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The owners of this business have no more to say as to how it shall be run, than the men and women who ride in YELLOW CABS.

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We know the public want low rates of fare. We know you want safe, sanitary cabs, and courteous, dependable drivers. All of these things we have made available.

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BOBBY

By JANE GORDON

HE WAS a sleek black cat, the companion and solace of his young mistress. Gay was the mistaken name her parents had given her, for gaiety of any kind was a rarity in the girl's life.

Here the constant problem of making ends meet in the struggle for existence. But in her happy heart, for it was a happy heart, Gay carried a secret—the secret of a great ambition for which no sacrifice could be too much. In order to bring about this desired achievement Gay taught in a small town school.

Every week Gay put aside a part of her salary toward the trip abroad, which, should, some day, lead to the road of fame.

In the morning when she climbed the crooked hill to the schoolhouse Bobby would follow. He liked to hide behind the bushes to jump out at her surprising. And when Gay returned in the afternoon—he seemed to know the hour of her coming and wait in the narrow hallway to greet her. But when the bell of the white church tolled in the valley Gay could not trust her pet to follow on to the house of worship. Bobby was piously inclined or he had not forgotten a soft-cushioned seat whereon he had napped, after seeking his adored one. Certain it was that though the black cat might be sent on his homeward way each morning, he could not be forced back on the Sabbath. So Gay locked him for safe keeping in the sunny room.

Every one knew Bobby; Barnes, the butcher, hoarded against the cat's coming choice bits of meat; the miller kept for him a saucer of cream.

When Gay at her piano practiced those sonatas which were one day to prove her talent, Bobby would jump up to walk boldly across the white keys. And when his mistress would ruthlessly push him aside, that was the beginning of a game.

On a certain morning she arose early to tint the old white organdie a delicate pink, in preparation for the event of the evening. It was through his friendship for the school principal that the great musician was coming to Lindenville to give a recital in the church. Gay had confided, in anticipation, her future ambition to the school principal that again he might use his influence in persuading this friend of his college days to pass judgment on her possible musical promise.

The principal, sharing her secret, intended to ask Grant Sinclair to give the young teacher a hearing. A grand piano had been placed on the church platform. Gay went, in joyous anticipation, to sit in the front of the auditorium.

Grant, pausing in his opening introduction, looked over the house for his inspiration. It was his custom to seek out a sympathetic listener, and in a manner play to that person. Tonight his gaze fell upon Gay's uplifted rapt face. He smiled as he turned back to the piano. Grant Sinclair began to play a spring song.

He had forgotten himself in the rendering, his audience listening breathlessly, then, rudely, it came to him—low, unmistakable laughter. The unaccountable thing continued.

Unconsciously, in his hurt indignation, he looked down at the girl. The blue eyes of Gay were wide with horror. Everyone knew Bobby and everyone must smile. She had forgotten that he would follow to church, and now she knew what was going to happen. The black cat, walking leisurely about the platform, would soon spring to the piano keys—which is exactly what Bobby did. The spring song was rudely broken. And when the affronted musician attempted to push the cat from before him, Bobby, with all the enjoyment of his favorite game, was swiftly back across the keys.

With a breathless rush, Gay was upon the platform, the cat in her arms.

"Sorry—sorry—" she murmured confusedly, and hurried out through the church door.

Later, at the home of the school principal, Grant Sinclair was called to the telephone. Gay, in the telephone booth of the corner drug store, repeated her abject regret. The musician's voice came back, cheerfully reassuring. "You are to give me a hearing in the church tomorrow at three," he told his troubled listener. Your principal has been telling me about you."

And when, the next day, Gay went dimly toward him down the church aisle, the man whose skill was known and heralded, came forward to meet her. And when she had played for him he was kind. For he knew that though Gay could play, the master-touch would never be hers. So to her, Grant Sinclair said: "Go on, as you are doing. Teach your school, play when you will. I will send you music, and I will stop from time to time, when I am near, to mark your progress."

And it was not many months after when the musician walked at Gay's side, up the crooked hill. "May it not temper your disappointment, dear one," Grant Sinclair said, "to know that you shall at least be the inspiration of your husband's music?"

"With you always near," Gay satisfyingly replied, "there can be no disappointment anywhere!"

House orders weeping investigation of Shipping Board.



WITH THE FUNNY MEN

AN EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW

Under the caption of "Perseverance" here is a little story going the rounds that conveys a lesson to big boys as well as to little boys—boys of our size, full grown:

"Do you want a boy?" he asked of the magnate of the office, standing before him, hat in hand.

"Nobody wants a boy," replied the magnate.

"Do you need a boy?" asked the applicant in no wise abashed.

"Nobody needs a boy."

The boy would not give up.

"Well, say, Mr.," he inquired, "do you have to have a boy?"

The magnate collapsed. "I am sorry to say we do, and I guess you're about what we want."

Why Travel.

"What will you do next?"

"A photoplay in the great north woods."

"When are you going?"

"Where to?"

"The great north woods."

"You don't understand the possibilities of the movie. Our next location is just half a mile from where we did South sea island stuff."

A Mean Disposition.

"Please, sir," whined the beggar, "will you gimme a dime?"

"No!" snarled the irascible citizen.

"You wouldn't even gimme a few kind words, would you, boss?"

"Certainly not."

"Well," said the beggar, as he edged away, "maybe you've got your good points, but I'll bet you ain't no treat to your family."

Potentiality.

Mrs. Portly-Riche—"It must be dreadful to be as hard up as the Bronsons. They never give anything to charity."

Mr. P.-R.—Well, for the matter of that, no more do we, m'dear.

Mrs. P.-R.—No, but they can't say we haven't got it to give, though.

A Worthy Example.

"Do you prefer to be called a public servant?"

"Certainly," replied Senator Snorts-worthy. "Furthermore, I feel that I ought to explain that I'm in a position to give private servants some much-needed lessons in meekness and humility."



MODEST MAN

He—I would gladly die for you, but for one thing. She—And what is that? He—I'm afraid you could never replace the loss.

All That's Needed. The world's all right. You needn't stew about some petty wrong. If you are honest, clean and true Why will you get along.

Slam! Bang—I'm never afraid to tell a man anything, because it goes in one ear and out at the other. Slam—Yes; but if you tell a woman anything, it goes in at both ears and out at the mouth.—Everybody's Magazine.

Bills Crush Sentiment. Mrs. Youngbride—You seem to have lost your taste for saying pretty things. Husband—Yes, since buying them has become necessary.

Explained. "Pa, what's the difference between assurance and insurance?" "Well, my son, the former is what the agent has and the latter is what he tries to sell you."

Restless Rouge. He—The coloring of your face reminds me of the colors of sunset. She—Why? He—Different places at different times.—California Pelican.

He Speaks Up. "Where have you been so late?" "To a lecture." "Huh?" "And it was very poor. I don't care to listen to another one."

A Suit to Suit. Clerk—Mortgaging costume, yes, madam. Any particular shade? Customer—Show me something in half-mourning. My engine has a habit of going dead.

Home. "Home is where the heart is." "That's what the young fellow who is courting my daughter thinks. He hangs around my place all the time."

Grave diggers of Naples, Italy, strike for more pay.

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