MATCH-MAKING MIKE

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

Dudley Stuart, matinee idol, inserted his latchkey and entered his apart-

After waiting a moment to see if a canine greeting might come from the direction of the kitchen he went down It was midnight but midnight to Mike, the dog, had never meant stlence until a week ago.

Until some six days ago, Dudley Stuart's home-coming from the theater had been warmly greeted. Mike had been accustomed to bark his delight when the key grated in the lock and keep it up until he nosed the roast beef in Stuart's pocket. The actor stopped every night at the delecatessen store to buy cold meat for his wire-haired fox terrier.

Unlike many actors, Dudley Stuart was fond of home and home cheer. The greeting of his small dog had meant much to him.

He opened the door leading into the kitchen, but aside from a sheepish, half asleep glance Mike budged not one inch from his comfortable posi-

A week ago Mike would have been eagerly awaiting his master. He would have smelled for his supper and the two, man and dog, would have gone to the dining room where Mike would have eaten piece by piece from Stuart's hands

The first night that Mike had failed in his greeting Stuart had been alarmed. He had looked the dog over, but had been unable to discover anything but utter contentment in the animal's frame Mike lost no weight while refusing his nightly super, but grew a trifle discontented. Stuart's caresses seemed often to annoy him and the strong tobacco of Stuart's pipe was

The actor was puzzled about the dog's strange behavior.

Had it been possible Stuart would have known that his small canine had found other friends. But Mike was a



"Look Here, Old Boy." Said Stuart.

prisoner in the kitchen when Stuart was at the theater. The window was left open on the fire escape only sufficiently to allow a current of air; cerbody squirming through.

Stuart picked up his, dog and carried him into the dining room. Mike looked sheepishly up at him.

"Look here, old boy," said Stuart dropping into his big chair and compelling Mike to stand on his hind legs and look him in the eye, "you and I must come to an understanding."

Mike would have slipped to the floor save that Stuart held the two white forepaws on his knees.

"By Jove! What's this you've got on your neck?" Stuart's hands had been stroking the dog's ears. "Now where in the name of little fishes did you get a large pink satin bow?"
Mike hung his head.

Stuart bent lower over the dog. "And your wiry hair is soft and silky! By Jove! And you are reeking, simply reeking with scent of some kind! Methinks you have been in my lady's boudoir! White rose perfume

-Hmph-" Stuart's hands fell from the dog's head. Mike slipped off to his inter-rupted sleep, but the actor sat long thinking over a way to unearth Mike's

The next night Dudley Stuart sent word to his understudy that he could not play his part. Then, the actor went out as usual at 6 o'clock. He fixed the window in the kitchen so that Mike could in no way escape and made sure of shutting the door leading to the hall

Within an hour Stuart came quick-

He made no sound with his key and his footsteps down the hall might have been those of a burglar so soundless they were. Stealthily, he opened the kitchen door.

Mike was gone! In the darkness Stuart saw that the window leading to the fire escape was open wide. For the first time, by the light of the next kitchen window, Stuart noticed that his window ledge was a mass of scratches. Mike had used his claws

Suddenly he paused and listened.

From the window next his own a wovoice came to him. The voice was full of sympathy and brimming over with music. Hardened stage lover though he was Stuart's heart beat quickly at the tones of the girl's voice.
"Did his horrid old master leave

him all alone?" Stuart heard the girl. She was fondling Mike—that he

"Lucky Mike," thought Stuart. "Poor little lonesome doggie," came from the other window.

"Oh, you lucky dog-" Stuart was half way out of the window. It was dark and he climbed to the fire escape. He could have just one glance at the girl without her seeing him.

"I would just like to tell your mas-ter what I—oh!" The girl's voice broke off and Stuart saw her fall to the floor. His face at the window had frightened her. He rushed quickly to her side and picked her up.

Mike growled, but Stuart knew that he deserved his own dog's scorn.

"Wake up—for goodness sake!" Stuart very gently rubbed the girl's head with the palm of his hand. "I'm so awfully sorry," he said when she opened her eyes, "I have frightened you into a faint simply because I wanted to see where this shameless little beggar has been going. He has completely deserted me."

Stuart was talking at random. He watched the color come swiftly back, and he wondered foolishly how it ever could have left so beautiful a playground.

"It is entirely my fault," said the girl. "But—he used to whine and whine until my heart was nearly broken listening to him."

"I shouldn't have left him alone-

"Then you don't mind my having taken him in?" Marion Clive looked up into Stuart's eyes.

'Great Scott, no! I am only sorry that I have lost the one thing that made that department a home." Stuart laughed whimsically. "Mike was always glad to see me-until you "I'm so sorry," Marion put in quick-

"But now that the alienation of affection has taken place-I don't see what we are to do with him. Do you?"

Stuart looked into the girl's eyes "Yes. I know—but I will tell you about it some other time."

Marion turned quickly to look for

Mike. He had gone.
"Now where has Mike gone?" "He has evidently gone back home. It is a good hint for me to follow-

Miss-? "Clive," finished Marion. "But you need not tell me your name because I have no less than a dozen postal cards "In each," she of you in my room." laughed, "you are making love to a

different girl." "I suppose you got the pictures be-cause the girl was there?" Stuart asked half seriously.

"No," Marion answered frankly, "I didn't."

"Then why didn't you select ones without the girls?" Stuart asked.

"I considered it a good reminder, that you--" Marion turned away in

"Yes. That I-" Stuart waited until she raised her eyes to his.

"That you were probably married." finished Marion with a defiant toss of

"But I am not !" "Then we will call Mike back and you may stay and have dinner with my aunt and me-there is not a bit of use having a lonely bachelor in the next flat if he can't come in and dine, occasionally."

"You are very nice to a stranger. "But we are ont strangers! I have known your picture for ages, and I have stolen your dog's affection," tainly not enough to admit of Mike's laughed Marion with a new light in

> her eyes. "Yes-you have stolen my-Marion looked up at Stuart. "Shall we call him in now?" she

asked with rising color. "Mike is a wery lovable dog-I feel sure he will appreciate having two

masters." Mike's joy was unbounded when a man and a woman called to him from the next apartment.

Hopper's Jests Were Cutting. Sometimes his jests conveyed cutting sarcasms. One day, when he was riding in an omnibus he opened a very much inclined to be talkative, said: "Ah, that is a very gay pocket-book for a Quaker to carry!" "Yes, it is very red," replied Friend Hopper; "but it is not so red as thy

nose.

Isaac Hopper.

The passengers all smiled, and the man seized the first opportunity to escape. A poor woman once entered an omnibus which was nearly full, and steed waiting for someone to make room. A proud looking woman sat near Friend Hopper, and he asked alive. her to move a little to accommodate the newcomer. But she looked very glum and remained motionless. After examining her countenance for an instant he said: "If thy face often looks so I shouldn't like to have thee for a neighbor." The passengers exchanged smiles at this remark, and the woman frowned still more deeply.-Life of

Cultivate Common Sense.

"Without entering into disputable points, it may be asserted that the alm of all intellectual training for the mass of the people should be to cultivate common sense to qualify 'them for forming a sound practical judgment of the circumstances by which are surrounded,"-John Bull and HA Schools.

Company's Coming

When Mrs. Powell looked out of the window on the morning of the day appointed for her luncheon in honor of Mrs. Fentress, Mrs. Watson's gor-geous visitor, and saw the abundance of the raindrops that were pattering on the roof and noted the unyielding aspect of the clouds, she groaned.

"I just knew I oughtn't to have planned to have it Friday," she said to her sleeping husband, who merely grunted and raised one eyelid about an eighth of an inch. At that moment three indignant squeals issued from the nursery and the moment after three white-robed figures precipiated themselves upon their mother.

"She hit me!" "She said I was a pig."

"Wow, wow, wow!" When the dove of peace had been persuaded to hover precariously over the nursery Mrs. Powell returned to her room and proceeded dolefully with her toilet. "They always act like that on a rainy day," she moaned. "I know will be perfectly awful all day."

After breakfast, with the assistance of Hilda, her one maid, she proceeded to remove to the dining-room the outward and visible signs of festivity from the porch, where she had planned to entertain her guests.

Now, Hilda," she said to her hand maiden, who was in the state of mind which is technically known as having got out of the wrong side of the bed, "I'm going to straighten up in here and you can run out and put the gelatin to soak in boiling water and put the chicken on to boil."

Hilda drooped lumpishly out of the room and about five minutes after her blond head and resentful back had disappeared Mrs. Powell heard an ominous crash from the kitchen. She withdrew her countenance from under the sideboard and scuttled for the kitchen. Hilda was standing stolidly amidst surging waves of gelatin.

"The bowl break when I the hot

water put in," she said gently.
"By best cut glass bowl!" wept Mrs. Powell, falling upon her knees and beginning futilely to gather up the fragments. "I've a good mind to make you pay for it."

Hilda slowly unfastened the strings that held her apron around her ample waist.

"I guess I go, then," she said. "Go where, Hilda?" she inquired, the tears rolling off her chin.

"Away from the place," Hilda explained. Just how many things Mrs. Powell

promised Hilda if she would stay developed gradually during the ensuing month. For with honeyed words and promises she inveigled Hilda to make ice cream in place of the lost gelatin.

During the rest of that feverish morning Mrs. Powell swept and dusted and cooked, and at regular intervals spanked her offspring, and at irregular intervals soothed and in-structed Hilda. Alone and unaided, she wrestled with the best tablecloth, which, though usually a sufficiently tractable household article, persisted in undulating over the table like a huge measuring worm. In despera tion Mrs. Powell heated an iron and tried to press it down, but the iron left a long, dark, rakish looking trail behind it down the center of the cloth.

After that she returned to the kitchen, where Hilda appeared to be having a hand to hand battle with the ice cream freezer, while the children with a big voice who howled accuss were dashing furiously about the ingly after the yanishing elevator. "Ice cream ice cream ghrieking ice cream! We're going to have ice cream!"

Mrs. Powell pointed a stern finger toward the door and the three, still screaming, darted past her into the dining room.

"What's the matter with the freezer?" Mrs. Powell inquired. She walked over to the struggling maid.

"He don't work," said Hilda. She gave the crank of the freezer a final jerk with her powerful hands and the crank broke. The pail rolled over on its side and began gurgling forth an oozy mush composed of salt water and cream, which not even the most portmonnate lined with red. A man desperate and brazen hostess would with a very flaming visage, who was have dreamed of serving as a desomewhat intoxicated and therefore lectable article. desperate and brazen hostess would

At this critical moment there came a crash and three separate wails from the dining room. Leaving Hilda and the ice cream to commune with one another, Mrs. Powell flew to the newest calamity. Two thoroughly subdued small girls stood surveying the wreck of the dining table, from underneath which were issuing yells which carried to Mrs. Powell the soothing conviction that her youngest daughter, though eclipsed, was still

After she had separated her daughter from a mass of glass, china, olives, almonds, bonbons and other ingredients and had sent all three of the children to bed Mrs. Powell sat down upon the nearest chair and wept. It was then that the telephone bell rang.

"Dick," she said to her husband that night, "It does seem perfectly inhuman, but I could have shouted with joy when I got the massage that Mrs. Watson had fallen and sprained her ankle and they couldn't come. It may have been hard on Mrs. Watson, but it was simply providential for me

Grass for Match Sticks A species of stiff grass which grows abundantly in that country is used for match sticks in India.

The Relief Expedition

If any one falls downstairs or gets run over on the street or encounters any mishap necessitating instant suc-Grapple is always the unfortunate individual on the spot. Possessing a troublesome kindliness of heart, he cannot manage the rapid melting around a corner that saves others, so he hies to the rescue.

This being so, it was entirely in the order of things that, glancing from his office window across the court one blisteringly hot afternoon, he should see a man seize hold of a girl as she crumpled before her typewriter and fell. The man, noting Crapple, beckoned violently for him to

come over. So Crapple hastened over. "I was just going by the open door," the man told Crapple, "and I saw her topple over—there isn't a soul here. What'll I do?"

"Put ice on her wrists and temples and I'll find a doctor," said the capa-

ble Crapple. .There was no physician in that building, so he rushed out and headed for a building a block away. The girl was a slight little thing and she certainly looked desperately ill.

"Vot doctor?" asked the elevator man blandly to Crapple's inquiries. "Any doctor!" shouted the exasperated Crapple. "And take me to him,

Three doctors were not in and the fourth was deep in work."See here,' said the busy doctor. "You run across to the health department in the city hall and you can get a doctor for her

for nothing!" Crapple, mopping his forehead, hast ened to the city hall. His face was purple and his collar was melted. Pedestrians in irritated surprise as they dragged along the street made way for the apparently insane man whowas rushing along on that hot day Only the memory of the limp little girl, who perhaps was dying back in the stifling office, spurred Crapple on, for he is a stout man and averse to

violent exercise. Crapple successively burst into and disorganized the marriage license bureau, the dog license department and a tax office before he fianally reached the proper spot. By this time large streams of perspiration were galloping down his face and making furrows in the dust which he had accumulated on

his countenance. He could only gasp. "No, no!" he roared to the energetic young man who grabbed him and forced him into a chair and then called for ice and began jerking at his collar as he inquired soothingly where he felt worst. "I'm perfectly normal, but there's a girl prostrated by the heat in an office-

"Well," said the young man, severely, as he relaxed his hold on Crapple's collar, you should explain clearly what you want when you come in in stead of wasting our time! Now, if you will go to the office on Market

"Market street be hanged!" said Crapple, violently. "Do you suppose this is a case of lingering illness and that next week will do?'

He dashed out, and, missing an express elevator, got into the local. The elevator man stopped at each floor to exchange repartee with various friends. Each time before he started up again he paused to mop his forehead and murmur reproachfully that it was a mighty hot day. Once he went back two floors for some one ingly after the vanishing elevator.
After Crapple at last reached the street he was so wet with perspiration that he looked as though he had just emerged from the lake. He stormed into another building where there

were men of medicine and found one "What you should have done," said that individual, shaking his head, "was to phone for the police ambulance and have her taken to a hospital where her temperature would be properly reduced and the right sort of attention bestowed upon her. You'd better get the ambulance now and-"

"No," said Crapple with cold sarcasm, "I think I'd better go out and get a good, lively undertaker, for no doubt the girl passed away long ago. I'll just run back to the office and see!

Fuming, bedraggied, hot and limp, Crapple tore back to the scene of disaster. He shrank from seeing that limp, hopeless little creature, now probably beyond all help.

The office seemed quite calm and two persons were busily at work. They seemed bewildered when Crapnle hegged to know the condition of the stricken girl. Presently the brow of one cleared.

"Miss Lester "Oh, yes," he said. did feel the heat a little, but she was well enough in a few minutes to go How did you happen to know about it?"

"Why, said Crapple, grimly, "I have a habit of soaking in information. Now, if you will direct me to a large chunk of ice I shall be infinitely obliged!"

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