

HE CHOSE A GIFT

"Your present has been so much admired," said Miss Emerson, dangling a silver purse from one finger and regarding it affectionately.

Young Jenson looked prodigiously pleased. "You don't say so!" he remarked, beaming first on the young woman and then on the gift which had proved so acceptable.

"Of course," said Miss Emerson, looking somewhat embarrassed and trifling with the silver meshed toy.

"Of course, you understand that I am not in the habit of accepting such hand some birthday presents from my own friends. It is—that is, my married sister says it is—awfully bad form and oughtn't to be allowed."

Young Jenson frowned. "It's a funny thing," he began, haughtily. "Yes, indeed, that's just what I told her," interjected Miss Emerson. "I told her that with one's old friends it was quite different—almost like brother and sister, you know."

Jenson's frown deepened.

"And, besides," she added, looking at him with an independent tilt of her chin, "I know just as much about it as she does."

"Certainly you do," agreed Jenson.

"I should have been very hurt if you had not been willing to accept a trivial token of esteem from me on your birthday," he went on. "Moreover," he said, crossing one leg comfortably over the other in placid recollection of a past struggle, "I'm no end grateful to you for liking it. You see—well, to tell the truth, I'd heard you express yourself to the effect that a gift was not a gift unless it was personally chosen by the giver for the giver."

Miss Emerson nodded emphatically. "And," continued young Jenson, "if a fellow sends a girl the usual flowers or candy he doesn't exercise any particular niceties of taste; do you think he does? He simply dives in at the florist's door and tells him to send a dozen long ones to a given address, and then he rushes back to his desk. When he wants to get candy he sends the office boy. That is still worse. And nobody but an imbecile sends books to a girl without knowing her taste."

"I should think," remarked Miss Emerson, raising her eyebrows a fraction of a shade, "that you might be tolerably familiar with mine."

"Oh, certainly," agreed young Jenson, hastily. "I am, indeed; but, you see, on this occasion I wanted to give you something that would prove to you that I had gone to personal trouble in selecting a remembrance."

"Really," said Miss Emerson, growing chiller each moment, "I regret that I was the cause of so much inconvenience. You seem to have been positively agitated in the matter."

"Naturally, I was," he retorted, getting to his feet and regarding her stately from his superior height, "considering that I never really selected a present for a girl before."

He thrust his hands into his pockets and continued to glare. She bit her lip in a vain effort to repress a smile.

"I was looking for something useful," went on Jenson. "I didn't suppose you would care for a yard of copper neckchain, or an engraved pocket knife, or a hand painted umbrella."

"Why not an umbrella?" urged one salesman who was wasting time on me. "Umbrellas are always useful."

"My dear sir," I said to him, "I should prefer to hold my own umbrella over this particular young lady. Besides, why buy an umbrella? Every household has a private collection."

"The man sighed. 'Get her a gold pencil,' he suggested next."

Miss Emerson glanced up with a very special smile.

"But I told him," went on Jenson, "that she usually borrowed mine. Try again," I said to him."

Jenson coughed gently, and there was a pause. "He was a most discerning fellow, that salesman," he remarked to the top of Miss Emerson's head. "Do you want to know what he said?"

"He said," Jenson drew a long breath.

"'Young man,' said that salesman, looking at me over a pair of wobbly nose glasses, 'what you want to give that young lady is a hoop ring with a cut glass dropdrop.'"

There was another silence.

"The impertinent thing!" said Miss Emerson, finally, in a very small voice.

"See here, Jessie," protested young Jenson, sitting down beside her and speaking with determination, "you do that fellow an injustice. He was all right, that man! In—In fact, I took his advice later. No sidestepping, please."

"Ah, it fits better than I dared to hope. Don't bother to take it off! I'll make you a present of the box."

"MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S"

One Theory Is That the Old Saying Originated in the Printing Office.

Several explanations have been given of the origin of the phrase "Mind your P's and Q's." One is that it is derived from an old custom of hanging a slate up in an alehouse on which was written P or Q—that is, pint or quart—against the name of each customer according to the quantity which he had drunk, to be paid when the wages were given on Saturday night.

Another explanation given in the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette is that the sentence originally was "Mind your topques and quones." The topque was an artificial lock of hair and the quone the griddle of olden time.

A riddle used to be in vogue as follows: "Who is the best person to keep the alphabet in order?" Answer: A barber, because he ties up the quones and puts topques in iron."

Charles Knight gives the most plausible explanation, as follows: "I have always thought that the phrase 'Mind your P's and Q's' was derived from the shoproom of the printing office. The forms of the small p's and q's in the Roman type have already been puzzling to the child and the printer's apprentice. In the one the downward stroke is on the left of the oval; in the other on the right.

"Now, when the types are reversed, as they are when in process of distribution they are returned by the compositor to his case, the mind of the young printer is puzzled to distinguish the p from the q. In sorting pi or a mixed heap of letters, where the p and the q are not in connection with any other letter forming a word, I think it would be almost impossible for an inexperienced person to distinguish which is which upon the instant."

WOMEN DOCTORS NOT NEW

In the Eighteenth Century There Was a Lady Student at Hospital in Florence.

Women as doctors is not, in Paris contemporary observers, a product of modern "feminism." It seems that in the eighteenth century there was a lady student at Florence. She came from Malta under the patronage of the Knights of the Maltese hospital was somewhat embarrassed, with his new pupil, but he found a means out of the difficulty.

The chief of the Order of the Knights of Malta in introducing his lady protegee to the professors of the Florence School of Medicine wrote, "It seems to me that the matter

WAITING IS HARD TO DO

Most of the Chagrin and Remorse We Get for Ourselves Is Due to Impatience.

What is there anything in the world so hard to do? And is there anything so necessary to learn? Most of the chagrin and remorse we get for ourselves is due to impatience. If we had waited the clouds would have passed, if we had waited the fatal word would not have been spoken, if we had waited love would have turned again.

To wait does not mean to be idle or inactive. It means, time your effort! What is impossible now may be easy at six o'clock. About four-fifths of any success is the ingredient of time. To know when is fully as important as to know how.

Wait for the boy to grow! What you cannot lead him to do ten he will come to at twenty.

The best things in the world grow. They mature and ripen. You can build a house in a few days, but it takes a tree years to be complete; and a tree is more wonderful than a house.

The higher the grade of your thought and feeling, the more you need to learn to wait. In education, in government and in religion especially we have to reckon with what Emerson calls "The slow maturing of the human mind."

I read somewhere the whimsy saying of a wise woman, that there were three things that amused her: The first was climbing trees to shake down the fruit, which if left alone would fall by and of itself; the second was going to war to kill men, who in a few years would all die naturally; and the third was that men should run after women when, if the men would wait, the women would run after them.—Dr. Frank Crane.

HATED ADVERSE CRITICISM

Actor Retorts to Critic's Opinion With a George Washington Story.

The late Frank Worthing, the well-known actor, was the subject of a recent discussion at the Pen and Pencil club in Philadelphia. A dramatic critic said:

"Worthing, though a superb actor, hated adverse criticism—hyper-criticism he always called it. To some adverse criticism of mine he retorted one winter night at the Majestic, with a George Washington story.

"He said I retorted him in my critical remarks of a Scot named Saunders.

"Saunders," said an American, did you ever read the history of America?"

"I need, I cannot say he," Saunders replied.

"Then, I'll lend you the book," said the American. "I'd like you to read

about George Washington.

"What about him?" Saunders inquired coldly.

"George Washington," said the American, "was celebrated in history as the boy who couldn't tell a lie."

"Could he, no?" said Saunders.

"Man, there's no muckle to boast about in that. He couldn't lie, ye say? Now we Scots has a higher standard of veracity. We can lie, but we won't!"

Botany Bay.

St. Joseph Banks was the man who invented the once familiar phrase "Botany Bay." He was the botanist attached to the expedition of Captain Cook to the "Australian Colonies." Landing at this bay, close to the present city of Sydney, he found such an abundance of strange plants and flowers that he associated the word "botany" with it for all time. For a long time Botany Bay and Australia were synonymous in England. Sydney has spread out to the historic bay, and you can travel by tram car to "Botany." It was St. Joseph Banks who made the kangaroo and other Australian animals known to science.

Positively Rude!

Because she wanted everybody else to know as well as she knew that she had small feet, the woman who had offered to lend rubbers to a friend, added unobtrusively, "But they are so big I don't suppose you can keep them on."

"Oh, I guess I can," said the friend serenely. "I have big feet, too."

Since then the woman with small feet has refused to see her friend, even when she brought the rubbers home.

Values.

Mrs. Scragginton—A clergyman receives \$6 or \$10 for marrying a couple, and by and by a lawyer is paid \$100 for getting a divorce for them.

Mr. Scragginton—Well, it's worth that much more, ain't it?—Punch.

Real Estate & Insurance

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Having superior advertising facilities and an original plan of our own for reaching outside buyers we confidently believe that we can serve our clients more advantageously than those whose time is divided and whose efforts are spread over a large city with the country for a side issue. If a buyer is looking for farm or village property he naturally will go into the country to look for it.

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