

Her Stratagem

Aunt Jane Was a Chaperon
Without an Equal.

First let us have a look at Aunt Jane. Aunt Jane, then, was a spinster, not at all like those blessed women who, for their virtues and manifold charms, have been crowned with the care-free diadem of joy and independence. Ah, no! Aunt Jane was a spinster, sour as vinegar.

Euphonia was the niece of Aunt Jane. But, O, what a difference! Euphonia was as sweet and as pure as the dew upon the rose.

Such were they, sitting in the parlor (yes, yes; in the parlor) when the doorbell rang.

"I'll go," said Euphonia.

"No," said Aunt Jane, "I'll go!"

And as she disappeared, Euphonia quickly drew a letter from her bosom, glanced it over quickly and hid it in her belt as Aunt Jane reappeared, with the majestic bearing of an executioner, while behind her followed John. And as for John, let it simply be said that when the girls are gifted with noses like candy there is generally a young man not far away with a most decided liking for sweets. And as for Aunt Jane, Aunt Jane sat down on the sofa with something of a bounce, and as her chin curled up and her nose curled down, she seemed to say, "Yes, here I am, and here I am going to stay!"

"How do you do?" said John.

"How do you do?" said Euphonia.

And "How do you do?" said John.

And "How do you do?" said Euphonia.

And still again, "How do you do?" said John.

And yet once more, "How do you do?" said Euphonia.

And as for Aunt Jane, Aunt Jane looked troubled between her brows and tilted her head a little more on one side as she watched the two with an air that said: "Now, that's funny! Now that's very funny!"

"Have you been well?" said John.

"Yes," said Euphonia, looking down at the carpet.

"You're sure?" said John.

"Yes," said Euphonia, but you could barely hear her.

"And you always will?" said John.

"I—I think so," said Euphonia.

And as for Aunt Jane, Aunt Jane began to suffer.

"Have you been well?" said Euphonia, looking up and looking down again.

"You bet I have!" cried John.

"You're sure?"

"Absolutely! Positively!"

"You look well."

"Ah!" cried John.

"And you—you always will?"

"You know I will!" he reproached her.

And as for Aunt Jane, Aunt Jane laid her right ear on her right shoulder and her glance shifted backward and forward between the confectionery and the hungry boy like a shuttle in the loom.

Euphonia and John sat down, and John, with a world of deliberation, placed his little finger between his teeth and bit it.

"Lovely weather," he said.

Euphonia arose from the sleepy hollow chair and sat down in the gilt chair.

"Yes," said she.

John bit his little finger again.

"Did the cat come back?" he asked.

Euphonia changed back to the sleepy hollow.

"Yes," said she.

John bit his little finger.

"They always do," said he.

Euphonia carelessly hummed a tune and carelessly went over to the sofa and sat down by the side of Aunt Jane.

"Yes," said she.

And as for Aunt Jane, Aunt Jane almost screamed with the pain, but just at that point John bit his little finger again, and as Euphonia arose to go back to the sleepy hollow that letter slipped out of her belt and dropped on the sofa. Aunt Jane picked it up unnoticed, glanced at the opening lines and set her jaw.

John tapped his foot on the carpet.

Euphonia tapped her foot.

John tapped his foot.

Euphonia tapped her foot.

And as for Aunt Jane, she went out of there. She stopped beneath the gas jet in the hall, though, and opened the letter.

Dear Euphonia (read the letter): As I suppose Aunt Jane will be there as usual, I have made up a few signals which we will use.

"How do you do?" means: "How I love you!"

"Have you been well?" means: "Do you love me?"

Bitting the little finger means: "I shall love you forever!"

Changing from one chair to another means: "I shall love you forever, too!"

And tapping the foot on the floor means: "I wish Aunt Jane would chase herself for a minute."

Yours despairingly,
JOHN.

And as for Aunt Jane, Aunt Jane chased herself right back again, and this was the slight that met her horrified gaze:

Euphonia and John were sitting on the sofa, and John was holding Euphonia's hand and trying to eat the candy.

"Euphonia!" gasped Aunt Jane. "What does this MEAN?"

"John—John is measuring me for the ring!" murmured Euphonia.

"Ho!" sniffed Aunt Jane, and handing Euphonia the letter with an expression that said, "I have read it, you deceitful mix," she said aloud: "I think you dropped this letter!"

"Yes," murmured Euphonia, pretending to kiss Aunt Jane on the ear, "I dropped it on purpose, I just thought you'd go out to read it!"

Dining Out

Mrs. Townsend's Difficulty
in Ordering the Lunch.

"Now," asked Mrs. Townsend, when they were settled in their places at the restaurant table, "what shall I order for luncheon?"

"Let me see the bill of fare," Janet said, reaching for it.

"In a minute," Jack answered; "I just want to see what kinds of soup there are."

"I don't want soup," said Janet.

"Neither do I," her mother added.

"But I'd like some," Jack insisted.

"Now, here's some of the mulligatawny. What's that like?"

"If you take soup, we'll have to sit doing nothing while you eat yours," Janet objected. "And, besides, one portion is more than you can eat, and it will be wasted."

"It won't save it to eat it any more than to leave it after it is paid for," was Jack's answer.

"You don't have soup usually at home," his mother remarked.

"That's why I want it. What's the use of going to a restaurant if you just eat what you get at home?"

"You're not here for amusement but to get some food," Janet observed.

"All right," Jack agreed; "then you can just eat oatmeal with bread and butter. That'll be cheap and filling."

Janet began to look cross.

"Here," Mrs. Townsend said, "let me take the bill of fare. I will order the luncheon." After a moment she looked up. "Suppose, Janet, you and I have some tea and fancy cakes, and for Jack I will order—some baked chicken pie."

"I don't like chicken pie. I'd rather have mock turtle soup and chicken salad and ice cream."

"That's too much," his mother replied, "and it's too expensive."

"Well, then," Jack grumbled, "if I can't have what I want, I won't take anything!"

"That's just like you!" Janet exclaimed. "You just go and spoil everything!"

"Well," Jack muttered, "I'm not going to guzzle tea and crumble dried up cake. I'd rather take chewing gum!"

Mrs. Townsend put down the bill of fare in despair.

"I do wish you wouldn't be so troublesome! I'm sure I can't suit you all without ordering a lot of things we don't want. And it's wasting money, too. All we need is a light luncheon so that you will not get too hungry before your dinner." She picked up the bill once more. "Let me see. What do you say to a nice salad with French dressing and some rolls?"

"Don't like leaves," Jack muttered, while Janet looked equally unhappy, and asked: "Can't we have some dessert?"

"Dessert!" echoed Mrs. Townsend. "Yes, we could. Suppose we say rice pudding?"

This was the last straw. Jack went down to the depths of despair, and Janet's lower lip began to tremble.

"Well, children," their mother said, "shall I give the order?"

"I'd rather go without anything," was Jack's reply, and he turned indifferently from the table.

"So would I," Janet agreed.

"Have you ordered?" inquired a waiter, approaching briskly.

"Not yet," said Mrs. Townsend. "I'll let you know in just a moment. Come, children, what will you have?"

"You won't let us have what we want," Jack answered coldly.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do. You suggest ridiculous things and won't say yes to anything else."

"Women don't know what men like for lunch," Jack observed grandly.

"O, very well," Mrs. Townsend replied. "We can't wait much longer. Your father wished us to be prompt, so as to be in time for the matinee. Now he will be— Here he comes. I'm glad. If you don't like me to order, you can just ask your father."

Mr. Townsend came in briskly, smiling and gay. He made his way to the table, and greeted them affectionately. Then he noted the frost in the air.

"What's the matter?" he inquired. "Luncheon not served? Where's your waiter?"

"We couldn't decide what to have," said Mrs. Townsend. "Janet wanted some ice cream—"

"I didn't say so," Janet interrupted.

"And Jack chose mulligatawny soup—"

"Mock turtle," Jack corrected. "I only asked what mulligatawny—"

"That's neither here nor there," his father remarked, hastily consulting his watch. "And what did you want, my dear?"

"Only a cup of tea," Mrs. Townsend answered, "and some cake."

"That'll never do," her husband said, "and shaking his head."

This rattling sharply on the table, he brought the waiter on the run. "Here, waiter," he said, "bring two portions roast beef rare, with gravy, mashed potatoes, and have them served quick as you can. We're in a hurry!"

"Yes, sah," replied the waiter, and disappeared with a napkin trailing in the breeze.

"The longer you wait the less you can tell what you want. Roast beef is always in season, makes good red blood, everybody likes it, and after all, there's nothing better. We've got just 20 minutes. Let's talk of something else."

And so they did.

An epitaph for "Protection": "Here lies Protection: It lied through its life, and now lies still."

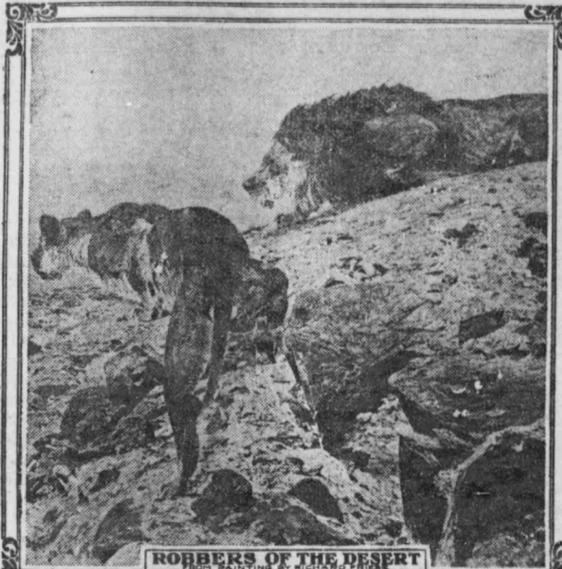
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No. 64—St. L. Fast Mail, 10:23 p. m.
No. 92—C. & St. L. Lim., 5:25 a. m.
No. 96—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p. m.
No. 94.—Dixie Flyer, 5:54 p. m.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 51—St. L. Express 5:35 p. m.
No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:33 a. m.
No. 93—C. & N O. Lim. 11:50 p. m.
No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac. 7:05 a. m.
No. 95.—Dixie Flyer, 9:32 a. m.
No. 54 and 54 connect at St. Louis and other points west.

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No. 340 Princeton mixed... 4 15 p m

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No. 341 -- Hopkinsville mixed 9 15 a m
No. 321—Evansville—Hopkinsville mail..... 3 40 p m
No. 301—Evansville—Hopkinsville Express..... 6 35 p m

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