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Paid Up..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 1,000,000

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A FIRST-CLASS LINE of Bakery Goods always on hand.

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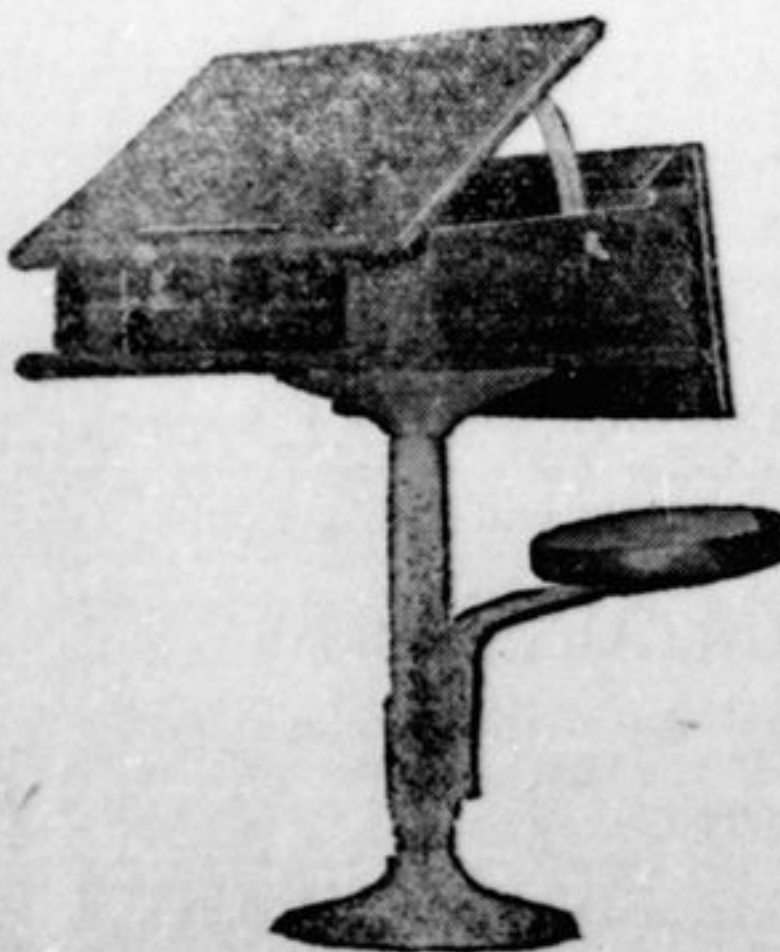
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DURHAM FOUNDRY



"EUREKA"

SCHOOL DESK.

MANUFACTURED BY

C. SMITH & SONS

A Scientific Experiment

By Robert C. V. Meyers

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MRS. VAN STYLERT heard her secretary's foot on the stairs. "I must keep it up," she said. "It is a duty I owe her. I went to school with her mother."

That day she was specially hard with the young lady, who for nearly three months now had been coming an hour each afternoon to write little notes and cast up troublesome accounts, an office which she also undertook for several of Mrs. Van Styler's most intimate friends.

It was on that same day that Mrs. Van Styler, noticing the neatness of the girl's prim collar and cuffs, accused her of being cut out for an old maid. The secretary smiled, as cheerfully admitting the impeachment. Also that afternoon Tom Harroway stopped for 5 o'clock tea, as had been the case many days of late. As he sipped the cup that cheers, but not inebriates, his hostess expanded upon the charms of Charlotte Templeton.

Harroway put his cup down laughingly. "You know enthusiasm has gone out," he said.

"Along with a good many other honest things," she grumbled, "girlishness and all that sort of thing. Everybody is too sophisticated nowadays; prettiness is swamped by so-called artistic ideas, and so on. Look at this room. Everything is pink that can be made pink, and furbelowed and flouzy—not a bit artistic. The low tones in the furnishings of some of my friends give me the blues for a week after I have encountered them. I like brightness. I never will believe in hiding light under a bushel of dingy rugs and draperies which began their existence in wretched oriental huts, half dwellings and half camel stables."

"Yes," he laughed, "I have a rug that was a prayer carpet, covered all over with Syrian remarks in worsted that I am positive are wriggling expostulations against the dull reds and blues. It is delicious."

"And look how young women dress," she went on, ignoring him. "That is, young women with ideas. For instance, Miss Sefton. Pardon the personality, Amy, but you are such an example. You come here day after day looking like a masculine nun in your severe tailor made black frock. I like fluffiness in the street in daytime as well as under the awful electric lights of ballrooms at night. Electric light! No complexion will stand it, and yet girls today brave it as though they intend some time to become un-Christian martyrs."

The orologio clock on the knee draped mantelpiece struck 5. The secretary closed her desk. "There's another thing," Mrs. Van Styler continued. "You engage a person for an hour's work. On the stroke of that hour the person vanishes—no interest in the work, no appreciative attitude."

The secretary's face flushed. "Good evening!" she said, moving toward the door. "Tomorrow afternoon," her employer said crisply, "at 4, sharp."

The girl left the room. "Don't you think," Harroway remarked, "you are a trifle—ah—severe with the lady, Mrs. Van S.?"

"I am sick of the status of employed people," retorted Mrs. Van Styler. "Everything nowadays is 'respect for labor,' none for those who employ it. No, Miss Sefton is alone in the world. She has imbibed too many lofty notions. I am treating her as my mother might have treated a secretary, if secretaries had been a part of my mother's miseries."

"He shrugged his shoulders. "I know," she said, "you do not admire her—"

"Rather say," he interposed, "I have scarcely noticed her till the last month or so."

"When my 'severity' as you call it, attracted your attention to her," she responded. "And she admitted only yesterday that she had not noticed you either."

He gave her a quick look. "Oh, yes," she pursued, "I have told her that it has been a year since you left college and that now you are a full fledged idle man of fashion. She curled her lip—they used to 'curl' their lips in the stories I read when I was young—and said the world is no place for idlers; that a man should do his best to achieve a position not already established for him by his father. Still, I like her. I went to school with her mother, and I feel a sort of responsibility for her. That is why I am trying to make her realize her true position. She can't afford to give me up. I have had her employed by my friends and could easily take that employment from her. She was quite helpless when she came to me. She had nursed her mother for years, and her income died with her mother. I advised her to become a secretary. Hand me that fan, please; this heat is unbearable," though the room was certainly not warm.

She continued to fan herself after Harroway had betaken himself to other scenes. "No wonder I am hot," she told herself. "I am an advanced woman, too, though I never discovered that till recently. However, I intend to investigate the tendencies of today, to find out if young men and young women are the same as they used to be in spite of all their superiority to the little things of life. But how vulgar scientific experiments make you feel! All the same, Tom Harroway's

absence because his father had been one of her earliest beaux.

A few days later, and when this sort of medicine had been given in heroic doses, Harroway came for his cup of tea. He was very cheerful. Mrs. Van Styler was puzzled, but wisely waited for him to explain himself.

"Well," he said at length, "I have two confessions to make. One of them is that I am going into business. John Templeton will have me for a partner. You know we were graduated together and have always been pals. The other confession is that his sister Charlotte and I—"

"Oh," fairly shrieked Mrs. Van Styler, "so it is arranged at last! It took a long time, I must say. And now you must tell me all the particulars. Miss Sefton, if you don't mind, we will defer our notes till tomorrow. I shall not need you today."

The girl jumped up. "Stop," Mrs. Van Styler called after her. "Why not come this evening? I shall not go out till 10. Come at 9."

"But," demurred the secretary, "I fear—"

"At 9 o'clock," loudly repeated her employer. "We can then finish today's work. No objections, if you please."

The secretary took herself away, trembling in every limb. She had no intention of going at 9 o'clock in the evening to do the work which she had contracted to perform from 4 to 5 in the afternoon. And to be spoken to like that before Tom Harroway!

As for Harroway, he was furious. "Upon my word, Mrs. Van Styler," he said, "you have needlessly humiliated a lady," and went hastily from the house.

If he expected to see the secretary outside he was doomed to disappointment, for when he reached the street she was nowhere in sight.

Mrs. Van Styler had her maid fetch her a cup of strong beef tea, she felt so used up.

"Amy thinks I want him to marry Charlotte! And," she said, "hereafter I shall sympathize with every scientific experiment I hear of. And human nature is the same as it ever was! Hold, though! What shall I do when Amy comes tomorrow, for of course she will not come this evening? I suppose I must chance it. I am growing reckless. And Charlotte means to marry the count! Didn't her mother hint as much last night?"

As for the secretary, she had something to think about. And in the wip and wiff of her thought was a thread of satisfaction that a young man had seen the folly of being an idler and was about to become a useful member of society. It is always a satisfaction to know that our theories receive support. And, apropos of that young man, what sort of spirit did he think she possessed when she would put up with such treatment as he had witnessed Mrs. Van Styler inflict upon her? And suppose he was flirting with Miss Templeton! She tossed her head.

She had promised the lady with whom she boarded to go to the opera that night, the lady having had two tickets presented to her by a friend who was hastily called from the city and could not use them.

The thought of Harroway's possible flirtation with Miss Templeton made her feel that she should like to look her best that evening. Her hair was her first care, and she arranged it so as to set off its abundance and color.

"As though it would be in good taste to wear it this way when I am attending to business," she said loftily.

Next she donned a white gown full of fineness and rippling with ribbons. She looked in the glass and was not dissatisfied with the reflection.

It was then 8 o'clock, and she sat down and waited for the lady who was to escort her to the opera. Instead the lady had to go and tumble down the back stairs and received such contusions and abrasions as made it impossible for her to stir from the house that night. Of course the secretary could not go alone, so she started to take off her finery. All at once the enormity of Mrs. Van Styler's treatment of her struck her more cruelly than ever. Should she keep on accepting that lady's favors? "Not if I had a dozen mothers," she said, "and she had been to school with every one of them!"

She would inform Mrs. Van Styler tomorrow that she must decline to act as her secretary any longer.

Tomorrow! It was not yet 9 o'clock. Mrs. Van Styler had commanded her to come to her at 9. Why not go to

might and tell her not to expect her next day and, just as she was, let that arrogant schoolmate of her mother see her possibilities as a well dressed woman?

It was all very foolish, very girlish, but she did not care to be considered a dowdy any more than she would accept gratuitous contumely.

A maidservant was coerced, and, covered with a long cloak, the secretary went forth on an errand prompted by righteous indignation.

At about the same time Mrs. Van Styler was issuing from her maid's ministrations also in opera array. She seldom courted music until late in the evening, when, as she said, she reached Wagner's agony and soon had it over. She looked up as her secretary entered the rosy room, whose shaded candles cast a most becoming light. Perhaps she had never been so scared in all her life before. She had not expected Amy, and the brilliancy of the girl's eyes and the bloom on her face told her that a battle was imminent.

The secretary eased the clasp of her cloak—there was a pulse in her throat that hurt her. For when she stood in the presence of her mother's old friend who had been of such signal service to her and noted that Mrs. Van Styler's face now showed kindness and even admiration her courage seemed to ebb from her.

Mrs. Van Styler was the first to speak. "I am so sorry, Amy, child," she said, "to bring you out at night. I wasn't in earnest."

Not in earnest! At that the secretary's courage flowed back again. Was she to be made sport of all around? "I came," she said, "to tell you to look out for another secretary. I am no longer in your employ."

Mrs. Van Styler regarded her in silence, knowing not what to say, admiring the girl's well arranged hair, her face that was beautiful in its excitement, but, more than all, her spirit and vigor.

Now, Harroway had felt uncomfortable all the early part of the evening. By the time he had dined at the club he was quite of opinion that he should visit at Mrs. Van Styler's no more. He refused to be a further witness of the humiliation of a poor girl at the hands of the lady who presumed on the fact of his being her heir and so making marriage arrangements for him. Confound the money! First, he must see Mrs. Van Styler with regard to Charlotte Templeton. She had cut him off when he had begun to tell her about Charlotte's engagement to the count, taking it for granted that he himself was the happy man. A woman like that must not remain uncorrected in such a mistake. And if the secretary thought he was flirting—He wiped the perspiration from his brow.

But why shouldn't he go to Mrs. Van Styler this evening, not waiting till tomorrow afternoon? By tomorrow some one or other might be already told of his presumed engagement to Charlotte Templeton. It irritated him mightily to think of such a report being attributed to him, even though the mistake might be corrected later on.

He went. On the threshold of the pink room he paused. Inside the two women confronted each other.

"Another thing," the secretary was saying. "You tell me that you have informed Mr. Harroway that I despise him for having no desire to make his way in the world. I never said so. I told you that every man, in my opinion, should do his best to carve out a niche for himself in the world."

Just then the speaker saw Tom Harroway. Her hand that had clutched the cloak at her throbbing throat faltered, and the long loose garment slid down to the floor, and she stood revealed in a fleecy white gown, a fair vision of girlish charm.

Harroway took a step toward her, she looked so sweet and lovable. "I should like," he said, "to—that is—I wish to correct something—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Mrs. Van Styler in a loud voice, and refusing to let the girl use her as a shield. "I know you are not engaged to Charlotte Templeton. While you may not know it, I am a bit of a scientist, which accounts for my recent behavior toward you and Amy—Ah, I must see my maid!"

She fairly tottered from the room, closing the door after her, noting as she went away that the secretary let Harroway take her hand, the young woman and the young man looking preposterously happy, if somewhat conscious.

In her sleeping room she sank on the side of the bed as her maid ran to her. "Beef tea," she managed to say. "I experimented scientifically to see if they couldn't be made to fall in love with each other," and something about going to school with somebody's mother and having somebody else's father for one of her earliest beaux.

At that time in the rose colored room Harroway talked with the secretary. "I came tonight to have it out with her," he said.

"Oh, did you?" she cried blithely. "I was waiting to see when you should do so. I should never have done it myself if I waited till doomsday after—"

"After you thought I was flirting with Charlotte Templeton?" he asked admiringly.

She shrugged her shoulders. "So much of the jest is gone," she said. "Mrs. Van has been playing with us all the time, the mean old dear."

Just then the "mean old dear" rushed into the room. She had found it impossible to keep away.

"Oh," she said, "Amy—Tom—all this has been a scientific experiment. I designed to bring you two together."

"And you succeeded," responded Harroway, taking Amy by the hand. "For we have been married over a month!"



Harroway saw her going along in front of him.

Sefton, if you don't mind, we will defer our notes till tomorrow. I shall not need you today."

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Dec. 3, '04.—1904.