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The Ostrichette

By WILL T. AMES

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"Honest to goodness, Edie, isn't she the funniest tramp, you ever saw outside of vaudeville?"

"She's all of that, Mame. All the duds she's got on, counting them things on her feet, wouldn't bring a plugged dime in a rummage sale. Bet he found her living in a tree somewhere."

"Heard Harris call her an ugly duckling. Don't hit her at all. She's an ostrichette."

The two girls behind the soda fountain counter at Benson's had given much of their first Monday morning half hour to a critical inspection of the new waitress for the ice cream parlor, who was also to help at the fountain.

"Bet you Benson hired her to break her in on Jeff's job!" And the girls giggled joyously. Jeff was the drug store roustabout, a negro, who washed the cream cans, changed fountain tanks and carried an advertising sandwich afterwards.

Mame and Edie weren't the only persons in the store who wondered, before the week was out, why Benson had hired Julia Weeks.

The reason was that long ago, before old John Weeks went to keeping Fog Island lighthouse, he and Benson had been friends, and when old John, in his last hours, wrote a note to Benson asking him to give his daughter a job, he insured for the girl a more than ordinary chance to make good.

But Benson didn't usually explain things like that to his employees. The girl told nothing about herself. So it was only known that Julia Weeks was to have her chance. But she was, as big, brown-eyed Ralph Matthews, the chief dispenser, said, "An awful mess."

Julia was grotesquely ill dressed; her clothes might have been thrown to her out of somebody's second story window. She knew nothing at all about doing her taffy-colored hair. Her eyes were a pallid blue and her eyebrows scant. Apparently she had never heard of such a thing as a powder puff. Her color and skin showed the marks of the weather and too much frying pan diet.

Worse still, she was reaching up toward 5 feet 9, walked with the stumbling gait of a plowman and dropped at least one dish out of every six she handled. She couldn't remember more than one order at a time and frequently got that one wrong.

She spoke Pumpkinville English and Mame Kennedy declared she didn't know there had been a war. But withal there was a queer decisiveness about her.

Matthews' first assistant, who stood the opposite trick as head dispenser in Ralph's off hours, was a fresh, slangy little fellow named Bartuso.

From Ralph, Julia accepted admonitions, rebukes, satire, actual scoldings with a submissiveness that was pathetic; from the girls she took the thoughtless cruelties of their kind with bovine indifference; from Bartuso she would stand nothing at all.

On the fourth day the assistant dispenser, finding Julia alone in the ice cream parlor, made some unkindly bantering remark. By way of rejoinder Julia punched him on the nose and wiped him five times across the face with the table swab. After that she was let rather severely alone.

Slowly Julia lost much of her clumsiness, but it was nearly three months before she began to show that she possessed the primary feminine attribute. Then one day Ralph noticed her standing before one of the cream room mirrors trying to fluff out the hair over her ears with her fingers. Within the week Edie exclaimed under her breath to Mame: "For Gawd sake, see what's got on silk socks and Louie Quince heels!"

It was even so. The evolution of Julia had begun. In another month the very ugly duckling had become, if not a swan, at least as nifty and pert looking a chicken as adorned any soda fountain in town.

Nobody in that store, except Miss Robbins, of the toilet articles, knew any more about eyebrow pencils and lip sticks and brick-colored rouge and such matters; while her taffy-colored hair had been converted into a crowning glory of startling designs. Julia had most successfully standardized herself.

"What's the Lady Giant's game, Mame?" Edie wonderingly remarked. "She's dishing something fierce. But when it comes to the men, she's something wrapped and put away in the cooler—wouldn't give one of them a glad look on a bet."

"Search me, kiddo. Maybe she's got the movie bug. Some of 'em are like that."

Now Ralph Matthews was not only big but he was fresh-colored and good-looking and cool-headed and capable and had a winning smile. A head dispenser like that, with a bunch of girls on the counter with him, is most unlikely to escape being the object of rivalry.

Mame Kennedy, however, acknowledged no rival. She claimed Ralph for her own. And with all her feminine perspicacity she never even thought of Julia as sharing her aspirations. For Julia never talked to Ralph except on business. Yet it was for Ralph, and Ralph only, that the gawky waitress

was putting herself through the painful process of transformation into a butterfly. She dumbly, utterly adored the big dispenser.

It was just after the opening hour. Jeff hadn't showed up, and two of the soda tanks in the basement needed to be replaced. Ralph had gone down to do it himself.

The girls were refurbishing up the fountain, counter and tables. Suddenly the building trembled. A rending, metallic roar came from below.

White-faced, the clerks, and the few customers stared at each other in momentary speechlessness while Edie screamed long and loud. There was a crash of dropped glasses as Mame Kennedy and Julia, with one thought, sprang for the door leading downstairs. Julia had three times her rival's distance to go. When she reached the foot of the stairs it was to find Mame, pale as a ghost, leaning against the door casing. "Oh, oh!" she cried as she turned back to the stairs. "Let me go! Get out of my way! He's all bloody! I can't touch him!"

Julia pushed the shrinking girl aside. "Get a doctor, you coward!" she cried and flung herself across the basement and down on the drenched floor where Ralph Matthews lay huddled.

From one arm the white duck-coat sleeve had been torn out and out of a great gaping gash the blood was spurting in throbbing jets. Kicking a high-heeled pump half across the room Julia tore off one of the brand-new silk stockings, knotted the ends with the speed and skill of a sailor, grabbed a wrench that lay on the floor beside her and in ten seconds had a mighty tourniquet twisted around the arm from which Ralph Matthews' life blood had been flowing at an alarming rate.

When Dr. Emery arrived a few minutes later Julia, in her war paint, and hobbling about with one bare leg and foot, became a mere ridiculous adjunct to the scene. But Dr. Emery remarked that the splinter from the imperfect tank had cut clean through the artery, and that whoever got that tourniquet working did so in the very nick of time.

When the tank exploded Ralph did not lose consciousness at once—not till after he heard Mame's ejaculation. Afterward Dr. Emery told him about the tourniquet. So when the dispenser returned after his recovery he didn't receive Mame's effusive greeting as enthusiastically as she had anticipated. And soon something happened that set the store agog. It was on Ralph's short day and Julia's afternoon off.

"Whatcha think I see?" demanded Jimmy, the errand boy, of Mame Kennedy as he raced breathlessly into the store. "Matthews and Yaller Head going into the Imperial picture theater together!"

"You're a liar!" angrily exclaimed Miss Kennedy.

But Jimmy wasn't a liar—not that time, anyway.

WHAT THE MOUTH REVEALS

Full lips suggest cajolery and flippancy.

A mouth which viewed in profile turns up in a curve indicates a frivolous nature.

A small mouth explains extreme sensitiveness and a narrow-minded outlook on life.

An extremely large mouth indicates liberality of mind but a certain coarseness of nature.

A mouth of any thickness that droops at the corners denotes one who cannot be trusted.

A close-fitting mouth revealing sharp, straight lines, indicates sternness of disposition.

Dullness of apprehension is indicated by a mouth which is exactly twice the width of the eye.

A small mouth coupled with small nose and nostrils shows an indecisive and cowardly nature.

If the angles at the corners of the lips point downward it indicates pessimism; if upward, optimism.

A large mouth denotes a shameless person with a hasty judgment not always kind, also a good conversationalist.

One with thin lips drawn down at the corners, rather bloodless and pale, is extremely obstinate, given to hysteria and melancholy.

It Was.

The fisherman dashed into the country hotel and excitedly grasped the manager by the arm.

"What do you mean by luring anglers here with the promise of fine fishing?" he said. "There isn't a bit of fishing here. Every brook has a sign warning people off."

"I didn't say anything about fine fishing," said the manager calmly. "If you will kindly read my advertisement carefully, you will see what I said was 'Fishing unapproachable.'"—Variety.

Poor Papa.

Little Lucille had saved her pennies for a long time in order to purchase a present for her mother on the eighth anniversary of the parents' wedding.

Just after dinner that evening she came bounding into the sitting room and into mother's lap. Silly she placed the cherished little package into mother's hand, at the same time exclaiming: "Mamma, I wish you many more happy weddings!"

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The Churches

Methodist Church

Rev. T. J. Vickery, Pastor

Sunday Services:
Morning at 10.30 Evening at 7.00
Sunday School at 2.30 p.m.

Through the week Services:
Monday: Cottage Prayer Meeting 7.30
Epworth League 8.00 p.m.
Wednesday: Mid-Week Prayer Service at 7.30 p.m.

Christ's Church

(Anglican)

Rev. George Code, Rector

1st and 3rd Sundays in month 8.30 p.m.
2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays at 11 a.m.
Sunday School at 2.30 p.m.
Service every Friday evening at 7.30.

Baptist Church

R. E. Nichols, Pastor.

Plum Hollow 2.30

Toledo 10.30 a.m. Athens 7 p.m.

Eloida

Mr. Chas. Livingstone, formerly one of Eloida's prominent bachelors, joined the benedicts recently. Many of his friends and neighbors united in a surprise by way of a miscellaneous shower and congratulations.

Mr. Jno. Mackie is taking a course of medical treatment at the home of his son, Dr. Jim.

The L.T.L. box social is dated for Saturday evening, the 14th, at Eloida schoolhouse.

Mr. Mackie Henderson has his speed prospect under the professional management of Mr. Fred. Hayes.

Messrs. Jas. Ackland and Sam. Hollingsworth have been canvassing the Eloida Methodists in the interest of the Forward Movement this week.

Mr. Walter Pitcher has moved to his farm, purchased from Mr. Phip. Livingstone.

There are no regrets over the rise in temperature of this week.

The box social Saturday evening under the auspices of the Eloida L. T. L., was a social and financial success. One of the outstanding features was the fate of a lad of twelve obtaining a box belonging to a married lady of seventy.

The big snow blockade of the season is on in this locality. Plenty of snow everywhere.

Mr. Henderson did good work yesterday (Monday) with his snow plow in opening the road to the Guide Board.

There was generally a liberal response at Eloida to the canvass of the Church Forward Movement.

The Plum Hollow and Eloida Telephone Co. will hold their annual meeting in the council chamber, Athens, at 2 p.m., Friday, 20th inst.

Mr. Jno. Mackie has returned from Lansdowne somewhat improved in health.

There are rumors of an oyster supper associated with our annual cheese meeting this year.

Mr. John Moore, our local cheese-maker, is hauling wood, putting in ice, and acting just the same as if there were no condensories on the North American continent. Success, Johnnie!