

## HER NEW INTEREST

By LOUISE LLEWELLYN

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The debutante of three months faced her older girl friend across the little table piled with books and magazines. One pretty slippered foot was curled under her in the great maroon chair, and a slender, nervous hand played with the embroidered moon-flowers in her imported Japanese kimono. Her friend and confidante had just laid aside a covert jacket, and, adjusting her veil above serious eyes, she offered sympathy in a voice that suggested something of her own state.

"I suppose this is what they call being in love," said the girl in her first season. "Do you really think Tom cares? Did you see him looking at my new diamond? Do you think he will pay no more attention to me when it gets around that I'm engaged to papa's old friend? Tell me, dear, did he ever say anything to you about me?"

"A girl," said the older friend, "should always have two love affairs, a major and a minor. Now the oldish man you're engaged to doesn't of course count—when it comes to being in love, and all that. He'll be a fine husband, and you'll have everything, and—"

"Oh, yes, of course, I wouldn't think of marrying Tom. I'm really, in my mind, happy about marrying such a wonderful, rich, brainy, at-the-top kind of man, but still—"

"The trouble is, you need another love affair. You think too much



"Do You Really Think Tom Cares?" about Tom. You should have one more in your following. There's little Clifton, now."

"But he's yours—"

"Yes," said the friend, "so he is. But I don't need him! I'll manage it for you. You see, I've got two already, and I'm in love with both of them—much in love with Jack and comfortably in love with Dick, who flatters me and makes me agreeable every time Jack makes me uncomfortable and jealous. Now, of course, one is jealous of but one man at a time. The minor affair is the soothing one. The major is always a heart interest in one's superior or equal mentally, you know; the minor is always a place derived from the devotion of one's inferior—don't you see?"

"And marriage and engagements have nothing to do with either?"

"Not often," said the older friend. "Not often. They're just practical, natural arrangements that make for material comfort in the end—just like having a mother and a father and sisters and brothers. What you need is a new interest to take your mind off Tom."

"So I do," admitted the debutante. "You see in the morning the first thing I think of is the post, to see if he's sent a note or something. Then all forenoon I won't go out of the house, fearing he may telephone or send a box of flowers; in the afternoon at every ring of the bell I jump out of my wits, thinking maybe—oh, know! Then if all day he hasn't sent a word I sit trying to talk with somebody, and can't seem to remember what they are trying to say. Of course Mr. Martens—the man I'm going to marry—papa's old friend, thinks it's because I'm shy and young and 'up in the clouds,' as he says. But it's just Tom all the time."

"Then Mr. Clifton's the antidote. I'll give him to you this very evening."

"But he wants to marry you."

"Just a habit, my dear. If I should accept him he'd be frightened awfully. I'm four years older than he, and—well, come over home with me to dinner—he's going to call to-night. He's disgustingly rich, you know, and not so bad to look at, and the way he pays attention before people simply makes one her own superior."

The debutante began to dress hurriedly, laughing with the novelty of the plan. Tom was for the moment forgotten, and when the maid announced "Mr. Martens," she made excuse that she was out and sent the maid to her mother.

"The loves him," instructed the older friend. "Wear that blue crepe. Don't let him talk about dogs. He's a real dog lover. Talk about dogs—and, well, yourself. Be sympathetic."

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has to marry and spoil it all?" asked the debutante of her friend as they took their places in the latter's neat brougham, bound for the theater a month later. "This is what I call perfect happiness, having three men in love with one girl. Oh, I'm just too happy for anything. Tom is terribly jealous of Mr. Clifton and Mr. Martens just attends to his own business and never interferes with anything, except to send me beautiful presents. Mamma says I need not announce my engagement until after the summer. I've got a plan."

"I'm going to marry Jack in September," announced the friend. "You see what you did for me when you let me give Mr. Clifton to you. Maybe you think I didn't work for you, dear."

The debutante pouted: "He didn't seem to need so much coaxing from you. Why, he thinks you're dead in love with him still."

"Well, I call that downright ungrateful of you, to let him think that after all I've done for you."

"What do you care what he thinks when you're going to marry Jack in September?"

"What do I care? What do I care? Why, September is several months away. I may want Mr. Clifton back for all you know."

"Well, then," said the debutante, "you can't have him. I'm engaged to him."

"Engaged? But Mr. Martens—"

"I'm going to break with him for awhile and be engaged to Mr. Clifton—just for the summer—then I can make it up if mamma makes an awful fuss. Of course I'll marry Mr. Martens—but just for the summer—"

"And Tom?"

"It's because Tom simply never will propose unless he thinks I'm going to marry Mr. Clifton. He doesn't seem to bother his head over Mr. Martens—so I'm going to try somebody else—there's a dear—don't interfere with my nice little plan."

And they alighted in front of the theater.

### CRUDE DENTISTRY IN CHINA.

How a Native Doctors Up Teeth in That Country.

How crude is the dentistry of the humbler inhabitants of modern China is disclosed by Rev. John MacGowan in the following bit of description published in the North China Daily News. "Right in front of us on the street doctor's table is a small heap of teeth, not manufactured by any cunning workman, but by the subtle alchemy of nature. They are of all sizes and conditions. There are huge molars that have done yeoman service in the past and even teeth strong and determined looking and worn, as though they had fallen in the battle of life, and had come here to end their days. They were all marked and discolored with the signs and symbols of the wear and tear they had gone through. They were a growsome sight to look upon and I wondered much how such a curious collection could have been gathered together. "Where did you get these from?" I asked the doctor, pointing to the heap, which, however, I was careful not to touch.

"Oh! I bought them," he replied. "When a man has to part with a tooth," he continued, "he does not throw it away. He brings it to me and I buy it for a few cash, for he knows that in my profession it will come in handy some time or other." Just as he was speaking a patient came up to him. On being asked what he wanted he replied simply by opening his mouth to the very widest extent. It was a huge cavern and reminded one of the entrance to the Thames tunnel. It was seen that his four upper front teeth were wanting, having been knocked out by a fall from a wall, and he was anxious to know if the doctor could supply their place with new ones.

"Of course I can," he promptly replied, and measuring the cavity in the jaw, he carefully and with practiced eye selected from the heap the four teeth that would exactly fill it. He then drilled a hole in them longitudinally and inserted a bit of coarse iron wire to bind them to each other. The ends of the wire were next inserted in holes that were carefully drilled into the teeth on each side of the cavity and at once the chasm disappeared and the crowd that had been looking on with critical eyes declared that his mouth looked as natural as though the new ones were those with which nature had originally supplied him."

### Plants That See and Swim.

Potatoes have "eyes," as most people know, but how many are aware that certain common garden and wild flowers are similarly equipped? The nasturtium, begonia, clover, woodsorrel and bluebell, among others, have eyes placed on their leaves. They are tiny protuberances, filled with a transparent, gummy mixture, which focuses the rays of light upon a sensitive patch of tissue behind them.

A nasturtium plant has thousands of such "eyes" on its leaves, but it is not yet known if the plant can actually see. Are the sense impressions telegraphed to some central nerve corresponding with the brain of the animal kingdom?

In addition to this visual organ many plants show a touch of sensitiveness that points to further resemblance to animals; while certain seaweeds and mosses in an early stage of their existence are able to actually swim through the water—London Answers.

Value of 1907 Dairy Products.  
The estimated value of dairy products for 1907 was \$300,000,000, and that of poultry \$400,000,000.