

Margaret Incognito

By MARY GILBERT

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"The same old story, expressed a little better," sighed Margaret Manning, wearily dropping the envelope that she had just opened. "A letter instead of a printed slip, and they say that they decline my story only because of an oversupply. That would be encouraging if I could keep up the fight for another year, but I can't. I'm down to my last dollar. It's a case of appeal to Aunt Martha, starve to death, or work at something else."

The thought of Aunt Martha's parting words caused the instant dismissal of the first plan, her healthy young body revolted against the second, so she gave her attention to the third.

The want columns of the morning paper gave little promise of aid until she came to this: "Wanted, a neat, cheerful young woman to care for invalid and do light housework for two in suburban home. The Lilacs, Normandy."

"Neat and cheerful!" she mused. "I ought to manage to answer to that description. Old Doctor Billings always advised me to be a nurse. I surely know enough about housework to do it for two. Quite a good deal from the star to which I had hitched my wagon, but it's a case of work or starve. Besides, think of the chance I shall have to write articles on the servant question."

She smiled at the idea, then grew very grave at the thought of the step that she was about to take.

"I must call myself Maggie," she thought, going to the mirror and eyeing herself critically, "and part my hair in the middle."

Shaking down her very pompadour, she effected a coiffure that was intended to be modeste, but then her look more like a Madonna. Then she slipped out of the divy boarding house, and took a car to "The Lilacs." It proved to be an old-fashioned house, surrounded by trees and flowers.

"How can anyone that lives here be an invalid?" thought Margaret, looking admiringly at the noble elm shading the veranda.

A pleasant-looking young man answered her ring at the door. He looked surprised when she stated her errand, but seemed confident that she could fill all requirements. He ushered her into the presence of his wife, a sweet-faced young woman whose deep eyes and patient mouth betrayed suffering of which she never complained.

"I shall love to take care of her," thought Margaret impulsively. "I know that there is no servant problem here."

The necessary arrangements were soon made, and Margaret promised to return that evening.

"What will Aunt Martha say?" she thought, returning to her dismal little room. "And Mrs. Spiegel and all the boarders? But why should I tell them. It's really none of their business. It would be such fun just to disappear, and have them all wondering what had become of me?"

Most of her belongings had been left at Aunt Martha's, when she had been driven from the only home that she had ever known. The scanty remainder was soon ready to be carted away. Escaping from the house unnoticed, she smiled at the thought of the mystery that she had created. When Mrs. Spiegel found the room empty next morning, she was angry at having the girl leave without notice. But she relieved her feelings by the thought that her board had been paid in full. She told the other boarders that Miss Manning had been called home unexpectedly.

The only one who did not believe her story was a young reporter, the latest addition, both to the staff of the Daily News and the household of Mrs. Spiegel. It occurred to him that the story of this young girl might furnish material for a story. Mrs. Spiegel was readily persuaded to part with what information she could give regarding her departed guest. She also gave him the manuscript of her latest story,

which Margaret if her haste had overlooked.

It was a very readable story that young Merrill carried to his editor. The brave struggle of the young girl was vividly portrayed, her mysterious disappearance deplored, Margaret's latest story, a really excellent bit of work, proved assertions as to her talent.

Other newspapers copied the story. Two magazine editors who had manuscripts of Margaret's published them in their next number.

Margaret, in the meantime, was unconscious of the attention paid to her and her work. Mr. and Mrs. Stone lived very quietly, and she herself seldom left the house. It never occurred to her employers that there could be any connection between Margaret Manning and Maggie Mann.

"Most of them are no better than I can write myself," she sometimes thought, a little bitterly.

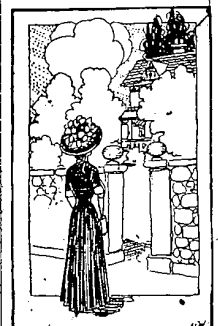
One evening Mr. Stone returned home jubilant.

"Whom do you suppose I met on the street today?" he asked his wife. "Young Ned Merrill, grown so tall that I hardly knew him. He is reporting for the News. Had an engagement for tonight, but I made him promise to come out to dinner with me tomorrow."

To have a guest at "The Lilacs" was quite an event, and Margaret prepared the meal with unusual care. The table was daintily set, the dinner excellent, and she herself a pretty picture.

Ned Merrill's eyes danced at the sight of her, but he gave no other sign of recognition. After the first start of surprise, Margaret persuaded herself that he had forgotten her.

"That's a nice-looking maid of yours," Merrill remarked to his host.



"How Can Anyone That Lives Here Be an Invalid?" Thought Margaret.

as they sat together over their cigars.

"She is a girl in a thousand," Mr. Stone answered.

"She looks too intelligent for the position," said Merrill reflectively. "Perhaps she's gathering material for a book."

"That may be," answered his host. "I have seen her writing, but she told Laura when she came that she had no correspondents whatever."

"This sounds interesting," Merrill declared. "Won't you grant me an interview with your queen of the kitchen?"

"She wouldn't like it. Unless there was some good reason."

Quick as a flash Merrill drew out a pocket knife, and slashed across his hand. His host rang the bell, and a moment later Margaret was bathing and bandaging the injured member. Mr. Stone, saying that he heard his wife's bell, excused himself and went to her room.

"I think that that will be all right," said Margaret, fastening the bandage. "Is it very painful now?"

"Not at all," rejoined Merrill. "I made that slash an excuse to talk with you," was the bold reply.

"What right have you to say that?"

"None at all," he answered gravely. "But I should like a chance to earn one. That is all I dare ask of you now."

But the time came, and soon, when Merrill asked her far more, and Mrs. Stone forgot her illness in plans for Margaret's trousseau.

HIS "BANK" A POOR ONE.

An astounding incident happened at Portland, Ore., lately, when the chef of a big city club cut into a sheep's carcass and \$850 in coins and currency fell to the floor. A telephone call to the market from which the mutton had been received revealed the fact that a clerk had placed the money inside the carcass for safe keeping after banking hours.

WAR SHOULD BE MADE FAIR

Writer Thinks Civilization Might Invent Code Something Like That of the Duel.

War is now carried on in an uncivilized fashion. It is fought as if all participants were savages. What is politely called strategy is taking the enemy unawares and not giving him a fair show. Formerly, when two men had a quarrel, they settled their differences in the manner of modern warfare. But now, whenever one man stabs another in the back, or men shoot each other at sight because of a grievance or an agreement that they are enemies, we justly say that they are uncivilized, and in the measure that they fall upon one another like wild beasts we declare that they render uncivilized the communities in which they live.

On the other hand, where the code duello exists, and the civilization is of a high order, there is a court of honor to determine among gentlemen of similar connections whether the challenge is justified or not, and something of the conditions under which the fight shall take place. Unfair conditions are not allowed, seconds and an umpire are insisted upon, as well as the presence of surgeons, to prevent unnecessary loss of life. A duel fought under the code is a more civilized proceeding than a Kentucky shooting. Could not civilization invent similar amenities for a fight between nations?—Atlantic Monthly.

HE LET FORTUNE SLIP AWAY

Bookseller's Son Sold for \$2 a Volume That Not Long After Brought \$20,000.

Charles K. Pottle, son of Earl K. Pottle, a veteran bookseller, let a book of great value get out of his hands for \$2 when he sold an ancient volume of "The Colonial Laws of Massachusetts" to a stranger.

Mr. Pottle's father learned, he says, that the same volume was sold in New York city recently for \$20,000.

"I was not in the store at the time," said Mr. Pottle. "My son, who was in charge, was approached one day by a man who seemed to be an authority on old books. He saw the volume of laws, which was printed in 1642, and bought it for \$2."

"On Saturday Major Hiccomb came into the store and showed me a newspaper clipping telling of the sale of the same volume for \$20,000. It was a pretty good fortune to let go, but we did not realize at that time that it was so valuable."—St. Paul Letter to New York Sun.

TOO REALISTIC.

A still life by Jim van Huysel in the museum at The Hague was recently injured, but it is believed that the perpetrator was neither vandal nor thief. The picture represents a basket or fruit on which a number of insects have gathered. On a pale yellow apple which is the centerpiece in the cluster of fruit, is a large fly, painted so true to nature, so say the officials of the gallery, that the canvas was injured by some one who endeavored to "shoot" it and brought his cane or hand too close to the canvas.

"A tribute to the painter's genius," says the letter recording the fact, "for which the work had to suffer."

WAKENING THE DUKE.

The great Duke of Wellington was among those upon whom sermons have a soporific effect. A strange clergyman was preaching at the church at Strathfieldsaye where the duke was a regular attendant was much surprised by the action of the verger, who at the conclusion of the sermon came up the pulpit stairs, opened the door, slammed it violently, and then reopened it for the preacher to pass out. In the vestry he inquired the meaning of this procedure. "Oh," replied the man, "we always do that to wake the duke."

A TRIUMPH.

"Do you think it is becoming?" she asks, appearing in her newest gown.

"Don't bother about that!" gushes the friend. "It is perfect. It is simply delicious! My dear, it makes you look absolutely helpless."—Judge.

DESCRIPTIVE.

"I want to embroider this tapestry love story. What stitch would you use?"

"If it is a matrimonial romance, I should think cross stitch."

LOVE.

"It is said that love never dies."

"Maybe it never does; but it frequently goes into a trance at the end of the honeymoon."

ODD BANQUET IN NEW YORK

Doctor Entertains Seventy-five Former Patients to Celebrate Anniversary of Cure's Discovery.

"In New York, where a really sociable man can eat at reunions and club meetings three or four times a day, the chance to get one square meal should not attract attention," said the city salesman. "I was invited to a dinner the other night that marked the birth of such a novel society that it is worth writing a note of."

The invitation was issued by a kind of quack doctor, who cured me of an attack of rheumatism. The method of treatment was new and the doctor's own invention. Counting in myself, about seventy-five persons had invited to the feast. The doctor had cured them, all in one year and he had invited us there to celebrate the anniversary of his discovery.

"We were a funny looking bunch; young and old, rich and poor, men and women. A fashion plate that should undertake to describe the costumes worn would have to include everything from shirtwaists to spangled chiffon gowns, and from hand-me-down serge suits to brand new evening clothes. Notwithstanding our apparent incongruity we mixed as easily as the ingredients of the doctor's new medicine and had a fine time."

GLASS BOTTOMS FOR SHIPS

Scheme That, It is Asserted, Will Increase the Speed and Save Coal Consumption.

If ships' bottoms were covered with glass, it is asserted, greater speed and a saving in coal consumption would be attained. The idea has been tried, but hitherto it has always been found impracticable to attach glass to the steel plates of a ship, as the expansion of the steel broke the glass after a very slight rise in temperature.

After many experiments a composition of resin and linseed oil was adopted as the adhesive material and the difficulty of the expansion of the steel was overcome by the introduction of a thin layer of wool pulp under the glass. A patent has just been taken out in England covering the process. The patentee says that the cost of placing the glass plates on the sea-covered bottom will not exceed that of two coats of paint.

ICE IN PERSIA.

The fact that ice is plentiful and cheap makes living in Persia more pleasant than it would otherwise be, and the fact that it can be obtained at all is indicative of the ingenuity of the people of the country. The ground is so porous that water percolates through quickly. There are therefore few rivers or lakes from which ice can be obtained, and it is seldom so cold in any part of Persia that ice of a thickness suitable for packing would form under the direct rays of the sun. The Persian obtains his ice by making a shallow pool and building a high wall which will protect it from the sun. A thin layer of ice will form; this he floods at night with water, and so he goes on adding inch to inch until he can cut a block of considerable thickness.

WHEN THE CRANE BROKE.

An astounding accident occurred at Buckie, Banffshire, Scotland, a few days ago. A thirty-ton steam crane, which had been used at the harbor extension works, was swung a fifteen-ton block of concrete into position, when it collapsed owing to the pivot pinion wheel breaking. The job was smashed, and the crane disappeared into the sea, engine and all. The engine driver saved himself by jumping, and the divers' boat, with its crew of eight, floating alongside, had a narrow escape, both from the falling mass and from swamping by the wave sent up.

HIS DESTINY.

"I wish Willie had been born a girl!"

"Why?"

"Oh, he is such a cry baby. I wish I could do something to stop his sniveling at everything that comes up."

"To stop it? Encourage it, you mean! Nature evidently intended that boy for a United States senator."—Houston Post.

A STRANGE THING

A FEW PEOPLE ARE MAKING MONEY ON REAL ESTATE WHILE HUNDREDS MORE MIGHT DO THE SAME

Some Great Opportunities in this Fast Growing Section of the State. The Rush for Property Out Along Grand River Avenue Crowds Values Up.

Dozens of men are ready and willing any day to tell us about the many golden opportunities to make money that they have lost. They know of a whole lot of property that they might have bought just a short time ago for a quarter of what it sells for now. They are fellows who are always looking over their shoulders. They've a mighty good squint backwards but can't see gold apples an inch in front of their noses. It's a strange thing that sometime during their lives they don't wake up, take a tumble, forget the past and look ahead, not behind, but it's useless to expect it, they're not built right.

Now, we're looking for the fellows who look ahead, who not only look to the future but see things, too. The fellows who have sense and sand. There's a bunch of them around here and they're doing things, too. We want to meet the men who know what is going on in the suburban districts near Detroit and especially the Grand River avenue section. It's time to get busy for things are coming our way.

We have some property listed for sale that at the prices at which it is offered will make money for somebody.

A FEW REAL BARGAINS

40 ACRES—One of the finest little farms in the country, with good buildings and plenty of them. Only a mile and a half from Redford, one of the best suburban towns around Detroit. Good soil and land lays level. Small apple orchard. Seven room house, cellar, cistern, and good well. Summer kitchen, frame barns 30x56 and 16x40 with a shed 12x16. No left at home but the old folks and they want to move to the city.

Will sell for \$4500 and buildings are insured for half of that amount. Would trade for a two-family flat or sell for a fair payment down.

DAIRY FARM—60 acres, with 15 acres finest pasture land and running water. Three miles from Farmington and one mile from electric car line. Brick house with cement cellar. Fine oak grove. Age compels a sale and it can be had for \$4,000.

BRICK HOUSE—With all modern conveniences, including basement with furnace, electric lights, water, etc. Fine lot with beautiful maple shade trees and in the most desirable location in Redford. \$2,500 is the price.

BRICK STORE—Chance for some one with a little money, to invest. Will pay a big interest on the money invested.

SMALL STORE—In good, growing town near Detroit, suitable for any line of goods as the location is good. Less than it's value.

THREE NEW HOUSES—Built to be sold at actual cost and being desirably located are decided bargains. Two lots go with each. Ask about these if looking for a fine home.

VACANT LOTS—Can be bought for a very small down payment and the easiest kind of terms. Pick your lot and don't be at all bashful about asking for easy payments. Before you get it paid for you can sell for 50 per cent profit.

ONE STORY BRICK STORE—Redford's best location. Owner is building larger and will sell this for less than it is worth if sold soon. Large enough for any purpose.

TWO ACRES—Within the limits of Redford Village. Owner cannot use it and offers it at a bargain. Fine for chickens and fruit.

THREE LOTS—Fine place for a home with large garden or for raising fruit or poultry. \$500, on easy payments.

TWO BUSINESS LOTS—On Grand River Avenue in Redford and the best location that is offered for sale. Can be bought at a speculation price if taken while owner is in the selling mood.

Many Other Bargains Offered in Village and Farming Property in Wayne and Oakland Counties. Ask for what you want.

RAMSEY REALTY CO.

Office at both Redford and Farmington

For prompt and sure results use the columns of this paper to advertise your wants.