

### Three Rows From the Front

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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THE great singer, bowing graciously to the applause inspired by his opening selection, noticed that the girl was there again, three rows from the front and in the center.

He had first seen her in Oakland, then in Denver, and had continued to find her at each recital in the various cities he visited on his coast-to-coast tour. Always she sat, as now, near, adorning, and, at the close of each song, clapping with her little hands.

He seized his accomplice, young Pierre Diderot, and led him forward, at which the little hands, clapped harder than ever at the great singer's generosity in sharing the plaudits of the audience.

Unfortunately for his peace of mind, the girl was getting to be a necessity to the man. He had grown to look for her first of all, and if by any chance she was late his heart sank. And then when she did come in, her mauve evening cape over her slender arm, he revived again like a drooping plant after a shower, and was willing even to sing the "Volga Boat Song" as an encore.

To his audience Orloff Stelchensky was the great master, superb and supreme. To his manager, he was a refractory child who, if properly controlled and kept clear of entangling alliances with women who make fools of themselves over him, would continue to bring in with his golden voice vast sums of money at each performance.

Therefore, when, during the brief intermission, Orloff remarked that he was sending a note by an usher asking a certain charming lady to be shown into his presence, the manager frowned. But he very well knew that it was poor business to cross Orloff in the middle of a recital. He was quite capable of refusing to appear at all again that evening.

Yet something must be done. "Very well," he said to Orloff resignedly. "Give me your note and I give you my word I will deliver it at once. There, they are still clapping you. You must go on again."

It was after his rendering of an old Polish folk song that Orloff saw an usher approach the occupant of the center seat three rows from the front and after that the girl sat for a long time with her head bowed. When she finally raised it he could see that her eyes were shining.

After the last encore Orloff hurried from the stage to clasp the slender hand of a dark-haired girl and gaze into a pair of steady eyes.

"I am flattered by your regular attendance at my recitals," he said, speaking slowly, for his English was never at its best during emotional moments. "You are my inspiration."

The girl raised fathomless eyes to his. "Thank you," she said quietly. "You are to me the greatest of masters. But it is your pianist that I pursue, Pierre. We are to be married soon, but I follow to keep my eyes on him. These young artists are like wax in the hands of the flattering women. I have the time and the money, so I spend them both to keep him safe for me. Oh, I see him hardly at all. Once in a while a little dinner or a few words on the train—she shrugged her shoulders."

Orloff's manager, carefully within earshot, grinned. "Bravo—bravo!" he said to himself. "The girl is a clever little actress. My suggestion and check, sent along with his note, were an inspiration. If only Pierre does not spoil it by bursting in and swearing he never saw the girl! How devilishly disagreeable Orloff looks with that frown on his forehead!"

Yes, Orloff looked for all the world like a very large little boy who has a stick of candy about to be taken away from him. He had dropped the slender hand and was already sick of the interview.

"Pierre—Pierre!" she shouted suddenly, to the consternation of his manager.

"No—no, Stelchensky. Pierre has gone ahead to attend to your luggage. That's that, mister!" Pierre rushed in hurriedly. "Did you wish—Non de die! Is it you whom I see—petite Eugénie? Pourquoi?"

"Ah, Pierre," the girl rushed into his arms. "The manager sent for this note and—the other one—he wrote me this note and—she held out a check and waved it in the direction of the manager, whom the rapid turns of his wheel of fortune had made speechless—"and I can't keep it because all I have said was the truth!"

"Oh," said the manager grandly. "Consider, my children, that it is my wedding present to you both."

Then: "Come, Stelchensky," he pleaded soothingly, "or you will miss your train and break the hearts of the two thousand people that await you."

Outside in the darkness he mopped his brow. It had the earmarks of a narrow escape.

### Changed His Mind

The manager of a large warehouse in Glasgow who was much disliked, received an offer from an English firm and had just decided to give up his Glasgow job. His fellow employees thereupon collected a purse of money and presented it to him as a thank offering on the occasion of his departure. "Well, well," said Scottie as he took the purse. "I never thought you liked me so well, but now that I see you're so vexed at me, I'll be glad to think I'll no' gang, but jist bide where I am."—Montreal Witness.

### Young Lady's Defense Not of Great Weight

Dean Rescoe Pound of the Harvard law school said at a dinner in Boston:

"The organization of our courts is practically what it was in the Eighteenth century, and the defenders of this antiquated state of things remind me of the young lady."

"A young lady had a young man arrested for kissing her."

"Prisoner," the judge said to him, "you are charged with kissing this young lady unlawfully. What have you got to say in your defense?"

"She didn't mind, your honor," said the young man.

"The judge turned to the young lady."

"Surely," he said, "the prisoner kissed you against your will?"

"Yes," she said, "judges, said she. 'Time after time. It was something awful.'"

"She kissed me back, though, your honor," the young man put in.

"Young lady," said the judge, "did you kiss him back?"

"She blushed and said evasively: 'It was something awful.'"

"Did you kiss him back or not?" the judge persisted.

"Well," she faltered, "if I did, it was only in self-defense."

### NOT ENCOURAGING



He—I hope you've thought over the proposition of marrying me. She—You'd said a better chance if I hadn't, I'll say.

### Changing Russ Names

Sweeping the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is a fad for changing names of countries, cities, villages and individuals. After every political leader is named at least one community—those whose former names were Romanov. Now Moscow is changing the names of eighty streets which had the names of former bourgeois citizens. In Leningrad an enthusiast whose name was "Ikonikov"—compounded from the religious ikon—had it changed to Tovarish (Comrade) Rem, formed from the first letters of the Russian words meaning revolution, electricity and peace—the three steps in the Communist program for Russia.

### Learn Art of Waiting

To keep up with the times, English waiters and cooks are going to school again to learn the fine points of their jobs. Several technical schools for cooks and waiters have been started by the London county council, with the backing of all the larger hotels and restaurants. British subjects only are admissible, and one of the ideas of the enterprise is to improve the art of waiting so that foreigners will not be able to flock to the English cities and select all the first class positions because of their cleverness and polite manners.

### Like British Live Stock

Breeders of race horses and bloodstock generally are of the opinion this industry has developed into one of Britain's best. Export demand has grown to such an extent of late years that England is said to be supplying the world with bloodstock. At the December sales in Newmarket, England, there were buyers from no less than fifteen countries, including the United States and South America. American buyers are said to be the keenest and buy only the very best thoroughbred animals.

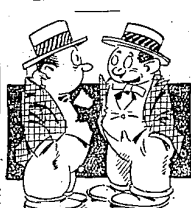
### Protected From Cold

When New Haven (Conn.) police searched Clarence Warner, of Ontario, Canada, they found that he wore five suits of underwear, a pair of trousers, heavy overalls and a thick overcoat. Warner said that it was more difficult to keep warm in Ontario than it appeared to be in New Haven.

### Gigantic Meteor Goes to Copenhagen Museum

With a rare meteor in her hold, which "fell from nowhere," the Danish schooner Sokongen arrived in Aberdeen. The fallen star weighs about seven tons and is valued at \$500,000. This stone, which was discovered by Eskimos, was taken on board the ship at North Star bay, Greenland. It was first found in 1918 at the edge of a rock 400 feet high, 16 miles inland. Owing to the transport difficulties and lack of appliances, it lay for some time where it was first found. Two years ago an endeavor was made to remove it to the coast, where it only recently arrived. On being lowered from its pinnacle it was placed on a big sledge, but owing to its weight it was always breaking the ice. Although 170 dogs were used to convey it, the stone was only got to the coast with the greatest difficulty. It is said that there are only two others in the world bigger—one in America and one in Great Britain. The new stone is being taken to the Mineralogist museum at Copenhagen.

### LITERARY WORK



The Acrobat—That ventriloquist guy says he writes all his own stuff. The Hooper—He ain't got the brains. His stuff sounds like it was written by his dummy.

### Eagle Wanted That Coyote

A black eagle competed with four hunters for the life of a coyote in northern Morton county, Kansas, a few days ago—and lost. The four hunters, Walter Ford, sheriff; Warner Van Gundy, county treasurer; Griff Youngs, a banker, and A. L. Malby, lawyer, of Elkhart, started on a goose hunt. As they were driving toward the ponds the coyote appeared on the horizon. The hunters began the chase.

As they gained ground on the fleeing animal the eagle swooped down and threatened to deprive them of their game. Flying low, it attempted to seize the coyote with its talons. The hunters could see the coyote flinch under the attack. After the hunters had killed the animal, marks of the eagle's claws were found on its back.

Several volleys from the car failed to bring the eagle down.—Topeka Capital.

### Experienced

There are people who claim that "Big Business" has no heart, but this is not true in Los Angeles. A week before the football game between Washington and Alabama, at the Pasadena Rose bowl, a big firm on San Pedro street posted the following notice:

"All requests for leave of absence owing to funerals, wakes, weddings, pains in the back, sore throat, headaches, indigestion, automobile accidents, etc., must be made not later than three o'clock of the day before the game. Per order of the management."

### Nothing to Fear

The profiteer was showing a guest the treasures of his palatial home. Amongst other things was a wonderful piece of rare china.

"Look at that, my boy!" he said. "A wonderful piece. Cost me three thousand. Only specimen in existence."

"But aren't you afraid it might get broken, just standing on this cabinet?" asked the guest.

"Pook—that's all right. It's fully insured!"

### Trains Called in English

In France so many English and American tourists travel through the country that the railroad companies have had to adopt the system of calling train stops in English to avoid unnecessary confusion. The English of the French is almost as distinct as railway vocal announcements in America.

### Gotham's Toy Mail

More than 100 pieces of mail are handled daily in New York city.

### "Mine" Adapts Itself to Climatic Changes

An "ice mine" near Condersport, Pa., is the most accommodating mine in existence. In the summer, when ice is at a premium, it supplies the countryside in abundance, but in the winter, when ice is plentiful, the mine becomes warm and the ice melts.

The "mine" is in reality a cave—the remains of an old prospecting shaft—and foot icicles, in some instances a foot thick, form all over the interior.

The phenomenon is explained by George H. Ashley, Pennsylvania state geologist. Frigid air seeps into the porous rock and soil during the winter and, with the coming of warm weather, enters the cave through the dripping crevices, bringing the temperature back to freezing.

### Recalling War Days

The last remaining material vestiges of the stirring days of Liberty loan drives—thousands of surplus badges, buttons and medals which were awarded by the government for meritorious work in the collection of war funds—are being eradicated via the smelting furnaces at the Washington navy yard. After the war these insignia were returned in vast numbers to the Treasury department, and the method of disposing of them long has been a problem. A plan finally was evolved to melt them, and it is regarded as likely that some of the metals may be diverted into the channels of the gun factory.

### Kichers

First Frenchman—Zeas American foot ball game es well named. Second Frenchman—Ees it so?

First Frenchman—Oui, first ze team keeks, ze ze ze umpire keeks, and ze ze whole crowd keeks.—Pier.

### Mysterious Cult

A New Jersey woman is suing for divorce because her husband belongs to a religious cult that forbids displaying affection. A great many wives will be wondering just when their husbands joined this cult.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### New Newspaper Material

Tests being made in Germany to make paper pulp for newspaper out of Papana pine of Brazil have been somewhat successful according to reports from the commercial attaches at Berlin. The tests have been made with a view to working out a commercially economical operation.

### Under Soviet Rule

Mme. Lenin, widow of the Russian Soviet leader, would be offended if a male "comrade" offered her a seat in a train, opened a door for her or stepped aside to give her precedence. Hand-kissing and hat-tipping have been relegated to the past in Communist Russia for hygienic reasons, and men and women are on a par. But, strangely enough, men still continue to kiss each other. The old method of salutation among men relatives and intimate men friends is so strong that government regulations have not wiped it out. Hand-shaking is also under government ban.

### Fiddler's Collection

Mellie Dunham, Maine's now famous fiddler, may cling to the \$3 gold piece presented to him by Henry Ford, but he will have to fiddle some time to match the collection owned by Fred B. Clough, of Concord, N. H. He has thirteen \$3 gold pieces, coined between the dates of 1864 and 1873. Moreover, he has a group of the rare and valuable California gold dollars, octagon in shape, and several Alaskan gold dollars, bearing the words "Too Wah" on the back and the legend, "Alaskan Gold Dollar," on the front.—Boston Globe.

### Dogs Needed in Arctic

Although the automobile has forced the horse to relinquish his place as "king of the highways" in America, it will apparently be some time before the airplane can supplant the dog on the frozen paths of the North. According to Donald B. MacMillan, Arctic explorer, who recently returned from a trip to the top of the earth, dogs are much preferable to airplanes in his Arctic explorations.

### When Master of Poise Tunes Up for the Day

Looking at his watch, Sylvester found he had been cultivating sympathy, knowledge and poise for twenty minutes. He still had ten minutes for getting in tune with the infinite before going to town.

Smiling the smile of the larger understanding, holding the crown of his head high and keeping his chin in, generous and tolerant toward mankind, conscious that nobody could injure him, he walked rhythmically over to the shelf to get his infinity book, the blue one in half-coze.

It was not there.

In a rage he strode without rhythm and with his chin protruding to the head of the stairs.

"Which one of you took 'In Harmony With the Universe' out of my room?" he bellowed.

His timid and distraught wife answered from below:

"I put it in the drawer of your desk to keep the baby from chewing the cover."

Sylvester swung about and with a masterful gesture threw open the drawer and found the book. He turned to the chapter headed: "Serenity, the Master Word of the Over Man."—Kansas City Star.

### DISTINCTLY AMERICAN



Young Architect—What achievement of architecture do you consider the most distinctly American? Old King—The filling station, my dear sir.

### Industry Brings Victory

Industry pays debts while despot increases them.—Benjamin Franklin

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