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## SHE GOT RID OF HIM

By HELEN MILLER.

"Some men are born persistent," remarked Miss Pearl Fattershall to the stenographer from across the hall, as they ate their noon sandwiches together behind the files. "It nearly drives a girl crazy trying to discourage 'em. I don't know whether they are so stuck on themselves they can't believe any human woman wouldn't choke to death with joy at being noticed by them or whether they are just ordinary stupid. Believe me, I know—after Mr. Blewer!"

"Who's he?" asked the stenographer from across the hall. "Him?" inquired Miss Fattershall, pointing the remnants of her ham sandwich daintily in the air. "Why, Mr. Blewer is the only one out of captivity, that's who he is—and he just wailed for handcuffs put on by me, but I couldn't see it that way—not with the prospect of Jimmy's getting more pay after New Year's! Mr. Blewer is tall and looks as though he was varnished. You know that kind—varnished collar an' cuffs, an' hair an' teeth an' everything!"

"I don't believe he ever sat down after his clothes were pressed till he got to our house. I never saw such a perfectly immaculate man. There wasn't a thing to object to in that line. He was always just right and I guess that's why he made me so tired."

"He's manager for the third floor at Pickle's factory and he can take a taxi whenever he wants to. That kind of dazzled me at first after hanging to a street car strap all the way home, but constant luxury soon palls."

"I treated that man to more varieties of snubs that you could count and he just hung around all the steadier. When I snapped his head off he merely murmured that he liked my sparkling vivacity and when I sulked he admired my dignified reserve. I for got engagements with him and he kept right on asking me. Why, do you know, if I ever forgot to keep an engagement with Jimmy he'd drop me like a hot potato! You can't fool with Jimmy! But Mr. Blewer, he just came right on. I'd keep him waiting an hour while I dressed and when I came down, instead of his gnawing his cane with rage, I'd find him comfortably reading a last month's magazine."

"If he brought me flowers I'd pin them on so they'd drop and get lost before we were a block away and when it was candy I always gave it to my little brother before him, saying I couldn't eat that variety of bunbuns. No, I wasn't ashamed of myself, because he might have had less conceit and more sense! A perfect lady hasn't much of any way of telling a man he's a bore and a back number with her except by the indirect lighting system—and if he's as blind as a bat that isn't her fault!"

"Well, I had to get rid of Mr. Blewer somehow, because Jimmy was beginning to paw the air and breathe hard and I didn't want any duel on our front doorstep an' my picture in the papers labeled, 'Beautiful an' wealthy society girl, heroine of a romance!' Not for me! I have a little pride left!"

"How do you suppose I got rid of Mr. Blewer—now, honest? Perfectly simple, my dear, and I'm telling you in case you get desperate some time, same as I was. I suddenly began dropping hints to him what a wonderfully fine cook I was and how I hated pounding a typewriter all day when my soul just longed for a gas range and a sack of flour and a recipe book. I said the dream of my life was to have time to cook delicious things that would melt in your mouth and that sometimes when I could persuade mother to go and visit her sister I got the dinner."

"He actually stuttered trying to say fast enough that he'd like so much to be invited to one of my own dinners some time, and after hesitating coyly I said he might have the chance soon. "Mother is peculiar—she's so frightfully honest—so I had to get her out of the house before I could turn the trick. She nearly gave me heart disease the last minute by saying she guessed she wouldn't go to Aunt Jessie's that day after all—but I finally got her started. Maybe I didn't rush home from the office that night! I told my kid brother and sister that if they so much as peeped at anything they had to eat that night I was no longer a sister of theirs—and then I set to work."

"Sugared the soup and spilled the saltbox into the boiled cabbage and burned the meat till it was like leather and flavored the gravy with vanilla. I'd bet no cannonball was ever harder'n the biscuit I turned out and I made an apple pie that was lumpy and half done inside and not sweet enough and with a doughy tough crust—and if there's anything worse than that I'd hate to have to eat it!"

"Oh, it was a splendid dinner of its kind and I heaped that Blewer man's plate. I made him eat two helpings of everything—there was plenty because the kids couldn't swallow a thing and stared at me so bewildered at the handout sister had cooked. I nearly died laughing inside!"

"Toward the pie Mr. Blewer began getting pale and soon after he said he must be going. I told him I had so enjoyed having him see what I could do in the culinary line and he said yes, it had been a wonderful an' illuminating experience. And he hasn't been near me since! Not once! What do you think of that?"

"I think you probably killed the poor man with your cooking," replied the stenographer from across the hall.—Chicago Daily News.

## ALL THE MAN'S FAULT

By GERTRUDE MILLETT.

"No," said Bella. "I'll not go with you on a lake boat this year. I have too vivid a recollection of my last lake trip. Mrs. Clark invited me to go to Escanaba with her and Fay on a freight boat. I was delighted. Fay had been on the trip before and she reported that she had the time of her life."

"The trip to Escanaba was a dream. The captain and sailors could not do enough for us. It was moonlight and the lake looked beautiful. I felt as if I was on a private yacht. It was perfect till we started back. "At Escanaba they loaded the boat with tons of iron ore. The vessel sank deeper and deeper into the water, until it began to look like a submarine. Then when we started for Chicago we were towing a barge loaded with more tons and tons of ore."

"We had been on our way a day, when I saw that the sky looked like lead, with ugly yellow streaks across it. I said to Mrs. Clark, 'I think we shall have a storm.'"

"You know how optimistic she is! With that sky above us, she gayly remarked, 'Oh, do you think so?' "It was not long before the storm broke. The wind came suddenly and the rain came down like an overturned sea. We hurried into the protection of the cabin and watched the storm."

"It was awful the way the boat creaked. I will say nothing about the way it rocked. The rope which pulled the barge broke like a thread. In a few minutes it seemed miles away."

"Presently I saw a sailor make his way to the lifeboat. I watched him anxiously. He was working at the ropes."

"I said to Mrs. Clark, 'He is going to lower the lifeboat and you must know what that means.'"

"She did not answer me, but pushed the screen door open and rushed up to the man, pulled his sleeve and asked, 'Are you going to lower the lifeboat?' He paid no attention to her."

"She came back, threw herself into a seat and sobbed. 'I shall never see my husband again.'"

"Tables and chairs were sliding about. In despair I dropped upon the floor. Oh, why did I ever come! Tons of iron below me! I could see the boat go down into the lake like a cannon ball."

"I know when I strike the water, I cried 'I'll go straight to the bottom.' "Fay answered, despairingly, 'We all will. There'll be no other place to go!'"

"Like a flash all the mean things I had ever done rushed through my mind. I never knew before that crisis on the lake that there were so many of them."

"Suddenly Fay jumped up. 'I am going to put on a life preserver,' she exclaimed."

"There was none in sight. We began to hunt frantically. The boat pitched us in every direction."

"We looked on the ceiling, on the walls and even tore the cushions from the chairs. There was no sign of life preservers. Where could those men have put them? At last Mrs. Clark found them in a closet, covered with insect powder. We pulled them out and each grabbed one."

"Fay was wriggling into hers—it looked like a doughnut. I had on a cork jacket with the back to the front. 'Tie it!' I kept on screaming to them."

"Mrs. Clark had one on and was trying to get into another. We were all sneezing because of the insect powder."

"Mrs. Clark ran to the door for fresh air. 'Oh, girls,' she called. 'There is the steward bringing us tea. And the lifeboat is still in its place!'"

"Fay and I made a dive for the door. Yes, there was the lifeboat! I could hardly believe it."

"By this time the steward came up. 'Is the boat going to sink?' cried Mrs. Clark."

"'Sink? No, everything is all right,' he said."

"Why, that sailor was lowering the lifeboat,' shrieked Fay."

"The captain came in at that minute. 'He was sent to fasten it more securely,' said the captain."

"Then why couldn't he say so?' cried Mrs. Clark."

"I never could tell you how those men laughed. We began to pull at those life preservers. When mine came off I looked as if I had been rolled in insect powder. It was a comfort to see the other two look as if they had just escaped from an insane asylum."

"My puffs are gone!' cried Fay, feeling her flattened head. 'They were brand new!'"

"It won't matter,' said Mrs. Clark. 'Brown puffs do not match yellow hair.'"

"Insect powder in my hair?' screamed Fay. 'It's all that man's fault!'"

"Did you really think you were going down?' asked the captain."

"Did we think we were going down?' we cried in chorus."

"He looked at the general disorder—upturned tables, stripped chairs, life preservers and contents of closets on the floor and our disheveled appearance. Then he turned to the steward and said, with a wink, 'It's the worst storm we've had in thirty years!'"

Justice for the Rooster.  
A government bulletin on the egret asserts that the barnyard rooster furnishes a great many fancy feathers that pass for "algrettes." "Enormous quantities of fancy feathers," says the report, "are used by American milliners, but many that go for algrettes are rooster tails."

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