

A Duplicate Disposition

By CARL SARGENT CHASE

"I am engaged," said my friend Bob Taylor, to a girl who seems to have two dispositions. At one time she gives every evidence of character by seriousness, weighing her words before speaking and deciding after mature deliberation. At another time she is ingenuous, childlike, happy-go-lucky and with it all extremely amiable.

"Which of her dispositions do you prefer?" I asked.

"I don't know. I confess that a woman who thinks and plans is preferable to one who does not. Nevertheless, an amiable woman is the delight of a household. I wish you would make her acquaintance and tell me which side of her makeup you prefer. Just for curiosity, you know."

I was introduced by Bob to Alpha Whitcomb—why her parents named her for the first letter of the Greek alphabet I was at a loss to know—and made a number of calls upon her. As Bob's most intimate friend, I was received with a welcome; but, of course, I didn't tell her that I had been introduced to study her duplicate disposition. What Bob had said of her appeared to be true, though during a call I found that either one of her dispositions was in the ascendant. She was never both during the same visit.

It seemed to me that when she was the serious Miss Whitcomb she looked slightly different from when she was the amiable Miss Whitcomb, but I have known persons to appear like different persons under different emotions. The Whitcomb drawing room, where I was received was always dimly lighted by these globe lamps intended to give a subdued artistic hue to everything, and I confess that I found it difficult to even get a satisfactory look at the young lady.

I had not visited Miss Whitcomb many times before I discovered that I preferred her infinitely in her amiable character. I will admit that this may have been due to the fact that when she was in this mood she seemed to assimilate best with my own makeup. At any rate I was always delighted to find her in lighter vein and correspondingly disappointed when she was serious. However, whether it was that she said that the former disposition suited her best she finally received me as the jolly, frank girl who accorded so well with my own idiosyncrasies.

It was after I had seen her several times in this mood, passing each time an evening with her, that I began to feel that I might be placed in a compromising position toward my friend Bob, her fiance. It occurred to me that I was falling in love with the girl. My visits must be stopped at once. I had remained away a week when I received a note from her stating that she wished to see me about a matter which was so trivial that I was sure it was a mere excuse to have me call again. I confess I did not have the strength of will to refuse her invitation. I called and met with unmistakable evidences of her favor.

I was frightened. It was evident not only that I had conceived a liking for my friend's fiance, but that she had conceived a liking for me. What was to be done? I thought the matter over and telephoned Bob that I wished to see him the same evening. When he came I told him that I had studied the double disposition of his fiancee as far as was necessary and was ready to report. I infinitely preferred her when she was the genial, amiable Miss Whitcomb.

"And you have no use for her when she is the steady Miss Whitcomb?" he asked.

"I did not say that. I said that I preferred her in her lighter mood."

"Do you think you could love her in that mood?"

"What a question! I shouldn't think of loving a girl who belonged to my friend."

"Nonsense. I don't believe there is any man, however honorable, who would give up the woman he loved for his friend simply because that friend had forestalled him."

"Well, what of that when the girl is true to the man she has met?"

"She isn't in this case."

I was thunderstruck. Had Miss Whitcomb confessed to her lover that she preferred me to him?

"Bob," I said, "what are you driving at?"

"I introduced you to a girl with two dispositions. I prefer her serious side. You prefer her amiable side. Now, how would it do to divide her between us? I taking the serious girl, you the amiable girl?"

"Have you lost your senses?" Bob burst out laughing.

"For heaven's sake!" I exclaimed. "What does all this mean?"

"I will meet you at her home this evening and explain. Be there by 8 o'clock. And without a word more he ran away.

Facing Death For Love

By ARTHUR W. BREWSTER

There is an island in the Pacific Ocean, a story or in such mood as the day gives reason. But the islanders will not be any more than a shadow on the wall. Death is the penalty of any woman who receives a white man for a lover of a foreigner.

One day an American sailor named John Boyle, who was on the ship, was in a hurry to get ashore. He was carrying a large package of clothing and a small chest. He was walking along the beach when he saw a girl who was very beautiful. She was wearing a white dress and a white shawl. She was looking at him with a smile.

"What a grand old world this is! Have you ever seen a more perfect day than this?"

"Has your salary been raised?"

"No."

"New boy at your house?"

"Oh, no; nothing like that."

"Perhaps you have received word that you are heir to a fortune?"

"Nothing of that kind has happened to me."

"Perhaps you have written a play that somebody has accepted for a production?"

"I'm not a writer. Why do you make such a suggestion?"

"I'm just trying to figure out why you think the world is so grand and the day so beautiful."

"Oh, you're one of those who can't understand why one may be optimistic without having some material reason for it, eh? By the way, I've just sold my house for \$2,500 more than I paid for it eight months ago." — Chicago Record-Herald.

Frog Egg Curiosity.
Frog eggs are laid before they really become eggs in the true sense of the word. They are always laid in water and when first deposited are covered with a sort of envelope in the shape of a thin membrane. In this stage they are very small, but as soon as they come in contact with the water they rapidly absorb that element and in so doing go through a queer transformation. The thin membrane containing the little seedlike egg is quickly changed into great lumps of a clear jelly-like substance, each section joined to the other, the whole forming a string from a few inches to several feet in length. On the inside of each of these lumps of jelly the eggs come to perfection and in due course of time add their quota to the frog population of the world.

Defense of Literature.
Thackeray was a past patron of the royal literary fund and frequently appeared at its annual dinners. It was at one of these dinners—on May 14, 1851—that the novelist made a noble vindication of the dignity of letters. "We don't want patrons," he said; "we want friends, and I thank God we have them. And as for any idea that our calling is despised by the world, I do, for my part, protest against and deny the whole statement. I have been in all sorts of society in this world, and I have never been despised that I know of. I don't believe there has been a literary man of the slightest merit or of the slightest mark who did not greatly advance himself by his literary labors." — And therefore I say don't let us be pitted any more.

Fishing For Sheep.
When sheep were first introduced into Cornwall, England, a flock which had strayed from the uplands on to Gwithian sands were caught there by the tide and ultimately carried into St Ives bay during the night. There the floating dock was observed from the St Ives fishing boats, whose crews, never having seen sheep, took them for some new kind of fish and did their best to secure them both by hooks and lines and by netting. Those they secured they brought home triumphantly next morning as a catch to which even pickards were as nothing.

Reminiscence.
"Do you remember the way you used to write the same wise sentence over and over again in your copybook?"

"Yes," replied the politician. "Those were the happy days. You weren't afraid somebody was going to dig up something you had scribbled off in an idle moment and use it against you in a campaign." — Washington Star.

Quite Businesslike.
He had written to the magazine editor's daughter asking if she could return his love.

"How careless of him!" she said, throwing the epistle in the wastebasket. "He should have inclosed return postage." — Philadelphia Record.

Her Pertinent Query.
"Mother," asked the little one on the occasion of a number of guests being present at dinner, "will the dearest aunt me or is there enough to go round?" — Sacred Heart Review.

Advancing Her Father.
"Could you support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"I have never tried such a rigid economy." — Life.

Of all persecutions, that of calumny is the most intolerable. — Hamilton.

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