

Glen White

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A SCHOOL OF LOVE

By EMMA L. GOULD

Mrs. Edmonds at forty-five found herself a widow with no income. As Kate Bowmick she had in her youth more offers of marriage than she knew what to do with. She had married Roger Edmonds because he was the last of those who proposed before she was too old to flirt. At his death she conceived the original idea of making a living by teaching young women how to get husbands.

So she put out a circular in which she agreed for a stipulated fee to tell any girl how to get any man she wanted, the fee to be paid after engagement. This looked fair enough, and a number of young women called at her consultation rooms for advice. Among them was Johanna Ormsby, who stated what she wanted as follows:

"I wish to marry Mr. Sam Trusdell. He is a bachelor of thirty-five and a woman hater. I have tried to make myself agreeable to him, and he likes to pass an evening with me for a chat. That is to say, he never is anything toward me but friendly."

"How long has this been going on?"
"About a year."

"That's bad. If you had but recently made his acquaintance it would be much easier. Such chronic cases need desperate remedies. In your case I see no way but to pick a quarrel with him."

"A quarrel?"

"Yes; you must contrive something out of which a quarrel shall grow. Then misconstrue something he does, or, if that is impracticable, make the fight on no basis whatever, trusting to invent one, and if you can't invent one tell him you have been mistaken in something which has passed, but which now, since it is all over, is too painful for you to mention. In that case you will have the advantage of being penitent and throwing yourself on his mercy."

"But I wish him to love me. Why make him angry?"

"To start him. The longer your relations remain as they are the more chronic they will become and the harder to break up. Since you are not an apt scholar I shall have to manage the affair for you. To make a beginning, cut him the next time you meet him on the street."

"For what ostensible reason?"

"Cut him and leave the rest to me. Use the telephone freely, and I will keep you advised."

Miss Ormsby went away, and the next time she met Mr. Trusdell she saluted him with her nose in the air.

He looked at her with astonishment. What could he have done to merit such treatment? He turned to look back at her, then passed on his way in much agitation. There is nothing that will so rack a man as to receive the contempt of a lady. She may fight him, she may plead with him, and he can stand it manfully, but let her contempt him and he is crushed.

That same evening Miss Ormsby received a note from Mr. Trusdell, begging to know where he had offended her. She called up Mrs. Edmonds, reported the matter and asked for instructions.

"Pay no attention to the note," was the reply.

"But now your treatment of the case is getting me out of chronic indifference as well as Mr. Trusdell. I fear I shall make a breach that will never be headed. That would be dreadful!"

"It will never be headed until you do as I tell you."

There followed a silence. Miss Ormsby felt as if she were hanging over a precipice with no one to help her. Nevertheless she dare not disobey instructions. She did not reply to Mr. Trusdell's note.

One evening there was a ring at the doorbell and a guest was ushered into the drawing room, where Miss Ormsby was sitting. He was Mr. Trusdell. The lady had no opportunity to consult her instructress. She must depend upon her own resources. Having no resources, she fell back on the general instructions she had received in the beginning. She stood still, said nothing and prepared to appear penitent.

"I have called," said Mr. Trusdell, all of a tremor, "to ask what in the world I have been doing to meet your contempt."

There was no reply. Miss Ormsby's eyes were bent to the floor. Mr. Trusdell came nearer and implored her to tell him.

"I fear," she said at last, "that I have done you a great injustice."

"Injustice?"

"Yes. I am very sorry for what I have done." Her voice trembled.

"Has any one maligned me?"

"Yes—no. Let it all pass as something too painful to be remembered."

"Will you not name my traducer?"

"That would only make matters worse. Do, I beg of you, drop the matter. I will do any penance you ask."

"Why do you feel so deeply concerning it?"

"I don't know. I can't tell—I—"

"My dear Johanna, do not trouble yourself further in the matter. It is enough for me to be assured that you feel toward me—"

Miss Ormsby blushed and turned her head aside.

A few weeks later Mrs. Edmonds received a sizable fee.

Petroleum Has Been Long Known.

The petroleum industry, which has made such great advances during the last fifty years, deals with a product which has been known in other lands from earliest days. In China it was used long before history was first written. The famous petroleum springs near Baku, on the western shore of the Caspian sea, have been known from the earliest times. Antiquarians say that Piny and Herodotus each knew or had heard of petroleum.—New York Sun.

Gives Him Away.

Bilkins was sneaking into the house in his stocking feet at 2 o'clock a. m. The stairs creaked as he ascended to his room.

"Is that you, William?" Mrs. Bilkins called.

"No, dear," Bilkins replied, "it's the stairs."—Seattle Times.



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