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LOVE'S CURRICULUM.

By EVELYN LEE.
(Copyright, 1929, Western Newspaper Union)

"You are sure you are in love with Wanda Muir?" propounded Lester North.

"Well, I can't think of anything else day or night," submitted Archie Dun-
ley.

"That's a sign."
"And I'm not eating much."
"Oh, you've got it! Assuming that this is so, why don't you press your suit, propose and settle the question that is troubling you so?"
"Oh, I don't dare!" almost breath-
lessly and awed replied fluid, retiring
and inexperienced Archie. "She is
like some beautiful flower or bird. I
might scare her with my crude ways.
No, no, I want to know the conven-
tional methods of appraising her of my
feelings."

"Very good," smiled North. "I'm
just the right one to come to for ad-
vice. Just put a friend in the way of
getting a bride. I loaned him a book—
I call it the Curriculum of Love. He
just returned it. Here it is, in my
pocket. Now then, you post up on
courtship out of that and orally and
in writing you'll be able to win your
bride."

Wanda Muir was visiting a girl
friend, her home being in another
town. Archie came upon her strolling
along the river shore. They rested
in the shade. A view of that charming
face, the luxury of proximity to the
object of his adventure at once put to
flight the "Curriculum" and all the
set speeches Archie had acquired.

It was all done in a moment. His
hand involuntarily sought that of Wan-
da. He simply faltered forth: "I love
you." Wanda flushed and tremored,
hid her head on his shoulder and a
wedding followed in four months.

Never was there a more happy or
contented couple.

It was half a year after they had
settled down in a prettily furnished
flat that Wanda started in at house-
cleaning, as she termed it. It was
more an overhauling than a renovation
process, for she was a neat house-
keeper. Archie came home one evening
to find everything in order, but
Wanda in an unmistakably disturbed
frame of mind.

"I would like to go home to mother
for a few days," she submitted, and
Archie noted that she was unusually
depressed. He expressed concern, al-
most alarm.

"You're not ill, Wanda?" he in-
quired solicitously.

"Oh, no, only tired," she responded
in a wearisome way.

"You have just worn out your dear self
with this housecleaning," declared
Archie. "I shall never let you overdo
yourself that way again—never. Why!
there are actually tears in your eyes,"
and pathetically he kissed them away.

"You must take a rest and have a
change of scene. Tell mother every-
thing, wont, you, dear? and if she
thinks a trip South will build you up,
we'll start at once."

Archie saw her to the train the fol-
lowing morning, so kind and consider-
ate, that while Wanda acted as if she
had something on her mind she had
not told him about, she could not help
but cling to him and appreciate his
thoughtfulness. Archie sent a box of
his favorite cigars to father and a
pretty little remembrance to mother.

Then he went home, counting the
hours until Wanda should return.

It was the third morning after that
and Archie was just about to leave the
house for his office, when the servant
announced a caller. Archie entered
the reception room to be confronted by
his wife's father.

"No bad news, I hope?" he inquired,
all in a flutter and drawing back in
wonderment from the withered hand
and stern face of Mr. Muir.

"I don't imagine it would disturb
you much if there was," growled the
latter. "Dumtley, you're a villain!"

"What's that? Have you lost your
mind?"

"No," retorted Mr. Muir. "I have
the proofs of your perfidy. You have
broken poor Wanda's heart, that is
all. She came across some letters to
your former love flames in your desk
in renovating things, and she hasn't
known a moment of peace and comfort
since. There they are. What explana-
tion have you to make?"

Archie viewed the extended letters
with distended eyes. Then he sprang
to his feet and waved them jubilantly
in the air.

"Glory!" he shouted. "That's all,
is it? Why, I thought something seri-
ous had happened!"

"Serious! Do you deny your hand-
writing?"

"Not at all."

"You have the unblushing effrontery
to acknowledge that those letters to
your 'Darling Sue' and 'Beloved
Gladys' are genuine?"

"That I wrote them, or rather,
copied them? Sure! Oh! you suspi-
cious old dear! and oh! poor, innocent
Wanda! Why, man, they are copies
I made from the 'Curriculum of Love',
practising to write to Wanda to win
her, but it came about that she was
just waiting to love me and I wasted
my time in posting up on correspond-
ence," and volubly Archie recited the
details of his following the advice of
Lester North and Mr. Muir compre-
hended and believed.

"When are you going back to Wil-
ton?" inquired Archie.

"The next train, to release the anx-
ety of poor, silly Wanda."

"I'll go with you to help," gloated
Archie, "and say! we'll have a regu-
lar happy family reunion!"

PUDDINGS CAUSE OF RIOTS

Colossal Concoctions That at Times Have Aroused Excitement in English Streets.

Much water has run under London
bridge since "Romeo" Coates, a famous
eccentric of the days of regency, wag-
gered that he would drive a conveyance,
bearing a colossal plum pudding, ex-
posed to public view, from Piccadilly
to Mile End, little dreaming of the
perilous nature of the enterprise on
which he so lightly embarked, and
says London answers.

He had not proceeded far on his
journey before he found further pro-
gress completely blocked by a dense
crowd, drawn by the sight of his suc-
cumbent freight. A raid was made on his
vehicle, and it would have gone ill
for "Romeo" and his pudding but for
the opportune appearance on the scene
of a company of soldiers, who rescued
both from disaster at the last moment.

Less fortunate was James Austin,
landlord of the Red Lion Inn, South-
wark, when he started on a similar
journey to the Swan tavern on Fish
street hill, conveying a plum pudding
weighing over one thousand pounds
on a vehicle drawn by six donkeys,
and escorted by a band playing on in-
struments larger than the bandsmen.

The strange procession had not com-
pleted its journey when it was attack-
ed by a large mob, determined to se-
cure the pudding or perish in the at-
tempt. A fierce battle ensued, and al-
though Austin and his minions fought
valiantly, and more than once repulsed
the raiders, he had to yield to superior
numbers, and see his treasured pud-
ding torn into a thousand pieces to fill
as many mouths.

It was the same Austin, who, a few
festive seasons earlier, had wagered
£100 that he would cook a plum pud-
ding under the surface of the Thames,
a feat which he successfully perform-
ed at Rotherhithe. Enclosing the pud-
ding in a tin case, he placed it in the
river to a depth of ten feet. After three
hours' immersion the pudding was
found to be perfectly cooked.

Another plum pudding of "historic"
interest was one weighing five hun-
dred pounds, which was offered as a
prize by the landlord of the Cook, in
Tenthill street, in celebration of the
jubilee of George III. The pudding
was competed for by teams of six men,
representing various trades of West-
minster, and was awarded to the team
who consumed the greatest quantity of
tripe in a specified time.

On the Contrary.

Dr. William Mayo, president of the
American College of Surgeons, was
talking at a dinner in New York about
the outrageous fashions in women's
dress.

"Some philosophers declare," he
said, "that the craze for dress is like
the craze for drugs. The victims are
well-nigh incurable in the one case
as in the other."

"There is this difference, however,"
Doctor Mayo added. "The drug victim
as time goes on keeps increasing the
dose, whereas the dress victim
exhibits no such tendency."

Strenuous Supplication.

The visitor politely affected not to
notice the din from the room above,
but a bump that shook bits of plaster
from the ceiling to the supper-table
brought the host at length angrily to
his feet. From the foot of the stairs
he read the riot act.

"Stop that noise at once and go to
sleep. What on earth are you do-
ing?"

After a pause a piping voice replied
in tones of mild remonstrance:

"It's all right, dad; it's only Alfie
saying his prayers."

The Lesser Evil.

"Now children," the professor re-
marked to his offspring on Saturday
morning, "I wish you to attend my lec-
ture this afternoon. If you fail to do
so, as you have in the past, I will be
compelled to chastise you."

For some moments the young folks
exchanged consulting glances, then
Tommy remarked resignedly:

"Well, we've been licked before and
got over it."

Couldn't Oblige.

Mother—Johnny, did you go and ask
Mrs. Naylor for the loan of her wash-
tub, as I told you?

Johnny—Yes, mother. She said she
is very sorry, but the bands of the
tub are loose and the bottom is out
and it is full of soapy water.—Boston
Transcript.

Prison Pride.

"I hope," said the governor to the
departing convict, "that you won't go
back to your old associations."

"No, sir, I don't propose to asso-
ciate with anybody who didn't have
the advantages of just as good a pris-
on as I had."

Flannigan's Curiosity.

Flannigan (listening to new jazz
record)—What kind iv music do ye
call that, Norah?

Daughter—That's a fox trot, daddy.

Flannigan—An' how many tin cans
did th' fox have tied to his tail when
he throated?—Buffalo Express.

The Trouble.

"Is this son you speak of adoles-
cent?"

"Mercy no, ma'am. He's just a little
queer in the head."

Excess of Women.

In England at the present time there
are 1,888,000 more females than there
are males.

PRaised BEYOND HER MERIT

Ranked as Great Painter in Her Day,
Angelica Kauffmann Lacked the
"Divine Spark."

Angelica Kauffmann, historian and
portrait painter, died in 1807, in Rome.
Her prodigious industry should have
produced one masterpiece. But ex-
tended application does not make up
for that one small spark called "the
divine fire" that glows in the work
of genius. Angelica's great personal
attractions partly account for the ex-
aggerated praise heaped upon her by
her contemporaries. If ever a girl
had a chance it was Angelica. But
flattery and fine living cannot hatch
the egg of immortality. She was born
at Core, in the Grisons; had four
years the widest advantages of art
friends and galleries of Europe, and
at last of London, where the girl was
presented at court, and painted Queen
Charlotte in 1767. She attracted the
attention of Goldsmith, Garrick,
Fussell and Sir Joshua Reynolds. With
the latter she carried on a prodigious
flirtation. She was as busy as a bee.
The list of her works is enormous—
portraits, decorations of palaces, etc.
The grace of her work is undeniable,
but her anatomy was at fault and her
figure rapid and monotonous. She con-
tracted an unfortunate marriage with
a bogus count. The pope annulled it.
In 1871 she married a Venetian paint-
er, Zucchi. But she always kept her
maiden name.—Chicago Journal.

GETS ALL BUT THE GOBBLE

Showing How a Chef Who Really
Knows His Business Can Dis-
sect a Turkey.

Ever ask Charlie Baer, Claypool
hotel chef, how to carve a turkey
when turkey is 60 cents a pound and
you want to save everything but the
gobble? Ever ask Charlie? Go at it
this way:

"Charlie, I've invested my life's sav-
ings in a turkey. I want to make that
bird pay."

"Oh, yes, yes," Charlie answers.
"Yes, yes."

Then he grabs a turkey and a
butcher knife—turkey in the left
hand, knife in the right! Zippy! Off
comes a leg! Zippy! Off comes one
of the other leg! Zippy! Off comes one
wing! Zippy! Off comes the other
wing!

Then all you have to do is draw
the knife gently through the white
meat.

"And you can make soup out of the
neck and sauce out of the giblets,"
said Charlie.

See? That's how!

Eventful Day in Yuma.

What must have been the excite-
ment in Yuma, Ariz., when on Janu-
ary 4 rain fell there for the first time
in forty-five years? Grown men and
women, young men and women, boys
and girls who had never seen rain
gazed in alarm or delight or wonder
at an amazing sight; they saw the
heavens veiled for the first time and
water falling from the gray curtain
drawn across their sky of brilliant
blue! Probably the little ones were
soon barefoot and paddling about in
puddles; men and boys throwing off
their coats more intimately to feel the
delights of a cloud sent shower bath.
A shower took on the proportion of an
event; a natural phenomenon reached
the heights of a treat.

In a Quandary.

"Here's a letter from a French-
man," said the mayor of Toadvine.
"The school teacher translated it for
me. The writer wants to know if
Frank Puckett of this town is the right
kind of a man to marry his daughter."
"What are you going to write him,
your honor?"

"I don't know exactly what to say.
Frank was arrested once or twice for
hog stealing, and I suspect he made
a little 'moonshine' now and then, but
the ornery critter went over to France
and lost an arm."—Birmingham Age-
Herald.

Seek, and Ye Shall Find.

J. H. King, A. T. Hunt and H. P.
Search are active members of the
men's class of Central Avenue M. E.
church. Recently a lunch was given
by the class at which the three were
present. The telephone rang and Mr.
King, who had just arrived, an-
swered. The caller wishes to talk to
Mr. Search. Mr. King, having been
trained in overseas "Y" work, prompt-
ly replied: "I don't know whether
Mr. Search is here, sir. If not, will
Mr. Hunt do?"

Doomed.

Lateman wanted to buy a clock—
that is, a reliable clock—and he made
the shopman show him a good many
before he decided on one.

"Now, sir," said the salesman, "this
clock will last you a lifetime."

Lateman looked dubious.

"Why, how can that be?" he asked.
"I can see for myself that its hours
are numbered!"

Take Care of Overshoes.

Keep overshoes in a dark place.
They will crack if the sun shines on
them. When overshoes are wet do
not place on a radiator or near the
fire. This also cracks them. In
stormy weather be careful not to sit
over the heat in a trolley car, as this
has the same effect.

Homelike.

—Mrs. Doublyew—Let's try the Fire-
side cafe. They advertise it as a nice,
homelike place.

Mr. Doublyew—Homelike? That
means their cook has just left. Pass
it up.

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turns to the Sun,
Our minds should
look towards the
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