

How Jane Taught Jim a Lesson

By JANE OSBORN

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"If you pass up Jim Crane—well, you needn't come to me for sympathy if you never get as good a chance again. That's all," Bruce Borden spoke with the full authority of twenty-two years to his twenty-year-old sister Jane. They were sitting together alone in the Borden living room. Bruce had noticed for the first time that Jane was not wearing her engagement ring, though it had been missing from her finger for a week, and then it had suddenly dawned upon him that he had not seen Prof. James Crane in the Borden home for several days.

Bruce demanded explanations with brotherly exactitude, and Jane had in a manner that Bruce considered much too flip, announced that she had broken with Jim, and was glad she had done so.

"Sis, you're crazy," Bruce announced, slamming closed the heavy volume he was trying to study. You'd be darned lucky to marry a man like Jim Crane. I guess you don't realize what his standing is. Why, he's barely thirty, and it's generally acknowledged that he knows more about oysters than any man in the country."

"Oysters," gasped Jane. "Don't talk to me about oysters. Who wants to marry an oyster expert?"

"But don't you realize that to have won that reputation Jim has to be one of the best scientists in the country? I guess if you knew how the fellows admire him at college you'd be sorry for what you've done. He's one of the most brilliant members of my fraternity."

"He's a crusty old professor, and as absent-minded as the worst of them," snapped Jane. "That's the trouble. We'd only been engaged two months, and three times in that time Jim forgot to call for me when he had promised to, and once he had tickets for the theater. He got interested in some work in the laboratory, fussing around with his old oysters, and forgot all about me. And once he brought me a loaf of bread instead of a box of flowers. His sister had asked him to get the bread, so he had the flowers sent to his sister and handed me the bread."

"Signs of genius, sis; signs of genius," commented Bruce; but Jane was not to be persuaded.

So matters stood between Prof. James Crane and his erstwhile fiancée, Jane Borden. Meanwhile, the pro-



Asking Her a Dozen Questions.

fessor perceptibly lost weight and became more absent-minded than ever, and Jane was secretly perfectly forlorn. After two weeks of the severed engagement she had reached the point where she assured herself that she did not wish ever to renew it—that was out of the question—but that she would like to be friends. She admitted to herself that she longed for the sight of Jim Crane.

It happened that week that there was an exhibition in town promoted by persons who had interest in seashore property. It was called the "Ocean Front Exhibit." Some interested projector of the affair had dumped a number of admission tickets on the secretary of Bruce's fraternity. Bruce had brought one home for Jane, realizing that Jane's time hung heavily on her hands, and an afternoon spent at any sort of exhibit would be better than time spent mooning at home. Prof. James Crane had wandered into the fraternity house after lectures and, feeling too distraught for more serious work, accepted a ticket for the exhibit. He didn't really intend to use it himself, but, going to his rooms in his sister's house where he lived, he discovered that his sister had his afternoon's work planned for him.

"It's nurse's day off, and I must do some shopping. Can't you manage to take care of Lucille while I'm gone?" Lucille was four. Not infrequently she had accompanied her Uncle Jim and Jane Borden on walks and had been the excuse for trips to the zoo and the circus, but Jim did not feel qualified to play nurse girl alone. However, he consented. He started out with Lucille and then decided that

his task might be less difficult if he took his charge to the exhibit. A bus ride, thrilling for Lucille, brought them to the door of the exhibition hall, and before many minutes had passed Lucille's eyes were agog with admiration of the gay lights and gayly decorated booths. What took her eye from the first was a corner booth set up to advertise a newly opened stretch of seashore. Orchard Beach was as yet a stretch of dune-dotted sandy shore, but its promoters hoped to boost it into prominence among summer resorts. The booth in question consisted of a space 20 feet square filled with white sand from the beach. At the back was a canvas drop painted to resemble the far horizon of ocean and sky and foamy breakers playing on the shore. There was a bit of board walk, a bench and a collection of children's sand toys.

This looked good to Lucille and she yearned to join the three or four children who were already playing in the sand. Prof. James Crane spied not very far off a booth set up by the state fisheries. There was a special display showing work in oyster culture. James Crane was interested. He was always interested in oysters.

"Suppose you stay here a few minutes, Lucille," he suggested, "and I'll go over to that booth and pretty soon I'll come back and get you." Lucille gladly agreed.

The oyster exhibit proved especially interesting, not, of course, that the state fisheries could show James Crane anything about oysters, but he met an oyster specialist there with whom he struck up a lively conversation about their pet hobby.

Meanwhile Jane Borden had arrived. She looked about but saw nothing that especially interested her. Still there was nothing else to do, so she decided to walk around. She approached the Orchard Beach exhibit and spied Lucille. In a second she had crouched down beside her and was asking her a dozen questions.

"Uncle Jim's gone to look at something and left me here," said Lucille. "He's been gone a long time and maybe he won't come back." As a matter of fact, Uncle Jim had been gone scarcely five minutes.

"It's a perfect shame," exclaimed Jane. "He's probably forgotten all about you. You come with me. I'll take you home." And under her breath, she added, "I'll teach Jim a lesson."

So Jane Borden departed with Lucille, cautioning her not to dally and not to look around for the missing uncle.

Going home to the Crane house, Jane had misgivings. She would, of course, be giving James Crane a scare, and she had no real right to walk off with his niece. Still, she would be teaching him a lesson, and the whole thing gave her an excuse to go to the Crane house.

She found no one but the cook, so she decided to spend the remainder of the afternoon on the grounds of the Crane place, playing with Lucille. But she had only played about 15 minutes when she saw the long shadow of Jim Crane speeding toward her on the grass. She looked up and her eyes met those of her one-time fiancée.

"I suppose you are perfectly furious with me," she defended, "but really—"

"Furious? Why should I be furious?" questioned the professor.

"For taking Lucille away. It must have given you a dreadful fright, but really you ought to be ashamed for leaving the child there all alone."

"I knew where she had gone," said Jim beaming. "I had no reason for alarm. I asked the young woman in charge of the booth where the child had gone, and she said with a lady whom Lucille seemed to know—a very pretty lady."

"How could you tell from that?" asked Jane, blushing in spite of herself.

"Because you're the only very pretty lady that Lucille and I know," said the absent-minded professor, looking intently into Jane's face. Her eyes fell. She wanted to say, "Don't be ridiculous," but instead she said, "Do you really think so?"

"You know I do," sighed the professor, and Jane sighed.

Then he took her two hands in his and he looked at Jane and Jane looked at him, and it was perfectly obvious to both that their engagement was renewed.

"Well, I hope I taught you a lesson," Jane said.

"A very useful lesson," agreed the professor. "You have shown me how very much I need a wife to keep track of my affairs. Jane, marry me very soon." And Jane said she would.

Where the Birds Beat Us.

Nothing that man has ever invented can compare with the wonderful flying mechanism which Nature has given to birds.

Gulls, in particular, are far ahead of any airplane or glider. Their movements through the air are amazingly graceful and effortless.

When a gull starts on its flight, it lifts its wings, thus trapping a volume of air beneath its body. On the downward stroke this air is compressed and forced out, and in its efforts to escape it naturally forces the bird upward and forward. Then, when it has reached a sufficient height, the gull can glide for enormous distances without any effort.

In landing, too, birds can achieve what no machine has ever done. They can alight against a vertical cliff, using their wings as brakes and holding on with their specially equipped feet. Compare this with the space required by an airplane before it can come to rest on the ground!

PRETTY BUNGALOW FOR SMALL FAMILY

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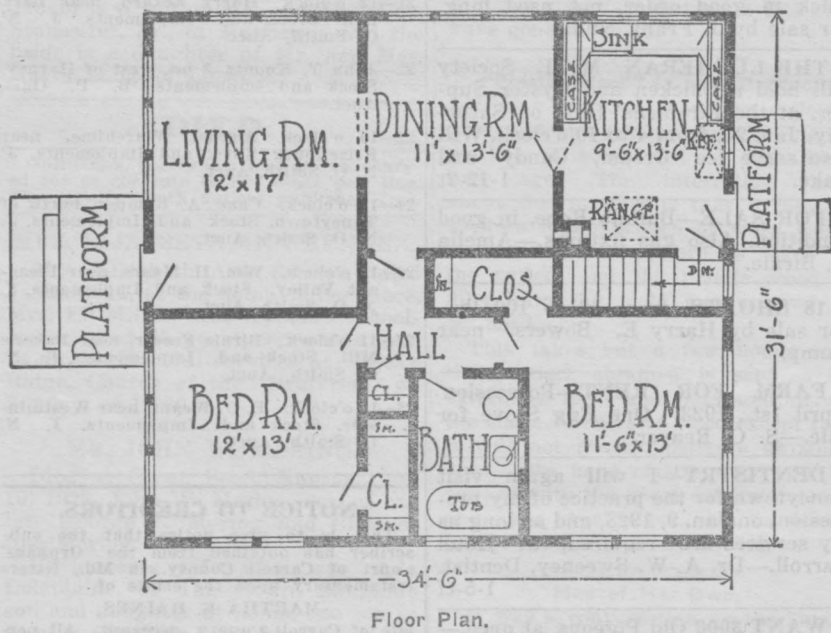
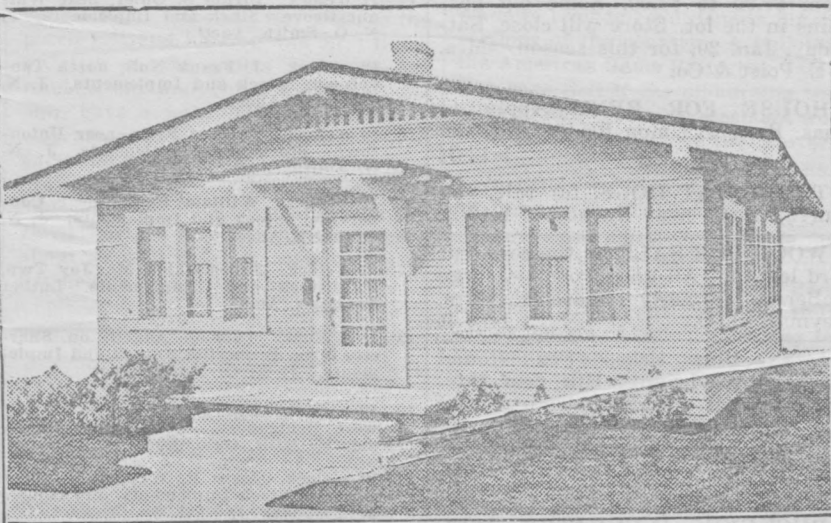
By WILLIAM A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1377 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Home is the place where those who dwell therein find contentment and enjoyment, rest and inspiration to do the greater things of life.

Home is the place, above all others, where love, sincerity, honesty and good cheer should reign supreme. Home is the place where one's friends may share those joys, and sorrows, too, if they come, and with the intimate members of the family, possess the happiness that is sure to abide there.

These truths need emphasis nowadays, for many influences are at work to destroy homes or alienate our affections from them. Whatever the



Floor Plan.

counter attractions may be, they in time lose their appeal, and those who have followed them come to see there is no contentment in them.

One vital reason for having a home is to be able to share it with one's friends, to be able to extend a generous hospitality and good cheer to those with whom we come in contact who are not our immediate family.

The charming bungalow described in this article is designed to fulfill all the requirements we have mentioned. It is a place that anyone would be proud to call home. It is compact, attractive, neat and cozy.

The general tendency among home builders today is to build smaller homes. They are easier to live in and easier to take care of. The modern apartment houses have demonstrated the advantages of living in compact quarters. People are building their homes along the same lines.

The architect designed this bungalow with that idea in view. It is ideally adapted for the small couple who desire a home of their own that is cozy and compact and easy to take care of.

The floor plan is laid out so that many space-saving features may be installed, adding to the efficiency and convenience of the arrangement.

The exterior is set-off attractively by the clapboard walls, the extended and sloping roof and the platform and terrace. The windows are laid in well, providing plenty of light and ventilation for all the rooms.

The floor plan follows the usual interior arrangement of American bungalows. There are five rooms and bath, all of convenient and comfortable size.

From the front entrance one enters the living room. It is well lighted and ventilated, having three windows on the front and two on the side. It is 12 feet by 17 feet, and is the largest room in the house. Directly ahead is the dining room located between the living room and kitchen, as the floor plan indicates. It has three windows and is 11 feet by 13 feet 6 inches. It

may be entered from the living room, kitchen or hall.

The kitchen is located at the rear of the house and opens onto the back platform. It is 9 feet 6 inches by 13 feet 6 inches, and has been designed so that it provides ample space for the range, sink, cabinet, refrigerator and other equipment.

The other side of the house is occupied by the two bedrooms and bath. The bedroom located at the front of the house is 12 by 13 feet, and the one at the rear 11 feet 6 inches by 13 feet. The bathroom is located between them.

The two sleeping rooms and bath are entered from a short hall which opens into the dining room. This arrangement is clearly shown by the floor plan. The steps to the cellar are reached from the kitchen.

There are two large clothes closets with drawers. One is in the front bedroom, while the other is just off the hall across from the rear bedroom.

The house is 34 feet 6 inches from front to rear and 31 feet 6 inches wide and designed for the average size lot. It can be built very economically, as the materials and equipment are of standard and regular grade.

MORGAN HAD NOTHING TO SAY

In This Particular Instance Even That Power in Finance Was Not in the Reckoning.

Ever since the elder Morgan dazzled the banking world by putting over the huge merger in steel, the house of Morgan has had the ordinary American banker "buffaloed" into a state of coma. "What does Morgan say?" has been his first eager question as he scans the morning paper and about his last thought at night. Back in 1901, when the multiplicity of big trust flotations caused a period of

Popularity.

Popularity is the mistress of a foolish man. Everything is lovely while the money lasts. If he goes broke at a way station, she flags the express and leaves him to his fate.

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