

The Genevieve Who Lost a Flavor

Do you remember when you were a sturdy, freckle-faced Jimmy-boy or a baby Jenny-girl, about as high as the table, and they had strawberries for supper? Didn't you always save the biggest and reddest and most beautiful for the very last bite?

Of course you did. So did I: So did everybody.

Well, so did the Genevieve I am going to tell you about. And so, especially, did James.

This James was from the country a very, very few years back, with a university and law school between him and the days when he used to be engaged to a dear little girl down in the home neighborhood. But now he was engaged to Janey, was this very tall and handsome James, who had the most wonderful eyes, with the glinting blaze of the true sapphire in them, and black hair and broad shoulders, and a smile that would win the birds off even blackberry bushes, full of fruit, and a voice—well, a voice that was just the point.

Janey was little, and sweet, and loving, and very, very clever—far more clever than James thought she was at the time. But not with the cleverness that keeps such a James as her permanent possession.

This was the cleverness possessed by Genevieve, who lived a few blocks away, and who flirted her eyes at James when she saw him, because it was her nature to flirt her eyes when she saw a perfectly nice James about.

So, when his heart began to beat curiously at Genevieve and her flirt eyes, James was not pleased. He



"Both Waiting for the Flavor of That Strawberry."

meant to act like a man. But after awhile Janey's little heart cracked a bit, and she said to James:

"I think we had better say goodbye, James, for I do not think I care to share a possession with Genevieve."

This was natural of Janey, but extremely injudicious, because, now that he felt he would be doing nothing unmanly, James took the freedom offered him, whereas, down in the breaking heart of her, Janey hoped against hope that he would not take it.

Then he openly devoted himself to Genevieve, and Genevieve, having acquired him, forgot all those dirty glances of hers and declined to bother much with James. While her mother said: "Dear me, I wonder if he supposes that Genevieve would look at him! He has nothing, positively nothing, and is just a country boy. While as for Genevieve!"

But James thought—and perhaps because—from the country had all sorts of good stuff in him, it appeared, and attracted the attention of important personages, who gave him various good openings, of every one of which he took immediate and energetic advantage. While as for Genevieve!

Genevieve thought there was what the story book calls Another. But a year or so passed, and then another year or so, and Another said nothing about it, and after awhile Another went away and married another girl. So Genevieve, who no longer smiled on her birthday, cast a glance at James, whom she had kept put away in case of a rainy day.

James, by this time, was rather an important person to keep on the shelf, and, in fact, he had said from time to time to Genevieve: "Come and go driving;" or "Come, and let us go to the club dance tonight;" or "We are getting up a quiet little affair, and I do hope you will permit me." And the little affair would be the important Bachelors' dance of the season, and James would lead the cotillon with Genevieve.

After Another's injudicious marriage, Genevieve found these things very, very pleasant, just like some sort of healing salve, perhaps. But the

heart of them seemed to be dying, for James occasionally cast those glinting eyes of his elsewhere, and felt few qualms about it. But still he said "Come and let us," because she was in his set and it was pleasant that way. Love her? Why—certainly.

Then, as she felt him drawing a bit away from her, Genevieve held out a coy hand to James. And after a time James said: "I have waited a long time, Genevieve." And Genevieve said: "You need not wait any longer, James."

They both expected a thrill, but it failed to materialize. Genevieve got busy with her trousseau, which was of an elaborateness, and James was the soul of devotion. But they were both waiting for the flavor of that big strawberry, and they couldn't seem to catch it. Then James whispered to himself: "This isn't the biggest, this is just the sizes we have been having for several years; wait till we are actually married."

Genevieve wasn't thinking so much about the strawberry because she had all those clothes of hers on her mind. But even at that she could occasionally smack her lips at the spoon and miss it.

Well! Then came the great day, and the church, and the six bridesmaids, and the matron of honor—Genevieve was about the last of her set—and the touching incident that gave heart interest to the occasion and lovely copy to the society editor—for James, as well as Genevieve, now belonged to quite the first flight—but always James watching for the flavor of the big strawberry.

It might come when he slipped the ring on—but then he was sweating with horror because he had almost dropped it. It might come when the "Voice That Breathed O'er Eden" wafted them down the aisle—but then he was cold because he had just been kissed by his mother-in-law, who wore false teeth. It might come when he put Genevieve into the carriage and took his seat beside her, his own wife—but then they were flinging rice and old shoes and the rice got down his collar. No flavor to the big strawberry yet.

And they came back from their wedding tour, their honeymoon, and their lips were still undyed from the juice of that biggest of all strawberries. And that is about all.

Except that, of course, it would never do for Genevieve to think about Another, nor yet regret those years before she told James "yes." It is always best to wait until you know your mind, of course it is.

And James, who is a man of affairs, and gathers up money, and—yes—and never hears the birds sing, must never cast a glance over his shoulder at the Janey-girl he used to be engaged to, and who is living a brave and useful life—but all alone. That would be very wrong. And still less would he give a twinkle of those now dull, blue eyes of his father and farther back to the red lips of the girl out in the country, the girl whose little doublet ring is in his box of "remembers," because she sent it back to him when he had been two years at college and grew careless about writing to her.

But, surely, they can think about the fruit crop of this great land of ours and what makes it seem to do queer things after arriving at a certain stage of ripeness?

It was the very finest berry in the dish and now the old thing tastes just like a sandheap and no strawberry at all! Maybe Genevieve doesn't say this out loud. Very often Genevieves do not say such things out loud; they only feel them in the weary, sorry hearts of them.

"The berries are losing their flavor this year," mutters James to his empty plate. "That big fellow looked fine, the one I saved to the last—just as I used to do when I was a kid. But there wasn't a bit of flavor left. It tasted just like—just like—ashes."

And James scowls at his plate a bit and then shakes his broad shoulders and thinks to himself: "There couldn't have been any such flavor at all, I am sure. It was just because I was a kid."

Me? I like my berries with the dew on them!

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No Vacancy for Him.
"We once had a night clerk who was an Englishman," said a New York hotel manager. "You know the call lists, the sheets on which are recorded the hours at which guests wish to be awakened in the mornings, are made out in rows of 7 A. M.; 7:30; 8:00 and so on. Well, one night a lot of people had left calls for 7:30 when a man came up to the Englishman and said he wanted to be awakened at that hour. The clerk looked down the list and found that all the lines under 7:30 had been filled. He said to the visitor:

"Really, I am very sorry, sir, but we haven't another vacancy for 7:30. But we have some under 7 and 8."

Ocular Testimony.
"How did Smith find out if ocean traveling were good for the health?"
"He went to sea."

PROGRESS of the WORLD

SOME THINGS THE BUSY WORKER IS DOING FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF CIVILIZATION

Gets Good Training

Stenographer Will Find Big Office Is Best Business School for the Beginner.

DISCIPLINE IS INVALUABLE

Hard and Varied Work Will Keep Her Mind Alert and Teach Her to Adjust Herself to All Kinds of People.

"The work here is hard," said the manager of the big office where there are more than fifty stenographers employed, "but I don't think you'll regret it if you come here. Our office is a first-class training school. I don't want you to come thinking you're going to have a 'clinch,' but if you do come and make good you'll find that we appreciate it and that the training you have had will more than compensate for the hard work."

His words proved true. Through tears and tribulation the applicant struggled through the many difficulties in that big office, and when she finally took another position she fully realized how invaluable had been the experience she had had in that big, hard school.

To a stenographer who really wants to become proficient in her line of work there is nothing like serving her novitiate in a big office. A girl who goes directly into a small office, where she is perhaps the only stenographer, or one of two or three, and stays there, not only has nothing to compare her work with, but she is without the stimulus imparted by the feeling that one is a part, if only a small part, of a big, compact whole. To a girl who is inclined to think that it doesn't make any particular difference whether she is punctual or not the rigid discipline which must be maintained where there are so many persons employed is the best thing in the world.

The timid girl learns to control her nerves. She becomes accustomed to being sent to take dictation from strangers who may glare at her and shout in a most distracting way if she fails to grasp every word on the instant. She finds out just where the fine line is drawn between intentional rudeness and mere business abruptness. She learns to adjust herself to the many kinds of people with whom she is thrown in sharp contact. After she has become thoroughly convinced that she is the merest atom after all, all the conceit having been extracted from her system, leaving her humbly resigned to the fact that she is of absolutely no consequence, she may be surprised to find that some one has noticed her efforts to do good work, and the thrill which comes with this discovery is worth much past anguish of mind.

The variety of work with which the stenographer in a big office has to be familiar keeps her on the alert, so that her mind has no chance to fall into the habit of taking naps. She learns to form new words in shorthand quickly. She learns to admire the neat work of the good stenographer and to shudder at the "sloppy" work of the indifferent one.

Quite often material for a really good stenographer is spoiled because a girl goes into a small office and perhaps works for a man who is ignorant or indifferent and she has no correct standard to live up to.

To take a more personal point of

view, a young and inexperienced girl is more protected in a large office.

Let the experienced stenographer look for easy hours in a small office if she wishes to, but by all means let the beginner get into a big office where the work is hard and varied if she wants to succeed.

SCIENCE NOTES

Powdered pumice applied with wash leather will remove fingermarks from books.

Australia has prohibited the exportation of the plumage, skins or eggs of native birds.

Projectiles fired even from the heaviest guns, when they penetrate concrete do so without splintering it.

There are 1,850 electrical works and central stations in Germany in addition to more than 45,000 private plants.

Carbon deposits which blacken a gas mantle can be removed by burning a little common salt on the burner.

To economize on ushers a New York moving picture theater has installed small incandescent lamps on the backs of the seats, arranged to burn only when the seat is unoccupied.

Success in Life.

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty, or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction.

Honest Method Best

UNTRUTHFULNESS OF CLERK SURE TO HURT BUSINESS.

Giving the False Impression That the Customer is Obtaining Special Values is Unwise.

A prominent merchant once dismissed a salesman whom he overheard saying to a shopper: "We usually sell that for \$1.25, but seeing it's you, I'll let you have it for \$1."

The article regularly sold at \$1. Nothing could injure a business more than to make customers feel that personal influence governs prices. In the first place an intelligent buyer cannot help discovering the salesman's duplicity, and, aside from the fact that it is against all good business principles there is another thing to be considered.

Some people, foolishly enough, allow themselves to be persuaded that they are of special importance and can buy goods at that particular store at lower prices than any one else. They become accustomed to looking for reductions and feel angered if called upon to pay the regular price for anything.

But, worst of all, they spread the impression among their friends that

BY FLINT AND STEEL

MATCHLESS GAS LIGHTER SEEMS RETURN TO OLD WAYS.

Mechanical Device, However, Comes at Time When Soft Pine Stock Is Disappearing.

Once upon a time the teacher of elementary physics interested his class by pulling off his shoes on a winter's day, disclosing some home knit woolen socks. He produced a piece of woolen carpeting and spread it on the floor just under a gas jet. Thus prepared, the teacher danced a short hornpipe on the carpeting, opened the gas jet, touched his finger to the gas and an electric spark lighted the gas—or failed, occasionally, to do so.

To show that we are progressing, however, does not require even the apparatus newly designed for lighting a gas flame without a match. It is a sign of progress that school teachers have quite wearing home knit woolen socks and stockings—perhaps a sign of progress that grandmothers nowadays can't knit 'em.

As to the matchless gas lighter, however, it has come into the market as a substitute for matches just about the time that match making soft pine is disappearing. This mechanical gas lighter, however, seems to be a retrograde move in principle, after all, involving the "flint and steel" of our grandfathers' time.

A bit of roughened file material is fixed to one end of a wire which doubles back into a spiral spring and forward again to hold the flint in contact with the steel. Springing the ends together, the gas is turned on, the spring released, and as the flint strikes upward against the file sparks are driven downward into the flow of gas that has been released, lighting it.

they have a so-called "pull" at So-and-So's, and offer to use their influence to get the reduction in price for their friends also.

Of course there are times when it is necessary for every well regulated business concern to cut prices upon merchandise—for instance, when certain lines refuse to leave the shelves or assortments are depleted. But in this case the cut is general and applies as well to Mrs. Jones as to Mrs. Smith.

Some salesmen who desire to be clever and who have a high opinion of their ability along this line are inclined to work this sort of confidence game on their customers: They will take the favored ones (?) aside and inform them that as a special favor, they are going to let them have for \$1 an article for which every one else is paying \$1.25, while in reality \$1 is the regular profit bearing price.

This ruse may work for a while, but it is, nevertheless, bad business. It is well enough to impress a customer with the fact that an article is worth more than he is asked to pay for it if this is actually the case, but they must not be led to believe they can buy it for less money than any one else can. Honest business methods pay in the long run.

Growth of Cotton Industry.
There were 1,296 establishments engaged in the manufacture of cotton goods in 1909, which compares with 1,077 in 1904 and 973 in 1899, an increase of 24 per cent. during the decade.

This percentage does not begin to show the real advance in the industry, because the average capacity of the establishments was increased materially during the period.

The value of products manufactured increased from \$332,806,000 in 1899 to \$616,297,000 in 1909, an increase of 85 per cent. The total cost of the principal materials used was \$322,884,000 in 1909 and \$151,960,000 in 1899, a gain of 112 per cent.

The cost of materials, however, does not include the cost of fibers other than cotton, mill supplies, soap, oil, fuel, containers, etc. A large percentage of the increase in the cost of principal materials is due to the greater cost of cotton.—American Wool and Cotton Reporter.

Wanted to Be Sure.

"Say, Lem," said a long-haired farmer, looking into the door of the barber shop, "how soon kin yer cut my hair?"
"In about half an hour," replied the barber.

"All right," he said, and departed. In a few minutes the door opened again. "Say, Lem," asked the farmer "sun time er stander?"—Success Magazine.

Nothing is to be expected from the workman whose tools are forever to be sought. It was once told by a great master that no man ever excelled in painting who was eminently curious about pencils and colors.—Samuel Johnson.

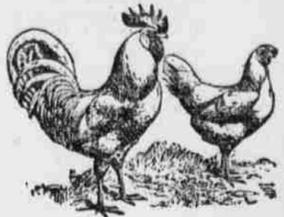
POULTRY



FOWLS FOR EGG PRODUCTION

Good, Strong, Vigorous Birds Are Required and Should Not Lay Many Eggs in Pullet Year.

Good, strong, vigorous birds are essential for egg production. The simple fact that a hen has laid 200 or more eggs in her pullet year is not sufficient to warrant her being used as a breeder. I have seen a number of 200-egg hens, with long, narrow



Single Comb White Leghorn.

heads and sunken eyes, which indicate low vitality, and, moreover, have tested a number of them as breeders, and have yet to see one that was worth while breeding from, judging from the performance and living powers of her offspring, says a writer in an exchange.

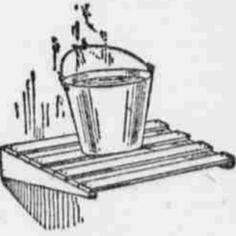
A hen used for breeding, especially for the producer of males to head the breeding pens the next season, should not only be expected to lay a large number of eggs per year, but these eggs should be high in hatching power and the chicks should live, and, furthermore, they should develop into good-sized birds quickly and the pullets should lay well. Perhaps it might be well to give here the method that is used by us in breeding from selected layers.

The hen is required to be a good winter layer and to lay at least 150 eggs in her pullet year. The next requirement is that her eggs hatch well—that is, it is expected that over 80 per cent. of the eggs will be fertile and 90 per cent. of the fertile eggs will hatch. It is then required that 90 per cent. of the chicks will live to five months of age and that the cockrels at this age be well developed and weigh—at least six pounds each, and, finally, that the pullets be good layers. If the pullets lay well during the fall, then I consider holding their brothers as breeders. We try as far as possible to test the males along similar lines, as to producers of plenty of strong pullets and lay well. There is probably as much difference between males as there is between females.

HANDY RACK FOR WATER PAIL

One Shown in Illustration Will Be Found of Great Convenience in the Poultry Yard.

As seen in the illustration herewith, a handy rack for a water pail may be made out of a few odd pieces of lumber and nailed with a brace be-



Water Pail Rack.

neath to the wall. It will be found very convenient in the poultry yard or elsewhere. A hook in the wall to hold the handle may be needed where the fowls are likely to upset the pail.

BUY STOCK FOR SPRING NOW

Some of the Advantages of Buying June Bred Poultry at Present Time—Breeder is Thinning Out.

If you are contemplating starting in the fancy poultry business next spring don't wait till that time to buy your stock. So many wait till the last moment before buying their stock that it is an annoyance to themselves as well as the breeder to be told that he has no stock for sale. Here are some of the advantages of buying June bred poultry at the present time:

1. The breeder has a larger stock on hand than he will have in the spring.
2. He has more birds than he can properly accommodate now, and will "thin out" at a sacrifice.
3. As business is dull with the poultry fancier at this time of the year, he is more anxious to sell and will do better by you.
4. If he is compelled to keep his stock over till spring, he will add the extra expense to the birds, and if eggs for hatching are in demand, he will not sell at any price.
5. In the spring the pens are mated up, and the careful breeder will not break up his matings.
6. Hens and pullets, of any breed, are seldom to be had in the spring.