THE GIRL CALLED "BECK"

"BECKY," said Maud Frame languidly, "just take this book into the house and bring me the other one, will you?" She looked very fragile and fair, leaning back among the gay cushions piled on the sand.

The girl, Becky, a slim, plainly attired girl, came from under the gay-striped beach umbrella and sped toward the row of cottages that faced the sea.

"What did I tell you?" inquired George Graydon. "My surmise is quite correct, Ned. The little girl is either a maid or a companion."

Ned indignantly flung his paper aside and rose to his tall height. "Of all the idiots, George! I for one refuse to sit here like a pair of old summer boarding house tabbies, speculating upon the social standing of new arrivals! I came here for the fishing, and I'm off in the dory—want to come?"

George Graydon hesitated, and then, ashamed to refuse, he reluctantly followed his friend. While he would never have stooped to a vulgar flirtation, George's imagination had clothed the lovely Maud with romance. Some one at the hotel had mentioned that Miss Frame had heaps of money—and George was poor and heartfree, and selfish!

The two young men fished all day; not once had Ned permitted his romantic companion to mention the subject of the newcomers—the two girls and the severe elderly gentleman who lived with them.

Ned sighed as they headed for the shore. It had been a perfect day for fishing, but now in the southwest a big black cloud foretold a squall.

"For the luvva—" began Ned, and then stopped short. "Hand me the glasses," he ordered. Putting them to his keen blue eyes he focused his vision on the place called "Pond Point" a jutting sand spit, where there was a deep rock pool at high tide. There was a flicker of red and white that might be a beach umbrella—it was, he decided, and headed the boat in that direction.

"It is Miss Frame," cried George excitedly, "and her companion—the girl she calls 'Beck.' They have planted themselves down at the point, and any moment the tide will cover the point. Can you make it, Ned?"

"Got to," snapped the other, peeling off his outer garments and revealing bathing flannels. "Get ready to take 'em aboard, George, when I make a dash for 'em."

Even the lethargic George was tensed for action as the dory dashed for the point. They could see the forms of the two girls cowering before the wind, in terror of the rising tide. Suddenly the girls saw them and ran to the edge of the water, holding up their arms. The dory turned and swooped, her keel touching sand, and Ned bending low caught Maud Frame and brought her to safety. He gave her to Graydon's willing arms and turned to rescue Becky, but the sands were empty.

Frantic with fear, Ned brought the boat about, when something small and wet and dark appeared above the rail.

"Here I am," she said coolly.

"Why did you do that?" scolded Ned in a shaking voice.

"I was afraid you couldn't get back in time, so I went to meet you."

"Becky!" squealed Miss Frame.

"See here, my good girl," rebuked George sternly. "You have frightened your mistress—she seems quite faint."

"I am sorry, sir," she said penitently, and going at once to Maud Frame, fanned her vigorously with a newspaper.

The point was hidden under a smother of spray as the waves dashed up to the foot of the bluff.

Becky looked seriously at Ned. "That was a brave thing you did—under the circumstances. We might have been lost if it hadn't been for you, sir."

Ned reddened fiercely. How ridiculously she drawled out the "—sir."

As they approached the pier a group of people came down to meet them, among them the stern elderly man in a military cape—Major Frame.

The girls were silent as they mounted the slippery steps to the pier, Ned and George, wet and brown, bringing up the rear. The Major folded Becky in his ample cape and carried her off. Maud followed with an elderly maid.

After supper, George and Ned, fresh and clean after the exciting day, sat on the veranda looking at the evening papers. The prim maid came with a message.

"Major Frame's compliments, sir, and he would be pleased if Mr. Blythe and Mr. Graydon will come over this evening and meet his daughter and his niece."

"Niece," said George thoughtfully, as he prepared for bed that night. "Maud may be only the niece, and poor at that, but she's the girl for me!"

"Becky—the little darling," thought Ned, and to this day Becky Blythe, when she wants to tease her husband, drags slurringly, "Yes—sir?"

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Tiny Post Office

The smallest post office in the United States is said to be at Grimshaw, N. C. It is 8 feet long and 6 feet wide, built of logs, with the inside working space 6 by 5½ feet. W. S Alexander is postmaster, and the business of the office amounts to from $150 to $175 annually.

Each in His Own Place

Let us be not soloists, dominating the whole place, but each one a member of an orchestra, content to bring all that we have and contribute it in music, while we ourselves for the moment keep our personality in shadow and subjection, that there may come to this world a greater harmony, a greater symmetry, a more perfect adjustment of conflicting loyalties, so that we may reach the highest ambition of all, which is, that we may have a name at which men and women, when they hear it, will smile gladly and be proud to claim it as the name of the Friend.—Rosslyn Mitchell.

Spoof—What's your idea of a ideal place for a vacation?

Piffle—A place where the fish bite and the mosquitoes do not, and where neither the bees nor the hotel keep stings you!

Skjold—Did you find that corn cure was good for your corn?

Bjorn—Good for it! I should say so. After only one application the corn had grown till it was so big I couldn't get my shoe on.

"Oh, yes," said the pilot on the river steamboat. "I have been on this river so long I know where every stump is."

Just then, with a jar, the boat struck a stump. "There; that's one of them now," he continued.

Gass—So La Podel's death wasn't unexpected?

Sasse—No, he'd been singing over the radio often lately.

Hiram—I certainly will be glad to get back to the sticks.

Babette—Oh, I didn't know you were a trop drummer.

Gunbusta—My wife is very methodical. She's always got a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Pistola—So has mine, but I can never find the place.

Hoax—Lucretia is certainly a well balanced and spritited gal.

Joax—Well, she should be. Her father was a tight-rope walker and her mother was a medium.

Cop—That frail we pulled in last night wants to confess.

Police Chief—Who does she think I am—Bernarr MacFadden?

Fine pictures at New Lyceum.

Visitor—What does your Dad give you for spending money

Danny MacTavish—Ten whacks.

Iddings—DeLar's last baby is only eight months old and can already talk.

Kiddings—Well, that is to be expected. The baby's father is an insurance agent and its mother a woman.

Kent News $1.50 Per Year.

Angus—The Popsickle family have decided not to take the auto tour they were planning all last winter. They're going to stay home.

Sandy—What's the matter Have the roads all been turning into detours

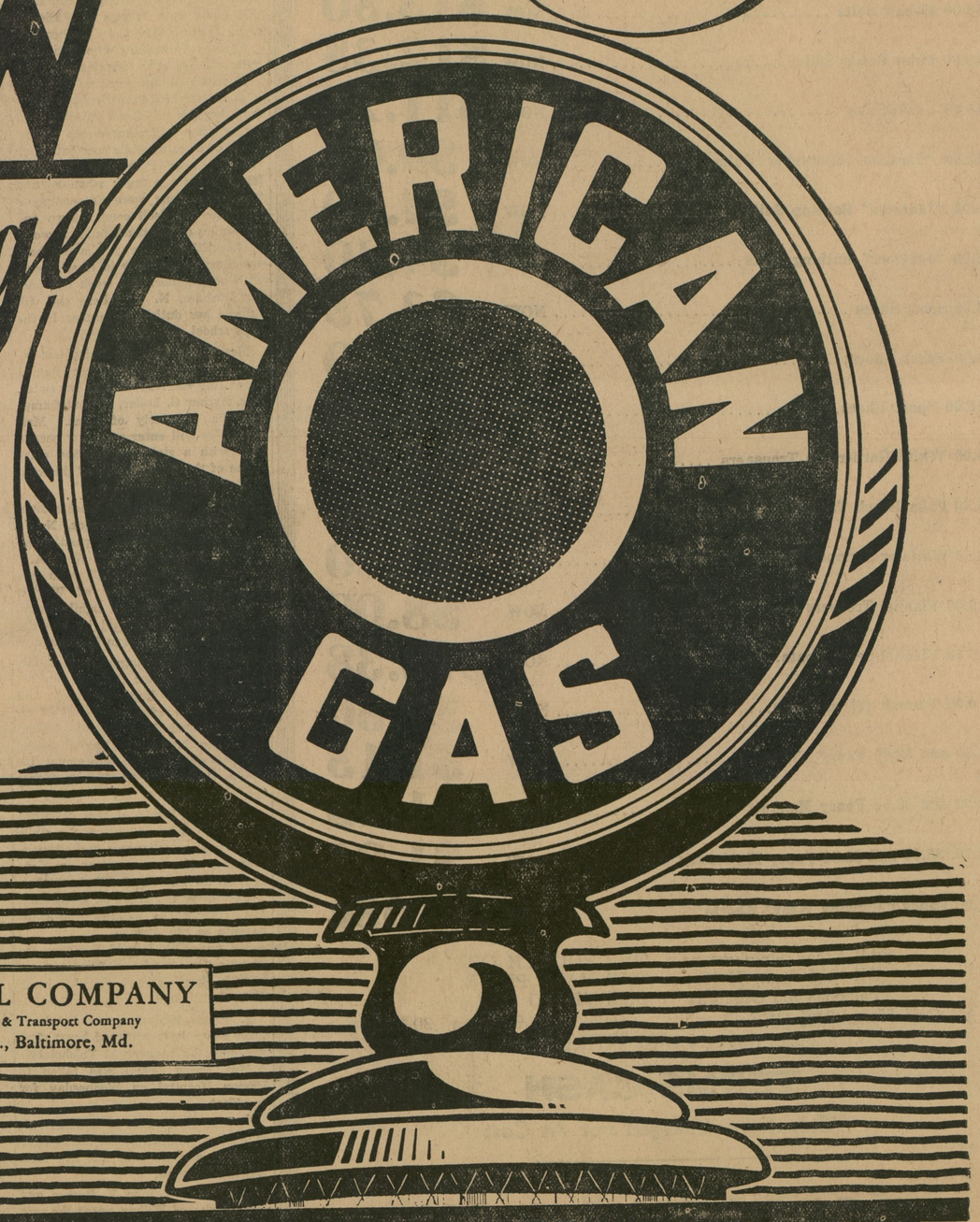
Angus—No, it isn't that. But there are so many billboards along the road advertising cigarettes that Mr. Popsickle don't want his wife and daughters to see them.

Regular gas at its best

-that's the whole story of the

NEW

Orange



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