

WATCH-DOG

"Swindler," the other man called him—thought he was falsifying her accounts.

By HAROLD WIMBURY.

It was on the tip of Mary Taylor's tongue to ask the fair, slim, grey-eyed girl sitting opposite him to marry him.

"Did I thank you for the tip, Mark? I won fifty pounds."

"You are afraid to show the figures," challenged Swindler. You have been trading on her lack of knowledge.

"No, but I'm going to see all the documents."

"You're not!"

"I don't give a hang what you are entitled to. You are not entitled to talk to me in my office as though I were a thief."

"What do you know of him—think of him, Mark? Tell me honestly."

"What do you?" he countered.

"I consider him a good sort and a good sport," she commenced, her chin on the tips of her fingers, her eyes contemplative.

"Do you think he is—well off?" the man put in.

"Oh, Mark, I hadn't thought of that!" she pouted. "Do you imagine that would affect my judgment?"

"No, I don't," he assured her. "But does he imagine you are well off?"

"I'm sure he hasn't considered that, either," she defended him.

"Does he know the amount of your income?"

"Of course not!"

"Or that it ceases if you marry again?"

"No. I suppose that is inevitable."

"Certainly!" he said definitely.

"It was the one small thing I ever knew my late husband do—making that condition in his will."

"A lot of husbands do it. I guess it is partly to warn off fortune-hunters. After all, it's a sort of protection for a young widow. If she lets it become known, that is."

"She considered him intently for a moment."

"Are you trying to tell me, Mark, that Julian wants to marry me because he thinks—as many do—that I am rich?"

"Anyone who looks at you and has your friendship would want all he can have of you," he evaded gallantly.

"Not everyone, Mark," she answered enigmatically. "But I don't want compliments. I want your candid opinion. After all, you are my legal adviser."

"There's one thing I have found out concerning the law," he said. "Don't hide anything if you want a fair verdict."

"You think I should make my position clear to Julian? It's rather better."

doce all the accounts. I want to know where his money went, and what speculations you have made with her legacy."

"Are you charging me with misappropriation?" asked Mark, rising and resting a tightly shut fist on his desk.

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"You think I should make my position clear to Julian? It's rather better."

"You need not say it straight out, you know," he smiled. "A clever woman can give a thing away without seeming to."

"In your view it may make a—difference to him?"

"Tell me how he reacts to it, Grace." He rose, and suggested they should see the next race.

"Forgive me, Grace! But we couldn't have the wrong snapping round the door, could we? It was my fault you lost Meakin, wasn't it? He had had lock just at the end—lost everything. He wouldn't have minded me helping you a bit. Only a matter of figures in a ledger, you know. He—he asked me to look after you. Watch-dog staff that's all. Why, I—I loved you before ever Meakin arrived on the scene; but I had nothing to offer then. Just beginning. After all, it was Meakin's business put me on my feet."

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Maine's Farmer-Governor



Governor Gardiner of Maine is shown here clipping a sheep while Ladr, his favorite mount, oversees the operation. To complete a home-product, his sister will card, spin and weave the wool into a suit.

Perception Through Patience

In the act of traveling, we feel deeply the necessary affinity of beauty and repose; to enjoy a beautiful place, we ought to be resting in it as at home; to enjoy a beautiful sight, we ought to look upon it, not with the full gaze of delighted surprise, but rather with half-shut eyes, conscious of the bliss they possess, now letting it go, now calling it back, and playing with it as a beloved child.

Cats May Offer New Field For Taxes?

Pussy is undoubtedly a nuisance, maintains a writer of "Current Comment" in The Journal of the American Medical Association (Chicago).



"Jones is a peculiar chap, nearly always spluttering."

Misunderstood

A small boy entered a library with a book which his mother wanted exchanged.

Hopeless

It was midnight. In the smoking room of a club a young man sat huddled in a chair. A friend entered.

Excited wife

"Oh, dear, the cook has fallen and broken her collarbone."

Appropriate Food For Children

Greatly diversified opinions that are being bruited about are making it difficult for mothers to know what to accept as true and what to discard as passing fads in child-feeding problems.

Upon a good many important practices dietitians are well agreed, says Jean Simpson in The Ladies Home Journal (Philadelphia), but even child specialists differ in their recommendations about some phases of child nutrition.

"How many meals a day are best for little children has long been a query. By the end of the first year a healthy child is ready to be placed on a three-meals-a-day schedule. Only an exceptional child needs a mid-morning or mid-afternoon lunch.

"There should never be a great lapse of time between any two meals, not more than an interval of five hours, except the overnight period between supper and breakfast."

"A child's most hearty repast of the day ought to come at noon. Supper should include an adequate amount of good, nourishing food, but it should be simple and easily digested, to pave the way for sound sleep.

"The final incentive to a good appetite is attractively prepared food. Always choose the method of cooking which gives a tender mixture and rely for tastiness on the good flavor of simple materials."

"Don't allow a child to use water to wash down his food, for it will get him into the habit of being lazy about his chewing obligations. A glass of water before breakfast and several more between meals during the day should be given—more than this, of course, if wanted."

"Cereals.—Some cooked hot cereal for breakfast, at least in the cold weather; preferably from whole grain, three times weekly."

"Fruits.—Fruits, junkets, gelatin dishes, custards, blanc-manges or cereal puddings are best for young children, or plain cookies, or occasionally plain or sponge cake."

"Dried fruits are better than candy."

"Boxing Instructor (after first lesson)—Now, have you any questions to ask? Beginner (dazed)—Yes; how much is your correspondence course?"

Paris Notes

Chateau Goes to Nation The historic Chateau de Chambord, built on the banks of a tributary of the Loire, has become the property of the French Government, and therefore national property.

Paris Opera Restoration A recent examination of the Paris Opera House revealed, among other facts, that the copper dome was crumbling from corrosion, the statues were suffering from the same cause, and the fine flight of stone stairs which faces the Avenue de l'Opera would have to be entirely replaced.

If you happen to walk by a Paris baker's shop at about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, you will get a delicious whiff of warm pastry as you pass the door. The croissants which, with a bar of chocolate, constitute a French child's afternoon repast are just out of the oven. Made with flour, yeast and a considerable amount of butter, this horseshoe-shaped delicacy has historical warrant for its existence in the following story: Kama Mustapha, leader of the Turkish Army, besieged Vienna in 1683. The town was defended by a small garrison. The Viennese were awaiting the arrival of help and put up a brave struggle meanwhile, so brave, in fact, that the Turks, despairing of ever capturing the town, decided to dig an underground passage and enter the city by means of it. While Vienna slept the tunnel was therefore started, but the muffled sound of picks aroused the suspicions of the bakers who were working by night and they warned their fellow citizens of the danger, which was averted until the arrival of reinforcements.

Complex Case Decided The Mixed Arbitration Tribunal, established in accordance with the provisions of the Versailles Treaty to settle all disputes which had been in abeyance during the period 1914-1918 between the belligerent countries, has been sitting in Paris. A recent case is a good example of the complications which this tribunal has to unravel. A Greek merchant freighted a German ship in Russia to take some wheat to Italy. The freighting contract was drawn up in English. The boat arrived in Constantinople on August 1, 1914, and its cargo was promptly requisitioned by the German Admiralty. Owing to the number of countries involved in this transaction, the Greek merchant despaired of ever getting paid for his cargo. However, he put his case before the Arbitration Tribunal, which ordered the German Government to pay him a sum in excess of 4,000,000 francs (\$160,000) for his wheat. The Christian Science Monitor.

Poverty and Wealth Your fortune lies beneath your hat.—Oldham. There's only one kind of poverty, and that's to have no love in the heart.—Alexander Irvine. Be satisfied with your possessions, but not content until you have made the best of them.—Henry van Dyke. The prosperity which some welcome as an unmixed favour may far more rightly be regarded as an intense form of test.—Spurgeon. Time beloved of the Almighty are the rich who have the humility of the poor; and the poor who have the magnanimity of the rich.—Saadi. He that is taught to live upon little owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him owes to his father's care.—Penn. It is good to have money and the things money can buy, but it is good, too, to check up once in a while, and make sure you haven't lost the things money can't buy.—Anon.

Tommy asked John, a young school-fellow, to tea. John, who came from a much larger house, said with surprise: "What you have only one room? We have a dining room and a drawing room." "Oh, have you?" said Tommy, undaunted. "Well—we draw in the dining room."

"Now," said the super-salesman, "this instrument turns green if the liquor is good—red if it is bad." "Sorry, but I'm color-blind," apologized the customer. "Got anything with a gong on it?"