

Mildred Makes a Wager

By H. IRVING KING

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Harold Shipway sat on the piano stool before the piano in Mildred Brown's little parlor. Mildred Brown, music teacher, sat beside him on a little, straight chair, watching his fingers intently. Harold looked scowlingly at the music opened before him, then looked hopelessly at his big fingers, moved them awkwardly over the keys and struck, or rather attempted to strike, the opening chord of the new "piece" teacher had given him to study a week before.

"Ouch!" said Mildred, her face registering a sensation of actual physical pain.

Harold took his fingers from the keys and turned toward Mildred.

"Teacher, I'm sorry," he said. "Does it really hurt you when I make mistakes?" He looked intently into the reproachful eyes. "I'm really sorry."

"If you were sorry," said the teacher averting her eyes, "you'd play better. Doesn't it hurt your ears when you play discords?"

"Not in the least," confessed Harold.

Mildred sighed. "I guess you just aren't musical," she said.

"I don't suppose I am. Besides my fingers are big and clumsy."

"I really don't see why you take lessons then. I hate to encourage you—"

Harold again looked a little too intently into the teacher's eyes. "You haven't encouraged me. You haven't said one encouraging thing about the way I play yet. If you want to know why I go on with the music I'll tell you. It's because I am so darned fond of the teacher."

"How absurd!" Mildred said, with eyes still averted; then cautiously raising them: "But you began the lessons before you had even seen me—so you must have wanted to—"

"I suppose it was a case of plain loneliness," sighed Harold. "There's so little to do here in Stapleton. I've been here six months and until I started taking music lessons from you, two months ago, I had never set foot in anybody's house. The movies bore me to extinction. I like golf, but no one has suggested putting me up for the country club. I never saw such an exclusive town as Stapleton—"

"Oh, Stapleton has a heart of ice," Mildred agreed. "I've lived and worked here six years, and I've never been in any one's house except to give lessons. The people think I am socially beneath them because I teach music."

"And they think I am their social inferior because—"

"Because you came here to be manager of the Stapleton Mills without a social introduction, because you are a poor young man without a fortune and without a family name that dates back to the Colonial wars. Oh, I know Stapleton. The only time they overlook the fact that a person doesn't come from one of the first families is when he has a million or so."

Harold Shipway listened intently. "Do you really think they are as mercenary as that? I thought perhaps they hadn't taken me up because they hadn't got around to it. I can't believe money counts for so much."

Harold folded the music on the music holder before him. "You know I don't care for society or that sort of thing. Only having been brought up in a place where my people knew every one I got used to being made to feel at home. I tell you it's great having people's doors standing open for you, and knowing you'll be welcome once in a while for dinner." Mr. Shipway sighed. "Now, little teacher, I've said enough about myself. I'm no duffer at music, but I like to hear it. Besides, I'm a little tired."

"But aren't you going to try?" said the teacher, very much surprised to see her hitherto docile pupil rising deliberately from the piano stool where he was supposed to sit for another half hour.

"No, I'm going to sit in this comfortable chair and get you to play something with a good old-fashioned tune to it. Won't you please?"

Mildred Brown answered by drawing the morris chair nearer the piano and lowering the back to a comfortable angle. Then she lowered the window shades to keep out the later afternoon sun and sat down at the piano. First she played "Home, Sweet Home," and then she played Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and then a half dozen old favorites that all sounded dimly familiar to Harold Shipway though he couldn't have told you the names of their composers and Mildred didn't trouble him by explaining.

When the clock struck 6 to remind the teacher and pupil that the lesson was over, Harold rose to go.

"It's been a little bit of heaven," he said. "I won't bother you to try to teach me any more," he said. "I guess I'm too much of a duffer—"

"Oh, I don't want you to stop," said Mildred with alarm. "Only I hate to take the money when I'm not teaching you much. But don't let's talk about that—I was just wondering whether—"

whether you would care to stay and have dinner with Aunt Nellie and me? It's really only supper; still Aunt Nellie would be glad, I know—"

Harold Shipway had followed Mildred to the door. "Of course, I'll stay," he said following her out of the little parlor down the hall toward the dining room door, but before they reached the door, Harold Shipway

drew very close to the little teacher. He laid two hands on her slight arms and for a moment stooped and rested his head wearily on the little shoulder, then he turned and kissed the cheek.

"You shouldn't do that," scolded the teacher, and Harold was prompt in his rather lame apology.

"I am sorry, but I suppose it is because I'm so lonely here in Stapleton. I just couldn't help it."

At 9 Harold Shipway, feeling much less lonely than he had felt earlier in the day, was taking his departure. It was as he parted that Mildred offered her wager.

"Really there's no reason why Stapleton shouldn't open its doors to you. I am going to make a wager that within a week you'll have been invited to dinner at one of the big houses—the Loftons' or the Holdridges' or the Palmers—some of the really prominent people."

"I'd rather be invited to the Browns'," protested Harold. "But I'll take you up. What shall it be—a five-pound box of chocolates to—"

"An invitation to dinner," suggested Mildred.

So the wager was made.

What Mildred did the next day and the next day she excused herself for on the ground that she was doing a kind act to some one who needed it very much. When she went to the Loftons' to give little Helene her music lesson she chanced to see Mrs. Lofton. Quite adroitly she spoke about her various pupils, mentioned Mr. Shipway and said: "It's rather odd that any one with the prospects he had should choose to live off here among strangers." Mrs. Lofton was interested.

"Prospects?" she queried and Mildred murmured something about a great-uncle worth \$1,000,000 who had made Harold his sole heir.

At the Palmers she repeated the same falsehood. It was Mildred's first deliberate lie, but she felt justified. "It will get them interested," she said to herself. "When they know him they'll like him so much they won't care whether he has money or not. And they'll only blame me, and I can say I heard it indirectly—I don't care what they think of me, anyway."

A week later Harold came for his music lesson. He brought with him the box of candy. "I lose," he said. "Stapleton has begun to be friendly."

"The Loftons asked me to dinner and so did the Palmers. I went to the Loftons, but had to decline the Palmers because their invitation was for tonight, and I told them I had a previous invitation. You will let me stay to supper again, won't you, please?"

"Funny thing is," Harold went on, when they had gone into the little parlor, "that now those people have begun to be friendly I don't seem to care about it. The fact is, I don't intend to stay here much longer. I am very anxious to be married—if I do I shall want to take my bride home with me. She doesn't like Stapleton. If I don't marry—then the farther I am from Stapleton the better."

"How—how interesting," said poor Mildred. "May I meet her?"

"Foolish little girl," said Harold. "You know her already. You are the only girl I ever wanted to marry—but before I really ask you I must make a confession—"

"I have a confession, too," said Mildred, very much embarrassed.

"I'm Harold Shipway Cavendish. Dad's John Cavendish of the General Oil company. You see—well, hang it all, it will mean that you'll have to marry a man hedged in by a few millions. I took this job incog, because I wanted to prove that I could make good on my own. These people didn't know who I was, of course. Don't bother about your confession—Mildred, will you have me?"

"I guess I haven't anything to confess," said Mildred. And then Harold Shipman Cavendish took the slight little music teacher in his arms and kissed the cheek that he had neglected the week before.

BOTH HAD POETIC FEELINGS

Swinburne Could Well Understand Impulse That Caused Friend to Spare the Blue-Bells.

One springtime I had been into the country and I came upon a wood wherein blue-bells were spread like a carpet. Had I been a poet, the scene would doubtless have conjured up to my mind's eye many exquisite ideas. But I could only think of one, of unseen fairies dancing between the lovely bells, their tread leaving every flower undisturbed. I felt like a female Gulliver in a lover's Lilliput. From sheer joie de vivre I took off my shoes, meaning to join in the revels of the fairy host. Then something stopped me. I shrank from the idea of trampling like a giant among such exquisite and fragile things. I put on my shoes again. On my return I told Swinburne of my experience, describing the beauty of the scene, the suddenness of the temptation, and I saw that the poet was really moved by my idea.

"It was better not; you might have hurt them," he said.—Clara Watts-Dunton, in "The Home Life of Swinburne."

Message to Garcia.

The message which President McKinley sent to Garcia, the Cuban insurgent general, was a query as to the assistance Garcia would furnish to the United States in the war with Spain. Lieut. Rowan brought back information that Garcia could furnish at least 8,000 well-armed men, and that they had a system of transmitting information through the country and could act as guides.

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Sheriff's Sale Under Deed of Trust.

Whereas, Gaza Pastor and Nellie Pastor, his wife, by their certain deed of trust, dated the first day of November, 1921, and duly recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds for the County of Iron, State of Missouri, in Book 80, Page 84, conveyed to Nathan C. Sutton, trustee, the following described real estate, situated in the County of Iron and State of Missouri, to-wit:

The west half of the northeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter, and the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, and the west half of the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section ten (10), township thirty (30), north, range three (3) east;

Which conveyance was made in trust to the said Nathan C. Sutton to secure the payment of eight certain promissory notes, more particularly described therein;

And, whereas, default has been made in the payment of said promissory notes and the interest thereon and the same remain due and unpaid;

And, whereas, it is provided in said deed of trust, that in case of the absence, death, refusal to act, or disability in anywise, of the said Nathan C. Sutton, as trustee, the then acting Sheriff of Iron County, Missouri, shall act in his place and stead, and sell the property described in said deed of trust in case of default;

And, whereas, the said Nathan C. Sutton has refused to act as such trustee;

And, whereas, the undersigned Sheriff of Iron County, Missouri, has been requested by the legal owner and holder of said notes to exercise the power of sale in him vested by said deed of trust;

Now, therefore, at the request of the legal owner and holder of said notes, and in pursuance of the conditions in said deed of trust contained, I, the undersigned, the duly elected, qualified and acting Sheriff of Iron County, Missouri, hereby give notice that I will sell the real estate above described, at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash, at the east front door of the Court House in the City of Iron, in the County of Iron, and State of Missouri, on

Monday, the 22d day of January, 1923,

between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of satisfying said indebtedness and the cost of executing this trust.

JOHN L. MARSHALL,
Sheriff and Trustee

Ironton, Mo., December 18, 1922.

Trustee's Sale

Whereas, Albert F. Stockton, an unmarried man, by his certain deed of trust, dated May 11, 1922, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds for the County of Iron in the State of Missouri, in Book 77, Page 392, did convey to the undersigned, as Trustee, the following described real estate, situate in said County of Iron, State of Missouri, to-wit:

Lot 2 north east quarter, section 1; lot 2 north west quarter, section 4; west half lot 1, northwest quarter, section 1; northeast quarter, section 2; lots 1 and 2, northwest quarter, section 2; northwest quarter of southwest quarter, section 2; west half of lot 2, northwest quarter, section 3; east half of lot 1, northeast quarter, section 4; lot 2, northeast quarter, section 4; east

half of lot 2, northwest quarter, section 4; all in township 31, range 4; lot 2, northeast quarter, section 1; west half of lot 1, northwest quarter, section 1; lot 2, northwest quarter, section 1; northeast quarter of southeast quarter, section 11; west half of northwest quarter, section 12; southwest quarter, section 12; west half southeast quarter, section 12; east half, northeast quarter, section 13; north west quarter of the north east quarter, section 13; north half of northwest quarter, section 13; southwest quarter of northwest quarter, section 13; west half of southwest quarter, section 13; southeast quarter of southwest quarter, section 13; southwest quarter of southeast quarter, section 14; west half of northeast quarter, section 21; southeast quarter of northeast quarter, section 21; north half of southwest quarter, section 21; south half of southeast quarter, section 21; south half of northeast quarter, section 22; south half of southwest quarter, section 22; southeast quarter, section 22; south half of southwest quarter, section 23; all of section 25; all of section 26; all of section 27; east half of section 28; north half of northwest quarter, section 28; east half of southwest quarter, section 28; northeast quarter, section 33; east half of northwest quarter, section 33; north half of section 34; northwest quarter of southwest quarter, section 34; east half of southwest quarter, section 34; north half of southeast quarter, section 34; east half of section 35; north half of northwest quarter, section 35; southeast quarter of northwest quarter, section 35; southwest quarter of section 35; west half of northeast quarter, section 36; west half section 36; east half of southeast quarter, section 36; northwest quarter of southeast quarter, section 36; all in township 32, range 4, and containing 7,014.53 acres, more or less, together with all improvements and appurtenances thereto belonging; which conveyance was made to the undersigned in trust to secure the payment of certain notes in said deed specified.

Now, therefore, at the request of the legal holders of said notes, and in pursuance of conditions in said deed of trust specified, the undersigned, as trustee, will sell the property above described, at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash, at the front door of the Court House in the City of Iron, in said County of Iron, on

Thursday, the 4th day of January, 1923,

between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M. and 5 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of satisfying said indebtedness and the cost of executing this trust.

This December 2nd, 1922.

CHOUTEAU TRUST COMPANY,
Trustee.

By S. L. ST. JEAN, Secretary.

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