Mending Socks

By ALBERT WESTON

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KATRINA was obdurate. "I've got them socks to mend, Miss Lily," was the excuse she gave, and that to her was final.

"But I don't care about the old socks," countered Lily, with voice pitched high in argument. "When you came to work here it was on the understanding that you were to come regularly from one to five every day—and for dinner any time we wanted you to. And we pay you more an hour than is usual."

"Yes, Miss Lily, but I've got them socks to mend for one of my young men, and he's only got just enough and I've got to mend them."

"But I tell you that everything depends on this little dinner. My brother didn't let me know until this noon that he was bringing this gentleman home, and I can't get anyone else now, and besides no one else would do."

So they argued until, at last, Lily learned that the socks and other apparel in need of mending were now resting in a large bag that hung in the back hall. Katrina had done her usual round of work for her young men, as she called the three or four bachelors whose apartments she kept in order during her morning hours. She would take the things home with her, mend them that evening and leave them for the young man when she went to his apartment the next morning.

"Let me have the socks and things, I'll mend them," said Lily. "And you stay and finish dinner and serve it."

Lily made very neat patches on three pairs of pajamas, sewed missing buttons on shirts and underwear and then turned her attention to half a dozen pairs of socks. And then it occurred to Lily that she had better be dressed and ready and might then go on with her darning until her brother and his guest arrived. It was fortunate, too, because instead of arriving at half past six, as she had expected, they arrived before six.

She met Julian Bates and rather liked him, despite her brother's warnings that he was bullet proof as far as girls were concerned. "He's all for business," Marvin had said. "So don't waste your pretty tricks on him. Anyway, you're not his sort. He likes 'em simple and domestic. That's why he's girl-proof. There aren't any simple, domestic girls nowadays."

Marvin excused himself and his friend and took him to his study adjoining the living room where he had some plans he wanted to show him. So Lily drew a sock from the work basket—a rather vivid, striped golf sock much in need of repair. With feverish haste she worked over it, weaving evenly back and forth over her darning ball. But Marvin and Julian Bates returned from the study—and were standing beside her before she had had time to finish the sock and tuck it out of sight.

"Pretty domestic scene," grinned Marvin. "But really she isn't like that, Julian. I told her you liked old-fashioned girls—so she's doing this for effect."

"Marvin always tries to say something that he thinks is funny," said Lily, flashing a dark glance to Marvin and smiling up to Julian. But she had tucked the stocking into the basket and had no intention of going on with her work. "I always mend Marvin's socks," she said, "but I am afraid he doesn't appreciate it."

"Was that one of Marvin's socks?" asked Julian abruptly.

"It must have been," was the way Lily answered his impertinence.

After dinner Lily excused herself—said she wanted to help Katrina in the kitchen. But she took her mending basket with her and worked furiously away to get the darning done before Katrina wanted to leave. Lily never helped Katrina in the kitchen, Marvin knew perfectly well. He suggested making a tour of inspection. They entered the kitchen just as Lily had begun to work on the last sock and had the others all laid neatly out on the kitchen table. Julian saw them as they lay there—saw and noticed before Lily had time to ram them into Katrina's ample bag.

Much to Marvin's surprise his friend Julian Bates became decidedly attentive to his sister when they returned to the living room. And when he left he asked permission to make his party call very soon and said that after that he would beg her to dine with him.

When Marvin saw Julian the next day in the course of their business activities, Marvin spoke with big-brotherly lightness of his sister's charms. "She's kidding you, Julian," he warned. "Trying to make you think she's the sweet, simple old-fashioned sort of girl—"

"But the amazing thing," said Julian, "is that she was darning my socks. You'll have to admit that if you met a pretty girl and the first time you saw her you found her mending your old socks you would be—well, rather touched. Do you think I could drop around tonight for a few minutes—just to finish solving the mystery."

"Solve ahead," said Julian. "I'm going out myself."

The mystery was, of course, very easily solved, and so more time was left for a discussion of personal tastes and likes and dislikes—and other preliminaries of the courtship for which Julian was already making plans.

Then when they came to make plans for the wedding Julian chose Marvin for his best man. "And I suppose I ought to have Katrina for the maid of honor," said Lily.

Cork Used in Fabrics

One of the most unusual uses of cork is in the manufacture of certain fabrics in France. By using a specially constructed machine, thin pieces of cork are placed in chemical baths to remove the resinous parts which make the substance more or less brittle. After this has been removed the sheets may be folded and bent without breaking. By combining the cork sheets with any suitable cloth an excellent waterproof material may be obtained. The usual method is to glue the cork to the cloth.—Pathfinder Magazine.

(COMMUNICATED)

POLITICAL ENIGMA

An eminent statistician has made the assertion that there were 20,000 candidates running for the office of Sheriff in the United States during the Presidential year of 1892 of whom 10,000 were elected to office, 6,000 counted out, 3,000 still paying back borrowed campaign funds on mortgaged homes and 1,000 who committed suicide. Painful as it is to every reverent mind to cast doubt upon figures, t must be said that there is reason to suspect the accuracy of this statisticians statement. It s one of the leading principalls of the science of statistics that a round number is essentially suspicious. Had our antarctic explorers told us that the distance from Little America to the South pole was just 500 dog sled miles, they would not have commanded our confidence, but when they call the distance 478 miles 1312 feet, we surrender at once, and admit the impossibility of contradicting such evidently sincere figuers. In view of this principle we are not compelled to doubt that there will be precisely 20,000 candidates who will file papers for the office of Sheriff before the Primary election in September and that precisely 1,000 of them will die by their own hands—or tongues. It has long been known to profound students of criminal statistics that there is a mystery concerning the fate of candidates who practice the nefarious occupation of running for the office of Sheriff. Unless a candidate is killed by an automobile accident, or fatally injured by an exceptional vigorous stroke of lightning while campaigning we seldom hear of his demise political or otherwise, except through statistical records. The assiduous attendant of funerals has never heard the officiating clergyman remark "Alas, our dear departed brother was a candidate for Sheriff" no obituary column carries a notice of how he passed out, neither the Roman nor Angelican prayer book contains a service which could be read for such an ocassion. Altho special services for the benefit of Criminals in prison and those condemned to the gallows are thoughtfully provded we may search ecclestiastical law in vain for a provision authorizing the burial of defeated candidates in consecreted grounds; but there is no such provision. What, then, is the solution of the mystery which clouds the end of our heroic aspirants who run for this particular fascinating honor? There is no doubt that some commit suicide after the election. It is also possible that an occassional candidate becomes a prey to remorse, as he remembers the glad handshake and promise of a staunch political friend and it must be said, that remorse and a vivid sense of losing has driven strong men to rash acts but to suppose that 1,000 of them will do away with themselves after the Primaries is manifestly preposterous. Thus we have one of our greatest political puzzles still unsolved.

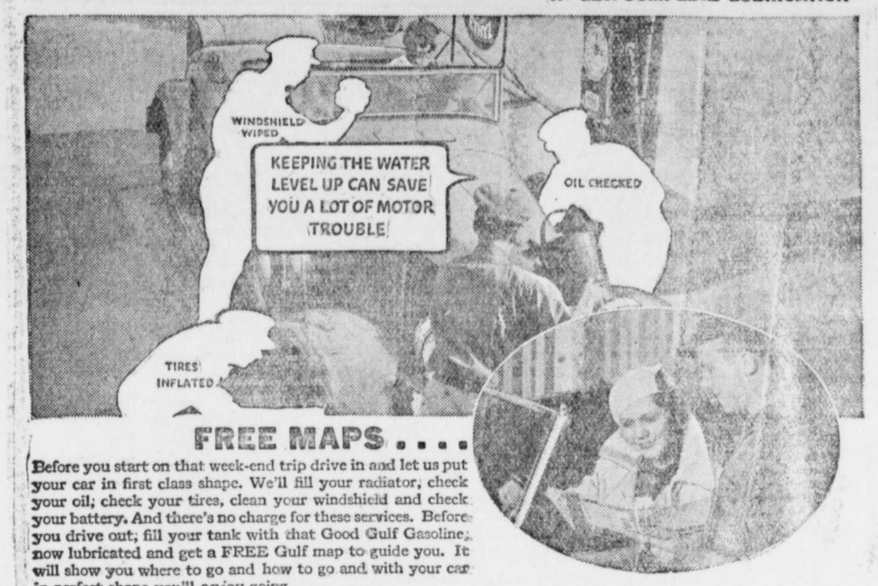
W. A. RUANE, Kennedyville.

Genesis of a Stogie

When the Argonauts drove their large, white canvas-covered wagons across the desert, their drivers needed something to keep their minds off the dust and death around them. They carried long cigars, bought in Pittsburgh at the start of their trip, around the top of their boots. The wagons they drove were called Conestoga wagons, because they were made in Conestoga, N. Y. When the driver wished to be especially polite to a rider alongside him, he would reach down into his boot for a cigar. The smoke became known as a "Conestoga cigar"—and was finally shortened to "stoga"—hence, stogie.

PREPARE NOW FOR THAT WEEK-END TRIP

1. DRAIN WORN OIL AND REFILL CRANKCASE
2. CHECK TIRES
3. CHECK WATER IN BATTERY
4. GET COMPLETE LUBRICATION



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1. Checks body odors
2. Use after exposure
3. Use for dandruff

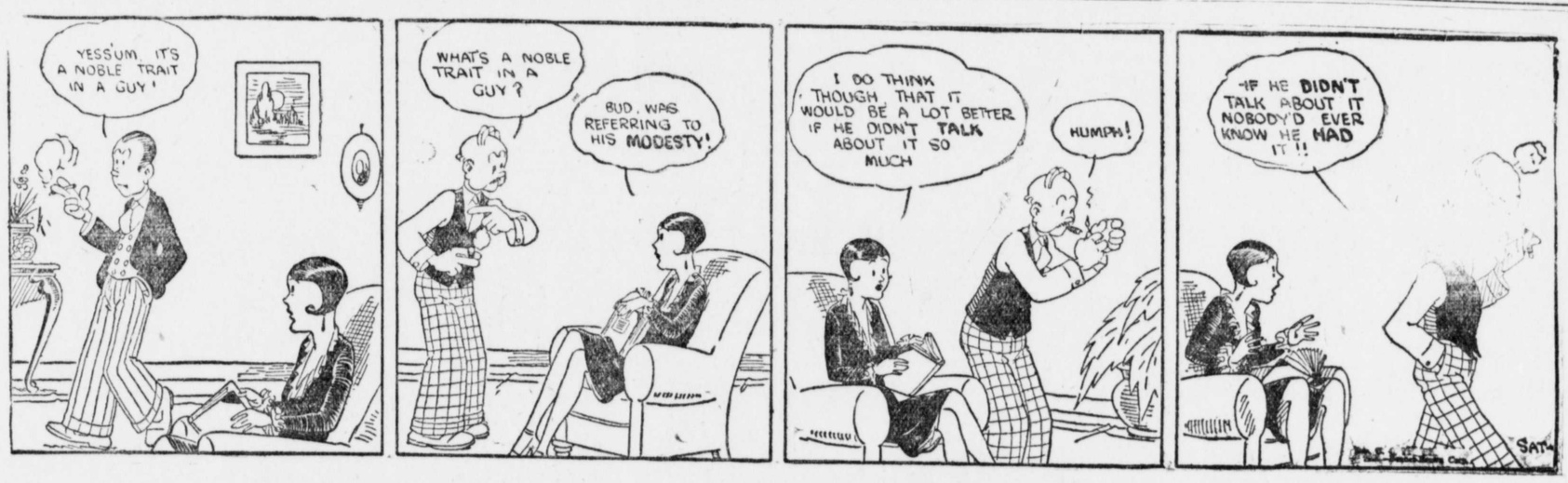
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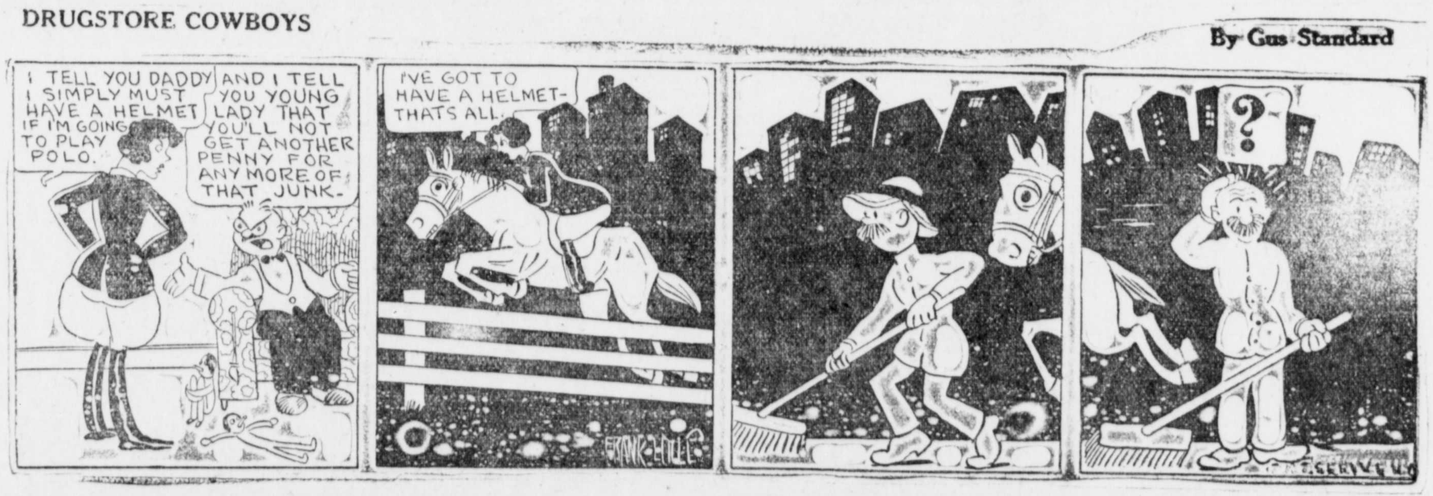
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