

ALL'S FAIR

By R. RAY BAKER

Here's a story about a nurse who didn't marry a patient. Graduated from Sanburn Memorial hospital in the big city, with an engraved, herbiboned diploma, and an R. N. after her name, Suse Hopewell accepted a position as superintendent of Bellevue hospital in the small city of Rushington, and there she met David Kling.

David had never been sick a day in his life, except with the mumps and measles when he was a youngster. Nevertheless, when he saw Suse Hopewell, David decided that he needed a nurse, not because Suse was a nurse, but because Suse was Suse, and her being a nurse was just incidental.

David was proprietor of a jewelry-phonograph-sewing machine-camera store, and he first saw Suse when she entered the place on business. The business was the purchase of a sewing machine badly needed at the hospital.

Now David was a very ingenious young man, albeit somewhat reserved and backward when it came to the business of wooing. The moment he saw Suse step into the store the little engine that operated on his left side began to work queerly. As he

walked toward the prospective customer he was afraid his pumping would frighten her. However, she seemed quite composed and he came to the conclusion that perhaps she had not noticed the unusual sound.

In stories all nurses are pretty and this one is no exception in that re-



"I Need a Sewing Machine."

gard, Suse had big eyes that usually appeared gray, but at times seemed shaded with deep blue. She was neither slender, short, tall nor chunky. Her hair was light brown, and while it could not be called luxuriant, there was enough of it, without paid-for additions, to be done up in a business-like, nevertheless attractive, coiffure.

"I need a sewing machine," Suse said, and David stopped staring and suddenly remembered what she was there for.

Once out of his daze, he tried to cover the fact that he had been in one by rapid monologue, which was rather inane, but served to make up for the time he had consumed in staring at Suse.

Suse selected a machine and paid for it, requesting that it be sent to the hospital, and after she left David drifted into a waking dream. Suse certainly got a bargain when she bought that machine, for a young man's heart was thrown in without extra charge.

The apparent hopelessness of his dream brought David out of it.

"I'm a goner," he half groaned. "But what's the use? I don't know her and there's no chance of getting acquainted unless I get sick, and then the store would go to ruin, and who wants to marry a bankrupt man? Besides, I might as well admit that I haven't enough nerve to go after her."

However, as has been said, David was an ingenious young man, and it was not long before his brain got to work on a scheme which had for its object the forming of Suse Hopewell's acquaintance, and, some distance in the future, the marrying of her.

Two sewing machines were to be delivered on the same trip, and a short time before the driver of the flivver called for them David might have been seen busy with a screw-driver about the mechanism of the one ordered by the superintendent of Bellevue hospital. He might have been seen thus engaged, but he took pains to make sure that he was not.

He watched the machines leave on the truck and with a queer glitter in his eyes began straightening up the phonograph record racks.

There were no developments that day, but the next afternoon David received a call from Bellevue hospital.

"The new machine I bought of you doesn't work," said a sweetly familiar voice on the wire. "I need it right now, so please send some one in a hurry to fix it."

Some one went in a hurry, David sent himself.

Suse ushered him into the presence of the obstinate machine, and he produced a screw-driver from his tool bag to remedy the trouble, of which he was the cause.

"You won't need that," smiled Suse. "It's something about the belt that's wrong."

With surprise David noted that her statement was true. Something was wrong with the belt, and the bobbin, which he intended should have become balky, worked smoothly.

As he busied himself repairing the belt, David managed to entice Suse into conversation, and when he left he felt that he had made some progress, although he was still mystified. The mystery was solved when he got back and learned that a man had been sent out to Joseph Freedman's home to repair a new machine.

"The delivery man got them mixed," David decided; but he was just as well pleased, for the broken belt had served its purpose as effectively as the bobbin might have done.

Thus did David Kling and Suse Hopewell get acquainted, and, encouraged by his progress of the first day, David summoned enough courage to invite Suse to attend the theater with him.

Suse seemed to welcome his attentions, and soon he was calling on her with considerable regularity. Three months after the purchase of the sewing machine that had served to guide their destinies, they became engaged.

"Isn't it wonderful," he observed one night, "what little things serve to bring a man and woman together?"

"Yes," she agreed, "I once heard of a man who met his fate just because a strong wind blew a hat from a young lady's head, and he ran after it for her."

"That case is no stranger than ours," said David. "Just a little sewing machine did the business. Do you know that I fell in love with you the day you came into my store to buy the machine? And do you know that I deliberately damaged a sewing machine so that I might get acquainted with you?"

"You damaged my machine?" she inquired, evidently perplexed.

"Well, no, I didn't. I damaged an-

other one by mistake—fixed the job, so it wouldn't work. As it happened, my strategy proved unnecessary, thanks to the accidental breaking of the belt on your machine."

Suse smiled. There was a queer, rather mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"Yes, it was strange," she admitted. "I suppose you figured all was fair in love. Well, now I'll make a confession of my own. I fell in love with you the day I stepped into your store."

"I didn't intend that you should," she said. "But my heart was bumping so hard when you advanced to wait on me that I feared you would hear it."

"I also believed that all was fair in love," she went on after a brief pause. "In fact, I deliberately broke that belt—so I could have you fix it."

QUEER METHODS OF FISHING

In Palestine They Do Not Use Nets and Would Laugh at a Hook and Line.

The modern Palestine dweller tells us that he would now look in vain for boats "launching out into the deep," and working nets all night in the Sea of Galilee. Not that the fish have disappeared; they are to be caught there in millions, as also in the Jordan and Jabbok; but the Arabs, less accustomed to systematic work than the Jews of old, follow easier plans—the

simplest of which is throwing poisoned bits of meal cake into the water, and then wading in to make a collection, a custom of which no other nation is like to rob them.

Another way of doing the work is by pelting the fish with stones, which can be done very profitably when the schools of yellow musht congregate. Some of the Bedouins, probably taking example by travelers, fire charges of small shot among them, and so get a bag; so thick are these schools that it is open said that a revolver bullet has been known to kill three fish.

Hook and line may be found very occasionally, but, as a rule, when the practices above are not resorted to, the fishing is done by small dip nets or large hand nets; in the former case the fishermen, standing on the banks, lower a kind of bird net which can be closed by the pulling of a rope, from racks or wooden platforms, and hauled up at intervals of an hour or so.

Where the hand net is in use—it is a kind of cross between a butterfly and shrimp net—the fisherman wades in up to his waist with a bag on his shoulder, and is content to catch the fish one or two at a time. The fish of the Syrian waters are of many different species, but few are peculiar to the country.—Exchange.

Phenomenon Caused Alarm. It is recorded in the Gentlemen's Magazine that on January 3, 1756, at four o'clock in the afternoon, at Tuam, in Ireland, an unusual light, far above

that of the brightest day, struck all the beholders with amazement. It then faded away by invisible degrees; but at seven, from west to east, a "sun of streamers" appeared across the sky, undulating like the waters of a rippling stream. A general feeling of alarm was excited by this phenomenon. The streamers gradually became dissolved, and flashed away to the north, attended by a shock which all felt, but which did no damage. The affair seems to have been an example of Aurora Borealis, only singular in its being bright enough to tell upon the daylight.

Work Involved in Making Rifle.

Nine hundred and ninety-seven cutting tools alone are required in manufacturing a modern rifle. The twist drill is one of the busiest of these. To supply 1,000,000 rifles, 94,000,000 holes must be drilled.

Beat Them to It. I was expecting a friend to call on Sunday evening. I opened the parlor door, and, seating myself on the porch, awaited his arrival. When he came we went into the parlor. Hearing a noise, we looked around, and to my chagrin discovered my two pet chickens roosting on the back of a chair.—Chicago Tribune.

Forestalled the President.

Peggy is feeling important these days, having been chosen secretary of her little church club. She was laboring over the minutes of her first meeting when I suggested that she should always begin: "The meeting was called to order with the president in the chair." "But she wasn't," protested Peggy, indignantly. "I was. I got there first and got the big chair and the rest had only kindergarten seats."

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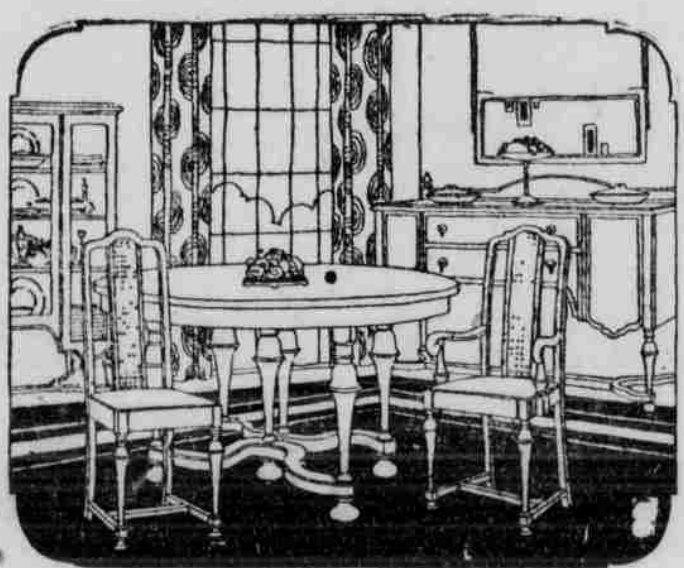
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