The Red-Headed Floorwalker

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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MISS SADIE GILROY of the handkerchiefs, leaned confidentially toward her friend on the next stock. "Ethel," was what she said.

Ethel Martin thrust the last box of hosiery into its nook in the shelf, and drew nearer to the handkerchief counter. "Huh?" she inquired.

"Have you seen the new floorwalker?" asked Sadie.

"Yep."

"What's his name?"

"Hooney," said Sadie, and went back to wait on a customer.

Ethel Martin cast a long look at the profile view of Mr. Hooney, the new floorwalker, who was standing nearby. He was tall—his hair was red and lay in thick, glossy waves on his massive forehead. "I guess I know why they picked Hooney for this job," thought Ethel. "He's handy—people will find it easy to say: 'Oh, the red-headed floorwalker told me so and so.' I guess Sadie likes him, too. Wonder if she will change her mind?"

Sadie Gilroy was one of the prettiest girls in the large department store, but she had always been cool to masculine attention. Perhaps it was because her father shot himself to death and because her mother had worked herself almost to death to bring up her one child, Sadie. Sadie and Ethel kept house together, in a tiny apartment. Every morning at half-past eight they reported for duty at the midtown store, where they held adjoining positions. They were both clerks and were well regarded by their associates. Once Sadie had expounded her views upon marriage, and since then all the young men had fought shy of her, but she didn't care.

"He's the first one she's been interested in," thought Ethel. "I'll sure give her a boost if I get a chance. As for me, no red-heads, thank you! I've got temper enough for two!"

It was about this time that Ned Wayne in the shoe department became enamoured of Ethel's fair beauty, and Sadie found herself often alone.

Then, one day, Mr. Hooney paused at Sadie's counter and looked at the girl's soft dark hair, her brown eyes and her pretty face. He noted that her black frock was without a speck of dust and that her white collar and cuffs were spotless and dainty. "Some girl, that!" Mr. Hooney said to himself, but to Sadie he murmured:

"Warm?"

"It is warm here," agreed Sadie.

"Bet it's cool at the beaches," offered Mr. Hooney with a hint in his voice.

"It must be," sighed Sadie wistfully.

"Want to go to Coney tonight?" he asked, preparing to leave.

"I'd love to," said Sadie, surprising herself.

Months went by. Saturdays and Sundays at the beaches and evenings at a show were a regular thing, and sometimes the four of them played cards in the little flat.

One day there came a fearful smash-up when Mr. Hooney asked Sadie to marry him, and she, thinking overmuch of the past, told Mr. Hooney that it was against her principle to love any man.

Another day, when it was raining, a small mousey little woman came in, peering this way and that, and paused at the handkerchief counter with inquiring eyes. She spoke to Sadie Gilroy. "Please, miss, I've heard there's a red-headed man got a fine job here—do you know him?"

"Around in the next aisle you will find the floorwalker," said Sadie. "Of course I knew he was no good—bet you she's his wife," thought Sadie. "Well, it's worse than I thought!"

Just then she saw the majestic figure of Michael Hooney standing aloof within sight of the handkerchief counter. The little mousey woman must have missed him, for she crept past Sadie again and then she ran plump into Mr. Hooney.

"'Umph!" grunted Mr. Hooney, unexpectedly.

With a shrill bleat of fear, the little woman humbly apologized.

Then, suddenly, the little woman saw Mr. Hooney's bright head.

"Are you the floorwalker, sir?" she gasped.

"Yes," admitted Mr. Hooney, bowing low. "What can I do for you, maddum?"

"Well, you're not the red-head that I'm looking for—he's not quite so tall—my head just reaches his h-heart." And she went scuttering out of the side door. As she went, Sadie Gilroy lifted her sweet voice in a grave, though quavering, call:

"Floorwalker! Mr. Hooney, please!"

It was the noon hour and it happend that there were no customers at the handkerchief counter.

Mr. Hooney came. "Yes?" he said icily.

"If you would just look at this, Mr. Hooney," murmured Miss Gilroy.

Mr. Hooney leaned majestically against the counter and bent his red head over the slip of paper. "I am so sorry," he read. "Please forgive me. May I say 'yes?'"

Mr. Hooney smiled. "I'll wait for you tonight," he said.

Maybe It Is

Personally we don't know the secret of success, but sometimes we are afraid it's work.—Dallas News.

Luxemburg

The grand duchy of Luxemburg is one of the tiniest and at the same time one of the most attractive countries of Europe. Its area is only 999 square miles, or about four-fifths that of Rhode Island.

Trees on Canadian Prairies

The Canadian prairies once were treeless. Now, however, most farm homes have groves and shade trees. The government has fostered the planting of trees and now there are well over 100,000,000 trees on prairie farms.

The Duty of Dancing

By JANE OSBORN

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"YOU really are a wonderful dancer," said the girl in buttercup yellow.

"Thank you." Jim Harper sitting beside the girl—both on camp chairs at one end of the room—looked at her with a quizzical smile. "You said that as if you fully expected me to dance like a clown."

The girl in buttercup yellow, small, with clear, pale face, had deep gray eyes that thrilled Jim when she looked at him. "I was surprised," she admitted, "because you really are an extraordinarily good dancer, and from what I had heard of you I didn't expect it—living out West there, working on that big dam, without any girls anywhere, around to dance with. And, besides, you're so big—and outdoorsy. You know what I mean—so rugged and—'

"You're right about there not being any girls out there," Jim said. "I guess my sister has been talking about me. You know Patty, then?"

They were sitting at one end of the room midway between a group of chattering older women who were the chaperons, and the orchestra, hedged about by palms and ferns. The girl in yellow nodded to the chaperons, and her eyes cast about the room watching the other couples, in a way that annoyed Jim.

"I think Patty likes nursing," said the girl in yellow, and Jim said he was sure she did. The rest of the family were much opposed, he said, but he had sided with her. He knew how it would be to want to do something as much as Patty wanted to nurse, and then have a family set against it. "You're a nurse, too," he remarked to the girl in yellow. Of course she must be or she wouldn't be there at this dance given by the girls in the training school of St. Elizabeth's hospital.

"It's funny," remarked Jim, looking so intently at the girl beside him that she could not take her eyes away, "but when I was a boy in boarding school and broke some bones playing my first football and had to go to the hospital, it seemed as if the nurses were all old and prim like school teachers. But you seem just like a little girl. It's wonderful—really wonderful—with all that you must go through, that you are able to keep so sweet and flower-like."

"Maybe the way we dress nowadays has something to do with it," suggested the girl.

"And, of course," added Jim, "there must be a lot of the nurses who aren't like you—head nurses and superintendents. Patty has told me quite a bit about the head nurse here," he added. "She must be a courageous kind of a woman." There was a pause which the girl in buttercup yellow did not attempt. Then Jim went on: "Patty wanted me to dance with her and I suppose I ought to look her up. But it's a funny thing—a man can hear a lot about what a fine character a woman has and how brave and faithful she is, and though he admires her he doesn't specially want to dance with her."

"I suppose so," said the girl, and Jim went on.

"I wish I didn't have to dance with anyone but you. But I've got to look up that head nurse. I promised Patty. And I suppose you've got your dances promised. Maybe you could give me just one more?"

"Supposing I take your dance order," suggested the girl, "and look up the head nurse. I'll get her to give you a dance or two. I'm afraid I won't have any left."

Jim looked appealingly at her—a little bit frightened. "Do you mean you don't want to dance with me again?"

She did not answer him directly. "I must go and look up that head nurse—Jane Bradstreet is her name"—and then she hurried away and Jim watched her as she stood and talked to the chaperons and then went on and talked to the leader of the orchestra. Jim still sat there, not troubling to find a partner for the next dance, until a dumpy little girl in spectacles and a blue satin dance frock came up to him.

"She told me to say that the head nurse would give you the tenth and the last dance," she recited, "and she said she would be glad if you danced every dance."

Jim stood up awkwardly. He was over a foot taller than the dumpy little girl in blue and she looked clumsy. "I'd be very happy if you'd give me this next dance," he said to the girl who beamed with joy at having found such a good-looking partner. "Our head nurse is perfectly wonderful," the girl told him as he led her out to the floor. "That time when there was a fire in Ward C—you should have seen her—a regular Florence Nightingale."

"She must be remarkable," said Jim without enthusiasm.

Then came the tenth dance and he asked the girl with whom he had danced the ninth to point out the head nurse—Miss Bradstreet—and the girl pointed out the lovely nurse in buttercup yellow.

"But you can't be that head nurse they have been talking about," he told her. "It is enough to be so beautiful—and really you will let me have the last dance with you?"

"Of course I'd rather dance it with you," said the girl, "than with anyone else. Patty has told me how clever you are and how brave, but I never imagined that you were so good looking and entertaining besides."

Early Airplane Flight

The Pan-American airplane flight was the first one made from the United States to Nicaragua. The flyers left the United States December 21, 1926, and returned April 23, 1927.

Idiocy of Homer?

"Have you got the 'Odyssey and Idiocy' of Homer?" was the somewhat startling request recently made by a small boy to the librarian of Brightwood branch. When she pointed out that his understanding and pronunciation of Greek words was a variation from accuracy, the youngster scornfully said that it didn't matter—they "sounded just alike, anyway."—Indianapolis News.

Lion Should Defeat Grizzly

In an open fight between a full-grown grizzly and a full-grown lion, the victory would depend somewhat upon circumstances. As a general rule, the lion, in addition to strength and vigor, has a degree of cunning not found in a grizzly bear. Consequently, he would have the advantage over the bear and, in most cases, would come out the victor.

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	7.25	.....FEDERALSBURG.....		7.45
	8.00	.....DENTON.....		7.05
	8.20	.....GREENSBORO.....		6.45
	8.30	.....GOLDSBORO.....		6.35
	8.45	.....INGLESIDE.....		6.20
	9.00	.....SUDLERSVILLE.....		6.05
	9.15	.....CHURCH HILL.....		5.45
	9.30	Ar.....CHESTERTOWN.....Lv.		5.30
4.15	9.35	Lv.....CHESTERTOWN.....Ar.	10.40	5.25
4.30	9.50	.....FAIRLEE.....	10.25	5.10
4.40	10.00	Ar.....TOLCHESTER.....Lv.	10.15	5.00
P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.

X This run one-half hour later on Sundays

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EFFECTIVE SEPT. 3, 1929
READ DOWN READ UP

	A.M.		P.M.	
Daily Except Sunday	10.15	Lv.....TOLCHESTER.....Ar.	4.40	Daily Except Sunday
	10.25	.....FAIRLEE.....	4.30	
	10.40	Ar.....CHESTERTOWN.....Lv.	4.15	
	10.40	Lv.....CHESTERTOWN.....A.	3.55	
	10.55	.....CHURCH HILL.....	3.40	
	11.20	Ar.....CENTREVILLE.....Lv.	3.15	
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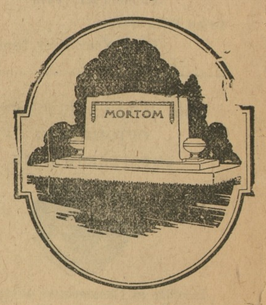

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