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A Joint Partnership in a Pup

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

An adventurous small boy snatched the puppy from the dog seller, ran with it, was chased, and, to escape being caught, dropped the poor mutt into a dark araway. There it lay stunned for some time, but at last struggled to its unsteady legs, whimpering faintly, and tried vainly to climb the steps to the street. Morton found it as he came out of the Italian restaurant, where he had dined. He had made rather a pretense of dining, being nearly as miserable as the puppy looked. Misery loves company, hence, perhaps, his action. Into the light he strode, the dog cuddled in his arms, sat down at the nearest vacant table and demanded instantly milk and hot soup. He had decided they would be comforting to the shivery, small beast, so small it did not know how to eat when food was set before it. Morton, bending in the effort to help, was amazed to see a woman's hand stretched beside his own, while a clear voice said: "Let me have him, also a spoon. We must manage a supper some way."

Shortly he was watching a rather inscrutable young person, whom he had not noticed across the table when he sat down to it, deftly feeding his protégé, huddled in her lap. "There; that will do until next time," she said at last, as the shrunken sides rounded almost dangerously. "Keep him warm; he will sleep. Such a beauty is worth a whole lot of trouble."

"He isn't mine—found him outside—couldn't leave him to freeze this bitter night," Morton hazarded. The girl smiled at him. "I'm glad you couldn't. A lost puppy is pitiable. I know—I'm lost myself, until 10 o'clock."

"Why the time limit?" Morton asked, almost forgetting his own troubles in this new appeal to sympathy. Again she smiled, saying: "Polly set it; she will be home then. I came a day ahead of my plans and was discouraged from waiting on the stairs outside her door. Do you think, looking suddenly straight at Morton, 'I look the least bit like a burglar's pal or a confidence queen?'"

"A movie queen would be nearer the truth," Morton laughed, suddenly sensing the atmosphere of unostentatious breeding his questioner exhaled. "If you are waiting here—may I keep you company? With Trove for chaparron—that must be his name."

"Treasure Trove," the girl repeated, softly. "If I thought you'd part with him—pausing in embarrassment which Morton ended by saying: 'You can't have him for keeps, but I'll lend him to you gladly—if you think Polly would permit—until I can find proper quarters for him.'"

"Polly loves the under dogs—and the lost ones," the girl smiled back at him. As to staying—that is as you please. I shall be glad of company, but would hate to detain you. I'm not afraid in the daylight, much less in the dark. It's hardly more than a step, but I ordered my cab on the way in."

"You are a Wonder—with the capital letter," Morton returned. "As such—your name, please—that I may approach the presence properly. Here I am," extending his own card. "Nobody in particular, but not, I hope, wholly a bad sort."

"I'm Ruth Desha—you never heard of me—but I knew you in spite of your glum look. Betty Bruton gave me one of your pictures when she—she decided to go abroad," the girl answered. Morton flung up his head, smiling bitterly. "I got her wedding

cards the night my last play was damned," he said. "Still, that doesn't excuse looking like a death's head." "Do you mind—much?" Ruth asked almost under her breath. His mouth set as he nodded, but almost instantly softened. Treasure Trove had roused and was blinking at him happily over Ruth's hands. "I rechristen him 'Luck.'" Morton all but whispered. Ruth looked at him narrowly. "I am glad," she said. "I believe he will bring it to—both of us."

He took her home to be embraced by a rapturous Polly, who, however, deserted shamelessly at sight of Luck. Luck, indeed, became privileged—when Morton called next afternoon he found the puppy lying in state upon puffy down cushions in the sunniest window nook, with Polly at hand sketching his every pose. "Don't mind me, good people, they can't hear a word," she called over her shoulder. Ruth, ensconced on a soft couch, motioned Morton to a place beside her, and after a little drew a hard breath, saying: "I wonder if I am going to make you crazy?"

"Impossible!" cried Morton. Again she smiled: "But wait till you know all. I want a playfellow—it is what I have come here for. You see, down in the grass country I've had years of reading and dreaming of life out in the world. I've had nobody to take me, and couldn't leave granny if I had had. Now—she has gone—I don't want to do anything that would hurt her—but she left me a few thousands outside my own property. I want to spend them—waste them, if you like—in making my dreams come true. And I can't—unless you help me."

"How?" Morton asked suddenly, deciding that blushes made her beautiful. "By playing with me—just as man to man—Dutch treat, you know—and all that—showing me whatever is worth seeing. Not risque things—I hate 'em—but places and people where I can't go alone and where dear old Polly won't care to take me. You won't get mushy like the men at home—because of Betty, you know—we can be just pals, playing in the sunshine. Don't you think it would help you? Maybe a lot?"

"I am sure of it," Morton said almost gayly. "The plan is heavenly—except for the Dutch treat regulation. Won't you relax that? I'm not quite a pauper, if the play did get itself damned."

"I know what we can do!" Ruth cried gleefully. "Dutch treating may go hang—but you'll take me places, and then I'll take you to places—and we won't ever speak or think of anything so vulgar as money—except when we are paying the checks."

"Handsomely compromised," Morton laughed, his first real laugh since Betty had sent back his ring. He made a strong mental reservation as to finances in future. Then trifles being adjusted he proceeded to serious matters, such as measuring Luck for a collar—adjustable, of course—and deciding upon the motto to be engraved on it.

Followed three blissful months. The more he saw of Ruth the more wonderful she became. She had the finest intuitions, the kindest heart in the world. They made her deaf to Polly's entreaties as to absolute ownership of Luck.

"A diamond wrist-watch will be nearly as much trouble and a heap more stylish," she said in mitigation. "Luck is going home with me next month; he has outgrown this town, just as I have, and needs God's outdoors to find himself in."

"How about me? I am under the illusion of owning him," Morton said, over her shoulder. She looked at him in mild surprise. "Of course you own him—that's partly why I am taking him—so you will have no excuse for not coming along."

ARE KNOWN BY THEIR HATS

Variety of Headgear Distinguishes the Various Tribes in the Capital of Persia

Every city, town or district of any importance in Persia is sure to have representatives at the capital, Teheran, and there are picturesque representatives of numerous tribes as well. The reader, by means of distinguishing the latter is by their headgear, says a writer in the National Geographic Magazine.

The Kurds, of which there are 600,000 in the country, wear hats which look for all the world like huge, inverted black coffee-pots bound round with gay silk handkerchiefs. The Bakhtiari, from the mountains in the direction of the British oil fields, in southwestern Persia, whose chiefs maintain a numerous retinue in Teheran, wear white felt preserving

ketles. In fact, a dissertation on masculine Persian headgear (women are not allowed to wear hats) would give a ready key not only to recognition of the different races of Persia, but even of the different classes of society, since hats are rarely removed except when the owner sleeps, and vary in appearance and dimensions from the huge, pillowlike turban of the mollah, or lady's woolly muf of the Persian Cossack, to the round, brimless felt or lambskin cap worn by the middle and upper-class urban residents.

You cannot get her to admit it, but just the same we are willing to bet there are times when a woman wishes she had the nerve to wear as much warm clothes these chilly days as her husband does.

Most of us think if we had been in the other fellow's place we could have done better than he did. But the failures we have made of our own jobs would hardly prove it. The casual observer might not think so, but dad, who pays the bills, knows the girls have plenty of clothes.

The brown juice of "butternut" bark is used in some instances for staining cloth.

PROBS:—Friday: Fair and cold

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200 yards of all wool serge, full 54 inches wide, in navy and black only—this is absolutely a super-value, at this very special price. Friday \$1.29

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Regular \$2.00 to \$3.00 Values

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25 dozen print house dresses in a large assortment of light and dark patterns in sizes from 34 to 44—marked for a quick clean-up—your choice Friday \$1.49

Bed Comforters

Regular \$3.50 Each

Friday \$2.69

60 only fancy Art Sateen, covered heavy cotton filled comforters, full 60x72 in. size—a broad assortment of colors and patterns for your choice—while they last Friday \$2.69

White Flannelette Night Gowns

Reg. \$2.00 Values

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10 dozen only heavy white flannelette Night Gowns, in good full sizes. Regular \$2.00 Friday \$1.49

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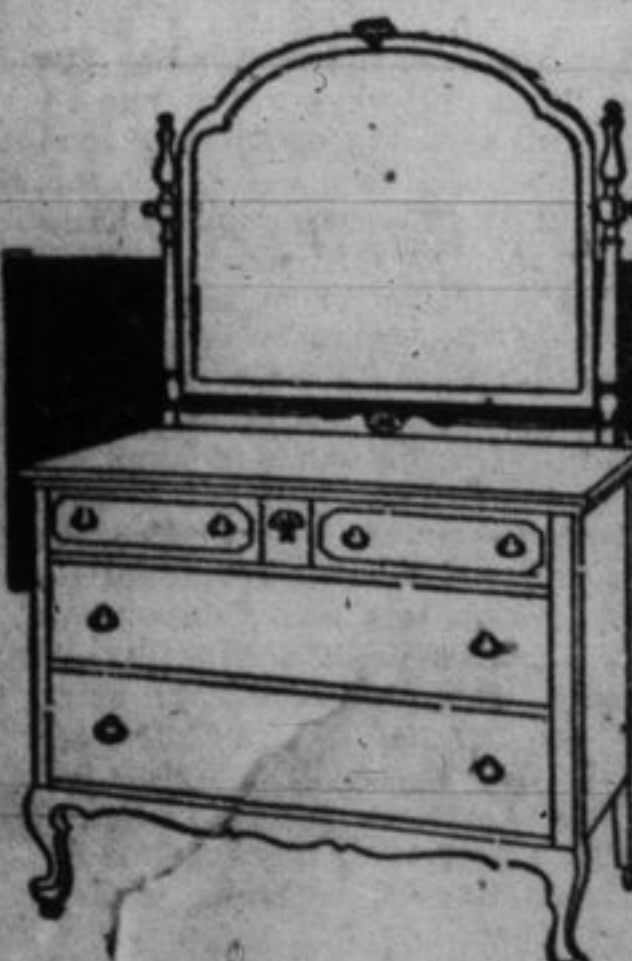
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