

# Cupid and the Committee.

By CARROLL GORDON.  
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"Do you draw up resolutions and things?" asked Kate Masters eagerly.

"No," answered Mattie. "You send a committee to the boss and tell him we won't work any more."

"I'd rather write," declared Grace Kelson. "I'd be sworn to death to go in there and talk to him."

"Writing isn't half so good," declared Mattie. "You just tell him what the matter is and that will go on strike if Bromley isn't dismissed, and that's all there is to it."

"All," repeated Kate. "I should think it would be enough. The job of a committee is to write up resolutions and to go to Mr. Temple and telling him that we're not going to work any more unless Bromley is sacked. I'd be sworn I wouldn't write."

"I'm not afraid," said Mattie disdainfully.

"I wish that we make Mattie Lester a committee all by herself," suggested Grace, and the motion was unanimously carried without the formality of a seconding.

"No, you don't," cried Mattie. "I'll go the talking, but we want a lot of girls for the committee. It has a good effect."

In the end a committee of five was appointed, and it was agreed that the men hour the next day would be the proper time for making the demand. Mattie lay awake half the night thinking what she should say, and her argument was continued in her dreams.

The room was all excitement the next morning, and as the ten o'clock bell approached the excitement grew more intense. Every girl in the room felt her lunch thoughtful to accompany the committee on its errand of protest and left their only at the beginning of the short hour at the end of which was Edward Temple's office.

The departure of the escort seemed to have a bad effect on the others, for as Mattie rapped on the door and a deep voice responded, the other four girls right about faced as by common impulse and fled down the passageway.

By a moment Mattie watched them disappear. Then with a true hand she turned the knob and entered the room. In place of the gray haired man, she expected to find the room was vacant.



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turning to Everett, her sense of wrong sustained gave her eloquence, and her eyes shined as she recited a long tale of Bromley's wrongs. Everett listened attentively, though at times he and Temple exchanged sympathetic glances as some quality turn of speech caught their sense of humor.

"This is a matter that most certainly should be looked into," he said. "I do not believe in fines except as a last resort. Suppose you help us get at the bottom of the trouble."

"I'm telling you all about it now," she cried.

"I know," he agreed, "but to get Bromley right we shall have to wait. Now if you will explain to the others that the matter will be properly settled if they will go on as they have been doing for a week I think we can find a very important article to the enterprise Mr. Bromley. It appears from the books that four fees have been turned in. An account of the number of employees the envelopes are made in several days ahead, and the foreman of the company after the close of the day. Now, on Saturday make a note of all the fines, bring the envelopes to me, and we will have the matter straightened out."

Mattie looked him squarely in the eye. "Do you really mean that?" she demanded.

"I must certainly," he assured.

"Shake hands on it," she demanded. Everett smiled as his fingers closed over the smaller hand—and lingered there.

Mattie went back to the room with a sense of importance. Word was passed along that it was all right and to meet at the corner after the factory closed. There was a babel of voices as the plot was unfolded, and when at last the business meeting adjourned Everett was lingering there.

"I saw the crowd forming," he laughed as he fell into step beside Mattie, "and I waited to hear the outcome."

She tucked her hand through the proffered arm, and together they went down the street.

The next night Everett was waiting Mattie, and so on until Saturday, when at the noon hour the girls were paid off. There were the usual heavy fines marked on the envelopes, and Mattie frowned a line and scribbled off to the office. Bromley had already turned back to the cashier the fines he had collected, but a rapid computation showed that the envelopes and the statements to the cashier developed a discrepancy of more than \$10. The foreman had been detained in the office on a project, and when he left the building it was in company with a blue-coated official, and the girls lingered at the corner hold a jubilee over the downfall of their enemy.

"Who's going to be cashier now?" demanded one of the celebrants, Mattie grew red.

"I'm to be in charge for a little while," she said. "Mr. Everett arranged that last night."

"That's too bad," said one of the girls.

"Why, please?" demanded Mattie hotly.

"We won't have any one to speak for us when we want to go on strike against you," she said.

"That's so," laughed one of the others. "All the other girls on the committee run away."

"I guess I shall not be in charge long enough for you to get sore on me," said Mattie importantly. "I'm to be in charge in a month or so, and to meet at the corner after the factory closed. There was a babel of voices as the plot was unfolded, and when at last the business meeting adjourned Everett was lingering there."

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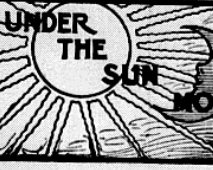
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**Quentin Corners. Y. M. C. A.**  
August Lobman and family will move to his farm this week which he recently purchased of L. Peters near Lake's corners.  
Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Beckmann and son Henry of Palestine were last Sunday calling on Mr. Beckmann's parents. From now on through the summer he will manufacture ice for the Bowman Dairy company at their Palestine plant. The real stuff, too.  
Miss Alta Witt of Park Ridge visited her parents here Sunday.  
Misses Frieda and Emma Wehner visited Miss Lydia Quentin Sunday.  
George Batts of North Dakota is here talking sheep land. He will take back with him two car loads of farm horses from the Great Central Market.  
Mrs. William Thies, her daughter and son, Floyd, visited with Barrington relatives Sunday.  
Misses Emma and Carrie Wolf of Lake Zurich called on their aunt and cousins, the Smiths, here this week.  
Born to Mr. and Mrs. August Lobman, Sunday, a daughter. This is good news to the house-keepers as domestics are at a good premium at present.  
W. H. Smith's youngest daughter is at present under the doctor's care.  
Born to William Stockel and wife a daughter. All are doing well. Cigars, William, "ja so gutes."  
The cheese factory meeting here was a success, if not in numbers, and the patrons said that C. H. Patten is O. K. also his manager, Wan. Thies and to keep right on another year.  
John Thies and wife of Plum Grove visited at the Corners last Monday.  
We are sorry to report that Fred Greener, our neighbor, is in feeble health this winter and Fred Follette is somewhat under the weather being bothered by rheumatism.  
Jacob Strum, Jr., took two loads of pea porkers to Lake Zurich this week. People who raise hogs this year can well wear a good long smyler, but the other fellow has to pay for same.

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