Playing for Safety

Although he was new to the beat, it was not long before the young policeman noticed that in one house lights were left burning in every room until the early hours of the morning.

"Thanks very much, officers," said the householder, on being informed; "but it's not accidental."

"Oh?" said the policeman, suspiciously.

"You see, my wife has been on holiday for a week or two, and I've written telling her about the lonely nights I've been spending at home."

"Well?"

"Don't you see? I don't want the meter to give me away!"—London Tit-Bits.

Trusty Sentry's Sniff Reassured the Outfit

When the A. E. F. first went into the front line in the World war much annoyance was caused by the frequent false alarms of gas. There would be a clang of gongs, a wail of sirens and time after time the boys would rush from the dugouts and don their gas masks only to find that a nervous rooky on sentry duty had gone haywire.

One outfit finally decided to have a sentry of its own. Explicit instructions were given him to sniff and sniff plenty before taking up any gas alarm originating with the "shell shocks."

"Back to bed he went," says the narrator, "and sure enough, in a little while the gas alarm sounded again. This time, however, we didn't dash out. We stayed in the dugouts, waiting word from our own trusty sentry.

"Above the racket his sniffing was plainly audible. Finally the sector reverberated with his reassuring cry:

"'No gas for this company! No gas for this company! You guys keep on sleeping an' I'll keep on sniffing.'"

Youth's First Earnings Usually Go for Food

When a boy closes his first adventure in finance with money in his pockets, earned by his own efforts, his first impulse is to buy something to eat.

"We have no more important customer," said the proprietor of a city lunch counter, "than the boy who has earned his first dollar. Now, you don't often find a boy whose clothing indicates financial straits at a soda counter in a drug store. His needs are for something more satisfying, and he comes to us. He looks over the menu with an eye to quantity rather than to quality. Corned beef and cabbage have a greater appeal to him than artichokes, and having eaten he puts a small tip beside his place with a nonchalance that is amusing."

The boy may have a few cents left. If there is no urgent need for his contribution to the family budget he stops at a store on the way home and buys his mother something she does not need. Thus, very early, he begins expressing his love in the stereotyped masculine way.

His Little Lapse

Little Reggie was dining out for the first time in his life. His mother had given him a few hints beforehand on good manners, and so far Reggie had fulfilled all her expectations of him.

"Will you have a little more pudding, Reggie?" asked his hostess towards the end of the meal.

"No, thank you," replied Reggie, to his mother's gratification.

"Oh, come on, now," urged his hostess; "do have a little."

"No, thank you," said Reggie again. The good lady smiled.

"Well, dear," she asked, "what will you have?"

Then Reggie's politeness broke down.

"A lot, please!" he shrilled.

THE MOTH-EATEN SEAL COAT

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

FEW people knew the real cause of the quarrel between the Tanton sisters, Jessie and Belle, but there had been considerable speculation. Some said perhaps it was their mother's will; she had probably left more to Belle than she had to Jessie, she being the youngest, and with her music to keep up, and all. Others said it was on account of Will Morrow. Will was the only eligible in Allendale for women of the Tanton sisters' age, and recently had been often seen with Belle, although for some time he had been considered as Jessie's "steady" friend.

After Mrs. Tanton's death, the big house on Green avenue was closed. Belle went to the city and it was rumored that she had obtained a fine position teaching music in the schools. Jessie, the elder by five years, remained in Allendale, in a small apartment over Lathrop's store, and continued the even tenor of her life; her card club on Thursday; her literary club composed of ladies of the church, and her church work.

The quarrel had been on account of the mother's seal coat. Mrs. Tanton had inherited the coat from an elderly wealthy relative and for years it had been the family treasure. The girls had run their hands lovingly over its luxurious black surface and Mrs. Tanton always kept it carefully covered when it was not worn, and when it was, it was only "for best." In the spring it was wrapped in layer after layer of newspapers; sometimes as many as ten editions of the Allendale Herald, each layer tied with cord and then packed into a suit box, rewrapped in newspapers, tied securely and placed in a dark, dry corner of the attic to await another winter. Mrs. Tanton always said, "Moths will never come near printer's ink."

For seven years now the coat had remained in its newspaper wrappings in the attic. There had been no stipulation in the will about it. The house and all its contents had been left jointly to the two sisters. Also the bank stock and the few pieces of jewelry she had owned. When Jessie calmly announced her intention the next fall of having the coat relined and repaired, Belle had announced the same intention. For years each had treasured the idea that some day the seal coat would be hers. Belle had said Jessie's brown coat with the beaver collar was as good as new, and, besides, Jessie did not have to go out every day as she did. Jessie had remained obdurate, and for several years they had been living separate lives. Will Morrow had long since married Lucy White.

As the years passed Allendale ceased to wonder about the Tanton sisters. Belle's name was seldom mentioned and Jessie grew gray and stout, quietly living the life she had lived for years; administering to the wants of others; opening the big house on Green avenue once a year for a general airing and cleaning; helping at church suppers, working with the Ladies' Aid, reading book reviews and accumulating "500" and "pedro" prizes at the club.

And then, Allendale decided to have a hospital. A manufacturing plant and its subsequent real estate activities increased the population considerably and new houses were built. The nearest hospital was in Milltown, sixteen miles away. All the Allendale ladies entered into the project with enthusiasm and within a few months a way was seen by which the Allendale hospital could become a reality.

On a morning in autumn Jessie was baking salt-rising bread as she had done every Saturday morning for years, as had her mother before her, and three callers came to her door; Mr. Davis, president of the Allendale bank; Rev. Mr. Carson of the Methodist church; and Dr. Samuel Ames, the town's oldest and best-known physician. They wanted the old Tanton home for a hospital!

"You don't need it. It's closed the year around and the money would be drawing interest for you—and for your sister," explained Mr. Davis. "It is the ideal place, with the front and back stairs; the big porch on the front, and the large shady lawn for convalescents."

"But I—I—am afraid my sister might not want to sell," said Jessie Tanton. "You see, we own it jointly."

Mr. Davis agreed to wire Belle immediately, which he did, and the reply came back signifying her willingness to sell the house.

And then a week later, Belle herself appeared in Allendale. She registered at the hotel and then went to her sister's apartment. Jessie was round-eyed when she opened the door on her sister, looking younger and handsomer than when she had left seven years ago.

"Thought I'd come up and help you get rid of the things," the newcomer announced briefly. "It's no more than right that I should do my share. When do we start?"

They started the next day. They compromised on all the things that had been a part of their lives. Belle wanted the cherry dropleaf table and the flag-bottomed chairs, and if Jessie didn't mind, she would like to have a desk made out of the melodeon for her city apartment. Jessie didn't mind. She decided to keep the hair-cloth sofa and the marble-topped center table and the framed pictures of Grandpa and Grandma Smythe, and the silver service and the what-not. The rest of the furniture was to be sold and the money divided between them.

At the end of the second day the first floor was bare, and they started in on the second floor.

They divided the household linens and the oval rag rugs. All of the bedroom furniture was too heavy for small apartments so it was to be sold. James, the town handy man, made countless trips down the stairs with debris and small articles of furniture which each sister had decided to keep. Few words were spoken as they worked busily, and the fourth day found them ready for the attic.

The sun was sinking at the end of that day, two long golden shafts streaming through the little dormer window and spreading across the dusty floor, when Jessie pulled a long newspaper-wrapped suit box from beneath the low eaves.

"Well!" she said abruptly.

"Well!" said Belle, looking down at it.

"Humph!"

"Humph!"

"'Spose we might as well undo it and put it out in the sun for a spell. It's been done up seven years."

"Seven years."

One layer of newspaper after another was stripped from the bulky soft heap. Yards and yards of yellowed cord were piling up beside Jessie as she sat on a low trunk, the sunlight falling across her gray hair as she bent over the package.

She looked up at her sister, who stood beside her grimly watching the operations. Jessie's fingers cramped a little as she tried to untie the cord that bound the last newspaper covering.

"Why don't you break it?"

The cord snapped and Jessie pulled back the papers. A cloud of dust and fur rose into the air.

"Oh! The seal coat," she gasped. Then she sneezed.

"Oh!" gasped Belle. "Moths!"

Jessie reverently deposited the remnant of the family treasure on the top of the trunk and they stood looking at it. There was nothing left but a dull, drab belt covered with a fine covering of loose fur; almost dust. The paper was half filled with what had once been the seal coat.

"It's gone, Belle."

"Yes, Jessie, it's gone," and Belle turned to her sister. She whipped a handkerchief from her apron pocket and wiped the tears from Jessie's eyes. Then their arms were about each other and they started to laugh.

Wise Retailer Aims to Attract Woman Shopper

The first and most important job of a successful retailer is to study women, in the opinion of Charles C. Nicholls, Jr., official of one of the largest chains of stores in the United States. And because women have been studied by experts, the big retail establishments are what they are today, Nicholls adds in an interview in the American Magazine.

"When a woman goes into town to buy a new dress and returns home with dress, hat, shoes, stockings, a dozen water tumblers and an eight-day clock, don't blame her," says the sales expert. "Through no fault of her own she has been caught in a web spun for her by the spiders of modern business and, if anything, she should be commended for her restraint.

"Woman has been trailed, analyzed and catalogued by the nation's shrewdest merchandisers for the express purpose of making it as easy as possible for her to buy and as difficult as possible for her not to buy. Her habits have been card indexed, her tastes and whims microscopically studied, and her most casual shopping tours have been made the subject of intricate charts and maps.

"It is known just how often she will get the buying mood and, what is most important, at what time and place after she leaves her home doorstep this mood will come upon her most strongly. The side of the street she prefers is known and the strategic spot in a shopping district which finds first place in her favor is marked with a very black X and the real estate values and store rents soar to dizzy heights.

"It is known whether a woman will go upstairs or down, to the left or to the right, and how to lure her deepest into a store into which she has no intention of going. Decoying women into the golden web of business has become a highly remunerative science, as well as one of the most important professions affiliated with retail selling."

Did Not Encircle World

Speaking literally, the Graf Zeppelin did not girdle the earth. It would be necessary to follow a great circle dividing the earth into halves in order to go around the world. All the flights have followed lesser circles between the equator and the North pole.

The Sulking Child

Some children were playing and a boy became offended. "I want you to let me alone," he said sulkily. . . . How frequently we all echo that sentiment! This boy does not know it, but I do at seventy-six; he will never be let alone.—Ed Howe's Monthly.

Money Language

"English," avers a writer of travel notes, "is supplanting French as the polite language of Europe." It is polite to talk the same language that money does.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Snaring of Song Birds Popular Italian "Sport"

The "sport" of shooting and snaring song birds is very popular all over Italy, especially in Tuscany. Perhaps it is not quite so prevalent as it was in the old days when every villa had its "uccelatolo" or little thicket to which birds were lured by the call of tame caged birds trained for the purpose. They were either shot or, more frequently, caught alive on twigs smeared with bird-lime, artfully concealed among the trees, and dispatched by having their necks wrung.

Yet so long as thrushes, larks and their kind, roasted on a skewer with sage leaves, continue to be a favorite winter dish, so long will the little victims for the banquet continue to be snared, and the bird fair at Porta Romana, held from time immemorial on September 28, provides the wherewithal.

The fair starts early. Long before daylight country bird trainers begin to arrive from far and near, with hosts of tiny wicker cages each containing a song-bird. The variety is infinite. Chaffinches and thrushes fetch the highest prices.—London Mail.

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NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters of Administration on the personal estate of
RICHARD C. LEAVERTON
late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 16th day of May, 1930, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.
All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.
Given under my hand this 12th day of November, 1929.
STEPHEN R. COLLINS,
n16. Administrat

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