

CUPID ALIAS BILLY

By WILLIS GRAY.

Marjorie's thoughts as she deftly cut out and pasted crimson hearts to lace backgrounds wandered far from the work in hand, Billy and his little sister were none the wiser. Tomorrow was Valentine's day, and she had agreed to help them make the proper offerings to lay at various shrines among their schoolmates.

As a matter of fact Marjorie was grateful for any occupation that kept her from seeking the seclusion of her own room and having a regular good cry. One doesn't have a perfectly splendid dance go out of one's life every day, metaphorically slamming the door behind him—and all over nothing.

Over and over in her mind revolved the events of the previous evening. Bruce had arrived half an hour later than usual. She had demanded the reason for his tardiness—in fun. He had refused to give any—in fun. And before they knew it they had a regular quarrel on their hands.

Bruce had maintained that for her to insist showed she didn't trust him. She had held just as stoutly that the fact that he didn't tell her argued that the reason was one he knew would displease her, and the only one that would displease her would be connected with some other girl, and so—oh, it had all been so silly, until the last, which had been tragic.

Bruce had been seen and remarked coldly that he was going home and would come again when she sent for him. Marjorie could hear herself now saying in unutterably haughty tones that never under any circumstances could she conceive it possible that she would even think of such a thing! Bruce had departed by way of the front door. Marjorie had gone upstairs, remorse already battling with dignity.

With a sigh she brought herself back to the present. "What shall I put in for a year?" she asked.

"Oh, anything," said Billy, offhand "Make up something, with lots of the silly stuff that is usually on valentines."

In the space left for them beside an over-plump cupid shooting a very large arrow at a very small heart, Marjorie carefully penned the lines:

"I love you dear,
For you are mine,
Or come and be
My valentine!"

"Thanks," said Billy, gratefully, "it's rather mushy, but you might as well write the same one on them all."

So over and over Marjorie printed the little verse until the short February day was swallowed in the twilight.

"We'll stop now, kiddies," said Marjorie. "Put them in their envelopes and I'll mail them in the box at the corner."

Now, the corner where the mail box stood was also the corner Bruce passed on his way home from the train.

So accurately did Marjorie time her trip to the corner that the last of the bunch of childishly scrawled envelopes had slipped irrevocably in and the lid closed with a click when she heard behind her the familiar step, and turning, raised her eyes to meet the unsmiling ones of Bruce. Afterward she remembered that he had looked for a moment as if he wanted to stop. But he had merely raised his hat politely—and walked on. And Marjorie, the words of contrition halted on her lips, had started after him in sorry dismay.

That evening Marjorie left the living room for the reception room where she usually entertained Bruce.

Suddenly, the front door opened, and the draperies parted to admit a smiling eyed young man who advanced with outstretched arms into which Marjorie straightway went. "Bruce," she whispered, "it was lovely for you to give in!"

"Give in?" he cried, "who wouldn't give in after that adorable little invitation. Why, you darling, I was ready to come anyway, but after getting that—"

Marjorie detached herself from his embrace. "Getting what?" she asked coldly.

"Oh, I know it by heart," he began: "I love you, dear, For you are mine, Or come and be My valentine!"

Marjorie was silent for the space of a whole half minute.

"That—awful Billy!" she said. "He must have sent one to you."

"Sweetheart," said Bruce, softly, "are you really sorry?"

Marjorie looked up at him. "No," she said hesitatingly, then emphatically, "No, I'm not!"

" weren't we silly geese?" whispered Bruce over her dark hair. "The reason I was late was—"

"Don't ever tell me!" cried Marjorie, putting a soft hand over his mouth.

"I'd be never did. But considering that it was only a matter of a missed train, it was of no importance, now."

Discovery of a Law.

"I understand you have discovered the law of gravitation," remarked the man who happened to be passing by.

"Yes," replied Dr. Isaac Newton, "I discovered that matter is attracted to other matter, and that it requires a magnetic force and an army of devils to keep it from falling."

HANDS INDEX TO CHARACTER

Still Reveal Much, Though Probably Less Than Was the Case Some Few Years Ago.

Once it was possible to tell a "lady" by her hands—that is if you regarded a lady as "a female of the favored social class." She had well-kept hands because she did nothing to roughen them or enlarge their knuckles or cause premature wrinkles. Even if fortune had gone against her she somehow avoided the work that would mar the symmetry of those hands. She did without sugar for her tea and did needlework for money in order to avoid the work that she regarded as menial. And because a woman of this class knew that it was at her hands that others looked for an index to her social position it was her hands that she saved, wearing gloves by day and by night to keep them white and to protect them and repair them from the ravages of wind, sun and housework.

The situation is rather different now. The young woman of immigrant parents who sells tinware in the department store basement has elaborately manicured nails and hands that are smooth, but the wife of the college president has hands that clearly show the effects of work that we would once have regarded as menial.

Perhaps still to the keen observer hands have something to tell of their owner's rank or pedigree. There are some hands that no matter how diligently manicured always look a little grimy at the corners, and others, lacking entirely the luster of the manicure buffer, that are always scrupulously clean.

PRIZED AMBER AS ORNAMENT

Romans Secured It From "Barbarous" Germans, Who Had Small Idea of Its Real Value.

Amber, which is fossilized resin, was in great demand among the Romans for ornaments. Tacitus, in his "Germania," tells that it was gathered by the barbarian Germans. "They explore the sea for amber," in their language called "gleese," and are the only people who gather that curious substance," he says. "It is generally found among the shallows, sometimes on the shore. Concerning the nature of the cause of this concretion the barbarians, with their usual want of curiosity, make no inquiry. Amongst other superstitious discharges, the sea this substance lay long neglected, till Roman luxury gave it a name and brought it into request. To the savages it is of no use. They gather it into rude forms and offer it for sale without any heap or polish, considering at the price they receive for it."

Tacitus guessed correctly the origin of amber, saying: "There is reason to think that amber is a distillation from certain trees, since in the transparent medium we see a variety of insects and even animals of the wondrous kind, being caught in the viscous fluid, are afterwards, when it grows hard, incorporated with it."

Poem Had Origin in Actual Life.

The famous poem about the boy who stood on the burning deck had its origin in an actual happening which constitutes a page in history.

It was during Napoleon's expedition to Egypt that England sent Lord Nelson to capture him and annihilate his fleet. At the battle of Abukir the French navy was crushed and Napoleon was forced to flee, all but four of his ships being sunk, burned or captured.

The French admiral had been killed. And on the deck of the flagship stood her captain, Louis Casabianca, who then had command of the fleet. He was wounded and the ship was burning, but he refused to leave his post. And in spite of commands and entreaties, his son, a boy of ten, stayed with him and died with him when the ship went down, supplying the theme for that famous epic of child heroism, "The boy stood on the burning deck."

Compass Plant Western Product.

On the prairies and plains of Utah, Texas and southern Minnesota there grows a wonderful plant which has proved useful to travelers wandering over these vast tracts of country. It is called the compass plant, or pho plant, because of a peculiarity in the growth of the leaves, which grow alternately along the stalk and point precisely north and south.

The Indians follow the direction given them by these pointing leaves, and told the white man about it. This plant belongs to the family of the Compositae, and looks very much like the sunflower. It has a strong, resinous odor, somewhat like turpentine, and sometimes goes by the name of "turpentine plant."

One of Noah's Pets.

It was swampy around Denver 2,000,000 years ago, according to Prof. J. D. Higgins, director of the Colorado Museum of Natural History. The traveler who wants to hobnob with the monsters of long ago can do so in the city park collection. In Denver, where the skeleton of an animal closely related to the present-day rhinoceros is on exhibition, one-half of it covered with an imitation hide.

Natural Qualification.

"Oliver Twist was always asking for more," remarked Senator Sorghum.

"Yet he became a worthy citizen," observed the admirer of Dickens.

"Yes. Probably he grew up eventually to be a tax collector."

Deaths Of The Week

Humes—Tuesday, September 19, at the family home, 89 Berlin St., Mrs. Mary Humes, aged 62 years. She is survived by her husband, four daughters and two sons. The funeral will take place Saturday morning with services at 9 o'clock at Holy Redeemer Church.

McSweeney—At Toronto, Can., Tuesday, Sept. 19th, John F. McSweeney. He is survived by his wife, Terese, and one daughter, Catherine McSweeney. The body arrived in Rochester on Wednesday and were taken to Ryan & McIntee's Funeral Parlors from where the funeral was held this morning at 8:30 o'clock and at 9 o'clock at the Blessed Sacrament Church. Interment at the Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

The funeral of Mary C. Englert was held last Friday morning at 8:30 o'clock from the home of her sister, Mrs. F. J. Nierocker, and at nine o'clock from St. Joseph's church.

Tobin—Walter J. Tobin, aged 21 years, died suddenly Thursday morning. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tobin, and four sisters. Funeral Saturday morning at 9:30 o'clock from the family home, 54 Hazelwood terrace, and 10 o'clock at Corpus Christi Church.

Farnan—The funeral of Mrs. Margaret Farnan who died Tuesday night at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Haley, 52 Strohman St., will take place this morning at 8:30 o'clock from the home and 9 o'clock from Holy Cross Church. Burial at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

Schlinger—Mrs. Gertrude Schlinger, wife of Joseph Schlinger, died Sunday, Sept. 17th, 1922, at the family home, 368 Durnan St., aged 58 years. She is survived by one daughter, Gertrude, and three sons, Joseph, Ignace and Frank X. The funeral was held Wednesday morning with services at St. Andrew's Church. Interment in Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

McCauley—Entered into rest, Saturday, Sept. 16, 1922, Sarah Teaney McCauley, aged 63 years. She leaves to mourn her one daughter, Margaret, and two sons, John and Thomas. Funeral services were held Wednesday at 9 a.m. from Holy Apostles Church.

Wurzer—Loretta Wurzer died Sunday in St. Mary's Hospital. She leaves her mother, Mrs. Mary Wurzer, one brother, John, five sisters, Anna, Rose, Marie, Barbara and Emma Wurzer. The funeral took place Wednesday morning at 8:30 o'clock from the family home, 187 Hawley St., and at 9 o'clock from Immaculate Conception Church.

Lochner—George J. Lochner, aged 56 years, died Monday at the residence of his sister, Mrs. George J. Maier, 1,065 Joseph Ave. The funeral was held on Thursday with services at Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church.

Doherty—Mrs. Anna Doherty died Tuesday morning. She is survived by her husband, three daughters and two sons. Funeral services Saturday morning at 8:30 o'clock at Lady Chapel, Cathedral. Burial at Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

Balzer—Mrs. Bertha Balzer Miller, 66 years old, died Tuesday morning at the family home, 934 Meigs St., from where the funeral took place at 8:45 o'clock Friday morning and at 9 o'clock from St. Boniface Church.

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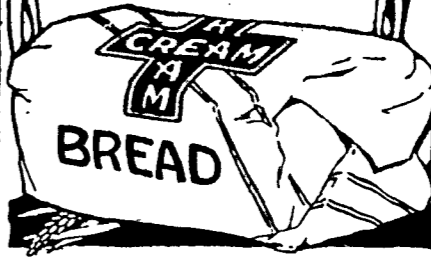
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