

FOUND SOURCE OF REAL FUN

Enicue's Demonstration of Extravagance Surprised and Pleased at the Same Time.

"A suit like the blue you can wear through two seasons," the saleswoman said. "Of course the brown is a good suit, too, but it hasn't equally fine lines. The difference in price is only five dollars."

Enicue Morgan looked at the brown suit as it was reflected in the mirror; her delicate brows were drawn together in a frown. She had not been paying much heed to the saleswoman, but the last words caught her entire attention. It suddenly seemed to her that all her life she had been buying the cheaper thing and being discontented with it when a few more cents or a few more dollars would have given her the joy of satisfied desires.

"Oh, I suppose I'm going to be wise," she said, "and I hate being wise." "Brown is always becoming to you," Sally declared joyfully. "I think you'll like it, Enicue—truly, I do."

Enicue looked from her own new suit to the shabby, brown little figure. "Jennie," she exclaimed, "I have an idea! Will you come around once a week and mend for me an hour—gloves and skirt bindings and things? I'll gladly pay twenty-five cents a week, and that will be eight dollars to you in five by next spring."

"O Miss Enicue!" Jennie cried. "As the girl's happy feet ran down the stairs, Enicue took off the suit. "For once," she said to herself, "I've been extravagant, and it's the best fun I ever knew."—Youth's Companion.

Pet Shooting at Professors. Professional Harvard awoke the other morning to find itself in the limelight, and many a professor who dropped into peaceful slumber the night before is scratching his head nervously and asking what can be done, remarks the Boston Traveler.

Two rather frisky Harvard undergraduates had taken it into their heads to give the members of the Harvard faculty a bad three or four days, so Elmer Elsworth Hagler, Jr., spent his leisure moments in a month by drawing overzealous likenesses of some of the college's most revered professors, and prefacing each sketch with a bit of satire.

Alabama Coal. The earliest known record of the existence of coal in Alabama was made in 1834, but the first statement of production in the state is contained in the United States census report for 1840, in which the amount mined is given as 946 tons.

Ready to Prove It. "I hear bad reports of you, my boy," said a fond father to his young hopeful. "Your teacher tells me that you won't learn anything at school."

EVOLUTION OF SPEED

WRITER HAS TRACED ITS PROGRESS THROUGH CENTURIES.

All of Man's Ingenuity, However, Has Not Caused Him to Devise Means to Travel Faster Than the Little Swallow.

Those twittering swallows have something to think about. Until an hour ago I thought of them only as friendly decorations in the sky. Now I see them in their true light, as man's rivals in the struggle for speed supremacy.

She was sitting by a sunny bay window, overlooking a stretch of the main street in a sleepy Southern village. In all the landscape nothing had stirred for half an hour but the swallows, a passing motor car, and a schoolboy racing in his wake in the vain hope of "hooking" a ride.

The standing of the self-propelled human, I soon enough discovered, was pitifully low in the averages. In his lightest apparel and favored with spiked shoes and a well-rolled track of cinders, the best that the best man among us can run a mile in is at a snail's pace of 15 to 16 minutes an hour.

By inventing the bicycle he then raised the rate at which he could cover a mile at a speed of 54.3 miles an hour. The motor cycle almost succeeded in doubling this pace. Its rate for the mile is 100.

Meanwhile, man, by developing other inventions. In a locomotive he attained a speed, over a short course, of 120 miles an hour. He experimented with flying machines, until in the fastest monoplane he managed to hurl himself through the air at a rate of six and one-half more miles an hour than he had been able to force out of a railway engine.

Man is swiftly progressing; he can motor a mile now at a speed ten times as fast as he can run it; and he may yet become the speed king of creation. But meanwhile—and this is what galls him—he has to take off his hat to an ordinary little twittering swallow.—Charles Phelps Cushing, in New York Evening Post.

Archangel Becomes Thriving City. Through the war, the sleepy port of Archangel, way up under the Arctic Circle, has become a thriving city of 60,000 inhabitants and is still growing.

Times Have Changed. Abraham Lincoln never said "Hello, central," never held a strap in a trolley car, never dodged an automobile, never pushed a button for light, never heard a phonograph and never posed for a motion picture, and yet Abraham Lincoln died only 51 years ago.

What It Looked Like. In a New Zealand town one of the municipal candidates, a Scotchman, had received a present of a huge Scotch dish, which at the moment happened to be lying on the table of his committee room.

A NOONDAY ROMANCE

By ELISIE GEE.

"Something's wrong with Bessie Moore, sure as anything," said Mrs. Ferrell to herself as she removed the breakfast dishes from the long board-house table. "She's eaten scarcely any breakfast for a week. It can't be money, for she gets a fine salary at the government offices, and pays her board regular as the months come around. So it must be worry."

"Reckon she ain't grieved over that Mr. Bartle's leavin'?" asked black Martha, who mistook the soliloquy for a remark addressed to her. "No, I guess not," opined Mrs. Ferrell.

A short time afterward, Mrs. Ferrell darkened the dining room for the day and was about to sit down to telephone her grocery when the door bell rang. She opened the door and was surprised to be greeted by the very Mr. Bartle of whom she had been thinking in connection with Bessie Moore's despondency.

"I've only a moment, Mrs. Ferrell," said the young man in a pleasant voice. "I'm just in town for the day, and I dropped in to leave your latch-key that I carried off with me. How's everybody?"

"All well, I believe, though Miss Moore does seem a bit off color since the warm weather set in," Mrs. Ferrell's motherly solicitude was genuine. "I think there's something on her mind," Mrs. Ferrell ventured. "She never once mentioned her family to me, but when Mrs. Marmaduke brought her to me, she told me to be good to her, for she was true blue blood and was carrying a big load and making a brave fight."

"You can't mean Mrs. Stanley Marmaduke, the prominent clubwoman?" "Yes, we come from the same little town up state, and she has been a mighty good friend to me more than once in my life, Mr. Bartle."

"Why, she and my mother were schoolfellows, and she has visited our home often. I've still got a little time on my hands today, though, and I think I'll run around to see her." That day at luncheon time, when Bessie Moore came down the elevator and stepped into the dingy lobby of the subterranean building and Harry Bartle stepped from the opposite side of the corridor and smilingly advanced to greet her, the expression that overspread her face was like spring sunshine after rain.

Before she had time to frame any excuses, Harry gained the acquaintance in a prearranged plan for a tete-a-tete luncheon in one of the little sun-parlor alcoves of a popular restaurant. When they were settled at the table and the order had been given, he took a small pink rose from the cluster that filled a low bowl in the center of their table and tossed it to her.

"In a public restaurant I can't throw myself at your feet," he began, "and you've forbidden me to do that anywhere, but I throw you a rose as a symbol, for I've something to say which must be said here and now." "Really, Mr. Bartle," protested Bessie, "please don't spoil this lovely day. Things that you do not dream of making it impossible for me to listen to what you want to say."

"Bessie, I do not dream of anything except the happiness that will be over you if you will care for me as I've cared for you for many months, but I do know about the things which have caused you to keep me from telling you how much I care. The question is, dear, do you care, too?"

Professional.

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