To Meet Miss Dale

By JANE DREW

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"You'll never know her by sight by just that description," said Steve Powers, digging diligently into the spaghetti kettle with a chain dish cloth. "Rotten shame, the way your relatives land these little jokes on you, anyhow. Don't they know you're keeping bachelor's hall here with me?"

"She won't come here. I'm only to meet her at the train and trot her over to the Long Island terminal. Mother says she's blonde and wears a blue serge suit with a white silk waist and white hat."

"There'll be 9,000 girls dressed just like that, Tommy, you poor fish, Saturday afternoon in the Grand Central. I suppose she has a full description of you, too—slender, distinguished youth with dark blue serge suit, brown low-cuts, reddish hair, blue eyes, affable manner."

"Shut up," growled Tom. "Perhaps you'd like to meet her yourself. Nobody'd ever trust you to take a young person under your wing and land her safely in the bosom of her family."

"Yet I shall go with you, Tommy, to see that you behave," Powers warned cheerfully. "Have I ever deserted you in any emergency? No, sir. Brother to brother, through thick and thin, I will stand at a safe distance while you meet her."

Therefore, promptly at three minutes before two, there waited at the lower level gate two anxious young men, watching for Miss Virginia Dale, from Tuckahoe, N. Y. But one after another the arriving passengers dispersed and there was no young blonde person clad in blue serge with a white hat or white silk waist.

"Did we miss her?" asked Tom anxiously. "If you'd shut up and not get me all rattled, Steve, I'd have been sure."

But Powers failed to respond because he had been accosted by a young person. Certainly she was not the one expected. All in pink she was, short, ruffly pink skirts above white stockings and black patent leather slippers. Her brown hair was braided in pigtails with big, bunchy pink bows hiding her ears and she had blue eyes.

"I suppose you're expecting Virginia," she said, in the friendliest fashion possible. "Well, she couldn't come. She's gone to be bridesmaid up at Elaine Farrell's wedding, because Anne got sick and couldn't. You are the right ones, aren't you? Which is Tommy? I've heard your mother and your grandmother talk so much about you. I guess I just know everything that's ever happened to you ever since you were born."

"How did you know about me?" asked Steve, wistfully. "You're leaving me out."

"Well," she replied as between them she tripped to the taxi. "Virginia was telling about you. She says she knew your big brother when he went to the Jussand Military school up where we live. That's about five years ago."

"He's my younger brother," said Steve gravely. "I'm twenty-five."

"Really? You don't look it. Virgina's nineteen. I'm thirteen. I'm tall for my age, don't you think so? Everybody takes me for fifteen. I didn't tell you my name, did I? Guess!"

"Gwendolen," said Tom hopefully. "Agnes, Evangeline, Beatrice, Barbara, Constance."

"Oh, dear, no. It's just Betty," she chuckled. "Is this our taxi?"

It was, Steve thought with relief. All the way to the Pennsylvania she kept up a running fire of questions, and finally made them promise on her way home they would meet her, and give her a spaghetti dinner.

"Right up in your most special, secret place," she urged, last of all. "Good-by. I'll tell Virginia how nice you were. She'll want to know which is the nicer, but I don't know myself. Good-by."

"The little flirt," gasped Tom. "Is there anything she missed?"

"I'm engaged," answered Steve solemnly. "I've got her silver pencil to mend and a snapshot of her, and she's going to send me a box of walnut fudge every Saturday. I think she's a honey. You can keep your lofty, golden-haired Virginian."

Letters came from Betty every other day, all to Steve. Likewise the box of fudge. And he answered all loyally and sent back huge boxes of marshmallow creams and Turkish paste tied in pink satin ribbon. Also he sent out his folding kodak that had seen service abroad, and various other things.

"I want to," he said, in answer to Tom's teasing. "I never had a kid sister, and she's a honey. It takes my mind off my troubles. Let me alone."

Then came a sudden visit from Ted, the younger brother. Certainly he knew the Dale family up at Tuckahoe, he told them, while Steve listened, wide-eyed. Virginia was the finest girl ever happened.

"I like her sister," said Steve thoughtfully.

"She hasn't any sister," Ted retorted tartly.

"Named Betty?"

"No Betties. Virginia's the one and only."

"Blonde?" queried Tom eagerly.

"No. Brown haired. Dimples, blue eyes. Quite a lot of a girl."

The two stared at each other, and [illegible] aggressively. But Steve was a shade paler and there was a determined look in his eyes. He had a date on Long Island, it appeared, an immediate one. Tom called to him as he left them to take out some Turkish paste with him and a kiddie car for luck.

And when he faced her in the cool living room at her chum's house not one bit did Virginia back down from her stand, only in her blue linen dress she looked fully eighteen, and only her eyes and dimples gave her away.

"I just did it for a joke, and because Molly, your sister, said I never could put it over. We went to school together. And at commencement last week you didn't come up, you know, and I'd liked your picture so much, and I did want to see you so Molly and I arranged it with Tommy's mother. She's a dear, and well, it did work out, didn't it?"

"I suppose Molly told you a lot of stuff about me?"

"No," honestly meeting his eyes, "only that you'd been 'over there' so long that you needed some one to cheer you up and make you take an interest in life. Did—did you like the fudge?"

"Loved it," he answered, earnestly. "We'll have spaghetti tonight, if you like, and supply even a chaperon if you'll come up."

But she shook her head.

"I can't, but—but you know the way out now, don't you? You might give me back my pencil now and the snapshot."

Steve smiled.

"Maybe you think I don't know when I'm engaged," he answered. "There's no comeback. You're going to make good on all that Betty promised me."

FIND LONG-BURIED NIAGARA

Canadian Engineers Unearth Site of Falls Once as Great as Those of the Present.

A dead and buried Niagara, its thunders stilled for countless ages, once perhaps as great in height and volume of water as the present falls, has been unearthed by excavations made in the course of the new Welland ship canal near Thorold in southern Ontario.

No memories of this lost Niagara linger even in aboriginal tradition. When it existed or when it ceased to exist has not even been conjectured. It may have been thundering in primeval solitudes before the age of man. The mastodon and the pterodactyl may have pastured upon its brink. Giant-winged lizards may have sailed above its clouds of rainbow vapors.

The engineers who partly uncovered it believe it was the original Niagara marking the course of a paleolithic river that connected Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. Some mighty prehistoric cataclysm, it is supposed, diverted the course of the stream and buried the falls and the old river bed level with the surrounding country.

"Canada's greatest asset today is its land," said one of the canal engineers. "It is the 'bread basket' of the empire. Its greatest development in the next few years will come from the settlers swarming in to make homes on its vast uncultivated areas. But if this ancient source of water power had remained in existence and wholly on Canadian soil, it might have advanced the clock of Canada's industrial destiny a century or so. Canada then would not have to share its wealth-producing energy with the United States and the nation might be today one of the great manufacturing centers of the world, which the development of its other wonderful water-power resources eventually will make it."

The edge of the cataract so far uncovered begins at the eastern abutment of the Niagara, St. Catherines and Toronto railway's new bridge near Thorold and extends in a southwesterly direction for 400 feet. The ledge continues under the earth for an unknown distance beyond the point at which the excavation ends.

What is supposed to have been the first fall is in the form of steps, with a total drop of 25 feet. Below it the excavation has revealed a precipice, but to what depth this wall of perpendicular rock sinks into the earth has not yet been determined. This ledge is believed to mark the main plunge of the ancient cataract.

The eastern abutment of the railway bridge has been built on the edge of the steps down which the old river once shot in foaming cascades. The central abutment, 75 feet away, went to a depth of 75 feet before striking rock. This rock sloped at a sharp angle and evidently had been worn smooth by the rush of torrents through unnumbered years.

The grave of this buried Niagara is half a mile from the escarpment of the present Canadian falls. A deep, canyonlike valley, through which the ship canal passes where Eight-Mile creek once meandered on its way to Lake Ontario, is believed to have been the bed of the prehistoric river which furnished the waters of the giant falls their outlet to the sea.

To Vignette a Photograph.

A simple way to obtain a vignette effect, without a mask made for the purpose, is as follows: Expose the paper as usual, wet it in clean water, and flatten against a piece of glass, with coated side out. Touch the fingers in the developing solution and gently rub the paper in the center. As the form of the picture looms up, the fingers should follow the outlines of that part which is desired to show up. The fact that the paper is wet will make the edges of the developed field diffuse. When fully developed as desired, wash in water and put in the hypo bath.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

NO LONGER SACRED TO ART

Famous Greenwich Village Has Succumbed to the Demands of New York City's Business.

Add Greenwich Village to the spots of "atmosphere" that are no more, writes a New York correspondent. Like the Bowery and the old downtown residential district, the Bohemia of the metropolis is about extinct.

Unconventional people still reside in the vicinity of Washington square, but those who knew it in the old days call the present residents posers.

Struggling young geniuses, living in poverty in cheerless attics or stable studios, no more evade insistent landladies by the back stairway. They don't because the same attics and stables now lease for anywhere from $1,500 to $3,600 a year, security demanded. The Bohemian restaurants are commercialized. There is no credit and prices range with eating places in the White light district.

In MacDougal alley and Washington mews, where men and women once sacrificed all bodily comforts for art, limousines and town cars now stand without. Nurses care for children. Fresh paint and modern conveniences are everywhere. Only geniuses who have "arrived" can now afford a residence in New York's Bohemia.

CEDAR LOGS IN ELM TREE

Simple Theory Seems to Account for Their Presence, but It Might Be More Circumstantial.

Nature provided a surprise the other day for workmen in the Buffalo (N. Y.) park department, who were cutting down a giant elm and found inside the 100-year-old trunk three good-sized perfectly preserved timbers of cedar.

The theory is that they got there when the city was a village and the elm stood in what was then the market place. The elm was young, and it is believed that the timbers were placed around the trunk to protect the tree from being nibbled by horses which the farmers hitched to it when they drove into the market place.

Time passed, and nobody thought of taking away the timbers; but the tree kept on growing, and year by year the trunk surrounded them more and more until they finally disappeared. The theory seems tenable, but think of the interest that would be added by the verification of an oldest inhabitant, who remembered when the timbers were put in place, and, himself a barefoot boy, cut his name in one of them with his first jack-knife!—Christian Science Monitor.

MANSLAUGHTER AVERTED.

"The ending of my story has been completely spoiled by careless proofreading," complained the angry author. "Here at the conclusion where the judge looks down at the detective and asks, 'Are you Pendleton King? what does the printer make him say? Listen! 'The great detective, snatching off his false beard replied, "1 a. m."'"

"That certainly leaves the reader in the dark," mused the waggish editor. Then they looked at each other and laughed.—Boston Transcript.

SUSPICIOUS.

"I wonder who took my umbrella?" said Smith, as he looked around the office.

"You might ask Brown," replied Jones. "He said this morning that he had decided to put something by for a rainy day."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MUCH-WORKED PHRASE.

"Of course, it will be a quiet wedding."

"Of course," rejoined Miss Cayenne. "By the way, I don't recall ever hearing of a loud and boisterous wedding."

LITERAL.

"You can hear that old tin pan of Jim's a block before you can see it. Do you thing he really enjoys riding in such a dilapidated car?"

"Well, he seems to be having a rattling good time."

ITS CLASS.

"How ought the science of shopping be classified?"

"I don't know, but seems to me it ought to be put down as a part of buy-ology."

WITTY SALLIES

An Old-Fashioned Girl.

Mrs. Olden—What did you marry for, my dear; love, money, position or what?"

Mrs. Bridey—For a husband.

First Impression.

"Well, I must be off."

"I thought so the first time I met you."—Baltimore American.

Reds and Reds.

"Who are those fellows praising the reds?"

"Bolsheviki, I guess."

One Exception.

"Do you serve only soft drinks?"

"Well; we can give you a glass of hard water."—Boston Transcript.

Raising the Rent.

Phil—You've got a fine place here; I suppose the landlord must ask a lot for the rent.

Tom—He may have to.—Boston Post.

A Sure Bet.

"How did you make out at the racetrack yesterday?"

"Fine. I didn't go."

Both Right.

Philip, I think you married me for money." "Well, dear, I believe I earned it, don't you?"

Rather Hard on Him.

Hubby—It's a wonder to me you didn't marry the first bonehead that proposed to you.

Wifey—Well, I did.—Boston Post.

Very Necessary.

"Walter, there is sand on this bread."

"Oh, that's to keep the butter from slipping off."

A Happier Day.

"Pa, what was a pre-glacial man?"

"Why, man before he had to pay ice bills, I suppose."—Boston Transcript.

Illiterature.

"Slang seems to sell well."

"Yeah. The thing now is to be illiterary."

The Consequence.

"He has been sowing his wild oats."

"That is why he looks so seedy."—Baltimore American.

Sounds Like It.

"Do you know what a polyclinic is?"

"Of course, stupid; it is a hospital for parrots."

Hold Up.

"Here's a man who was held up in a taxi." "How much did the chauffeur charge him?"—Judge.

Loud.

Hewitt—"What do you think of this suit?" Jewett—"I think it must like to hear itself talk."

Uncertain.

"I know a fellow who is very successful in handling the grip."

"Is he a doctor or a bellhop?"

One Kind.

"What is long division, pa?"

"Dividing things so that the other fellow gets the short end."

Candid.

Gentleman (entering)—"Do you work here, boy?" Office Boy—"When the boss is looking."

A Clear Conscience.

"Don't some of those old songs haunt you?"

"No; I never murdered any of them."

Fashion Item.

"What is the proper length of a girl's dress?" "A little over two feet."—Cartoons Magazine.

Its Class.

"There is nothing exciting about this life in apartments." "No; it must be a good deal of a flat affair."

Just the Place.

"Do you know where I could get a good setter?"

"Certainly, in any poultry yard."

The Invariable Response.

"Aren't you a profiteer?"

"No. But the man I had to buy the stuff from was one."

Naturally Enough.

"Why do they speak of the sea as vexed?" "I guess it is because people are always crossing it."

Comparing Notes.

"My baby has just cut a tooth."

"My grandfather's tooth has just cut him."

Contrary Result.

"That fellow is always running for office."

"Yes; it is a standing joke."

Anxious to Comply.

"What's the idea," said Mr. Dolan, "of standing around making speeches? The boss said we must speed up."

"My mistake!" rejoined Mr. Raffert. "I thought he said, 'Speak up.'"

A Callous Brute.

"Young lady, I think I'll buy you a dictionary."

"Sir," said the typist, "I am insulted."

"Well, you can look in the dictionary for good epithets to call me."—Louisville Courie-Journal.

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