

Mr. Harding's Selections for His Cabinet



# LOOK

The Fruit Store on the corner of 5th and Magee Ave. has gone under new management since Mar. 1st

Frank Sunseri formerly manager has taken over the business and has been remodeling the store the past week. It is now open and ready to give the public real prices on everything that is sold.

Owing to the condition of the fruit markets we cannot get fruit in great quantities, but what fruit we have on display will be in first class condition. EVERYTHING GUARANTEED.

This store will be run under the name of

The Patton Fruit Exchange  
Fruits Ice Cream Candy Cigars

## CUPID ALIAS BILLY

By WILLIS GRAY.

Marjorie thought as she deftly put on and passed down her hair to her shoulders, wondering for the first time in her life, how the little fellow would come this time. Tomorrow was Valentine's day, and she had agreed to help them make the proper offerings to lay at various shrines among their schoolmates.

As a matter of fact, Marjorie was grateful for any occupation that kept her from seeking the exclusion of her own room, and having a regular good time, she doesn't have a perfectly splendid time, and of one's life every day, metaphorically slamming the door behind him—and all over nothing.

Over and over in her mind revolved the events of the previous evening. Bruce had arrived half an hour later than usual. She had demanded the reason for his tardiness—in fun. He had refused to give any. And before they knew it they had a regular-sized quarrel on their hands.

Bruce had maintained that for her to insist showed she didn't trust him. She had held just as stoutly that the fact that he didn't tell her argued that the reason was one he knew would displease her, and the only one that would displease her would be connected with some other girl and—oh, it had all been so silly, until the last, which had been tragic.

Bruce had risen and remarked coolly that he was going home and would come again when she sent for him. Marjorie could hear herself now saying in unutterably haughty tones that never under any circumstances could she conceive it possible that she would even think of such a thing! Bruce had departed by way of the front door. Marjorie had gone upstairs, remorse already battling with dignity.

With a sigh she brought herself back to the present. "What shall I put in for a verse?" she asked.

"Oh, anything," said Billy, offhand. "Make up something with lots of the silly stuff that is usually on valentines."

In the space left for them beside an over-plump cupid shooting a very large arrow at a very small heart, Marjorie carefully penned the lines:

"I love you dear.

"Oh, come and be

My valentine!"

"Thanks," said Billy, gratefully. "It's rather mushy, but you might as well write the same one on them all." So over and over Marjorie printed the little verse and the short February day was swallowed in the twilight.

"Well stop now, kiddie," said Marjorie. "Put them in their envelopes and I'll mail them in the box at the corner."

Now, the corner where the mail box stood was also the corner Bruce passed on his way home from the train.

So securely the Marjorie time her trip to the corner that the last of the bunch of childishly scrawled envelopes had slipped irresistibly in and the lid closed with a click, when she heard behind her the familiar step, and turning, raised her eyes to meet the unsmiling ones of Bruce. Afterward she remembered that he had looked for a moment as if he wanted to stop. But he had merely raised his hat politely and walked on. And Marjorie, the words of contrition halted on her lips, had started after him in sorry dismay.

That evening Marjorie left the living room for the reception room where she usually entertained Bruce.

Suddenly, the front door opened, and the doorkeeper parted to admit a smiling-eyed young man who advanced with outstretched arms into which Marjorie straightway went. "Bruce," she whispered, "it was lovely for you to give in!"

"Give in?" he cried, "who wouldn't give in after that adorable little invitation. Why, you darling, I was ready to come anyway, but after getting that—"

Marjorie detached herself from his embrace. "Getting what?" she asked coolly.

"Oh, I know it by heart," he began. "I love you, dear. For you are mine. Oh, come and be My valentine!"

Marjorie was silent for the space of a whole half minute.

"That—wasn't Billy?" she said. "He must have sent one to you."

"Sweetheart," said Bruce, softly, "are you really sorry?"

Marjorie looked up at him. "No—o—o," she said hesitatingly, then emphatically, "No, I'm not!"

"Weren't we silly goose?" whispered Bruce over her dark hair. "The reason I was late was—"

"Don't ever tell me!" cried Marjorie, putting a soft hand over his mouth.

And he never did. But considering that it was only a matter of a missed train, it was of no importance, any way.

Discovery of a Law

"I understand you have discovered the law of gravitation," remarked the neighbor who happened to be passing the orchard.

"Yes," replied Sir Isaac Newton, "and a good job, consider it. There's one law that will require a big population and an army of deputies to enforce it."

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