

LADY CLERK

By Doug's Walsh.

There weren't many prettier lady clerks than Lucy Ralmond in the city. Lucy, neatly and tastefully dressed, with gold-brown hair, a pair of pathetic blue eyes, and the faintest little square-set chin that ever hinted that it was not advisable to stir her anger.

As for Donald Hayes, he fell madly in love with her almost at sight, and from the first constituted himself her humble slave, sheltering her as much as possible and telling her all those little things and putting her up to all those little office wrinkles of the ignorance of which makes a new place so uncomfortable at the beginning.

Now, in that office, as in most of them, there was a manager—Mr. Maynard—an evil-tempered man who knew his work, but who unfortunately had the notion that the only way to make people efficient was to bully them. Even Lucy's big blue eyes could not control him to keep his tongue; time and again he spoke to her in a way that galled her proud spirit almost beyond endurance, and crushed Master Donald at his desk, near by, to clench his hands and bite his lips.

And one morning he turned up in an even worse temper than usual, called Donald a "lazy brute," and then began to dictate his letters to Lucy at a furious pace.

"I beg your pardon," she said at last, having struggled vainly to keep up.

"Go on!" he cried. "Don't interrupt."

"But I cannot get it down. You are going too fast for me."

"Confound it all!" he blurted out. "What kind of a short-hand clerk do you call yourself? It is your business to get it down!"

"I was doing my best, Mr. Maynard," she answered meekly.

"Rubbish," he snorted. "You're incompetent—that's what it is."

"It isn't," said Lucy defiantly, nettled by his tone. "I can do a hundred and ten words a minute, as I told you when I came."

"You impudent little minx," blustered the manager, getting up angrily from his chair. "Don't back answer me. If you do, you'll be out soon and find yourself outside!"

"That's where you ought to be, you bully," came in hard, stern tones from the neighborhood of Donald's desk.

"What?" cried the manager, swinging round in furious surprise.

"I said that's where you ought to be, you bully," repeated Donald, calmly. "You've no right to talk to a lady like that." He went on, while the manager struggled in vain for speech. "I'm sure the governor would not stand it, if he knew. It's a pity Mr. Cartwright is so old, he can't come here more often and look after you!"

"Are you mad or drunk—you fool!" Maynard stormed, "to talk to me like this?"

"Neither," said Donald, still in the same low voice, "only utterly disgusted with your ungentlemanly behavior!"

The manager looked at him, controlled himself with a mighty effort and said thickly, "Very well. Take a week's notice," and turned on his heel.

"Come along, Miss Ralmond," he added. "Get on with your work. Don't sit there staring like a little fool!"

But Lucy, who had sat dumbfounded through this scene made no effort to take up her pencil again. Proud as she was of her position, she was no less angry at having been treated in that way than at the loss of her place.

"Mr. Maynard," she said conciliatingly, "are we not all rather cross and hasty this morning? Won't you take back the notice you have given Mr. Hayes?"

"Confound your impudence, not!" the manager snapped.

The little square chin set forward a bit, and a sudden gleam came into the big blue eyes.

"Mr. Maynard," she said firmly, "I really think you ought to, you know!"

"Do you? And what right have you to dictate to me, miss? Take a week's notice yourself!"

The gleam in the big blue eyes became a blaze, the lion's tail was twisted now and the lion was awake.

"Mr. Maynard," said Lucy, rising and facing him, "you have been abominably rude to me, and you've had your chance to make amends and throw it away."

"And hastily planning on her hat while the manager watching her angrily, frightened in spite of himself, she walked out of the office.

Very unconsoledly Donald went out to lunch. It was not likely, he knew, that the manager would change his mind; for Mr. Maynard was one of those weak obstinate

men that what they say they stick to. In a week's time he would be scanning the advertisements and tramp up all London in search of a place.

But it was not that which caused his step to lag. He had no regrets; to him it seemed impossible that any one worthy of the name of a man could have acted otherwise.

His only trouble was that he greatly feared he had lost Lucy. She had walked out of the office in righteous wrath, and he did not know her address. So far their intercourse had been confined wholly to office life; he had not dared to speak the words that for weeks had been trembling on his lips.

And now she was gone gone for good, and since it was not to be expected that she would write to him, first his only hope of ever seeing her again was to meet her by chance.

But as he entered the restaurant at which they often lunched together his eyes brightened and the wrinkles of his forehead smoothed away. There was Lucy sitting at the usual table—waiting for him.

"I came in here to cool down, and as it was nearly lunch time I thought I would wait to thank you," she explained. "I'm awfully glad you did," he cried. "I was in a most dreadful stew because I did not know your address, and thought I should never see you again."

"Did you want to see me again, then?" she asked innocently.

A blush was upon her dainty cheeks, and her eyes cast down on her plate.

"You know I did," he answered feverishly.

"Oh, Lucy, I love you!" and then the waitress came up and asked for his order.

"I ought not to have spoken," he went on when the girl had gone. "I know I shall be out of a place next week, but I must say it! I must say it! Lucy, I love you!"

"And I love you, Donald," she whispered back so low that a waitress who passed quite close to them just then never caught the words. But Donald did.

There was no Lucy for whom he could lift the cover of the typewriter next morning or at whom he could smile fondly as the bad-tempered Mr. Maynard hurried in, but Donald had his compensations. He had his memories—memories of five sweet whispered words, of a hastily snatched kiss a little later.

The manager had no time to bully that morning; he had hardly taken off his coat and hat before the bell rang twice from the principal's room—one ring for Mr. Maynard, two rings for Mr. Hayes.

Both men were astonished, for neither had known that anybody was in the private office, and "the governor" had never arrived so early before in all their experience. However, the summons was unmistakable, so both went in together.

And on the threshold both paused amazed. Seated at the governor's desk was not the white-haired, infirm old Mr. Cartwright, but Lucy Ralmond, the clerk who had walked out of the office yesterday morning.

"Lucy," cried Donald, hardly able to believe his eyes.

"What is the meaning of this, madam?" began the manager in his customary hectoring manner, but Lucy cut him short.

"Listen and I will tell you," she said calmly. "My father, Mr. Cartwright, is very old and very ill. For a long time it has been a dream of mine to learn all about his business and relieve him from the worry of it, so I came here under my mother's name, to be with him."

"Here is a check," she said, getting a thorough grounding in all the details from the lowest to the highest. And that, Mr. Maynard, is how I found you out. Not knowing who I was you bullied me. You have bullied my father's employees for years, and you forced me by your disgraceful conduct to reveal myself earlier than I intended. My father has now placed his business entirely in my hands, and I certainly cannot on any account keep such a bully as you in my employ. You sacked me yesterday, I sack you to-day. Here is a check—you will see that my father has treated you most generously—and my orders to you are that you leave the office for good in five minutes time."

"As for you, Donald," she went on when the deposed manager, after having vainly tried to find words to meet this unexpected situation, had slunk silently out of the room. "You, of course, as we arranged last night, will be my partner."

"But—but—that, Lucy," he stammered, "that was another kind of partnership. Our positions are very different now. I am only a humble clerk and you—you—"

"Poor Donald," she laughed tenderly. "Love levels everything. You loved me as a clerk and you'll have to go on loving me, so there!"

If only millions could afford to ride in street cars everybody would prefer them to automobiles.

"A pleasant thing about a man who is really smart is he doesn't have to show off to prove it."

THE FOUR-DAY BOAT.

Its Advent May Soon Be Expected, Says Steamship Men.

In her latest run from New York to Queenstown, the Mauritania made the distance between Sandy Hook light house and Daunt's Rock in five days and five minutes, traveling what is known as the long route, or about 2,932 knots. The best previous record for the eastward voyage made by the same vessel, was beaten by two and one-half hours.

It is within the recollection of men yet young, that 12 days was considered a remarkable record for the voyage from New York to Queenstown, and a prediction that a steamship would make the trip in approximately five days, would have been considered preposterous. The 500-foot boat was, at the time of its advent, considered practically the limit. Observe the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. It reduced the time of the voyage nearly to one-half of that occupied by the earlier steamships, which were approximately only one-half the size. The introduction of steel construction was doubtless the most important advance in the art of ocean going vessel construction, and ushered in a new era. The enormous increase in ocean travel also stimulated competition, and the evolution from the old style packet, with its auxiliary sail power, to the great modern flyer, is the production of the fast express steamers.

The introduction of the modern steam turbine has been a potent factor in the increase in speed and the advent of the five-day boat. While the economical features of the steam turbine have not been fully worked out, and its comparative commercial value settled, it is in present favor with large vessels, having been apparently established.

In view of the accomplishment by the Mauritania, marine constructors are now confidently predicting the advent of a four day ocean ferry. Arrangements have already been made for the construction of two turbine driven express steamers, each 1,000 feet long, and it is considered not unlikely that within the next three or four years a New Yorker can voyage to London, or vice versa, in a day's business, and return home again within the time occupied by a few years ago on the voyage from Sandy Hook light to Queenstown.

ANTS BUILD SKYSCRAPERS.

Some Remarkable Structures Reared by the Termites.

The white ants or termites are great builders. A naturalist exploring in Somaliland recently came across a cone-shaped mud and clay hill which they had constructed which was sixteen feet in height, while many other were from ten to fifteen feet high.

When one compares the size of these ants with that of a man it becomes apparent that these hills are real skyscrapers from the termites' viewpoint. If there is any one who doubts this, let him see a termite while the average man is five and one-half feet high, the ants are only half an inch high. Therefore a 16-foot ant hill is 240 times the size of one of its builders, while such a structure as the Eiffel tower, though rising 984 feet is only 179 times the height of average man—Philadelphia Press.

Paper Coffins.

Some undertakers, whose customers are poor people, are using coffins made of paper. The coffins are made in all styles of pressed paper pulp, the same as the common paper buckets. When they are varnished and stained they resemble polished wood, and in point of durability it is said they are much better than wooden ones.

Children for Monkeys.

Evidence has been given by the police that children are frequently hired in order that they may be taken out with organs, that the usual rate of payment for them a sixpence a day and that they have practically supplanted monkeys for the purpose.

—Lancet.

Singing Cure.

The suggestion that singing may be used in the fight against pulmonary tuberculosis is an interesting one and is a further instance of the therapeutic value of hygienic measures, which is so large an item in the current professional creed.—Hospital.

Never Saw a Car.

Miss Mary A. Egge, one of Allen-town's oldest women, died recently, after having lived more than 50 years within a block of a railroad, and for 15 years close to an electric railway, but without ever having ridden on a steam train or trolley car.

At the Three Ball Signs.

New York City has 238 pawnbrokers, and such is the nature of their business that the law requires that their books shall be open to the Mayor, Criminal Courts, Magistrates and police.

Growth of German Cities.

In 1800 Germany had not a single city of 200,000 inhabitants and only two (Hamburg and Berlin) had over 100,000. To-day there are 41 cities of 100,000.

Mormons in Iowa.

Sixteen Mormon elders from Utah have invaded Iowa to try to start a church in one of the cities and thence to spread the belief over the State.

Some Freight.

The volume of freight sent by water from New York can better be realized when one considers the fact that 1,350 tons are loaded on ships every hour.

In Germany.

In Germany, all workmen, servants and clerks above 16 and getting less than \$500 a year are obliged by law to insure against old age.

Blondes and Brunettes.

Statistics show that though fair haired people are a rule less strong than those who have dark hair, yet the former live longer than the latter.

Marry Young.

Marriage at an early age is frequent in Mexico. Recently a boy of 16 and a girl of 14, were married in the capital.

Every year there are said to be 500 deaths from hunger and destitution in London.

Strong Room Perils.

Before now people have been shut in strong rooms and had narrow escapes. On one occasion a locksmith was repairing an interior safe in the strong room of a New York bank, when the cashier closed the vault door. At it was worked by a time lock it meant that the door would remain closed until the following morning. Fortunately, the man knew the secrets of the strong-lock, and by opening a manhole was able to obtain a sufficient supply of air. He then made a pillow of a bag of lollar bills and composed himself to sleep until the door was opened next morning.

The Quietest City.

Berlin is said to be the most quiet city in Europe. Railway engines are not allowed to blow their whistles within the city limits. There is no loud bawling of hucksters and a man whose wagon gearing is loose and rattling is subject to a fine. The courts have large discretion as to awards for noise making. Strangest of all, piano playing is regulated in Berlin. Before a certain hour in the day and after a certain hour in the night the piano must be silent in that musical city. Even during the playing hours a fine is imposed for mere pounding on the piano.—London Tit-Bits.

Meals and Brains.

We give too much thought to our meals, for instance; they need cooking, and it is pleasant to have them set temptingly upon a table on which fresh flowers are arranged and to eat them in a room wherein there is not a speck of dust; but it is not right that our bodies should be fed at the expense of our souls, or that the dust should be taken from every ledge in our house and left to gather thickly in our brains.—Reader.

A Razorless Race.

The only known race of hairy men belongs to the Island of Yezo, adjoining Japan. They are about 100,000 in number and are known to the Japanese as the Moles or 'all hairy people.' They have the entire body covered with a profuse and remarkable growth of hair, the only exception being that the faces of the women are bare, but usually stained with a kind of juice so as to resemble the beards of the males.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Why Moths Fly to Flames.

Moths fly against the candle flame because their eyes can bear only a small amount of light. When, therefore, they come within the light of a candle, their sight is overpowered and their vision confused, and, as they cannot distinguish objects, they pursue the light itself and fly against the flame.

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