

A Lady Short

By WILLIAM DE LISLE
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WNU Service.

THEY both behaved splendidly. No body in the room could guess that the introduction was not that of two strangers.

He wondered as he drank his soup what could have brought her to this house; what she could possibly have in common with fat, vulgar Mrs. Bowman, their hostess. He eyed her askance, and thought of the first time they had been sent in to dinner together, fifteen months before. Then she had been friendly; now she scorned him. Well, he would scorn her too. He would show her how little he cared.

"I heard someone say this morning that you were engaged," he said, turning to her. "May I congratulate you?" She shot him a hostile glance. "It is not true. Once is enough—" She broke off; then continued frigidly. "My fortunate escape from what would undoubtedly have been an unhappy marriage naturally prejudices me against matrimony."

There was a silence. Finally he said reproachfully: "You haven't asked after Aunt Laura."

"How is Miss Glendon?" "Very well, thank you. She's never had another attack since that one. Strange, isn't it? If she hadn't been ill we wouldn't have quarreled, and we'd have been married by now. . . ."

Aunt Laura lived alone on her beautiful place in Maine in close proximity to some splendid trout fishing and a good golf course. When she heard of the engagement she wrote and asked them down for a visit. They jumped at it. They meant to fish in the morning, play golf in the afternoon, and take long moonlight rides in the evening. But nothing happened as they had expected. It was raining when they arrived, and Aunt Laura, complaining of a chill, went to bed. But the rain, the confinement, and the prolonged tete-a-tete got on their nerves. What led to the explosion neither could say now, but the engagement terminated at precisely three-thirty. Shortly afterward he had been sent abroad by his firm, had now just returned, and had never seen nor heard of her till Mrs. Bowman introduced them before dinner.

"Perhaps," she said presently, "I ought to congratulate you." "It would be premature," he confessed. "Though I must admit an announcement is not far off." "How nice!" The conversation lapsed again. He studied her. Their eyes met. He said hastily. "Have you dined here before?" "No."

"How did Mrs. Bowman manage to rope you in?" A faint blush dyed her cheeks. "If it comes to that, how did Mr. Bowman rope you in?"

"He's one of our best clients. But I had no idea"—his voice dropped to a whisper—"I would meet a gang like this. I repeat—how did Mrs. Bowman ever get you to come?" "I happened to have no other engagement."

"Well, of course, it's none of my business. Let's change the subject. How's your austere guardian, Mr. Hopkins?"

She flushed. "He is abroad," she said, turning slightly away from him. For a moment neither of them spoke. Then, "Do you know," he said suddenly, "that your Mr. Hopkins had a lot to do with our engagement going on the rocks?"

She was genuinely surprised. "How could he?" "You remember I saw him the day before we went to Aunt Laura's? Well, he implied that I was after your money. That was really what started it. I began the visit in a bad temper. . . ."

But she had risen. He watched her going out with the other woman—a swan among a brood of waddling geese. And again he wondered what she could be doing in that house. He moved toward Mr. Bowman.

"Mr. Bowman," he began, "the girl I took in—Miss Dodd—" "Say, I'm sorry about that," Mr. Bowman interrupted. "It's the wife's fault. She got you mixed up with Mr. Goetz and gave him your lady, Miss Miller. Then we were a lady short, so she called in Miss Dodd, our governess."

"Governess! Miss Dodd? Why I used to know Miss Dodd very well. An heiress—" "Not any more. From what I heard her guardian gambled most of her money away, then skipped to Europe. Left her without a dime."

In the living room she was sifting apart. He went straight up to her. "I've heard," he added. "I mean about Hopkins. Why didn't you tell me?"

She looked up in surprise. "You didn't know. . . . ? But I see now you didn't—" She stopped, her lips quivering. Gently, he led her out on the terrace.

"Don't pity me!" she cried suddenly, sharply. "I don't want your pity. I wish I hadn't come out here. Why did you bring me?"

"I wanted to apologize for my attitude," he told her. "I was lying at dinner when I pretended I didn't care. And, of course, it's all nonsense about Miss Tobin. I want you to give me another chance, Ellen."

For an instant she stood still, while he searched her eyes for an ancient sign. He found it. Then he took her in his arms.

Interesting Notes

Geo. M. Cleary of Mattoon, Ill., aged 66, gave a great yawn and fractured his jaw.

Aluminum which cost \$90 a pound 75 years ago now sells for a few cents.

A 300-pound side push is exerted by a 30-mile-an-hour blowing across a road, on an auto traveling a mile a minute.

Miss Grace Archer, now 76, has begun her 57th year as a teacher of dancing at Leyland, England.

It is estimated that the average healthy person eats one ton of food costing about \$200 every year.

Miss Ellen Curtis of Oxford, England, was awarded a medal for saving a dog and three puppies at the risk of her own life.

Nikolai Chanovsky of Moscow, reputed to be 143 years old, is suing his 82-year-old wife for a divorce.

It has been estimated through recent computations that a temperature of four trillion degrees Fahrenheit would annihilate all matter.

Miss Mary G. Connor, formerly a stenographer in Portland, Ore., is now a government attorney in charge of the prosecution of racketeers in Chicago.

Vernon Solem, aged 2, disappeared from his home in Minneapolis and was found later asleep on the running board of a moving automobile two miles away.

Aleda Willford, 3, was awarded a trophy for her impersonation of Mae West during the fifteenth annual children's floral pageant held before a crowd of 40,000 at Ocean Park, Calif.

Near Greenfield, Mass., a passenger train was flagged and held for several minutes until a horse could be released from a trestle in which its leg was caught.

What's New

Paper is now made in more than 10,000 varieties.

France has the world's largest submarine, 400 feet long, which cost about \$8,000,000.

Dr. Frank G. Atwood of New Haven, Conn. claims the discovery of a vaccine for the prevention of influenza.

A French chemist has invented a process for removing the shine from worn clothing and restoring the nap.

Oil as heavy and inexpensive as automobile crank case drainings can be used in a new residence heating burner.

With twisted strands between which garments may be inserted a new clothesline eliminates the use of clothespins.

Tests show that carotin, the yellow pigment in corn from which Vitamin A is made, cannot be produced in the plant without sunlight.

Frank Wilson, a 73-year-old blacksmith of Omaha, has invented an airplane propeller with curved ends which he believes superior to the ordinary kind.

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 - Prunes, 3 lb 25c
 - Pie Peaches, No. 2 1/2 can 12 1/2 c
 - Cookies—Vanilla Wafers, Raisin Cookies, Gingersnaps, doz., 5c
 - Navy Beans, 5 lb 23c
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 - Beef Roast, good, lb 23c
 - Oyster Crackers, bulk, 2 lb 25c
- Eggs 28c dozen in trade

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Heroes Are Made

By JACK BLOODHART
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WNU Service.

WHEN the authorities at the university finally rebelled at Tommy Nash's never-ending infractions of what Tommy considered foolish and tiresome rules, they expelled him. That such an action would make of him a national hero they did not know, and it was likewise an unknown quantity to Thomas A. Nash, Sr.

"You," he said frostily to Tommy, "are no good. You waste my money and yours on chorus girls and night clubs. You have no sense, no guts, no . . ."

"That," said Tommy, "is not only untrue, it is—"

"Say no more about it. And now, young man, you may get out. I'm through with you. You get no more of my money, not one cent, until you've proved you deserved it. That's all. Good day, sir."

"But . . ." said Tommy.

"Out!" Thomas A. roared.

Without further attempt at arguing the matter, Tommy rose from his chair, bowed, and stalked haughtily from the office.

A suitcase in each hand, Tommy Nash stood surveying the lettered sign of the old frame house. "Mrs. O'Regan's" it read. "Rooms for Rent."

Mrs. O'Regan eyed him suspiciously. She was a lady of ample proportions and a wicked eye.

"Five dollars a week," she said. And as an afterthought, "in advance."

Tommy hastily calculated that to relinquish five dollars would leave him three dollars and seventy-five cents, and the contents of one of the suitcases with which to forget his troubles. He directed Mrs. O'Regan to lead on.

She conducted Tommy to an uninviting room at the far end of the first floor hall. Tommy's face must have betrayed him, for Mrs. O'Regan said, in a very nasty voice, "Don't you like it?"

Tommy hastily admitted that he was charmed with the room, and to prove it, parted with five dollars.

Before she left Mrs. O'Regan said:

"I do not allow any drinking, gambling or playing the radio after midnight. Also no women in single men's rooms."

"Perhaps," Tommy said, half to himself, "I have made a mistake and am in the Martha Washington." Then he hastily drew himself to his full height and thundered, "Madam, I am a gentleman and scholar, and such lascivious pursuits as you just mentioned find no place in my scheme of living."

Startled, Mrs. O'Regan shot him a bewildered look and scurried off down the hall.

Tommy turned into his room, opened one of the suitcases, and from it took several bottles of beer, which he placed in a neat row on the dresser. Also from the suitcase he produced a flat bottle of colorless liquid which might have been alcohol. It was alcohol.

By nine o'clock that evening Tommy was pleasantly drunk. He opened the door of his room, intending good will toward all men. The hall was vacant and dimly lighted. Tommy whistled a bar or two of a popular melody, yodeled part of a cowboy lament, and floated back into his room.

"What now?" he wondered. Then he noticed the empty beer bottles. "L," he said aloud, "shall arrange them art—artish—artistically in the hall."

He picked up two of the bottles and placed them on their sides in the middle of the hall. Weaving heavily back into the room, he turned and surveyed his work.

"That is mos' beautiful. Mos' art—artish—pretty. I mush put more there."

He retrieved two more bottles and was about to resume his labors when the sound of running steps reached him. He gravely put down the bottles and started to investigate when a racing figure hit one of the bottles in the hall and crashed to the floor.

"You," said the thoroughly annoyed Tommy to the recumbent figure, "have spoiled my arrangement of theese bottles. You shall pay for that." So saying he lifted one of the bottles and brought it down gently but firmly on the other's head. With a sigh the man lost consciousness.

Amazed and momentarily stupefied at what he had done, Tommy jumped to his feet, tossed the two dead soldiers back into his room, and was going in himself when a hall stopped him.

"Hey, youse!"

Tommy halted, by now nearly sober. That was an amazing faculty of his which his father had failed to appreciate when cataloguing Tommy's faults.

Tommy saw, with a shock, that the hall had come from the lungs of a burly policeman.

"Oh, oh," thought Tommy.

The policeman came puffing up, examined the man on the floor and handcuffed him. Tommy watched dozedly.

"What—" he began.

"My boy," interrupted one of the officers, "you've captured one of the toughest mugs in town. How did you do it?" he asked admiringly.

"It was nothing at all," modestly admitted Tommy.

His father eyed Tommy quizzically.

"The papers say you're a hero," he said. "I don't see how you did it, but if you're a hero, you're a hero. I suppose I was wrong, and I'm inclined to add to the reward. But I don't see how you did it. No, I most certainly do not."

"It was nothing at all—nothing at all," Tommy explained lightly.

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