BRONGO BILL

By JANE OSBORN.

ard, was in one of his rainy-day how much it will cost." The events of the day only

something that sounded very much changed his habits, like a bear's growl. "What right have "Now, don't be off matter now?"

"Only that I have to have a new assistant."

Another bear growl. "What did you enough for you? See here, young lady, I can't spend all my time getting you assistants. Is it my fault they quit?"

"She got married-that's what they all do. And it puts me in an awful fix. There are two charity balls to 'cover' tonight, a coming-out party every day next week and three 'the dansants,' besides all sorts of smaller affairs. What I wanted to ask you Mr. Heppleton, if whether you think it would be a good idea for me to have a young man. You see, the girls are not reliable. They are so likely to get married-"

"No reason why they should," Mr. Heppleton growled. "You don't get married, do you?" And then, more gruffly still: "And you are a pesky lot prettier than any of the assistants. You don't get married-you stick to your job. What's the matter with the girls nowadays? Don't they appreciate a good job? Haven't they any

brains at all?" "May I have a man reporter?" Margaret persisted. "I know other society editors always have girls, but a man you can be severe with, you can ask him to work late every night in the week and you can boss him around without having to be afraid of offending him. And when a man gets married he just has to work all the hard-

me alone. I'll send to the city desk right away and have a cub sent to you at once

"Please be sure that the cub has evening clothes," said Margaret, leav-

Old Heppleton was still growling when Bronco Bill strode leisurely and with perfect assurance into the office. But the uncle did not at first recognize in the tall, lanky, broad-shouldered figure, still clad in the soft shirt and noft hat of the Texas rancher, his nephew, William Heppleton.

"Good mornin', Uncle Pete," quoth the nephew, seating himself unbidden a child, astride the only vacant chair in the room. "I dare say you are some surprised to see me." He put out a large tanned hand and vigorously shook the hand that the uncle extend-

ed rather gingerly. "Well, I'm here for a job. That's about the size of it. Oh, yes, ranchin's and hin wife-it isn't half bad when a fellow's got a wife and a brood o' young ones-and I came East. Now I'm countin' on gettin' into this newspaper game. What sort of a job have you got to offer me?"

"There isn't a blessed thing," re plied the uncle. He rather liked the young man's breezy manner and would have helped him if he could have done so to his own advantage, "No, there isn't a thing, though there may be

"Then I suppose I'd better be goin'," replied the nephew. "No, thanks, I'm not strapped by a long shot. Good morning!" And he held his hand out again. But the uncle did not shake it The telephone bell at the side of his dosk had been jingling, and instead

he took off the receiver. Yes, yes," he growled, "I know. haven't forgotten. I'll try to get you a man. This afternoon sure. I am not sure the city clerk can spare one, but I'll tell the city editor when he comes in to dig up a green one that you can break in." And then he banged the receiver down. His nephew had taken his seat again.

"Well?" he queried. "There's one of your men wantin someone. What's the matter with me? I'm green enough,

minute. "Yes, you're green enough and then some," he said, and for a mo ment his grumpiness was lost in the suggestion of a smile. "Report to room 455 and tell the party I sent you -that you're the man. And as soon as you get a chance go and get dolled out the way they tell you to. That cowboy make-up won't do, you

It was half an hour later and Bronco Bill was sitting at Margaret West's side, and Margaret West was laughing. "Well, why don't I do? Ain't I green enough? Ain't I cager enough? Haven't I showed you I could write the typewriter? Didu't I learn how before I came East-when I was takin that correspondence course in jourualism? See here, young lady, I never had a girl beat me at anything, and I his library burned up—the judge havdon't kind o' like havin' you sit there and laugh at me as if I was some sort town, you know—the ladies haven't o' new and strange animal that they had just annexed to a reological park The boss of this paper has appointed me to the job, and so far as I can see all you've get to do is to give me a line on what's to be done and then stand back and watch me do it. You sald you wanted a man, didn't you?

Well, I'm a life size man, ain't I?" "Pleace, Mr. Repplaton, it isn't that I don't think you can do it. I am not laughing at you. I'm just laughing because I don't see why you ever left the reach to go into this stupid newspaper work. Why, if I ever got this wenderful ranch country with all the air and sunshine there isn't a newspaper job in the world

You're right there. The sunshine

and the sky are all you say they are but you'd get lonesome same as I did. You'd quit if you were out there all alone. Well, I'm going right over to get the clothes I need. Write it out so the man in the store will know Old Peter Heppleton, the owner and what to hand me. The bess will foot editor-in-chief of the Morning Stand-

It was a week later and Bronco Bill made him moedier. In the first place, was on the job when Margaret arwhen he arrived at noon he was greet- rived at 11 in the morning. In fact, ed in his own office by Miss West, he had been there since an early morn-the society editor, who were a trouing hour. Ranch life had accustomed him to early rising, and the late hours He answered her good morning with in the newspaper routine had not

"Now, don't be offended because I've you to look grouchy?" he asked, got my stiff collar off, girl," he said, You're young and healthy and all pointing to the multi-colored handkeryou have to do is to draw your salary. chief that he had loosely tied around You don't have to take any risks. You his collar band. "I'll keep the bolled don't have to worry, you don't have razor-edge one on when I'm coverin' the gout or rheumatism. What's the things. And right here in our office it doesn't matter."

"But suppose some society woman omes in with a dinner list or something? Suppose Mrs. Vandevere-" do with the last one? Wasn't she good The telephone rang and the assistant answered.

"Yes," he shouted. "What do you want. Go on, fire ahead. I've got the pencil handy. Say, spell the name, lady. Not so fast-I ain't no dicta-

Margaret snatched the receiver from the hand of her assistant. "Oh, yes, Mrs. Vandervere," she cooed. 'Wes, this is the society editor," Margaret scowled meaningly at the assistant over the phone and then, putting her hand over the mouthplece, said: "This is the way you ought to anawer:

"Yes, Mrs. Vandevere. Your dinner guests for tonight will be-yes, thank you. I am sure it was very kind of you, Mrs. Vandevere, to let me have the names, and please don't be cross with the office boy who took up the phone. He is very green and he was just trying to help."

"Call me an office boy again," shouted Bronco Bill, jumping to his feet. 'Say, look here, girl. I like you. I'm darned fond of you and just for your sake I got into those swallowtails and that durned waiter's outfit and I've tria's Adriatic possessions, which ex- a buffer between herself and Venice. been hanging around at Irish wakes and Dutch picnics and bal masques ern shore from Grado, just above Bosnian King Tvarko I. Kokemanovic. every night for a week, and every aft- Trieste, to the ancient fortress and In 1538 the Spaniards built the fort ernoon I've been watchin' a lot modern naval base on the Bocche di crowning the hill to the north, now of palefaced tenderfooters waltzin' Cattaro, famous alike for its wonder- split up a good deal, but the splits are around till I was so mad I wanted to ful harbors and wild beauty, unriv- partly concealed by ivy. It was the shoot the town up. Gosh, why them aled even by the finest of the fjords only part of Dalmatia held by the fellers don't get out and work in the of Norway. daytime is more than I can see. And I've just had enough of it. I've got the innermost of the chain of five litto the last barbecue. I kinder want- tie lakes or bays of the Bocche, and the one city which remained faithful ed to help you out cause I thought you on three sides it is inclosed with an to Venice, even after Campo Formio. were tryin' to handle a job that was a ampitheater of rock, formed by the When the Austrian troops came to self," she added. I'll go out to the little too much for you, but you turn | mountains which almost encircle it. | take possession it is touching to record round and call me an office boy and It is a very ancient stronghold and that the gonfalon, only consigned to have a run." you and I part company. Either I even in the days of Constantine-Por- the army in maritime and land enstay here as the boss of the ranch and phyrogenetus the city was described terprises in the Levant, was buried the mice and rats did not frighten her you be the assistant and do it my way, by him as being "the city where the beneath the altar of S. Nicolo with a any more than the little mice. or I'll ouit. I'm no greenhorn"

Suddenly Bronco Bill stopped very still. For the girl at his side was do town cowering at the very feet of the the Perastines by the republic almost friends. ing what he had never seen another great mountains which soar into the four centuries before for their faithful

"Bill," she sobbed, "I like you, too. for all you have done and I know you rocks it is insufferably hot in summer. boats may be seen coming in. have tried your best, but society is man's Job."

Bill, instinctively, but timidly, put narrow that they remind one of the mingle; orange and lemon trees, anall right but it gets lonesome, durned his arm around the girl's shaking dark little calli of Venice, with here cient figs and chestnuts, olives, pomegirl," he said. "But you kind o' hurt my feelings. Ever since I heard you say that about the sky and the air the first day I saw you I knew that you were the girl that could make livin' on a ranch heaven. I'm won- petual conflicts that the dwellings are lovely pale mauve irises. Dobruta, derin' whether you would care to marry a rough guy like me and be a rancher?'

> "Really," was Margaret's way of consenting, "do you know I've always been waiting for a regular man like

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspa-Life All Competition.

Life is one long competition, and the quicker we realize it the sooner we will fit ourselves for the struggles. There is no position for which there is not more than one aspirant. If the place we want were not desirable we would not want it. And we should know that if it seems desirable in our eyes it certainly must seem so in other eyes.

So it must go to the best man-the survival of the fittest has been the rule for many centuries, the best equipped comes out on top, while the others drop back one by one, according to their comparative degrees of ef-

Smith-I hear Green was sent to

the lunatic asylum last week. Is it true?

Jones-Yes! poor fellow; he's as crazy as a bedbug. Had a mania for exchanging umbrellas every chance he

Smith-Pshaw! Almost any man will do that if he has half a chance. Jones-Yes, but poor Green always left a better one than he took,

Badly Handicapped. "Are there any people about here with literary tastes?" asked the

"Not many," answered the station agent. "We've got a Shakespeare club that meets once a week, but since Judge Bensby's house caught fire and ing the only set of Shakespeare in

been able to write any papers."

"That beggar worked on my sympathies so that I gave him a quarter.' "What sort of a story did he tell?" "He said he was a war refugee who from the dentist's work is in conse fled from his country and left everything behind."

"He didn't leave quite everything behind." "No?"

"He still has his nerve.

Mrs. B. Argains-I bought some ne kind of dog biscuit for your dog today. I hope they will please you.

Cattaro and its



ANCIENT WELL IN CATTARO

Spanlards.

Perasto the Faithful.

Six miles from Cattaro is Perasto,

to the English eye. On both sides of

the water the road runs a little way

back from the shore, dipping occasion-

ally into masses of olive or edged with

on the left, has a bastion encroaching

on the left, has a bastion encroach

ing on the road, with church and cam

panile just behind it. and opposite,

Perraguo picturesquely occupies a

promontory, with unfinished domed

lofty Lovchen towers above Cattaro

of the "Bocche," thirteen miles from

the entrance between the Punta d'Os

tro and the Punta d'Arza. Both of

these are fortified, and the channel

has been further defended since 1897

by the little Fort Mamola upon the

rock Rondoni in the channel. The

town has about 2,000 inhabitants,

many of whom are Italian immigrants

part are Albanians and Montenegrins

and subalterns who have married and

settled here are of Austrian nation-

ality. It is surrounded by walls which

ascend the hill in zigzags, and is en-

tered by gates which one cannot think

likely to be of much use in modern

warfare. Of course, the varied cos-

tumes, some very fine, some in all de-

grees of dilapidation, add much pic-

turesqueness to the scene. To reach

Montenegro, one has to ascend a road

with no fewer than sixty-five zig-zage

cut in the face of the rock, so steep a

to look in places almost as if one

could drop a stone into the sea thou-

nuleback, the woman on foot carry-

ing a load, and neither of them would

consent to change their positio

The

church and huddled houses.

Cattaro lies at the extreme

to the height of 5,770 feet.

ATTARO, the last city in Dal- | Topla and the steamer heads directly matia, is a quaint medieval for Castelnuovo, leaving on the left walled town. Formerly it was the Sutomia, a portion of Ragusan terthe southernmost of all Aus- ritory ceded to Turkey in 1699 to form tend almost 450 miles down the east. The town was founded in 1373 by the

The city of Cattaro is situated on sun never shines except in midsum- solemn requiem, as if for the burial mer." It is actually true that the old of a father. It had been confided to the horse, and they became great home life. row mountain pass, but although gonfaloniera." Honest I do, and I'm grateful to you shaded from the sun by the soaring In the early morning the sardine

streets of the town are so crooked and coast roads red and white cleanders Tabby told him her troubles. court, surrounded by low stone dwell- lovely in form and color and strange ings with tiny slits for windows, which add to the somberness and gloom of the breathless city, which for centuries has been the scene of such perminiature forts, the tiny windows be ing apertures through which to shoot rather than openings to admit light

Gate to Montenearo The little strip of alluvial land on which Cattaro lies has been formed by the rains of centuries having washed the soil from the gaunt sides of the bleak mountains of rock towering The Montenegrin legend states that at the creation, St. Peter was flying with a great bag of rocks. The bag broke and the rocks falling made Montenegro. It is to the credit of King Nicholas' warriors that no other land as desolate, rocky and hope lessly sterile has ever been so revered for centuries by its dauntless sons, who, in its defense, have watered

Cattaro has been long known as the gateway of Montenegro, and years beore the famous road was hewn out of the sides of the rocks the Monte negrins made their way down into Cattaro from their little stony farms on the bleak heights above, by the rough goat track which for ages followed the bed of a mountain stream.

The cathedral of St. Trifen, or the duomo, as it is called, is one of the oldest and finest buildings in Cattaro The Bocche consists of several narrow canals of water, surrounded by lofty mountains rising almost directly from the water's edge, between which lie broad expanses of water, producing very fine scenery. The

the narrows leads into the bay of

If One Could Only Keep From Dwelling

on the Coming Ordeal It Would

Help Much.

tion of energy wasted on forebodings

"The fatigue which results from an

for the future.

to most of us."

CURE FOR DENTIST FRIGHT the chair is reached a state of tension has been attained that precludes the possibility of letting ourselves "go dead." But, says a well-known neurologist, one can drop all this by a little effort, and say to himself, "I will Science tells us that our attitude not cry till I am burt." In fact, he oward the dentist is a good illustracannot only acquire the ability to be come a dead weight in the chair but will finally give no more thought to the dentist's appointment than to a hour or more of this dentist tension is date at the golf club.

too well known to need description," says Annie Payson Call, the wellknown teacher of nerve training. Manicure Nails by Machine Now. "Most of the nervous fatigue suffered Milady may now manicure her nails a less time than it takes to comb her quence of the unnecessary strain of hair. A Los Angeles woman has designed an electric manicuring machine expecting a hurt, and not from any actual pain inflicted. The result obwhich operates in much the same tained by insisting upon making your manner as a dentist's drill-but, she self a dead weight in the chair, if you promises, it can be used with much succeed only partially, will prove this. ess discomfort to the patient. The It will also be a preliminary means of machine is comprised of a small mogetting rid of the dentist fright-that tor to which is attached a flexible shafting, by which the various instruscullar dread which is so well known ments are made to do their work, No trimming, cleaning or polishing is

WALKER

TABBY AND FLORETTE.

Tabby was a tiger cat, and coul catch a great many mice. She was no afraid to hunt for them, and pride herself on the fact that where she was there were no mice to bother any-

But one day Tabby found a large yellow-and-white Angora cat had come to live in the house. The name of the new cat was Florette, and her eyes were blue, while Tabby's eyes were green. "Your nose is broken," cried the

cook when Tabby came crying into the kitchen when she had been driven downstairs. "That new cat is the pet now, and you will have to stay with Tabby ate her supper in silence and

knew that the cook spoke the truth, but she hunted mice and slept in the corner as though nothing had hap-One night while she was watching for mice in the pantry she thought of

"I'll just stop catching mice," she said. "I don't believe that proud Florette could catch a mouse; most likely she would be afraid of one if

she saw it, or too lazy to exert her-

"I Believe That Is a Stuffed Cat." barn to live awhile and let the mice So off to the barn went Tabby, and She made herself a nice bed beside

"I am glad you came out here," he woman do in all his life-weeping like sky just behind it is as somber and services, when Venice distinguished told her one day. "The rats ran and in the community. shut in as an alpine village in a nar- the city with the title of "fedelissima around here at night so I could not

sleep sometimes. At Tabby. The city walls are enormously high night they produce a most brilliant a proud Angora cat; they never do ducted. no place for you. You're a regular and thick and keep out any stray light with a strange apparatus on the anything but sleep, eat, and dress up 6. To enlarge the vision of the boy When I prepare a speech in advance man and ought to have a regular breeze from the water, while the bow, served by acetylene. Along the and sit in the window." And then and to give him definite purposes at I'm liable to read it over a few times

> told the horse; "and if I am not mis taken they will send for me soon and give me the best place to sleep and treat me in a very different manner from what they have lately."

> It was as Tabby had predicted. The mice found out that she had gone, and they could run right in front of Florette without danger.

> "I believe that is a stuffed cat they have here now," said a mouse one day after he had run past Florette and she had not moved.

"Yes," said another, "that is not a real cat, because I ran up on her basket one night and looked at her, and she did not move. Isn't this a nice place to live? I wish we had always One day the cook came to the barn

nd called Tabby. She had a nice dish of cream, and when Tabby had finished it the cook carried her into the house. "You stay here tonight," she said.

This place is overrun with mice. That Angora Florette might as well be a stuffed cat for all the work she does. Tabby me-ow-ed and rubbed against

he cook's dress. "I have won so far," she said to herself. "I guess I will get upstairs after a while, too," A few days later Tabby heard her

mistress calling "Tabby, Tabby," one norning, and she ran to the stairs and Her mistress stroked her head and

patted her, calling her good Tabby, and then she took Tabby into a closet. Some bits of feathers and flowers were lying on the floor. "See what those horrid mice have sands of feet below. On the road one," said her mistress. "It never Montenegrius are met, the man on

happened while you were around here Florette is a handsome cat, but she is not one bit of use as far as catching a mouse goes. She lets them walk all around her. "Me-ow, me-ow," said Tabby, "Yes," said her mistress, who seemed

to understand her; "you are to stay; only keep the mice out, and here is your old cushion, right by the window in the sun. Florette cannot have all the nice things, Handsome is that handsome does, and you certainly cannot be beaten catching mice."

I have something awfully nice to tell

care. I know what it is. Big brother's home from college. F. Mother-Why, Bobbie, how you guess?

Bobbie-My bank don't rattle any more.-Awgwan.

Would Be Mister-Sippl. Little Bobbie, who has just begun the study of geography, was told by his aunt that the Mississippi was called the "Father of Waters" by the Indians. "You must be mistaken, replied. auntie," replied the little fellow. "If us as to shut out the sunlight for done with knives or scissors, as all it was the 'Pather of Waters' it would weeks before the fatal date, the dread the tools are made in dish form.

JAPANESE BOY BLACKSMITHS

Busiest and Hardest Workers in World -Have No Thought of Play While Work Is Before Them.

In Japan boys are apprenticed to learn a trade much younger than boys in our country are, H. Croy writes in Northwestern Christian Advocate. Thousands are put in shops to learn to be blacksmiths when an American boy would still be in school. A Japanese father has so many boys that he has to put them out at some useful trade in order that they may bring in money to support the family. The boys have to work long hours; from seven in the morning until six in the evening.

They are faithful workers, the busiest you could find anywhere in the world. Even when a visitor comes and stands in the door to watch one of them work he will not look up from his work. He has no thought of play as long as he is at work; but when his hours are over no boy likes to get out and have a little fun more than he.

Japanese blacksmith shops open on to the street, so that the boy at his anvil sits within a few feet of the sidewalk. The shops are closed at night by putting boards in the front and barring them well. There are no doors with hinges. The hinge is unknown in Japan: what doors there are are made to slide back and forth.

There are many more blacksmith shops in Japan than in our country; a way to bring herself into favor there is one every few doors, and in walking along the street you may hear the clang-clang of hammers.

The boy wears a black apron with to start home in the evening. He wears wooden shoes-flat boards with an hour." straps over them to keep the shoes from falling off. His stockings are called table and come only to his ankle. And always there is a separate compartment for the big toe. An American boy would have a hard time in keeping a pair of Japanese shoes on, yet a Japanese boy can put up a mighty good footrace with nothing to hold his wooden shoes on ex- ation unless the restoration of their cept his big toe.

PROMOTION OF BOYS' CLUBS

Encouragement and Training of Youth Along Lines of Activities of Country Among Objects. The principal objects to be attained

through the promotion of boys' agricultural clubs, as defined by those in charge of this work, are: 1. To encourage and train boys along the lines of the activities of

country life. 2. To put into practice the facts of scientific agriculture obtained from books, bulletins, etc.

3. To bring the school life of the boy into closer relationship to his

5. To dignify and magnify the vocation of the farmer by demonstrating "They won't while I am here," said the returns which may be secured "You should be glad I am not from farming when it is properly con-

an important period in his life.



Won First Prize for Largest Yield

of Corn. tunity to vitalize the work of the school by correlating the teaching of agriculture with actual practice.

'The aim of the boys' club work is the same as that among men-viz, to secure the adoption of better methods of farming and greater yields at less cost. Many of the boys in the clubs who begin to study agriculture in this way will continue the study in the agricultural colleges; others will continue such effort on their farms and all of them will make more useful

and more efficient citizens. Tommy Was Specific. Teacher-Now, James, do you understand the meaning of the word "extinct?"

James-Yes'm. Teacher-Then name one bird that is now extinct. James-Chipper.

Teacher-Chipper? What kind of a James-My pet pigeon. The cat caught him this morning.-Judge.

In ancient times the philosophers held very erroneous notions concern Bobbie Knew. ing the size of the sun. Anaximander Fond Mother—Bobbie, come here, thought that it might be nearly as large as the then known earth, including southern Europe, Bobble (aged six)-Aw-1 don't Africa and western Asia. Anaxagoras declared it could be no larger than Greece and her islands. Heraclitus convinced his hearers that it was about the size of a man's head.

"Now, Tommy," reprimanded his mother, "don't let me catch you throw-

ing any more stones." "Well, what will I do when the other fellers throw 'em?" asked Tommy. "Just come and tell me," his mother

"Tell you!" he exclaimed in aston-"Why, you couldn't hit the broad side of a barn!"-Lippincott's before Wise married her.



COULD NOT CONVINCE JUDGE

Policeman Going 20 Miles One Way and Auto 20 the Other Didn't Make 40 Miles Per Hour.

"This man was driving his car in the suburbs 40 miles an hour, your honor," said the motorcycle policeman. "What have you to say for your-

self?" asked the judge sternly. "Your honor, I was traveling 20 miles an hour in one direction when this policeman passed me on his motorcycle going 20 miles an hour in the pockets; this he takes off when ready opposite direction. That's why it seemed to him I was going 40 miles

"Ten dollars fine," said the fudge,

"You hear people clamoring for their rights all the time," answered the philsopher "Quite so." answered the student of human nature, "but they don't seem to derive much satisfaction from the situ-

rights involves great sacrifices on the part of the favored few."

Too Abstruse. "Have you made any effort to ascertain the principles of economics on which your theories of government are based?" inquired the man

with prominent spectacles. "No," replied Senator Sorghum. "How to land votes is easier found out and, so far as I can see, more important just now."

Laughter and Medicine. "A good hearty laugh is better than medicine," remarked the cheery citi-

"Yes," replied the fearfully calculating person. "But a druggist won't charge you near as much for a little 4. To assist in the development of medicine as it is liable to cost to see the spirit of co-operation in the family a genuinely funny show."

"Have you made any notes of the speech you intend to deliver?" "No." replied Senator Sorghum. "I am going to speak extemporaneously.

and then, being something of a critic "But they will find I am the one 7. To furnish to the aggressive, prothat takes care of the house," she gressive rural schoolteacher an oppor-Gone, But Not Forgotten. Rankin-What did you ever do with the \$10,000 you got from the railroad

company when an engine ran into your automobile? Phyle-I invested it in mining

"Was it a good buy?" "Good-by is right."

GOSSIP.

"So that prima donna married the manager!" "Yes. She wasn't satisfied with a

salary. She wants alimony, too.' "The hero in the play sang the old ballad, 'Drink to Me Only With

Thine Eyes,' with an appealing effect."

"It appealed, all right. When the

men had all come in for the next act. there was scarcely a dry eye in the

Not Consistent. "Dubwaite is a plain-spoken man." "Says just what he thinks, ch?" Exactly. He declares that if there s anything he hates it's sham."

"But I happen to know that Dubwalte wears a loupee."

Perfect Cinch. "Yep, I got a job cooking for a "Gal, you don't know nothing about

"Don't have to know nothing. She's a bride and I'm her first cook. That Discussion Got No Further.

cooking.

"It says here in the paper that women are rapidly taking the places of

"That reminds me," said he quietly, "Have you fixed the furnace for the night, my dear?"

She Was Wise. Joax-Wise's wife always selects

his stenographers. Hoax-Why does she select 'em? Joax-She used to be his typewriter