

The Damsel and the Knight

By H. IRVING KING

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TATTERS had been himself again to the green lanes of the country in search of handouts and adventure. He paused in his dusty stroll, sat himself down on a root, and read and fell into meditation. The road had been a rather disappointing one. The handouts had had a sameness about them which had caused him to pull up on his roots at night. "Cold corned beef and cold potatoes," thought he, "and that last slab of pie was enough to put the digestion of an iron foundry on the bum. What's the matter with women nowadays—don't they know how to cook any more?"

As Tatters sat musing upon the mutability of human events the summer sun sank below the horizon, a golden dusk gathered among the trees and the woodland scents which stood out when day is done perfumed the languid air. Obscurely seen in the gloaming, a form came hurrying down the road. Tatters approached, a comely young woman walking lightly and carrying in her hand a small traveling bag. There were possibilities in the bag and Tatters resolved to realize them.

He arose to contemplate thought into action when there came from behind the hurrying girl the sound of an automobile driven furiously. At the sound of it the girl gave a little cry of alarm and running straight toward him, she cried out: "Oh, there's father. He's after me. Please, sir, don't let him take me back. Hide me somewhere."

"Certainly," replied Tatters. "Let me carry that bag for you, miss." And he hurried her behind a clump of bushes just in time to see a jolting driver driven by a stern-faced man go by.

"Look and see if he turns off at the cross-roads," said the girl.

Tatters stepped forth from the sheltering bushes, still carrying the traveling bag, and not only looked down the road in the direction in which the reckless driver drove but went on and proceeded to walk that way. It was his intention presently to change his walk into a run and leave the distressed damsel to her fate. Then, at his leisure he would examine the contents of the bag and look out for some dry and secluded spot in which to make his couch for the night. A second car was heard coming from the opposite direction and then a sudden cessation of the noise of both cars.

The drivers of the two cars had alighted and stood in the road talking loudly and energetically. One was a middle-aged man with graying chin whiskers and the other a smooth-skinned young man of robust and stalwart build. Cautiously Tatters stole into the bushes, which lined the road and approached unseen the field of action. "Mr. Lacey," he heard the young man say, "I assure you once more that I have had no hand in Mattie's disappearance. I regret that she has taken this rash step as much as you possibly can. I have wooed her honestly and openly and had hoped that, in time, your objection to our marriage would be overcome. You have no valid objection. You and my father hated each other. It is true. But my father is long since dead—and what have the feelings of one generation got to do with the loves of another?"

"Did Granger," replied the older man, "I never thought to say it; but perhaps I have been unreasonable. God help me. I feel so bad over Mattie's running away that if I could find her and bring her back I'd give everything I have in the world."

"Yes, he would," thought Tatters. "He'd compromise on traveling expenses." "Well, I don't know," replied Granger. "You say the hired man saw her on the road in this direction about a hour ago on foot. Some of the taxicab men say there's a lot of money about of fairly good with her. I've been carrying her. Well, she would probably make for my house or for Aunt Saphron's over in Warwick. Let us go and see if she's there."

Both Tatters stepped forth into the highway. "Granger," said he, "was you two looking for a young man who went out for a walk and got lost? Is this his car plate of property? Don't get excited, Granger, she's all right. I've been thinking of her. She's back up the road a few and wait me to see if I couldn't find some of her folks." He caught the two men to where, crouched behind the bush, Mattie Lacey was wondering what had become of her protector.

"Oh, Granger," he cried, "father and mother were so kind!" I started to go over to Aunt Saphron's to telephone you to come and take me away. And this gentleman was awfully nice, to me! I'm thinking Tatters.

The particulars of the meeting, the reconciliation all around and Farmer Lacey's consent to the marriage of his daughter to Robert Granger. As Tatters restored the traveling bag to its owner Farmer Lacey handed him a two-dollar bill; and Robert Granger gave him three more—besides thanking him.

"Five dollars," mused Tatters as the now happy and reunited trio took their way to where the two cars waited. "Tut! not such a whole of a reward for takin' care of such a pretty little girl as that—but it's about four fifty more than I'd been likely to find in the hand-bag."

Hay Cut in Afternoon Said to Cure Faster

It makes a vast difference in the time required for curing hay whether it is cut in the morning or afternoon, according to the Pathfinder Magazine. Dr. A. L. Blakke, plant physiologist of Iowa, says there may be a difference of 40 per cent in the moisture content of plants between 10:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.

Dr. Blakke has measured the content of water in plants at various hours of the day and found plants contain least water about 1:30 p. m. They contain the most water from early morning until about 10:30 because the leaf pores are practically closed during the night while the roots are taking up moisture. As a result the cells are filled with water in the early morning. Soon after sunrise the leaf pores open up and start to throw off moisture.

As soon as plants are cut off the leaf pores close and if they are cut when containing the most water the curing is bound to be less rapid. The time of day for cutting hay seems important in view of these findings, especially for alfalfa and sweet clover.

Boat Not Late, Just Little Bit Delayed

At ten minutes past four a crowd gathered in the waiting room at Cortland street, but the boat that was scheduled to leave two minutes later had not yet appeared. At 4:15 the situation remained unchanged. Finally a passenger approached the ticket chopper and questioned him.

"Isn't there a train boat at 4:12?" "Yes"—punching an "incoming traveler's" ticket.

"I haven't missed it, have I?"—he had arrived at exactly 4:12 and wanted to be sure.

"None"—business of punching another ticket.

"Then it hasn't arrived yet?"

"None"—three more tickets filled with holes.

"Must be a few minutes late, eh?"

"None"—snap—snap—punch—punch.

"Well, it's 4:18 now, do you mean to tell me it isn't late?" "Sure, she ain't never late. Just a little delayed in arriving." And the passenger went away, wondering how a boat that hadn't arrived at the time it should be leaving could be anything but late.—New York Evening World.

Bird Found Refuge

The Herald Tribune was informed by the superintendent of light-houses that a homing pigeon alighted exhausted on the deck of the light-house tender Tulip recently while the vessel was at Great Peds light station in Raritan bay. The tar on the bird's left foot was marked 109-I and on its right, 2275-1-F-5-A.

The information was sent to this newspaper because of advertisements inserted from time to time for homing pigeons which have failed to return to their owners. The bird picked up by the light-house tender is still aboard the vessel, which is at the general light-house depot, Staten Island.—New York Tribune.

Risky Economy

Wife—But, John, we can't afford to stay home from the beach this summer.

Husband—Can't afford it? Good heavens! What, we owe the grocer, the butcher, the fishman and everybody else, and have nothing to pay them with.

Wife—Yes, but if they see that we can't afford to go away, they'll come down on us for the money and we will have to go into bankruptcy or starvation.—Exchange.

British Women Advance

Women candidates may now compete in examinations which select recruits for the highest branches of the British civil service. Women have long been admitted to the minor branches of the civil service, but the new ruling means obtaining positions in the first division of the service, and will mean not only permanent careers, which marriage need not end, but access to the highest positions.

London's New Opera House

A fund of \$10,000,000 will be needed for Great Britain's national opera house in London.

There Are Some Men Like That Fool Donkey

E. Holland of the Advertising Clubs of the World said at an advertising men's banquet in Kansas City:

"I will conclude with the fable of the donkey and the fox."

"A donkey once fell into a deep hole, and as nobody happened to pass that way for several days, the unfortunate animal got very weak from lack of food. But finally a fox's head appeared at the edge of the hole, and the donkey implored its aid in piteous tones."

"I am too small to help you, brother," said the fox, "but there's an elephant feeding in the thicket about a hundred yards away. Just call him and he'll have you out in no time."

"The fox, being very busy, then hurried off on his affairs, but the donkey said to himself:

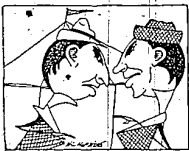
"I am weak from lack of food, and every exertion makes me weaker. To call that elephant would be a terrible strain; yet, it might be the last straw; so I won't do it. Anyhow, it's the elephant's duty to come to my assistance without calling."

"So the donkey lay back, and soon starved to death."

"Some months afterward the fox passed that way again, looked into the hole, saw the corpse, and said to himself as he hurried on his way:

"If the doctrine of Karma, indeed be true, and the souls of animals transigrate into them, then this donkey will become one of those merchants who can never afford to advertise!"

APPROPRIATE TOY



Circus Manager—Where's the pretty snake charmer gone?

Assistant—Gone to get her baby a new toy.

C. M.—I'll be a rattlesnake, I suppose.

Latent Meanings

A meditative man cannot refrain from wonder when he digs down to the deep thought lying at the root of many a metaphysical term employed for the designation of spiritual things. . . . and often it could seem as though rays of truth which were still below the intellectual horizon had dawned upon the imagination as it was looking up to heaven. Hence, they who feel an inward call to teach and enlighten their countrymen should deem it an important part of their duty to draw out of the stores of thought which are already latent in their native language . . . and to endeavor to give distinctness and precision to whatever in it is confused, obscure or dimly seen.—Archbishop Trench, in "Study of Words."

Irish Oratory Declining

Irish newspapers note that, though many of the greatest orators of all time have been Irishmen, Ireland now suffers from the prevailing decline of oratory.

"Neither the dail nor the northern parliament," says the Irish Times, "produces speaking worthy of the Irish heritage. The same is true of our churches, and even Irish after-dinner speaking with some brilliant exceptions, is very poor. Worse still, this country's rhetoric, and especially Celtic rhetoric, is apt to be suspect. Too often we regard eloquence as incompatible with sincerity."

Money "on the Side"

Engaged to check automobile traffic in St. Paul, Minn., for a public commission, Patrick Gallagher seated himself on his folding camp stool and removed his hat before settling down to the day's task. Carefully he placed it on the sidewalk beside him and began his count of the steady stream of motor vehicles. A passerby paused. He looked over the sharpened pencils protruding from Gallagher's coat pocket, smiled sadly and flipped a quarter into the hat. Before Gallagher could recover from his surprise two more contributions were added to the hat.

Ought They Have Taken It?

By H. IRVING KING

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HIRAM CROMPTON was a rich pianist and like other rich men was fond of having his own way—and generally had it. But not always, for when Hiram ordered Emily Cypion, his dead wife's niece, to marry Herman Rawlings, and his own nephew, Ralph Grossley, to marry Loretta Van Derberg, they both refused to obey—much to Hiram's surprise and greatly to his angry chagrin.

True, they were both dependent upon Uncle Hiram; but then, you see, they wanted to marry each other. They explained this to Uncle Hiram carefully and at length, but the old man refused. Listen to reason, now, into a towering rage and ordered them both out of the house. The two orphan plans felt very bad about it. Uncle Hiram was a Tartar. He had not been defied before in years and years. When he cast off the rebels he went to his lawyer and had a new will made in which he left everything to his cousin, Jeremiah Crompton, a bachelor, who had lived for many years in Rome.

Ralph, after a few disappointments, obtained a position at a salary of forty dollars a week. Emily got a job in one of the branch city libraries at a salary of fifteen dollars a week. Evenings they met in the parlor of Emily's boarding house and planned out their future. It was to be very splendid; but they would begin modestly, of course.

They began to look at flats in the upper part of the city and on Sundays made excursions into the country to inspect suburban cottages, not forgetting to visit furniture "emporiums" and price goods sold on the installment plan. They were never more happy in their lives. It was a lark. All they felt with regard to Uncle Hiram was a sincere pity for the old man left alone in his great house—not an atom of resentment.

"But, oh, dear, everything does seem to cost so much," said Emily. "I had no idea furniture was so expensive. And rent so high. Hadn't we better wait until one of us gets a raise in salary? You are sure to get an increase just as soon as Maldon & Co. see how valuable you are to them. So time went by.

"It's no use waiting any longer," said Ralph one day. "We'll get married right away. I'm bound to have a raise within two months."

"Perhaps we'd better wait that long, dear," said Emily. They did and Ralph did not get his increase of pay.

"You ought to demand it," said Emily. "Maldon & Co. will give it to you quick enough if you insist. They know what you are worth to them. They are just stingy—that's all."

The next night Ralph appeared looking very blue. He had made his demand—and had been discharged!

He and Emily sat and looked at each other with a new, strange feeling—a vague doubt of the absolute certainty of the future. It is an awful moment when youth begins to waver in its cocksureness. Emily was the first to recover herself. "Don't you worry," said the kissing him. "Things are bound to come out all right. Maldon & Co. simply did not appreciate you—that's all."

The very next day they saw a notice of Uncle Hiram's death in the paper. They went to the funeral and wept over the fierce old man who had cast them off. After the funeral the lawyer of the deceased Hiram took occasion to tell Ralph of the purport of his uncle's will.

"I expected it," said Ralph, a little dolefully. "He might have left me a thousand or two," he thought. "It would have tided me over."

"Don't you mind," said Emily when he told her. "Poor Uncle Hiram!"

A few days later the lawyer sent for Ralph to come to his office. "I called the news of the death of Mr. Hiram Crompton," said the lawyer, "to Mr. J. Crompton of Rome, Italy. In return I have received from Mr. J. Crompton's man of business there a dispatch stating that Mr. J. Crompton died two days after the death of your Uncle Hiram. He left a considerable property. Your mother was, I believe, the sister of Mr. Hiram and the cousin and only near relative—with the exception of Mr. Hiram—of Mr. J. Crompton. You are, therefore, the next of kin and heir-at-law of both deceased Cromptons. I congratulate you upon the handsome property you have come into."

"Ought we take it?" said Emily, when Ralph told her the news. "Uncle Hiram never intended that we should have it."

"We could get married sooner if we did," said Ralph. "Oh, I will tell you what we'll do," cried Emily. "We'll take it, and with part of it we'll build flats and suburban cottages to let for next to nothing to young people in the fix we were before this happened."

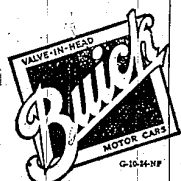
"Great!" cried Ralph.

They were married a week later, and have ever since been a veritable providence to rash and impetuous young people determined on matrimony.

Human Emotions

"Why do you weep over the sorrows of people in whom you have no interest when you go to the theater?" asked the man.

"I don't know," replied the woman. "Why do you cheer wildly when a man with whom you are not acquainted slides into second base?"



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