

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By R. RAY BAKER

It is unlikely that ever another man held the unique position in a community that Richard-Jerome occupied in Wakefield.

Vocationally Richard was a lawyer, and a good one. A generous practice had given him a financial status that might be termed comfortable, and of late years he had placed certain restrictions on his legal business which permitted many spare moments for his avocation, which was the mending of broken hearts.

The avocation paid Richard not a penny, but he performed the work with a gleam in his eye and joy in his heart; for he loved humanity and could not bear to see his fellows suffer when a way to alleviate their troubles was ready to his hand.

Never had a lovelorn young man appealed to Richard in vain; never had he failed, in his assumed role of Cupid, to "get the verdict." His almost uncanny insight into the ways of women gave him something akin to fame in Wakefield, although it was a fame that was spread by word of mouth and not by newspaper headlines and half-

Richard had calmly lighted a corn-cob pipe which was so old it looked as if it might have been the pattern after which all the others were copied, had settled himself comfortably, and said: "First—before we get this carbolic acid—let's hear your story. Not that I am curious, but I object to spending good money for poison unless it's necessary. Remember, I am a lawyer. Why not let me advise you? My fee will not be heavy."

Anthony had laughed miserably. "You advise in a love affair? That's funny, Dick. Why, you're a confirmed bachelor. You've never been engaged, never had a girl in your life."

"Maybe that will give me a better perspective in the matter," said Richard. "It won't hurt to try."

Then he had listened while Anthony unfolded his tale of woe, and when it was finished and the latter was huddled back in his chair choking back sobs and looking like a child that had crept out of bed early Christmas morning and found his stockings empty, Richard had taken the case up complacently with:

"Your problem is easily solved. Isabelle thinks you have proved yourself faithless. She won't listen to your explanations. She's a fort and you're trying to storm her walls. The thing to do is to find a new method of attack. Put yourself on the defensive and wait for the garrison to make a sortie. Then capture the garrison. Now, this is my plan in detail—"

A week later Anthony appeared again, radiant, jubilant. The scheme had worked.

Now, Anthony had a friend who developed heart trouble, and the friend went to Anthony for advice. "Take it to Jerome; he'll fix it," was the advice he got, and Richard proffered a prescription that healed the wounds. And so on, and so on, till Richard's reputation was firmly established.

Richard was not a youth in years, although he seemed one at heart, and most of his friends were at least ten years younger. Richard was nearly forty and there were things of gray in his hair and some wrinkles on his forehead. He was not handsome, but strength of character was stamped on his face, and this attracted most people he met.

One day a young man came into his office with a listless manner and a heart that was not working right. "My name's Fred Mania," he said by way of introduction, and cast a sour look out of the window at a painter on a scaffold across the street. "I've been living in Wakefield only a month, but during that time I've fallen in love with the most wonderful girl in the world. I've taken her about considerably, and I've tried desperately hard to win her, but she has not responded. I've not yet really proposed because I could tell the time was not ripe, but she knew what I was driving at and last night she told me I could not see her again. I knew Elmer Johnson at college, and when I told him my troubles this morning he referred me to you. It seems you patched up a little love affair for him about a year ago."

Mr. Mania did not offer to reveal the name of his ideal, and Richard did not press him for it. This middle-aged Cupid was not curious or meddlesome. He simply advised where advice was sought.

"No doubt she's trying you out," he said. "Remain away from her; don't try to see her. That will keep her guessing, and before long she'll probably make it a point to meet you somewhere and find out if you really care. If she does it indicates one of two things—either she loves you or she's a flirt. If she's a flirt, you don't want her."

A few days later Mr. Mania was back, looking more woebegone than before.

Where Black Crook Probably Came From.

For Sale—Four-room house, crooked street. Good colored neighborhood.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Journal and Tribune.

"It doesn't work," he announced, dolefully. "I've done as you advised, but she might as well be dead as far as any effort she's made to see me."

It began to look like failure for Richard Jerome, love mediator.

"We'll have to try a new plan," he said after a pause, during which he resorted to the ancient corn-cob. "Call her up and tell her you've got to see her just once more. Then go to it. Tell her you're desperately in love, and that she must marry you. Be a cave man within reasonable limits."

Three days later Mr. Mania appeared for the third time, and this time he was wretchedness personified. "It's all over," he cried bitterly, kicking over Richard's waste basket.

"She says she doesn't love me and will not marry me. She says I'm a nice enough sort of a chap, but she doubts that I have real character. For one thing, I'm too young, according to her ideas. She wants an older man."

Richard was puffing on the corn-cob. He could not evade the fact that he had come face to face with his first failure as Cupid.

"In fact," Mr. Mania resumed, "she told me there was one man in this town that she admired and has loved for four years. 'He's rather old for a girl like me,' she said, 'but I'd jump at the chance to marry him. Some day, perhaps, he'll come my way, but if he doesn't I'll never marry at all.'"

Richard emptied the ashes from the pipe and filled it again. He struck a match and was preparing to apply the flame to the tobacco when his client went on:

"The funny part of it is, Julia has never been in this man's society but once four years ago, when she was his partner on a Sunday school hayride."

Richard dropped the match suddenly. It had burned his finger. He sat puffing, but getting no smoke, and asked:

"What did you say is her name?" "Julia Roth" was the response.

The corn-cob fell and sprinkled unlighted tobacco over the floor, while in his mouth Richard retained the broken stem. He rose and took his hat from a peg on the wall.

"I'm sorry," he said, "as Mr. Mania prepared to leave. 'I'm dead sorry for you; but I've got to admit that for once I have failed as a heart doctor.'"

They stepped toward the door, listlessness in Mr. Mania's gait, while in Richard's there was an unaccustomed vigor. He opened the door and paused:

"I don't mind letting you in on a little secret," he said, and his eyes were bright. "I've loved that girl ever since the hayride, but—well, I have been a pretty good adviser in the love affairs of others, but when it came to mine—"

He placed an arm on the other's shoulder.

AGAIN THE TERRIBLE TURK!

Details of Tragedy Which for Some Reason Did Not "Make" the First Page.

Early dawn was spreading over the valley. The first sun's rays were stealing over the white houses far below.

They were standing still, watching the maturing beauties of nature.

"Dear," said she gushingly, "look at the beautiful sunrise."

"Just look at the lovely dewdrop," he cried appreciatively.

Indeed, the dew was sweet. Their feet were soaked with it and it fell down on their uncovered heads, drenched them quietly.

"And that waterfall—how gorgeous!" she murmured, turning around to whence came the mighty sounds.

He started to move. "Oh, don't go yet," she pleaded.

OVERDOING A GOOD HABIT

Writer Decidedly of Opinion That Squirrel Is Altogether Too Miserly for His Own Benefit.

The squirrel is a thrifty soul and always seems to have the rainy day we are admonished to save up for in mind. Our squirrel came out of his warm nest when we supposed him to be hibernating one cold, snowy day, and, thinking he looked hungry, we flung out on the hard crust of snow an English walnut. Mr. Squirrel pounced upon it and, after examining its soundness thoroughly, made off with it and buried it just as he does in the autumn. We flung out another, and another, varied by a soft-shelled almond or two, all of which were laid away for that rainy day. As he still looked hungry to our benevolent eyes, we cracked a couple of English walnuts and again flung them forth. And he was hungry! He ate them all and sniffed around the shells for more. He looked up at us beseechingly with his skinny little paw on his stomach, as much as to say: "My, that went right to the spot." So we gave him some more, but all the time we had a feeling that he was carrying the saving habit too far and that in his case Anthony Hope's definition of economy fitted—doing without something you want now in order that some day you may have something you probably won't want.—Ohio State Journal.

Mr. Carnegie's Advice. "In considerable fear," said a banker, "I once consulted Mr. Carnegie about a new venture. The business looked as if it ought to be profitable. There seemed to be a public need of it. Still there was some risk involved, and I was afraid."

"But Mr. Carnegie laughed at my fears. 'If it is a good thing plunge in,' he said. 'Fear is old womanish. Fear is what keeps untold millions from making fortunes. When Benjamin Franklin thought of starting a newspaper in Philadelphia his mother, greatly alarmed, tried to dissuade him. She pointed out that there were already two newspapers in America.'"

Crown Balm. When General Pershing arrived in Washington after his return from France he had with him a trunk containing a mass of medals, citations and ribbons and the correspondence concerning it. Attaches of the war department were detailed to go through the material. They had not gone far when they ran across this memorandum which bore the signature of one of the general's aids and a date several months old:

"The King of — was here yesterday and left a couple of medals." In one corner of the memorandum, over the initials of the C-in-C, was this pencilled notation: "Write him something pretty."

Might Have Been Worse. The man who sometimes spoke his thoughts aloud had been more concerned with the things of the world than with things spiritual. One day by chance his hand fell upon a book containing the catechism of a certain Protestant church, and he was soon earnestly engaged in reading the Ten Commandments. For some time he pondered over the "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not," which had been forgotten almost since childhood. Then, laying down the book with a sigh, he muttered:

"Well, I've never killed anybody, anyway."—Exchange.

A Word to the Wise. "What are the chances to get rich quick in this town?" asked the flashily-dressed man who had just alighted in Chiggersville from the afternoon accommodation.

"There are the usual opportunities, I guess," replied Squire Witherbee. "Good!"

"But there was a slick fellow through here about a month ago and I'd advise you not to try to duplicate his methods until another generation has had time to grow up."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Not Nutty. We were riding in the country last fall when some distance down the road we saw a girl standing watching her companion in a car. We, too, watched as he backed the car up several times and drove headlong into a tree at the side of the road. Being curious, we drove up and asked the girl what the man was doing. "Why, he's shaking nuts out of the tree, of course," she replied. Of course!—Exchange.

Wasn't Going into Society. Winnifred came in from the playhouse one day with the dirtiest face one could imagine. Her mother was shocked and exclaimed, "Why, Winnifred, your face is so dirty!" "That doesn't matter," said the baby, calmly, "I didn't not to go anywhere today."

A Guess. "Where have those dummy directors been?" inquired Mr. Cassius Chex. "To a board meeting," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "What kind of board?" "Dunno for sure. Judging from several of the actions it must have been some kind of a outja board."

His Favorite Places. "He is a man of extremes in his moods. He is either up in the garret or down in the cellar." "Well, if he was prudent enough to lay in a private stock I bet most of the time he's down in the cellar."

Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

THE APE

THE ape is a vest-pocket edition of man which is brought to this country and exhibited in a cage for the purposes of comparison with the real article. After a full-bearded man with a face which is a cross between a spitz dog and a chrysanthemum has leaned over the railing at the zoo for a little while and studied the countenance of the naturalized ape, he will break for the nearest barber shop on the dead run.

The ape has long, eager toes and a prehensile tail, with which he is able to swing from and con with a preoccupied look. He also has a coarse speaking voice, with which he argues violently with anybody who tries to pass him a sour peanut. The commercial ape is the kind which earns a living for some exhausted Italian who emits hymn tunes from a hand organ. There is also the cultivated trick ape, which smokes a cigarette with much the same facial expression as his brethren in pants.

The mandrill is an ornamental form of ape which is as highly colored as a Fourth of July poster. When the



A Vest-Pocket Edition of Man Exhibited in a Cage for the Purpose of Comparison with the Real Article.

mandrill opens his mouth to say something he is half undressed. The gorilla is the nearest approach to the male sex which science has yet dug out in Africa. He walks on two feet with the dignified air of a blouse floor walker. The late Mr. Darwin discovered the ancestors of some of his wife's relatives, it is said, by studying the gorilla at close range.

The chimpanzee is a blood relative of the ape, but comes in a larger package. The chimpanzee is a haughty and reserved animal, and has very little affection for anything except his meals. It is not safe to toy with a chimpanzee unless the toyee is looking for a pleasing form of suicide. (Copyright.)



Arabian Plant Produces Seeds That Cause People to Behave Ridiculously

In Arabia there is a plant whose seeds produce effects similar to those caused by laughing gas. The natives dry the seeds and reduce them to powder, a small dose of which has curious effects. It causes the soberest person to dance and laugh excitedly and to behave in a ridiculous manner for nearly an hour. By this time exhaustion sets in and he falls asleep, to wake up after several hours with no recollection of his antics.

The fruits of some plants destroy the taste of sweetness. A berry found in the district of Ashanti renders sour and bitter substances sweet. Electric shocks can be obtained in central India by merely touching the leaves of the electric tree.

In Brazil some plants show remarkable luminosity. One is so luminous that it can be plainly distinguished in the darkest nights for a distance of more than a mile. In its immediate vicinity it emits sufficient light to enable a person to read the smallest print. One of the most wonderfully constituted plants of this country is the ball-throwing fungus. It is a small fungus, about the size of a pea, which projects a ball to a distance of several inches with a distinctly audible report.

Mistakes of the past should be made over into guideboards of the future.

Put your business before pleasure or by and by you won't have either.

Work that has not a cent in it may be the best paying job in the world.

JOTTINGS

With the possible exception of vanity, a woman may outlive all her faults.

In chasing the ideal one often succeeds in catching up with the material.

A woman's sphere is the home. Any bride of a week is willing to admit this.

Misfortune is the filter that separates the true friends from the counterfeit.

The average politician is as tough as India rubber and his conscience is more elastic.

It is really surprising how much happiness or misery lies in the circle of a wedding ring.

There's no use arguing with a man who has his mind made up not to agree with you.

If you would outshine your neighbors acquire a good reputation, and then keep it polished.

The trouble with some people is that they always want to unload their troubles onto other people.

When two women meet they kiss; when two men meet they don't kiss. That shows who likes kisses the best.

New Aluminum Treatment

While it has been known that aluminum can be extracted from its silicates with acids, Prof. H. and V. M. Goldschmidt of Christiania university claim the first commercial process. Their raw material is labradorite, which is a mixture of albite, sodium-aluminum silicate and anorthite, calcium-aluminum silicate, and occurs in great masses at Ekstrand and other places on the west coast of Norway. Treating the mineral with nitric acid dissolves out the aluminum, calcium and sodium as nitrates, leaving the silica. The solution is evaporated to dryness, and ignited at a temperature that decomposes only the aluminum salt, after which the remaining nitrates are leached out. The alumina thus extracted serves in preparing aluminum salts, the crystallized calcium and sodium nitrates are utilized as fertilizers, and the nitrogen oxide evolved in ignition is recovered as nitric acid.

Anything to Get Them. For several weeks last fall I lived at a boarding house in a resort town in northern Michigan. The meals were good, but the service was slow at times.

One evening at supper we had eaten everything in sight, stacked our dishes and waited a long time for the waitress to bring the dessert.

At last she came to our table and said, "Will you boys wish for dewberries and cake?" Before any of the rest of us could smile and say, "Yes, please," one fellow said, "If that's what we have to do to get them, I'll wish for them."—Chicago Tribune.

His Reply. A teacher was explaining the methods used in taking the census, and illustrated by asking the pupils some of the questions asked by the enumerators. She asked little Billie K. this question: "Billie, what is your father's politics?" Billie, being only eight years old, was not "up" on politics, so he answered thus: "I—I don't know, but he is either a Bull Moose or belongs to Oriental lodge."

Consolation for Mother. Jack went to the bathing beach one day with his father and mother, the latter being very stout. He went in bathing with the other boys and after he had again joined his parents he told them of the fun he had had, adding that the boys had made a lot of fun over a big fat woman he had seen in bathing at a distance. Then he added, consolingly: "But you bet I didn't tell them you were my mother."

The More Profitable Way. "The servant has asked for more money or she's going to quit." "What are you paying her now?" "Twelve dollars a week, and I make all the beds and we send the washing out."

"I tell you what to do. Tell her to come on downtown and take my job and I'll stay home and do the housework, and she can pay me."

The Retort Courteous. "I went to call on that newly rich upstart, Mrs. Allicash, at the refined and artistic apartment she has leased, and she had the impertinence to send me word she was not at home." "What did you do?" "I sent her word back by the maid that I did not suppose she would be in such surroundings."

Try It, Ladies. Mrs. Epstairs—I understand Mrs. Nextdoor has a new hat. How did she get it? Mrs. Downstairs—Her husband came home late the other night and she placed her old hat so that he sat on it; consequently he had to buy her a new one.

Proposing by Telephone. "Excuse me," said the telephone girl, "but I see the lady refused you." "That's right," gloomed the young man. "Thank you." "Pardon me. I think I can give you a number where you'd get better luck."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

NEW ENGLAND

Parties of Friends. The whole of the snow and ice which had covered the island for so long a time to old eyes as far as the harbor after day passed and the snow not run. The harbor was closed, like that of St. Anthony in Labrador. The main ship channel at Monomoy Point light in Massachusetts was frozen over. No small piles were received on the island for eight days. The Cross River ship was forced from its moorings when the pack broke and the ship with its tolling bell was blown out to sea and lost, ten men on board. It was a hard winter on the island, a season of deep snows and bitter cold, and on Nantucket it is a memory. The island is often called sea-girt, but ice-locked, and the imaginative summer loiterer could believe how dreary the "purple" of his summer dreams can be when snow's blanket lies deep upon it and the gale rages from Tuckernuck to Wauwinet.

TOWN'S FIRST FREE SCHOOL. Dedham, Mass., Very Prosperous. Celebrates Its Founding Ninety-Three Centuries Ago.

In celebration of the 93rd anniversary and seventy-fifth anniversary of the starting of a free public school in Dedham, Mass., held by means of a public hearing, the first one on the continent, the schools of the town held special exercises. The free school inaugurated was built in 1845, it having been voted by the citizens assembled in town meetings that sufficient funds be raised to establish the school. It has been free public instruction in Dedham ever since.

So fundamental and important is this early step of the Puritan fathers considered that the anniversary is ever kept prominent in the thoughts of educators and other patriotic men. In 1898 the centennial of this first school was celebrated. In the two hundred and fifteenth anniversary of the school, a big public celebration took place, with prominent men present. And it is expected that the same will occur in 1935, the three hundredth anniversary.—Christian Science Monitor.

His "Feelings" Hurt. One afternoon a man was walking along the street in the residential section of a Maryland town when he heard a scream after scream issued from one of the houses.

"What is the matter in there?" he asked of a small boy who stood in front of the dwelling. "Who is doing all that crying?"

"It's my brother Jimmy," answered the youngster. "He is crying because mother can't see very well and is deaf."

"You don't mean it?" responded the man. "What a sympathetic little heart he must have."

"That's exactly that, mister," explained the other. "Ye see, ma's making Jimmy's trousers and Jimmy's shirt on 'em on."

Really Not Her Fault. "Auntie," pleaded Lilly, "may I have a saucer of milk for my kitten?" "I just gave you a big saucer of milk for her," reminded auntie.

"I know that, but she stuck her paw in it and spilled it over the kitten," said Lilly.

"She doesn't deserve any more, but it is too expensive to waste," irritably declared auntie.

"Oh, yes, she deserves it," indignantly decided Lilly; "I don't think it is old enough yet to know the price of milk."

Likewise. "Whose picture is that?" inquired an artist, discovering a well-executed portrait hanging in a dark corner of a room.

"That's my husband," said the woman of the house, carelessly. "But it's hung with fatal effect," replied the artist, remembering his art academy effort.

"So was my husband," smiled the woman, and the artist discovered his observations.