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Love and Business

By H. I. KING

(Copyright.)

"MR. DANFORTH, I want to marry your daughter." Arthur Dutton made this statement as one high and mighty potentate might propose an alliance with another. Why should he not? He had been brought up to regard himself as a little better than his neighbors. From the time of his grandfather the Duttons had been the biggest people for miles around. His father owned the butter-tub factory at Duttonville and there was not another village nearer than ten miles.

Arthur saw nothing presumptuous in demanding of John Danforth, the lord of mines and railroads, the hand of his daughter Eleanor. In his excursions into New York society he had met the girl and fallen in love with her. Danforth had seen Arthur calling at his house. When he sent in his card to Danforth's private office his name was recognized and the millionaire had him sent in. Whereupon Arthur made the statement with which this story begins.

"Want to marry my daughter?" exclaimed Mr. Danforth. "Of course you do. Many young men would like to marry John Danforth's daughter. Pardon my curiosity, but have you any special qualifications for the position for which you propose yourself—that of my son-in-law?"

"Well," replied Arthur, for the first time in his life fairly taken aback, "you see, sir, I love Eleanor and Eleanor loves me."

"Oh—love's young dream—very pretty, I am sure. And may I ask of your ability to support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed? I believe that is the conventional phrase generally used by parents in my painful position."

Arthur was inclined to be sulky. "My father," said he, "is a manufacturer—makes butter tubs. He owns Duttonville and I am his only child."

"Duttonville? Duttonville, did you say?" And then after musing a minute he exclaimed: "By George! I believe that is the place. Is this principality of yours on the Kickimuit river, young man?"

"It is," snapped Arthur.

"Then sit down there and hold your tongue for a minute. I want to talk to you about something of more importance than boy and girl whimseys," almost shouted Danforth. He touched a button in his desk and a clerk appeared. "Bring me the papers in the electric power company matters." The clerk disappeared, presently to return bearing a large number of filed and labeled documents.

"Now here's the situation," said the millionaire, spreading some of the papers open on his desk. "I and some associates have formed the Excelsior Light & Power company. We propose to supply electric light and power to all that section of the state indicated by the blue lines drawn on this map."

He handed the map to Arthur, who gazed at it with interest and said. "A big project."

"It is," replied Danforth. "Now, your father's picayune little factory"—Arthur winced—"doesn't amount to shucks. But the water power he owns does. To complete our project we must have that water power. And Dutton won't sell. Writes that he's going to turn over the business to his son—that's you, I suppose—and in the meantime won't disturb anything. Now, this is what I propose."

For a solid hour and a half they talked business. Danforth entirely forgot the errand upon which Arthur had come and Arthur appeared to have forgotten it also.

At length Danforth said: "We will go further into this tomorrow. Be here at ten o'clock. I guess you and I working together can astonish the natives."

"And what about my first proposition, Mr. Danforth?" asked Arthur.

"The tub factory? That goes, of course," answered the older man.

"No, sir, . proposition with regard to your daughter," said Arthur.

"Oh, that—well, we'll take care of that later."

"Just as you say," Arthur replied, "but you'll find it much more to your satisfaction to talk power with your son-in-law than with just plain Arthur Dutton—"

"That's almost blackmail, young man."

"Not at all, sir. Business is business and the best way to keep it so is to remove all personal considerations. In this case, love happens to come first. If you stand in my way with your daughter I'll naturally stand in your way with my power site."

"But I don't want your power site under those conditions," said Mr. Danforth.

"Nor I your daughter under those conditions," retorted Arthur. "Let's take love out of the subject entirely."

"How?"

"By leaving it up to Helen. If she loves me you give your consent."

Mr. Danforth was quick to reply: "Fair enough."

That night when Helen told her father she had said "Yes" to Arthur and asked for his approval, he said: "I have met your young man in a business way. I hope his heart is as true as his head."

Or Politicians

The league of truth just formed in Vienna offers membership to anyone who hasn't told a lie in the last twelve months. That's hard on the fishermen and golfers.—Boston Transcript

The Word "Anecdote"

Today we know that the word "anecdote" simply refers to a pithy account of any incident, usually a short, entertaing narrative.

Originally, however, an anecdote was a secret history, a sort of a subrosa story of unpublished events, this significance being indicated by its root source.

It is in this sense that it is used, for instance, by Procopius in his portrayal of the private life of Justinian and Theodora.—Kansas City Star.

Rosamond's Double Role

By JOHN BALL

(Copyright)

NEIL LATIMER had met Celia Finch and Ethel, the youngest of that popular family, noted for its feminine pulchritude, but of Rosamond, the eldest, he had only heard echoes of her calm beauty. Men said she was a marble statue and that nothing could awaken her dreaming peace.

"My sister Rosamond?" Celia had repeated one day. "She's the dearest thing, but she wouldn't be interested in any of this," she waved her fan at the room full of dancers.

Sometimes, when Neil was alone, the description given by gay Celia came back to him, and disliking the formidable picture of a bookish girl who was absent minded and didn't care for dancing, he decided that "Fair Rosamond" must lack a sense of humor. Having made this decision, fatal to any man's interest in any woman no matter how fair she be, Neil finally dismissed the hope of meeting the eldest Miss Finch, and became absorbed in his business of manufacturing nuts and bolts, with occasional excursions into society.

One afternoon when the fever of spring was in the air and he could not remain indoors harnessed to the routine of a busy office, Neil got into his car and rode out East avenue to the country club. The Finch residence was on East avenue and he had passed Mrs. Finch and the younger girls in the shabby car driven by a middle-aged colored man. The Finches were poor in this world's goods, but, as they came of a good old family and had many rich relatives, the fatherless family went around a great deal and entertained occasionally.

Just as Neil reached the Finch residence he became aware that the machine needed water. It was second thought to stop there and apply for a pail of water. People in Westville were always neighborly and as there was no public garage thereabouts, Neil jumped out and hastened up the graveled drive and around to the back door. A girl was standing with her back to him hanging out a snowy washing of clothes. She wore a pink sunbonnet, but he could see a couple of clothespins protruding from the depths of the bonnet.

"Good morning," he said in his pleasant voice. "May I have a pail of water? My car—" he did not finish the sentence. He paused in dismay, for the clothespins were removed from the loveliest of lips and the face turned to his was never that of an ordinary maidservant. Such rare beauty could only belong to the sister of Celia and Ethel. She saw his embarrassment and smiled gravely.

"Water? Certainly," she said in a voice which made his pulses tingle. "If you will come to the house I will give you a pail; there is water in the garage, but you may as well fill the pail in the kitchen." She led the way into a great kitchen, immaculately clean, where an ancient colored woman, crippled with rheumatism, sat in a comfortable armchair by the fire. She croaked hoarse protests when the girl gave Neil a shining pail.

"Please, be quiet, Aunt Heppy," chided the girl.

"I am sorry to trouble you—I didn't know that I might be intruding—I am acquainted with Mrs. Finch and her daughters and—"

"You must be coming to dinner tonight, then," suggested the girl. "I recognized you at once—I am Rosamond Finch," she held out a hand roughened with housework.

Neil took her hand. "May I stay a little while and be kitchen company?" he asked.

Rosamond looked doubtful. Then a wave of color invaded her fairness. "I shall be glad, Mr. Latimer, but you see it would embarrass mother and the girls if it were known—you see Heppy is crippled, so, as we cannot afford another maid, I come out and help. Heppy directs me and I love to cook—it gives the younger girls a chance to go about. I must fly around now because there is dinner to get. Can you mix mayonnaise?"

Neil washed his hands and pushed back his cuffs.

"If you will let me help you a little I'll forswear any knowledge of you and your dark plottings in this kitchen."

Neil never forgot that hour spent in the kitchen with lovely Rosamond Finch, with old Heppy nodding her white-turbaned head approvingly.

That night at the happy, informal dinner party for which the Finches were famous, waited on by the man who drove the car, Neil saw Rosamond again and she seemed another girl; she had retreated into some cool grotto of thought, but his serious eyes, with a hidden appeal to her sleeping heart, brought her out, and gradually he saw her coldness melt.

During the weeks that followed Neil learned more about the interesting family of girls who maintained their social position on a depleted income, until there came a day when they had to unpack Mrs. Finch's own wedding dress and veil for Rosamond's bridal. After all, the "eldest Miss Finch," who had contentedly stayed at home in the kitchen, was the first bride, and Aunt Heppy, who had turned her into a famous cook, was almost as proud as Neil himself as the bride came up the aisle. "She looks like a lovely statue," said some one that day.

Neil only smiled. He knew that beneath the marble there was flame—had he not kissed his Galatea into life?

Get in First and Last Word

The female of the species actually gets in the first and the last word. According to the magazine Good Health girls learn to talk six weeks sooner than boys, while recent studies in Illinois show that women live longer than men. Of the 46 centenarians who died there last year, 36 were women. Above 80 the female deaths were more numerous than the male, below 80 less numerous, showing that more women pass eighty than men.

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6540—Morgantown, W. Va.

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NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

JAMES E. MORRIS

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 4th day of June, 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 31st day of December, 1929.

ELWOOD R. MORRIS,
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