

Yes, He Did Haul Her on His Sled

Joy of Christmas Time Recalled in Romance on Ocean Liner.

By MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

“WELL, it's true,” asserted the young man with very dark hair and blue eyes.

The girl answered nothing, but turned away from him.

“You need not give me the benefit of that devastating profile, either,” he continued in a sort of savage tenderness. “I'm charmed up now so I don't know whether I'm buttermilk or honey clabber.” He hesitated an instant, but perceiving no help from his companion, took the final climax of his remarks like a hurdle. “I'm perfectly mad about you!”

Last night, in his cabin, he had rehearsed the scene several times and he had always ended in an intense and dramatic huskiness with those very words. What's the use of a rehearsal? If you don't cling to the lines! He was mad about her—and at her!

“Here I've sat day after day in this green, steamer chair, and you in yours, both tortured by that outrageous little hat that won't let me see only half an inch of cheek and one eyelash, and you've smiled away to yourself and been mighty cool and sweet and—”

“Inscrutable. I won't stand it another day. We land tomorrow, and I want to know. Will you marry me or won't you?”

“I've only known you six days and four hours,” said the girl.

“What the dickens have I not got to do with it? You must know somewhere under those curls whether you are—like me or not.”

“You look well in a steamer chair, and out of it,” she smiled wickedly. “But life, unfortunately, is made up of other ingredients. Give, for instance, am I to know your taste in ties off ship? Or your theories on making a fire? This has wrecked more than one bungalow in violent argument and is never settled. You have a nice nose (she turned suddenly the full focus of her mischief upon him and he felt awfully young and embarrassed) and a pleasant New England chin, and enough hair to lust as long as you need it, and—”

“Go on! Go on!” urged the young man bitterly, “you haven't mentioned my eyes yet, or my mouth: they're the only ones I've got, so I hope they pass muster.”

“Your eyes,” began the girl airily, “your eyes—”

“Yes,” encouraged the young man, looking straight into her own.

“She wavered. With elaborate intentness she flicked off a speck from her coat.

“They'll do,” she said without looking up.

The very young man took a long breath. “One more item to be checked off. Please be kind to dumb animals. How about my mouth?”

“It ought to have a bit in it!” she flashed, and before he could gather his thoughts for a retort she had left her chair and disappeared.

The young man felt stunned. He did not see her again until just before they landed. She was standing by the rail looking particularly provoked in a full blue suit and gray fur. Scowling up his courage, he crossed over and spoke to her.

“You've got to give me an answer before you set foot off this ship!” he said without preamble. “I'm starting west tonight to spend Christmas with my mother. Been away a year; I've got some business to settle up on the way, so I shan't get home for nearly six weeks, but I promised this year I wouldn't be away. You see my chin isn't New England, after all—just plain Montana: I hate to disappoint you. Will you marry me?”

“Montana?” said the girl slowly—“Where?”

“Oh, a little town up near the border; you've never heard of it. New Englanders think the world ends at the boundary of New York.”

The very young man found himself the object of a long, clear scrutiny. “Yes,” reflected the girl aloud; “I believe it's so.” Then she turned to him and said with great earnestness, “Did you ever wear a funny little red knitted cap with a black tassel? And did you used to drag around a little girl on your sled when you were visiting your aunt in the next town—near

the border? And did your aunt have doghounds in a stone jar under the pantry shelf and a great gray cat, whose name was Polonius? Did she?”

The very young man uttered one long, low whistle. “Are you—” he began—“are you that saucy, cunning little whopper who drove me like a slave every time I came to visit Aunt Judy during the holidays?”

“I am!” answered the girl like one taking a vow.

“Do you live there now—out in that little town in Montana?”

“I do!”

“Then what, in the name of all reason, are you so far from home for, cavorting around the globe? You



“And Did You Drag Around a Little Girl on Your Sled?”

ought not to be out of pinafores and pigtails!”

“You are not hoary with age yourself!” she laughed. “I’ve been in England on business.”

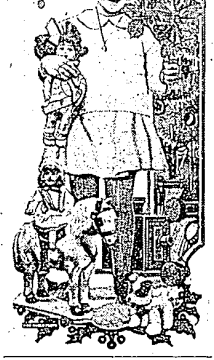
“Why haven't I seen you before? Where have you been all these years? How—”

“I went east to school and you to college. I never saw you after you were gone, anyway. Your aunt died and you stopped coming. I still have a crumpled Christmas card you sent me years ago.”

If somebody in buttons had not urged them to leave the ship, the chances are that they would have been there yet—explaining happily over their joint recognition.

Sometime later the very young man

Did Santa Come to See You, Too?



saw the girl “who should have been in pinafores,” into a taxi.

“And you will marry me?” he was urging under the screen of the motor's hum. “And you'll be in Montana for Christmas? And you'll let me take you home to mother?”

“Yes,” smiled the girl softly, “you dear, little boy, but I shall feel hurt if you don't wear a red knitted cap, and give me a ride on a sled.”

The door of the machine slammed shut. The very young man with the black hair and blue eyes sent a kiss after it, to the great amusement of at least a dozen bystanders. But what did they know of red caps and sleds— . . . and Christmas with mother in Montana?

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Wolf's Long Career of Slaughter Ends

Thirteen years ago Three Toes, a wolf six feet in length, started on a career of crime, says the Pathfinder Magazine. Time and again over this long period reports of wholesale killings of sheep would stir ranchers into desperate activity and they hunted and set traps for this bloodthirsty thief—but without success. The wolf was too cunning.

The beast's maraudings covered territory 70 miles in width in the Dakota region. Sometimes he would disappear for several weeks and sheep ranchers would begin to breathe easier, thinking the wolf had been killed. But then word would come from some place that dozens of sheep had been slaughtered over night and the ranchers knew their enemy was still doing his deadly work.

The biggest haul in one night was 34 sheep. On another occasion Three Toes killed 66 sheep in two nights. Another time it was 17 sheep at one time. He was believed to be between fifteen and twenty years old. The hunter who finally succeeded in putting the finishing touches to Mr. Wolf caught him in two traps set on the trail. There was plenty of evidence that Three Toes had tried desperately to free himself. When found he had chewed off six inches of his tail. In his entire career, it is estimated, the wolf slew sheep worth \$50,000.

Fisherman's Luck, as Recorded by Dawes

Vice President Dawes recently enjoyed a vacation, the first one he has had in two years. He spent most of his time fishing in an isolated spot in the Rockies near Wagon Wheel Gap, Colo., 17 miles from the nearest town. One day he

hooked five bass and his own finger. Another day he landed a fish two feet long. Anyhow, that is what the general told reporters who interviewed him in his private car en route home. Dawes received the newspaper men collarless and in bare feet while breaking in a new pipe.

Three fish at a single cast! That is the record claimed by Dr. Ernest Peet of Long Island while fishing at Saranac lake, N. Y. He landed three bass with an equal number of fly-baited hooks. Next!—Pathfinder Magazine.

Mercury Non-Magnetic

The bureau of standards says that mercury is one of the so-called non-magnetic elements and cannot be magnetized in the ordinary sense. As a matter of fact it is “dia magnetic” and when placed in a magnetic field carries fewer “lines of force” per unit of area than the space around it. The effect is very small, and very sensitive apparatus is necessary to measure it.


Scars of a Veteran

It is only a question of time, anyway, and a certain feeling of quiet and care-free contentment attaches to owning an automobile with all four fenders already thoroughly banged up.

—Columbus State Journal.

Enterprise Liners will sell it.

The Art of Christmas Giving



A wise man has said: When thou givest presents, let them be of such things as will last long; to the end that they be in some sense immortal, and may frequently refresh the memory of the receiver.

Again: He gives not best who gives most; but he gives most who gives best.

No gift, it may be suggested, can be more acceptable, or last longer, or more often recall the giver, than a beautiful and always useful, electrical device for homekeeping.

THE DETROIT EDISON CO.



“Will You Marry Me or Won't You?” He Asked Her.

ressed) and a pleasant New England chin, and enough hair to lust as long as you need it, and—”

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Christmas Gift Hints



“WAYNE KNIT” HOSE
Black and a wide range of colors in thread silk, chiffon, and silk and wool.

LINGERIE
Silk Jersey Bloomers and Vests in good shades

HANDKERCHIEFS
No one ever had too many. A fine assortment of linen and swiss.

LEATHER BAGS
Pin seal, morocco silk, and calf in black and colors.

BEDSPREADS
Very attractive in blue, gold and pink.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

MEN'S BATH ROBES	SILK SCARVES
LADIES "ZIPPERS"	SILK SUSPENDERS
FANCY TOWELS	VANITY CASES
PLAID BLANKETS	NECKWEAR
FANCY SHIRTS	

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