

REDFORD LOTS

FOR REDFORD PROPERTY DEAL
WITH A REDFORD MAN

I can sell choice lots in the very best locations from \$100 up and can make very easy terms to those who desire them.

Those who want to build and need money should see me and people looking for investment will be shown some opportunities that will net them a big profit in a very short time.

C. E. RAMSEY

LOCAL AGENT FOR

Oak Grove, The Redford Improvement Co.'s, Hart Bros.,
Fair Plains and Willmarth Subdivisions

REDFORD and FARMINGTON

JOAN AND TWO MEN

The girl sat on the side of her bed, swinging her legs and thinking deeply, with a very worried expression on her interesting face. She was not exactly pretty, but much more arresting than many prettier people. If seen in her clothes—including shoes and stockings—she was tall and very slight, with red hair and golden-brown eyes and the creamy skin inclined to freckle that usually goes with that type.

She had just returned from a dance and had evidently brought back with her much food for reflection. The burden of her thoughts ran somewhat thus: "I like the man and he has tons of money, and if only one could arrange to live with him on nice, friendly terms without unnecessary love-making it wouldn't matter his being more like a billy goat than a man, and I shouldn't have so much minded marrying him. But now I'm afraid I really couldn't. I should always be wishing he was Hughie, and that wouldn't be moral. Would it? Nor quite fair to him either perhaps. Hughie is the greatest difficulty, because if I wasn't in love with him I don't think my conscience need have pricked me for not being properly in love with Mr. Tudor. Men with bandy legs and goat-like beards can't expect their wives to be wildly in love with them. Now can they?"

"You can respect a goatee beard and deeply sympathize with bandy legs, but they never could inspire in you a purple passion scarcely holy, and you could never, never kiss them—I mean him—of your own accord. But oh, why must I marry at all just yet?"

"How on earth am I going to make up my mind? I know what I shall do. Write to Hughie and ask him to come here tomorrow to help me to decide."

Next morning a note was dispatched to Captain Hugh Gore, Irish Guard, Chelsea barracks, and at 4:30 p. m. Joan was in the drawing-room waiting to receive him, garbed in softest white—red-haired women should always wear white or black—and looking extremely fetching. Presently Captain Gore was announced, and after the usual greetings started off in rather prim style.

"I got your note, Miss Verbeey, and have as you see hastened to obey your summons."

"Oh, thank you so much for coming! I hope it didn't inconvenience you awfully. But you've to come down off your stilts. Call me Joan just for the occasion, and help me to decide a most awfully momentous question. I shall call you Hughie, too, and shall try to think you are a young divine or Christian brother or something in the professional advisory line so as to excuse my sending for you."

"But, my dear little girl, why bother about any excuse? I was, as you very well know, only too delighted at the opportunity. But, not taking her seriously, "nothing I hope is going to interfere with your coming down to the club on Sunday. We will have a jolly time. First the drive down—and, by the way, you must sit in front of me—then after lunch I will punt you up to Bray away from the maddening crowd, and we will laze and laze and laze, and I shall tell you a story which though it has been told hundreds of times before—"

"By you, Hughie?"

"—Is," unheeding the interruption except by a guilty look, "nevertheless always interesting when told by the right person."

"Are you sure it would interest me, Hughie, and that you are the right person to tell it?"

"Well, I hope devoutly it would and that I am. And, sweetheart, why need we wait till tomorrow, I mean Sunday? Let me tell it to you now."

"On no account, Hughie; it might be fatal to a sensible decision if you allowed yourself, or I allowed you, to become sentimental. And I'm not sure that I like sentiment on the river either. There is such an air of odor of low license—you needn't laugh, I've heard father use the term in talking of licensed houses where people drink too much, and it seems to me just as appropriate for those kind of people in punts who kiss and cuddle and behave in a manner, to quote Mrs. Gamp, 'too brazen for words.' It makes one burn to the bone, and you never know where to look, though they don't mind what you see and, as mother says, 'glory in their shame. But we must get back to our mut-

ton; and, Hughie, you're got to muster all the wisdom and cupidity you possess and leave sentiment entirely out of the question."

"Well, for goodness' sake let us worry it now and get it over whatever it is, and then we can enjoy our tea."

"Well, firstly," Joan said, "would you mind Mr. Tudor coming with us?"

"Why, certainly I should mind. And why in the name of everything that's sensible should you want to cart that ass down for to be getting in everybody's way?"

"He's not an ass, Hughie, and I assure you he can be quite giddy and festive. And you see it's like this"—with a little saintlike sigh of resignation—"I may be engaged to him by Sunday, and that's what I want you to help me to decide about."

"Well, of all the acts of coolness I ever heard of this takes the biscuit—to lure me here to advise you as to marrying another man."

"But why this outburst, Hughie? I thought you liked me."

"O, did you, indeed? Well, then, you were mistaken, for I have no liking for you, and I should have nothing but hatred and contempt if you were to marry that blighter, or anybody else."

"But, Hughie, dear, you don't want me to be an old maid, do you?"

"No; I want you to marry me as you gave me reason to suppose you would."

"Oh, Hughie, you must have been dreaming, then, or I must have been drowsing or drinking or something, for how could you support me and dress me and amuse me for your own needs, and I've got nothing, but heaps and heaps of needs, and I do so love purple and fine linen. Hughie, dear, I am greedy, too, and love nice out-of-season goodies and sparkling wines and lollies and things. Of course you know I would a hundred times rather marry you than Mr. Tudor, but he is quite a decent person, and I am, in fact, quite fond of him. And just think, Hughie, of all the lovely Paris frocks I could have and the scrummy things I could do and the frantic envy I could arouse in the breasts of my dearest foes, and the way I could strut and patronize and snub people who had been horrid to me, and I could be so nice

to my friends who gave me good advice like you, Hughie. They could come in their scores and scores to borrow from me because I should get father to see that Mr. Tudor made me a huge allowance, even enough for that, and, Hughie, you must see surely that it would be simply a splendid match for me. But, Hughie," so softly and cooingly, "what would you do with an extravagant, ungodly wife like me if I were to decline this brilliant alliance and marry you instead?"

"I should love and cherish her and sail away with her to some country where I could labor and live for her, and I would make her as happy as the happiest woman in the whole world."

"Oh, Hughie, what fun; and you are a darling! And I may tell you now that I was only gilding on the agony about my own odiousness just to greed and general odiousness just to propose every chance; but, honestly, I don't believe I should mind a bit being poor with you and, after all, it is one's own affair chiefly who one marries, so I just will marry you, Hughie," jumping into his outstretched arms. "But, snakes alive! won't the announcement give rise to occurrences when mother comes in?"

—Exchange.

"SUICIDE SYMPHONY."

Frederick Nietzsche agreed with those who found no inspiration in music. Indeed, he regarded music as a nerve poison, and declared that some music—particularly that of Wagner and Tschaiakowsky—deranged the minds of many who heard it. Tschaiakowsky killed himself after completing his famous "Sixth Symphony," which, as several others have died by their own hands after playing it, has come to be known as the "Suicide Symphony."

"GUARANTY."

Traveler—Will there be time to get a drink, guard?

Guard—Yes, sir; plenty of time, sir.

Traveler—What guaranty have I that the train won't go without me?

Guard (generously)—Well, sir, I'll go on' have one with you.—Syl-ney Bulletin.

"BROWNING AND SUFFRAGE."

Robert Browning was at one period of his life an enthusiastic advocate of votes for women. "He approved of everything that had been done for the higher instruction of women," writes his biographer, Mrs. Sutherland Orr, "and would, not very long before his death, have supported their admission to the franchise."

LEGENDARY ORIGIN OF TEA

Plant Grew From Eyelids of Buddhist Priest Who Slept During Meditation Hours.

Tea drinkers should remember the legendary origin of the tea plant. Daruma, a Buddhist priest, son of a king, retired to Lo Yang, in order to pass five years in prayer and meditation. Like St. Anthony he was tempted and eventually he fell asleep during his long hours of meditation. On awakening he cut off his offending eyelids that his eyes might never close again, and flung them on the ground, when they were immediately transformed into the first tea plant. It was for this reason believed that tea was a beverage sent from heaven to repel slumber and enable good Buddhist priests to keep their vigils. And tea will certainly keep you awake.

COOK FED HIM.



"Say, captain, I wish you'd remove the policeman from my beef and substitute a fellow who likes his beef well done."

"Why, so?"

"Well, the present copper is a bear for rare meat, and our cook wants to please him."

"NEITHER ACCEPTABLE."

Pretty Daughter—So you don't like Jim?

Her Father—No; he appears to be capable of nothing.

Pretty Daughter—But, what objection have you to George?

Her Father—Oh, he's worse than Jim. He strikes me as being capable of anything.—Sissy Stories.

But he was so much displeased by the more recent action of some of the lady advocates of women's rights that, during the last year of his life, after various modifications of opinion, he frankly pledged himself to the opposite view." [At one time, it appears, Browning contemplated writing a play in support of the movement. Had this design been carried into effect, Miss Elizabeth Robins would have been anticipated by about twenty years.]

WITH ONE HOOK AND EYE.

Some clever and practical dress-maker in Paris has invented a gown made all in one and fastening with one single hook and eye at the back of the waist. This is one of the most ingenious and interesting inventions of the hour. The ordinary dressmaker inflicts upon her clients a great number of fastenings, whether hooks or buttons or patent "clickers," a capital word invented for them by a mere man and intelligible to every woman.

But the new invention dispenses with all but one strong fastening at the back. One is into the gown in half a moment, and out of it almost as speedily. The gratitude of women all over the world is due to the clever inventor.

FOOLISH QUESTION.

George Fitch, the author of the Siwash stories and the motor boat stories, was dining recently and read birds were on the bill of fare. Reed birds are so small that it is almost necessary to take a microscope to perceive them on the plate.

"George, how do they get these microbes, anyhow; do they shoot 'em, spear 'em or catch them in a net?" was asked.

"Well," drawled George, "I am surprised that you don't know. They catch them on flypaper, of course."

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