

# CUPID AND CUPIDITY

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Carl Levering dashed for the subway and caught the uptown express without an instant to spare before the gates clanged after him.

A local train on the next track was pulling out at the same time and for awhile the two trains kept space.

From his seat in the express Carl was facing a row of people in the local train. Two faces, side by side, stood out from the others clearly.

One was that of a thin-faced, weasel-eyed man, well dressed, who sat with arms folded and a shifting glance darting hither and thither from under sunken brows.

Beside him sat a girl, a girl with clear brown eyes and charming face. She was dressed in brown velvet that matched her eyes and hair and her hat was the same other bow. On her left arm there carelessly dangled a golden mesh bag, while her hands were thrust into a brown fur muff.

As Carl looked at the girl with eager, admiring eyes, he was conscious that his train was pulling ahead of the slower one—as is the custom with express trains. In another moment he would lose sight of the Brown Girl, as he called her in his mind, perhaps forever, and he felt a vague attraction toward her.

Then something happened in the next train. He witnessed it with angry eyes, knowing that he was helpless to interfere.

The man who was sitting beside the Brown Girl slipped a hand down toward the golden purse hanging on her arm. Something flashed and the bag dropped. The man's hand was withdrawn and without apparent movement he was still sitting there, his folded arms. The girl was looking the other way.

Carl wondered what he could do. The local was probably stopping now at Twenty-eighth street, while the first stop of his train would be at Thirty-third street. Of course the pickpocket would leave the local at Twenty-eighth street, and disappear.

As he sat there fuming over the fiasco that had derailed he should see the Brown Girl for the first time and then lose sight of her so quickly when she needed help, he became aware that his train was slowing down and presently it stopped entirely in the tunnel.

A few minutes later the same local came up alongside and that, too, became stalled from some unknown reason.

Carl was elated to discover that the pickpocket had had no opportunity to leave his train. He still sat there beside the Brown Girl, who, quite unconscious of her loss, was looking absently across the car straight into Carl's keen blue eyes.

"By Jove, I wish I could make her undulate without appearing to flirt with her!" Of course, it wouldn't do the least bit of good, anyway. The fellow probably has already passed the bag along to a confederate," muttered Carl to himself.

Just then he observed that the Brown Girl was staring at him with alarmed eyes. She suddenly lifted a white gloved hand and gestured frantically toward him and made motion with her lips.

The pickpocket was glaring savagely at the girl he had just robbed, and then he darted a lightning glance at Carl and withdrew into his sullen reverie.

The girl still gesticulated at Carl and he glanced down just in time to intercept the sly hand of a thief who was abstracting his watch by an elaborately simple method of a slit cut in the victim's coat and a neat pair of nippers.

Carl's hand closed like a vice on the wrist of the pickpocket and he twisted it until the man dropped the watch with a mean of pain and thrust his hands into his pockets.

The girl smiled with relief and a little embarrassed flush came over her face from brow to chin as Carl lifted his hat in acknowledgment of the service she had rendered him.

Now he knew why the pickpocket beside her had been glaring so angrily at her. He, too, had seen the abstraction of Carl's watch from his pocket and perhaps had recognized

a friend or a fellow criminal in the thief, and reacted her warning. Carl wished that he could do a like service for her, but he felt powerless.

He looked up and down his own car, hoping to see the friendly blue coat of a police officer, but his search was unrewarded. But on the opposite seat a dark-eyed man intercepted his glance, winked meaningfully at him and slowly, and without apparent motive, opened his coat to abstract some papers from an inner pocket and displayed the flash of a star on his breast.

That the man was a detective Carl had no doubt. Then the train began to move slowly ahead, leaving the local standing on the tracks.

Suddenly it drew into a station and stopped short. Carl reached the door as soon as the detective, who sat beckoned to the pickpocket to follow him.

The detective was grasping the pickpocket by one arm and the man was standing passively there, knowing that he had bungled his job. The detective beckoned to a policeman, turned the man over to his temporary care and then, listening to Carl's account of the theft he had witnessed in the local train, they started for that delayed train to draw into the station.

Carl was on the alert for the man whose face he had remembered with singular vividness. The detective was watching at another door.

The man followed closely behind the Brown Girl and they had no trouble in apprehending him.

While the detective detained the pickpocket, Carl addressed the Brown Girl and related the incident of the gold purse.

With a little cry of alarm she placed down at her arm where dangled the golden chain from which the purse had hung.

The bag was, of course, gone.

"What shall I do?" she asked, anxiously. "What has become of the man?"

"Here he is," said Carl, and then the detective approached with his captive. A quick search of the man's garments brought forth the golden purse and the girl was able to identify it without trouble.

The detective took their names and permitted Carl and the Brown Girl—Margaret Bronson, was the name she had given to the officer—to go.

Carl accompanied her to the street and there they paused.

"I am very grateful to you, Mr. Levering," she said with shining eyes.

"And I am more than grateful to you," he returned heartily. "You saved my watch for me and that means a good deal—it was my father's watch and he is dead."

"I am very glad, indeed—I don't know what you thought of me, but I had to let you know," she said, evidently recalling the means she had taken to attract his attention.

"That's the best part of it—your forgetting everything—traditions and all that, you know—to save a perfect stranger from loss," he smiled down at her. "But that's a feminine trait, I've observed."

She blushed under his praise and then they parted. Carl was confident that they would meet again. Now that he knew her name he would arrange to meet her conventionally and then—he resolved on the spot that the race of Cupid and Cupidity in the subway should not be in vain.



Carl's Hand Closed Like a Vice on the Wrist of the Pickpocket.

## ARE NOT SUCH GOOD "MIXERS"

Writer Says Men Think They Get Acquainted Easily, but Really They Don't

Edna Ferber writes a fiction story in the American Magazine in which the principal character is Emma McCosney, a traveling saleswoman. On one of her trips she took her son with her, a boy of seventeen. This boy had to spend the night with a stranger in a country hotel. Next morning his mother asked him about his roommate. "The boy knew very little, not even the name of the man with whom he stayed. Whereupon Emma McCosney broke out as follows:

"Men are the curstest creatures. This chap occupied the same room with you last night and you don't even know his name. Funny! If two strange women had found themselves occupying the same room for a night they wouldn't have got to the kimono and back hair stage before they would know not only each other's name but they'd have tried on each other's hats, swapped corset cover patterns, found mutual friends living in Dayton, O., taught each other a new Irish croquet stitch, showed their family photographs, told how their married sister's little girl nearly died with swollen glands and divided off the mirror into two sections to paste their newly washed handkerchiefs on. Don't tell me men have a genius for friendship."

## HARD ON HER



She (sighing for a compliment)—This is the third dance you've had with me. Why don't you ask some of the other girls?

He—To tell the truth, I'm such a bum dancer that I'm ashamed to ask them.

## THE FIRST STOVE

The most important uses of fire, were taught by fire itself. As the primitive man stood near the flames of the burning tree and felt their pleasant glow he learned that fire may add to bodily comfort; and when the flames swept through a forest and overtook a deer and baked it, he learned that fire might be used to improve the quality of his food. The hint was not lost. He took a burning torch to his cave or hut and kindled him a fire on his floor of earth. His dwelling filled with smoke, but he could endure the discomfort for the sake of the toothsome of the cooked meats. After a time a hole was made in the roof of the hut, and through this hole the smoke passed out. Here was the first stove. The primitive stove was the entire house; the floor was the fireplace and the hole in the roof was the chimney. The word "stove" originally meant "a heated room."

## PREOCCUPATION.

"Do you think the automobile has a demoralizing influence?" "I'm afraid it has," replied Mr. Chuggins. "When a man has to remember how fast he can go in different parts of town, and the rules about displaying numbers and sounding the horn at crossings, and letting smoke escape from the exhaust, and keeping his lamps in order, and cutting out the muffler, and various other things he's liable to be so preoccupied that the ten commandments don't get their reasonable share of attention."

## AUSTRALIAN ENGLISH.

The Australians are evolving a new English language of their own. With their words—"bar-racking," "tsrrikie" and "kangaroo"—we are all familiar, but there are hundreds of others to be found in the dictionary of "Australian-English" compiled by Professor Morris. The Sydney Bulletin is offering a prize for the "best sonnet written in the Australian language." That is to say, a sonnet that would not be understood outside of Australia.

## ENTHUSIASM A GOOD THING

It is the Dull, Prosaic Life, Lived Without Interest, That Ages One.

Take a real live interest in the things about you. Get enthusiastic! It won't hurt you to get quite excited in your enthusiasm once in a while. It is the dull, prosaic life, lived without interest, that ages one. You need a change.

Take some exercise. You need it. Many a woman would like to get out and play with her children, or the neighbors' children, but she is afraid of what the neighbors will say and so she sits indoors and grows old.

Never mind what your neighbors say. Do the things you would like to do and keep your youth. You, and you alone, are the creator of your destiny. It is you who is growing old.

In order to have time for both mental and physical exercise, plan your work carefully in the morning and then avoid hurry, worry and getting frustrated. Learn self-control, and if your well-laid plans seem to be going all awry, take the interruptions coolly. Fold your hands, if necessary, until the interruption is over. Remember there is another day coming. Tomorrow will be better.—Woman's World.

## HE SHOWED UP BLACKSTONE

Colorado Justice of the Peace Knew His Business and Cared Not a Rap for Precedents.

A story of the early mining days in Colorado has to do with the self-sufficiency of Patrick Smith, a self-appointed justice of the peace, and the biting wit of a young lawyer, who attempted to defend a man charged with stealing a horse.

The lawyer argued that the fact that the man had the horse was not proof positive that he had stolen it. Justice Smith instantly overruled the point.

The lawyer then read from Blackstone a case identical with the one before the court.

"What do I care for Blackstone or any other lawyer?" cried Justice Smith. "I know the man stole the horse, and I have decided he's guilty. That's enough. I'm judge here."

"Your honor," answered the lawyer, "I know you have decided the case. I read the extract merely to show you what an old fool—" "What's that?" interrupted the justice, jumping to his feet in a rage.

"Blackstone was," calmly finished the lawyer, while he resumed his seat.—Youth's Companion.

## STOPPING PLACES FOR BIRDS

Project Approved by Certain Wealthy Sportsmen, Square the Score of One Writer.

Immense preserves in which migratory birds may rest without fear of interruption in their flights to the southward in the early winter and to the north with the return of spring are within the scope of plans suggested by the National Audubon society and approved by certain wealthy sportsmen.

Just how these philanthropic individuals and organizations expect to notify the mallards and wild geese, where to make their stop-overs in their long flights in search of congenial climate has not yet been disclosed in the publication of the plans, though without some such general understanding with the birds the scheme, which contemplates the expenditure of several millions of dollars for lands, possibly might prove a failure.

It is a beautiful sentiment that leads these men, some of whom are known to have amassed their fortunes by working poor men, women and children to the limit of their strength and endurance and for the irreducible minimum of wage, to spend large sums of money to promote the happiness of idlers and the pious duty—but it is just such that is giving socialism its start in the world.—Birmingham News.

## UPLIFT

"What are you doing for the uplift, Maude?"

"I am teaching poor girls the rudiments of bridge whist. And you?"

"Oh, I am collecting cast-off automobiles to distribute among worthy persons."

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## MADE TO SHOW HORSE'S GAIT

Claim of Californian to Be the Originator of Moving Pictures Seemingly Substantiated.

Probably the man who can claim the greatest credit for moving pictures is Edward Muybridge of Oakland, Cal., who, at the instigation of Governor Leland Stanford of California made countless pictures of the governor's celebrated trotter Occident, the first horse to trot a mile in 2:20 west of the Rocky mountains.

Occident was the pride of the governor's heart, and he engaged Muybridge to photograph him in every conceivable size and shape. In making a series of snapshots of the horse's action, Muybridge was enabled to show the exact motion.

In order to satisfy the governor, he thought of a novel scheme of placing a number of cameras covering at least one-tenth of a mile. From these cameras he stretched threads across the track at about the height of the trotter's knees.

These threads being broken, each camera made a separate, distinct picture of the horse, and by putting them together and rifting from the thumb, the horse could be seen in actual motion.

In 1885 Muybridge sailed for England, and there, in connection with six or seven others, evolved the first moving picture camera. In about 1886 some of these cameras reached America.—Popular Mechanics.

## THE REASON



Reggy—Why do you dislike cigarettes?

Kitty—Because they are dangerous.

Reggy—But I have smoked them for ten years and they haven't killed me yet.

Kitty—Yes, I know; and that's one reason I object to them.

## ANCIENT WHEAT.

Many years ago a Sutter county (Cal.) farmer named Proper, by following the Burbank method, developed a seed wheat of great value, which was eagerly sought by the San Joaquin grain farmers. But the wheat grown from this seed did not maintain its valuable properties through successive crops. Year by year it lost some of them, until now the Proper wheat is no better than improper wheat. A son of Proper had the forethought to preserve a quantity of wheat harvested from the original crops. He has a lot on hand that is now 25 years old, which he is planting. Will it germinate notwithstanding its advanced age? Why not? Egyptian grain, entombed for 4,000 years in the wrappings of a mummy, yielded abundantly when planted where the waters of the Nile reached it.

## AMICABLE ADJUSTMENT.

"Did the Gildeys have much trouble in arranging their separation?"

"No. At least not until they reached their child. They have but one child, you know."

"How about the dogs?"

"That was easy. They had two dogs."

"I see. Well, what did they do?"

"Why, Gildey suddenly developed a streak of generosity. He took the child and let his wife have both dogs."

## WORSE SLIGHT.

"So your father is very angry with you. It is true that he has cut you?"

"He's done worse than that—he's cut my allowance."

## CATTY THING!

Hattie—I have so many callers that, really, I get quite fatigued.

Mattie—Ah! I didn't know you were a telephone operator before.

## PLAYING CARDS FOR TREATY

How Labouchere and the British Minister Mollified the American Secretary of State.

Years ago I was in America and went down with the English minister to the United States to a small man in Virginia, where we were to meet Mr. Marcy, the then United States secretary of state, and a reciprocity between Canada and the United States was to be quietly discussed. Mr. Marcy, the most genial of men, was as cross as a bear. He would agree to nothing. "What on earth is the matter with your chief?" I said to a secretary who accompanied him. "He does not have his rubber of whist," answered the secretary. After this every night the minister and I played at whist with Mr. Marcy and his secretary, and every night we lost. The stakes were very trifling, but Mr. Marcy felt flattered by beating the Britishers at what he called their own game. His good humor returned, and every morning when the details of the treaty were being discussed we had our revenge and scored a few points for Canada.—Henry Labouchere, in London Truth.

## MEANT AS A REFLECTION.

A ball game between two semi-pro teams, one colored, was played on the North side and attracted a numerous following of negroes who went a long way to root for their team. They occupied a section by themselves.

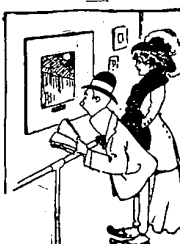
A foul ball went in among them and did not come back, causing a red-haired contender to go to that part of the stand and yell:

"Throw that ball back. What do you think it is—a chicken?"—Chicago Post.

## ELEPHANT SHREWS.

Three rodents of a remarkable species, known as elephant shrews, have recently arrived in London from South Africa and are at present considered to be the most valuable animals in the zoological gardens of that city, as it is claimed that this is the first time they have ever been seen in captivity. As the name implies, they have a curious and mobile, elephant-like trunk protruding from their snouts. The hind legs, on which they hop about with great speed, are exceedingly long and suggest those of a kangaroo.—Popular Mechanics.

## HE KNEW



She (at the art exhibition)—This painting is called a study in still life.

He—I guess that's why there's so much moonshine in the picture.

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