught Him Both Ways. While Chauncey Olcott was chatting with a friend on Broadway, New York, one day a young man whom he had noticed in conversation with two other men in front of a theater left his companions and, crossing the street, said:

"I beg your pardon, but are you Chauncey Olcott?" "No," responded the comedian; "I'm his brother."

"Then I lose my bet," exclaimed the stranger, darting in front of a car and rejoining his companions.

Mr. Olcott saw him hand one of the men a bill, and, not wishing the stranger to lose his money, he started in pursuit to explain. But there was a rush of traffic at that moment and he lost sight of them.

Anticipation. It is a mystery of the unknown That fascinates us. We are children still, Wayward and wistful. With one hand we cling To the familiar things we call our own And with the other, resolute of will, Groping in the dark for what the day will bring.

Honesty. I was sitting at my desk when black Sam, who sometimes waits on me at my restaurant, entered my office.

"Well, tell 'em dat an' say yo' thinks Ah'm hones'. Dat'll be enough."

The Break in the Fog. There had been half a dozen stories of thick fogs, but Captain Mansfield had waited his turn with patience.

Extra Good Care. Some years ago the captain of one of his British majesty's ships while in quarantine at Auckland, New Zealand, owing to one slight case of fever, received some valuable carrier pigeons.

Friends in Both Places. Mark Twain, the humorist, had friends in Philadelphia, and one of them, a woman who was his hostess at a dinner on his last visit to that city, tells the following story:

"We were talking about the future life and the various kinds of reward and punishment that might be expected in the next world," she said, "and Mr. Clemens took no part in the discussion. After a few moments of conversation on the part of all the other guests and complete silence from the humorist the woman sitting next to him turned to him and said:

"Well, Mr. Clemens, aren't you going to tell us what you think about future punishment and reward?" "I must ask you to excuse me, madam," he replied. "You see, I have friends in both places."

"I shall have to take your word for that."

"Well, I am domestic. I know I am! So I want you to explain to me"—her voice was growing tumultuous—"but first promise on your honor that you'll never tell—how it is that I've reached the age of thirty-three without ever having had a proposal."

"Pardon, dear, a thousand pardons!" He had never called her that before, and there was something in his voice which bespoke a new hope and confidence, but she was too engrossed in her pursuit of self knowledge to notice.

"Is it because you haven't wanted

any one to ask you?" he inquired diplomatically.

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CASTORIA advertisement featuring the brand name in large letters, a signature of Charles H. Fletcher, and text describing the product as a harmless substitute for castor oil, used for over 30 years. It includes a small illustration of a child and a woman.



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