Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CAROLYN AND PRINCE HAVE ANOTHER ADVENTURE WHICH BRINGS THEM NEW LAURELS.

Synopsis.—Her father and mother reported lost at sea when the Dauraven, on which they had sailed for Europe, was sunk, Carolyn May Cameron—Hannah's Car'lyn—is sent from New York to her bachelor uncle, Joseph Stagg, at the Corners. The reception given her by her uncle is not very enthusiastic. Carolyn is also chilled by the stern demeanor of Aunty Rose, Uncle Joe's housekeeper. Stagg is dismayed when he learns from a lawyer friend of his brother-in-law that Carolyn has been left practically penniless and consigned to his care as guardian. Carolyn learns of the estrangement between her uncle and his one-time sweetheart, Amanda Parlow, and the cause of the bitterness between the two families. Prince, the mongrel dog that Carolyn brought with her, and the boon companion of the lonesome girl, is in disfavor with Uncle Joe, who threatens to dispose of him, but Prince becomes a hero and wins the approval of the Corners by routing a tramp in the act of robbing the schoolteacher. The following Sunday, while Carolyn and her uncle, accompanied by Prince, are taking a walk in the woods they encounter Amanda Parlow. Prince kills a snake about to strike Amanda, and Stagg and Amanda speak to each other for the first time in years. Carolyn is dismayed when she learns from Chet Gormley, her uncle's clerk, that she was left practically penniless and is a "charity" orphan.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

—10—

"So, you see," added the child, "I am charity. I'm not like other girls that's got papas and mammas. 'Course I knowed that before, but it didn't seem—seem so hard as it does now," she confessed with a sob.

"My dear! my dear!" cried Miss Amanda, dropping on her knees beside the little girl, "don't talk so! I know your uncle must love you."

"Oh, Miss Mandy!" gasped Carolyn May, "don't you s'pose he loves other folks, too? You know—folks he'd begun to love ever so long ago?"

The woman's smooth cheeks burned suddenly and she stood up.

"I'm 'most sure he'd never stop loving a person if he'd once begun to love 'em," said Carolyn May, with a high opinion of the faithfulness of Uncle Joe's character.

"Do you want to know if your Uncle Joe loves you?" she asked Carolyn May at last. "Do you?"

"Oh, I do!" cried the little girl.

"Then ask him," advised Miss Amanda. "That's the only way to do with Joe Stagg. If you want to get at the truth. Out with it, square, and ask him."

"I will do it," Carolyn May said seriously.

After the child had gone the woman went back into the little cottage and her countenance did not wear the farewell smile that Carolyn May had looked back to see.

Gripping at her heart was the old pain she had suffered years before and the conflict that had seared her mind so long ago was roused again.

"Oh, Joe! Oh, Joe! How could you?" she moaned, rocking herself to and fro. "How could you?"

That very night the first snow flurry of the season drove against the west window panes of the big kitchen at the Stagg homestead. It was at supper time.

"I declare for't," said Mr. Stagg, "I guess winter's onto us, Aunty Rose."

This snow did not amount to much; it was little more than a hoar frost, as Mr. Stagg said. This might be, however, the last chance for a Sunday walk in the woods for some time and Carolyn May did not propose to miss it.

On this day she earnestly desired to get him off by himself, for her heart was filled with a great purpose. She felt that they must come to an understanding.

On this particular occasion Uncle Joe sat down upon the log by the brook where Miss Amanda had once sat. Carolyn May stood before him.

"Am I just a charity orphan? Didn't my papa leave any money a-tall for me? Did you take me just out of charity?"

"Bless me!" gasped the hardware dealer.

"I—I wish you'd answer me, Uncle Joe," went on Carolyn May with a brave effort to keep from crying.

Joseph Stagg was too blunt a person to see his way to dodging the question.

"Hum! Well, I'll tell you, Car'lyn May. There isn't much left, and that's a fact. It isn't your father's fault. He thought there was plenty. But a business he invested in got into bad hands and the little nest egg he'd laid up for his family was lost."

"Then—then I am just charity. And so's Prince," whispered Carolyn May. "I—I s'pose we could go to the poorhouse, Prince and me; but they mayn't like dogs there. You're real nice to me, Uncle Joe; but Prince and me—we really are a nuisance to you."

The man stared at her for a moment in silence, but the flush that dyed his cheeks was a flush of shame.

"Don't you like it any more here with Aunty Rose and—and me?" he demanded.

"Oh, yes! Only—only, Uncle Joe, I don't want to stay, if we're a nuisance, Prince and me. I don't want to stay, if you don't love me."

Joseph Stagg had become quite excited.

"Bless me!" he finally cried once more. "How do you know I don't love you, Carolyn May?"

"Why—why— But, Uncle Joe! how do I know you do love me?" demanded the little girl. "You never told me so!"

The startled man sank upon the log again.

"Well, maybe that's so," he murmured. "I s'pose it isn't my way to be very—very—softlike. But listen here, Car'lyn May."

"Yes, sir."

"I ain't likely to tell you very frequently how much I—I think of you. Ahem! But you'd better stop worrying about such things as money and the like. What I've got comes pretty near belonging to you. Anyway, unless I have to go to the poorhouse myself, I reckon you needn't worry about going," and he coughed again dryly.

"As far as loving you— Well, I'll admit, under cross-examination, that I love you."

"Dear Uncle Joe!" she sighed ecstatically. "I don't mind if I am charity. If you love me, it takes all the sting out. And I'll help to make you happy, too!"

CHAPTER IX.

A Find in the Drifts.

Before the week was over, winter had come to Sunrise Cove and The Corners in earnest. Snow fell and drifted, until there was scarcely anything to be seen one morning when Carolyn May awoke and looked out of her bedroom windows but a white, fleecy mantle.

This was more snow than the little girl had ever seen in New York. She came down to breakfast very much excited.

Uncle Joe had shoveled off the porch and steps, and Prince had beaten his own dooryard in the snow in front of his house. For he had a house of his own, now—a roomy, warm one—built by Mr. Parlow.

It must be confessed that, although Uncle Joe paid for the building of his doghouse, it never would have been built by Jedidiah Parlow had it not been for Carolyn May.

At noon Uncle Joe came home, dragging a sled—a big roomy one, glistening with red paint. Just the nicest sled Carolyn May had ever seen, and one of the best the hardware dealer carried in stock.

"Oh, my, that's lovely!" breathed the little girl in awed delight. "That's ever so much better than any sled I ever had before. And Prince could draw me on it if I only had a harness for him. He used to drag me in the park. Of course, if he saw a cat, I had to get off and hold him."

Mr. Stagg, once started upon the path of good deeds, seemed to like it. At night he brought home certain straps and rivets, and in the kitchen, much to Aunty Rose's amazement, he fitted Prince to a harness which the next day Carolyn May used on the dog, and Prince drew her very nicely along the beaten paths.

By Saturday the roads were in splendid condition for sleighing.

So Carolyn May went sledding.

Out of sight of the houses grouped at The Corners the road to town seemed as lonely as though it were a veritable wilderness. Here and there the drifts had piled six feet deep, for the wind had a free sweep across the barrens.

"Now, there's somebody coming," said Carolyn May, seeing a moving object ahead between the clouds of drifting snow spray. "Is it a sleigh, Princey, or just a man?"

She lost sight of the object, then sighted it again.

"It must be a man. It can't be a bear, Princey."

The strange object had disappeared again.

It was just at the place where the spring spouted out of the rocky hillside and trickled across the road. There was a sort of natural watering trough here in the rock where the horses stopped to drink. The dog drew the little girl closer to the spot.

"Where has that man gone to? If it was a man."

Prince stopped suddenly and whined and then looked around at his mistress, as though to say: "See there!"

Carolyn May tumbled off the sled in a hurry. When she did so she slipped on a patch of snow-covered ice and fell. But she was not hurt.

"There! that's where the water runs across the road. It's all slippery— Oh!"

It was the sleeve of a man's rough coat thrown out of the snowbank that brought this last cry to the child's lips.

"Oh, oh! It's a man!" burst from Carolyn May's trembling lips. "How could he come to—?"

She plumped down on her knees and began brushing the snow away. She uncovered his shoulder. She took hold of this with her mittened hands and tried to shake the prone figure.

"Oh, do wake up! Please wake up!" she cried, digging away the snow as fast as possible.

A shaggy head was revealed, with an old cap pulled down tightly over the ears. The man moved again and grunted something. He half turned over, and there was blood upon the snow, and a great frosted cake of it on the side of his face.

Carolyn May was dreadfully frightened. The man's head was cut and the blood was smeared over the front of his jacket. Now she could see a puddle of it, right where he had fallen on the ice—just as she had fallen herself. Only, he had struck his head on a rock and cut himself.

"You poor thing!" murmured Carolyn May. "Oh, you mustn't lie here! You must get up! You'll—you'll be frozen!"

"Easy, mate," muttered the man. "I ain't just right in my top-hamper, I reckon. Hold hard, matey."

He tried to get up. He rose to his knees, but pitched forward again. Carolyn May was not afraid of him now—only troubled.

"I'll take you to Miss Amanda's," cried the little girl, pulling at his coat again. "She's a nurse, and she'll know just what to do for you. Come, Prince and I will take you."

Then she guided the half-blinded man to the sled, on which he managed to drop himself.

Prince pulled, and Carolyn May pulled, and together they got the sled, with the old sailor upon it, to the Parlow carpenter shop.

Mr. Parlow slid back the front door of his shop to stare in wonder at the group.

"For the great land of Jehoshaphat!" he croaked. "Car'lyn May! what you got there?"

"Oh, Mr. Parlow, do come and help us—quick!" gasped the little girl. "My friend has had a dreadful bad fall."

"Your friend?" repeated the carpenter. "I declare, it's that tramp that went by here just now!"

Mr. Parlow made a clucking noise in his throat when he saw the blood.

"Guess you're right, Car'lyn May," he admitted. "Call Mandy. She must see this."

Miss Amanda's attention had already been attracted to the strange arrival. She ran out and helped her father raise the injured man from the sled. Together they led him into the cottage.

He was not at all a bad-looking man, although his clothing was rough and coarse.

Miss Amanda brought warm water and bathed the wound, removing the congealed blood from his face and neck.

When the last bandage was adjusted and the injured man's eyes were closed, Mr. Parlow offered him a wine-glass of a home-made cordial. The sailor gulped it down, and the color began to return to his cheeks.

"Where was you goin', anyway?" demanded the carpenter.

"Lookin' for a job, mate," said the sailor. "There's them in town that tells me I'd find work at Adams' camp."

"Ha! didn't tell you 'twas ten mile away from here, did they?"

Miss Amanda gets some surprising information from the old sailor and she, in turn, gives Joseph Stagg a shock. Read about how it happened in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"If You Love Me It Takes All the Sting Out."

STUPIDITY FOR TWO

By INEZ MACDONALD.

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Billy Wardon sat on the veranda rail half oblivious to the chatter of the company about him until Edna Barns, their charming hostess, stood beside him.

"Do come in and sing something, Billy," she whispered. "I'm afraid the evening's beginning to drag."

Wardon arose dutifully and followed her into the house toward the piano while she announced from the door: "Come on everybody, Billy's going to sing."

And everybody trailed into the room where Billy was already running over the piano keys aimlessly.

"What'll you have?" he asked over his shoulder to the gay assemblage. "Something sad—something mushy—or something frivolous?"

"Something frivolous!" was the unanimous request.

So Billy's fingers strayed into a syncopating melody as he threw back his blond head and sang in his rollicking baritone:

> In a certain situation
> While engaged in a flirtation,
> When she asks you if forever
> You will love her—
> Don't fall in consternation
> For that maiden's approbation,
> Nor make promises that you'll never
> Long admire.
> By judicious inspiration
> And a little calculation,
> Break it gently and be clever—
> Love the girl, but not forever,
> For forever is a long, long time!

"Forever is a long, long time!" applauded one of the men. "Right you are, Billy!"

A little later after he had managed to break away from the piano, Edna Barns caught him in the hall and faced him accusingly.

"A man of your talent ought to be ashamed to have such a frivolous philosophy, Billy Wardon," she said impatiently.

Billy was bland and his eye was innocent.

"Since that heartless song of yours, Emily Wayne has been out in a dark corner of the veranda weeping her eyes out," she chided.

"I never made love to Emily Wayne in my life!" he protested.

"You make love to every woman you meet—with your eyes, Billy," she accused.

"I don't!" denied Billy rudely.

"You do, too," she insisted. "You even make love to me that way—you're doing it now!"

For an instant his serious glance sought hers as she stood there looking up at him. "This is a grand little old life—not?" he said, with a pathetic grin. "Emily Wayne loves me—I love you—you love Jim Bradley—and Jim loves Emily. Outside of that we're all as happy as a bunch of pickpockets at a prison wardens' convention." And he moved off gloomily toward the veranda in search of the grieving Emily, while Edna watched him go with a perplexed little smile on her lips.

But he did not find Emily, although he did find Jim Bradley smoking moodily.

"Jim," said Billy, "what we want in this world don't amount to much, but what the women want—that's different! Now, I want Edna, and you want Emily—but women being contrary, Edna wants you, and Emily wants me. Now, it's up to us to make them happy, so the only thing to do is for you to go ahead and marry Edna and I'll go and find Emily and fix it up with her—"

"But I don't want Edna," protested Jim violently, "and I'll be darned if I'll stand your marrying Emily. I want her myself."

"Why, you big chump! I don't want her—wouldn't have her on a bet. But we've got a chance to make the two finest girls in the world happy by a little sacrifice on our part."

Finally, after much persuasion, Jim agreed, but when he decoyed Edna out onto the lawn under the trees, she was thunderstruck at his proposal.

"Why, Jim," she said, "I like you better than any man I know—except one—and he is so stupid I guess I'll have to propose to him myself."

But Billy was not so easily discouraged. "You see, it's like this, Emily. I've been thinking about marrying you for a—some time—and we might just as well go ahead and have it over with."

"Billy," laughed Emily, "you remind me of the Charge of the Light Brigade, but even so, I might marry you if it weren't for the fact I'm in love with somebody else."

"Well," said Jim grouchily, as the two of them conferred by the front steps, "your dope was all wrong. And we're both out of it. Emily, it seems loves somebody else, but it isn't me—and Edna loves somebody else, but it isn't you. There's no eternal triangle to this tragedy, it's more like a hollow square."

"I guess we have teased them enough," came in Emily's amused voice, "but can you imagine two grown men being so stupid?"

"No, I can't; but then," said the practical Edna, "stupid men make the best husbands."

Whereat Billy looked at Jim and Jim looked at Billy. Then with one and the same impulse they charged on those two defenseless maidens with effective suddenness.

And an instant later Emily was murmuring: "I thought you'd know it was a joke." While the practical Edna was pleading—"Forever isn't a long, long time—is it, Billy?"

"Not for a stupid husband," said Billy blandly.

RAPID DEVELOPMENT IN LIVE STOCK INDUSTRY IN SOUTH IS REPORTED

DAIRY HERD ON A SOUTHERN FARM.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The live-stock industry in the Southern states is progressing at a rapid rate. Some of the things beef-cattle extension specialists of the United States department of agriculture are doing to encourage a combination of live-stock production with cotton growing are described in recent reports from the field. As a result of their activities thousands of pure-bred cattle are being shipped into every Southern state and carloads of fat stock are being sent to live-stock markets from farms where cotton formerly was grown exclusively.

During a recent month the specialists visited 154 farms in 113 counties in the states of Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee, and traveled 32,587 miles to give specific instructions to farmers and to confer with other extension workers on beef production. They attended ten meetings, held twelve demonstrations, and through their efforts a total of 120 pure-bred bulls, 324 pure-bred cows, and 1,805 grade cattle were placed on farms in the different states. During the month also a general conference was held at Memphis, Tenn., which was attended by state and federal representatives of the department of agriculture, directors of state experiment stations and extension workers, state agents, veterinarians, and others interested in promoting more and better live stock in the South.

Assist in Live-Stock Shows.

Among the many duties of the beef cattle specialists is to assist with the live-stock work in connection with live-stock shows, and county and state fairs. They assist breeders in making selections of feeding animals for shows, in arranging judging contests and demonstrations, and in securing better classifications and premiums for worthy exhibits, all of which has been the means of arousing interest and making live-stock exhibits a more attractive feature at the fairs.

The beef-cattle specialists from Arkansas made an exhibit at the tri-state fair held in Memphis in which was shown the best methods of feeding and raising live stock. Improved cattle-feeding sheds, feeding bunks and silos were shown together with a number of instructive placards giving such information as suitable fattening rations for 1,000-pound steers and wintering rations for the breeding herd. Farmers were urged to cull their breeding herds at this time of the year and dispose of all inferior animals. Arkansas farmers, particularly in the rice-growing sections where there is abundant pasture and plenty of straw, have been good buyers of cattle from the drought area in the Southwest.

There are extensive areas in Florida that are not now being used which would graze a large number of cattle, the extension specialists say, though the farmers are fast awakening to the possibilities of the live-stock industry. It is reported that the holdings of one company alone would carry 20,000 head if completely utilized.

Reports from Georgia say that pastures are good and feed is plentiful, particularly velvet beans, and that undoubtedly there will be a large number of cattle fed in that state this year. The specialists are continually being called upon to locate feeder cattle for farmers in both Georgia and Florida, and several large shipments have already been made from the Southwest and other sections. It is estimated that 100 carloads will be brought into Georgia alone from Texas this fall.

Feeding demonstrations are being arranged on 12 to 15 farms in different sections of Mississippi, and plans have been made to conduct them through the co-operation of county and district agents. Special attention will be given to demonstrations in pasturing velvet beans and velvet beans and corn.

Pure-Bred Stock in Demand.

Orders have been placed for more than fifty carloads of breeding stock to be shipped from the Southwest to North Carolina and the total number purchased will undoubtedly far exceed this number. There is considerable interest in the purchasing of pure-bred bulls, and extension specialists are planning to hold several consignment sales in the state in an effort to meet the demand. As a means of further stimulating the beef-cattle industry a campaign is being conducted for the building of silos and improving the pastures in the state.

In South Carolina also the demand for pure-bred stock as well as steers for fall and winter feeding far exceeds the available supply. In a number of localities committees of representative farmers, accompanied by specialists, have gone into other states to purchase breeding stock. At a recent disbursement sale of 24 head of pure-bred cattle 21 of the animals remained in the state, the farmers being anxious to retain them to build up their herds.

Arrangements were made by Tennessee stockmen with the Union Stock Yards company in Nashville for holding the annual sale of the Middle Tennessee Breeders' association at the yards. The company provided stall space for the cattle, a sale ring, and in other ways helped make the sale a success. The farmers of the state are much interested in pasture improvement and the keeping of live stock as a means of meeting the labor shortage.

BUREAU OF MARKETS IS MOST RELIABLE

Information Given Relative to Chicago Stock Market.

So Accurate Have Estimates Been That Shippers and Farmers in All Sections Place Utmost Confidence in Reports.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Commendation has been voiced by live stock farmers and the trade concerning the work of the United States bureau of markets in issuing all telegraphic information of a public or commercial character relative to the Chicago live stock market. Previous to the last few months such reports were sent out promiscuously by private individuals who, in some cases, were accused of manipulating the reports in favor of one interest or another. At least, this sentiment pervaded the trade to the extent that the live stock industry was injured by the mere existence of such opinion.

It was on this account that Uncle Sam was requested to collect facts and figures daily about the market conditions and receipts and to disseminate this authentic information as widely as possible by telegraph. The daily market reports include an estimate of the daily receipts of each class of live stock, this being one of the important features of the service, as trading at Chicago is based to a large degree on the Chicago "run." Furthermore, the trading on the outside markets is also determined more or less by the vicissitudes of the Chicago trade. Hence it can be seen readily that any serious discrepancy in the estimate of a certain day compared with the actual receipts, whether intentional or accidental, might influence the entire day's marketing and trading at leading live stock centers.

Under the system now used in Chicago for obtaining figures upon which to base an accurate estimate, the service is showing marked improvement over the previous efforts of private individuals. The bureau of markets bases its estimate on cars reported in and due to arrive by every railroad each day and the result of this plan has been so successful that the shippers and farmers in all sections place confidence in the accuracy and reliability of the government reports. Illustrative of the accuracy of the government reports, many large firms at the Chicago stockyards, which formerly employed special men to collect this information, are now using exclusively the official estimates of the bureau of markets. It is anticipated that the federal figures soon will be the only ones credited at the "yards."

PROPER HOUSING FOR SWINE

Important Factor in Increasing Production to Meet Demands—Reduces Feed Cost.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Serious decrease in hog marketings during 1917 has brought forth a demand that farmers and pig-club members materially increase their swine production to meet the needs for pork and pork products. Proper housing will be an important factor in such increased production, as it will reduce the amount of feed consumed and will prevent losses from exposure, especially with the early spring litters. In some sections of the country the farmers build larger and more expensive houses than are necessary, but in a great many places too little attention is given to proper houses for swine.

STUMPS ON VALUABLE LAND

Besides Fostering Weeds They Make It Hard to Keep Soil Clean and Mar Appearance.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Stumps occupy valuable land; foster the growth of weeds, since in order to keep the land in their vicinity clean much hard labor is necessary; mar the appearance of otherwise smooth fields, and hence reduce the selling price of a farm; furnish shelter for harmful insects and animals, and prevent the efficient use of modern machinery.

SAW SOME GOOD IN GERMANS

Mark Twain Would Not Admit That All Manhood in the Land of the Hun Was Dead.

Probably no other foreigner has ever been so popular in Germany as the American philosopher, Mark Twain; yet Mark understood his Germany, just as he understood Russia, although of the czar's dominions he had only the tripper's knowledge he picked up with the shipload of pre-Cook's tourists that he immortalized in "Innocents Abroad."

In his "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" Twain wrote:

"There it was, you see. A man is a man, at bottom. Whole ages of abuse and oppression cannot crush the manhood clear out of him. Whoever thinks it a mistake is himself mistaken. Yes, there is plenty of good enough material for a republic in the most degraded people that ever existed—even the Russians; plenty of manhood in them—even the Germans—if one could but force it out of its timid and suspicious privacy; to overthrow and trample in the mud any throne that ever was set up and any nobility that ever supported it. We should see certain things yet, let us hope and believe. First, a modified monarchy, till Arthur's days were done, then the destruction of the throne, nobility abolished, every member of it bound out to some useful trade, universal suffrage instituted, and the whole government placed in the hands of men and women of the nation, there to remain. Yes, there was no occasion to give up my dream yet a while."

He Wanted to Get Back.

Little Boy (who has a fear of being buried alive): "Mamma, if I should die please put me in a vault and put a nickel in my pocket, so if I come to life I can get home on a street car."

No Chance.

"I can give you a cup of tea," said the housewife.

"Thanks, mum," replied the international tramp. "I don't suppose you could serve it continental style, mum?"

"What do you mean by continental style?"

"Wid a dash of rum, mum."

Getting Acquainted.

"I see Helen De Peyser and young Evans are still engaged."

"Apparently. They haven't seen enough of each other yet."—Judge.

TELLS WHY SOLDIERS CUSS

Preacher Who Made Tour of Front Investigates Subject and Reports.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Why do soldiers swear?

Rev. Dr. Daniel L. Marsh, who made a tour of the fronts while the war was still in progress asked the soldiers themselves and here are some of the reasons given:

Because restraint is removed.

Because it is a habit acquired in childhood to which free rein is given in military life.

Because it is a lazy man's way of trying to be emphatic.

It is the liar's attempt to make people believe that he is telling the truth.

It is the cowards' way of bolstering up his courage.

Soldiers think that a profuse use of profanity will impress their comrades with the idea that they are full-fledged soldiers that have received their "third degree."

It is an egotistical method of attracting attention to themselves.

Jealousy and anger were given as the causes of blasphemy; liquor drinking was given as still another cause.

Portraying Character.

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another.—Richter.

Unfortunate Experiment.

A New Zealander of Caledonian birth, recalling to mind the rugged beauty of Scotch thistle, imported a few plants and planted them at his doorway. The resultant development was analogous to the rabbit experiment in Australia. There are hundreds of square miles of Scotch thistles in New Zealand today. If you can devise a practical and reasonably quick method of killing off these plants, you can write your own figures on a check and the government of New Zealand will affix its signature to the same.

Jersey Frocks.

A Jersey frock of becoming lines can be had for $35. It is so designed that it makes the too slender woman appear slightly plumper and the plump woman less plump. This may sound quite unbelievable, but indeed it's quite so. The pretty surplice lines of the bodice run into a girdle that ends in an inconspicuous but graceful sash tied at the side. The frock is trimmingless except for buttons and a relieving vestee and collar of cream silk poplin. You may have your choice of colors—new blue beaver, Havana brown or black.

Quaint and Charming.

To harmonize with some of the gowns of the season, the quaint empire hat will be effective and is very charming when carried out in brown velvet. The trimming consists of a graceful plume shading from black to burnt orange and an outlining of brown velvet ribbon. This type of hat looks smart on an older woman and very piquant on a younger one.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

To market, to market, to buy a fresh fish;
Serve it for dinner as dinner would wish.
To market, to market, to purchase some bread;
Bake 'em and learn what economy breeds.

USE HONEY, SAVE SUGAR.

The keeping of bees is becoming a greater money-maker for both men and women. The late sugar shortage brought many to realize the value of a good working bee hive. Men who are busy in offices all day find the care of bees both healthful and interesting, keeping them out-doors and affording some recreation.

Honey is an unknown sweet to many of our families, due to the scarcity and often the price. Honey is equal in sweetness to sugar and may be used as a substitute. In using honey the liquid in any recipe is reduced one-quarter of a cup. Honey contains protein and some soluble minerals which are invaluable in rebuilding the broken-down tissues of the body. It is a good substitute for fats, which are scarce, high-priced and hence precious, and may be used on cereals and breakfast foods in place of sugar and cream.

Brown Bread With Honey.—Beat one egg and stir into one-half cupful of honey and one cupful of sour milk. Sift together one-half cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of soda and a teaspoonful of salt; add one and one-half cupfuls of cornmeal and a cupful of raisins, which should be steamed before adding; mix and steam in molds three hours. Serve hot or cold.

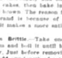
Fruit Pudding.—Take one-half cupful each of grated raw potatoes, carrots, chopped suet, raisins, honey, currants, one tablespoonful of grated orange peel, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cloves, a half teaspoonful of cinnamon and one cupful of flour. Mix and sift the dry ingredients, adding more flour if needed to make batter stiff as for fruit cake. Oil a mold and pour the mixture into it, leaving space for expansion. Steam four hours.

Honey Sauce.—Boil together for 15 minutes one cupful of honey, one-quarter of a cupful of water, one tablespoonful of sweet fat, a pinch of salt, one-quarter of a teaspoonful each of nutmeg and cinnamon, the juice of one lemon and one orange, one-quarter of a cup of raisins. Serve hot for dessert on hot mush or boiled rice.

Italian Honey Candy.—Take one cupful of sirup, four tablespoonfuls of honey, one teaspoonful of vinegar or lemon juice. Boil until brittle when dropped in cold water. Pull while still warm.

The world is more bitter which I with sweet will open.

DISHES SWEET AND OTHERWISE.



The season for small cakes and candies is here and with the desire to conserve as much sugar as possible we will be glad to use the various sirups for sweetening.

Coconut Sweets.—Take a pound package of coconut and a pound can of Eagle condensed milk. Mix thoroughly and make into small flat cakes, then bake in a slow oven until brown. The reason for naming the brand is because of its consistency; it makes a more satisfactory cake.

Sorghum Brittle.—Take one cupful of sorghum and boil it until brittle in cold water. Just before removing from the heat add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda. Turn this over rolled or coarsely chopped peanuts in a shallow greased pan.

Peanut Candy.—Boil together three-fourths of a cupful of corn sirup and one-fourth of a cupful of sorghum until it forms a hard crack in cold water. Stir in one cupful of chopped peanuts and pour into a well-buttered pan. Mark in squares.

Peanut Brittle.—Take one cupful of corn sirup, one teaspoonful of vinegar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one cupful of peanuts. Cook sirup, vinegar and salt until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Add the peanuts to the sirup and cook in an iron kettle, until the sirup becomes golden brown, stirring all the time to keep from burning. Add vanilla and pour into a shallow pan. Break in pieces when cold.

Honeyed Orange Peel.—Boil the peel of two oranges in water until tender; then drain and remove as much of the white as possible. Cut in narrow strips with scissors. Boil one-half cupful of honey with the peel for five minutes. Pour on a shallow plate to cool.

Hermits.—Cream one cupful of fat, add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, three eggs, one cupful of minced raisins, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half a nutmeg grated, and a teaspoonful of cinnamon, flour to roll. Cut with a cooky cutter and bake in a quick oven.

Nellie Maxwell

Wind That Scorches.

The name "harmattan" has been given to a dry hot wind which blows from the interior of Africa toward the Atlantic during December, January and February. Every plant, every bit of grass and leaf in its course is withered as though it had been seared by heat from a furnace.

Bank-Note Engravers.

It is said that there are scarcely more than 100 men in the whole world who are trained to be expert bank-note engravers.

Considerate Cuss.

"No," she declared, "I will never marry any man who hasn't grit enough to go and ask papa for me."

"That's all right, but you ought to remember that your father has a weak heart and sudden joy has often been known to prove fatal in such cases."—Boston Transcript.

The Preliminary.

"What is the first step toward creating a standing army?"

"I suppose to determine on what footing it shall be."

DANDRUFF MAKES HAIR FALL OUT

A small bottle of "Danderine" keeps hair thick, strong, beautiful.

Girls! Try this! Doubles beauty of your hair in a few moments.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance.

Get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine for a few cents at any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine.—Adv.

His Bluff Called.

"These $6 shoes suit me all right," said the young man who had enough in to feel a bit gay. "I'll take two pairs, size No. 9."

When they were wrapped up the young man tendered him three $2 bills.

"That will be $12, sir, if you please."

"Say you're a poker player, aren't you? Well, three of kind beat two pair."

"Yes, but they don't beat four aces," said the salesman. "Twelve dollars, please."—Boston Transcript.

UPSET STOMACH

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN AT ONCE ENDS SOURNESS, GASES, ACIDITY, INDIGESTION.

Undigested food! Lumps of pain; belching gas, acids and sourness. When your stomach is all upset, here is instant relief—No waiting!

The moment you eat a tablet of Pape's Diapepsin all the indigestion pain, dyspepsia misery, the sourness, gases and stomach acidity ends.

Pape's Diapepsin tablets cost little at any drug store but there is no surer or quicker stomach relief known. Adv.

Cynical Youngster.

"Isn't my picture that I made pretty?" asked Robert of a little girl next door.

"Oh, it is very pretty," she said admiringly.

"Well, sister Mary says it isn't a bit," said Robert.

"Well, what of it?" remarked the next door one. "You can expect praise from one of your own family."

Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum

When adding to your toilet requisites. An exquisitely scented face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum). 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

Cravenettes and roll-top desks hide a great many things from the public.

Keep Yourself Fit

You can't afford to be laid up with sore, aching kidneys in these days of high prices. Some occupations bring kidney troubles; almost any work makes weak kidneys worse. If you feel tired all the time, and suffer with lame back, sharp pains, dizzy spells, headaches and disordered kidney action, use Doan's Kidney Pills. It may save an attack of rheumatism, dropsy, or Bright's disease. Doan's have helped thousands back to health.

An Ohio Case

Grant Graddy, Railroad St., Bettsville, Ohio, says: "Years ago kidney complaint and also rheumatic trouble had me in awful shape. Half the time I was unable to work and felt weak and miserable. My kidneys acted too freely and the secretions were scanty. Every muscle in my back ached and pained. Several boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills put an end to my trouble."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Are You Open-Minded?

The average American is open-minded.

American business is conducted by true Americans of vision, open-minded men who believe in their country and strive to meet their country's needs. The men in the packing industry are no exception to the rule.

The business of Swift & Company has grown as the nation has progressed. Its affairs have been conducted honorably, efficiently, and economically, reducing the margin between the cost of live stock and the selling price of dressed meat, until today the profit is only a fraction of a cent a pound—too small to have any noticeable effect on prices.

The packing industry is a big, vital industry—one of the most important in the country. Do you understand it?

Swift & Company presents facts in the advertisements that appear in this paper. They are addressed to every open-minded person in the country.

The booklet of preceding chapters in this story of the packing industry, will be mailed on request to Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards - - Chicago, Illinois

Swift & Company U. S. A.

SWIFT & COMPANY U.S.A.

What They're Getting.

The Germans for the next generation," said Mrs. Edith Wharton at a Y. M. C. A. tea in Paris, "are going to be pariahs. Wherever they go, they're going to be abused. And it will be useless for them to complain.

"A German diplomat spent the summer at St. Moritz in the Swiss Engadine. One morning beside the lake he stopped to talk to some neutral ladies, and a little girl who was in the party whispered something to her mamma.

"The German smiled, and twisting his kaiserlike mustache, said jestingly to the little girl:

"'It's rude to whisper.'

"She looked him straight in the eye and answered coldly:

"'But it would have been ruder still to say it out loud.'"

If your druggist does not have Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" for Worms and Tapeworm, send 25 cents to 372 Pearl street, New York, and you will get it by return mail. Adv.

Served Three Years.

Mistress—Have you a good character, Jane?

New Servant—Yes, mum; I was three years in my last place, mum!

Mistress—That speaks volumes for you, Jane. Where was it?

New Servant—In the reformatory, mum!—London Tit-Bits.

His Chance.

A cab halted at a street corner and a man alighted. The latter had evidently not the means at hand to pay his fare by the manner in which he dived first into one pocket and then the other. He was relieved, however, from his embarrassment by a man tendering a treasury note to the driver with the remark:

"Take your fare out of that. I know this gentleman."

The change was given and the cabby was soon out of sight.

"To whom am I indebted for this kindness?" asked the first gentleman.

"Not me, sir. On the contrary, that's a bad note I've been wanting to change all day."

WHY WOMEN DREAD OLD AGE

Don't worry about old age. Don't worry about being in other people's way when you are getting on in years. Keep your body in good condition and you can be as hale and hearty in your old days as you were when a kid, and every one will be glad to see you.

The kidneys and bladder are the causes of senile afflictions. Keep them clean and in proper working condition. Drive the poisonous wastes from the system and avoid uric acid accumulations. Take GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules periodically and you will find that the system will always be in perfect working order. Your spirits will be enlivened, your muscles made strong and your face have once more the look of youth and health.

New life, fresh strength and health will come as you continue this treatment. When your first vigor has been restored continue for awhile taking a capsule or two each day. They will keep you in condition and prevent a return of your troubles.

There is only one guaranteed brand of Haarlem Oil Capsules, GOLD MEDAL. There are many fakes on the market. Be sure you get the Original GOLD MEDAL Imported Haarlem Oil Capsules. They are the only reliable. For sale by all first-class druggists.—Adv.

Art of Oratory.

"Did you ever catch yourself talking nonsense when you were making a speech?"

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "You have to give some audiences a few sentences they can't understand. It impresses them with a sense of ignorance and tends to make them sort of dependent."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Betrayed His Weakness.

"Is he a tightwad?"

"Is he? Say, listen: When he came to propose to me he thought he'd have to get down on his knees, and, would you believe it, he came in the oldest pair of trousers he had?"

Constipation can be cured without drugs. Nature's own remedy—selected herbs—is Garfield Tea.—Adv.

The first phonograph was made 40 years ago, but its popularity is of more recent date.

Greater food value—increased palatability

In making chocolate cakes use

BAKER'S CHOCOLATE

with barley and buckwheat flour.

The chocolate covers the color and taste of the dark flour so it is practically as good as when made with all white flour.

This use of cocoa or chocolate increases the food value of the prepared dish.

Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780

DORCHESTER, MASS.

WE BUY DOGWOOD

in Carload Lots

Write To-day for Full Particulars

Shambow Shuttle Company

Woonsocket, R. I.

Your Eyes

Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Pigeons' Part in Winning War

By E. B. Reid

Uncanny Instinct of Homers Saved Lives of Many Soldiers During Struggle Just Ended

A SILVER, THE MODERN TYPE OF RACING HOMER

WATCHING FOR A MESSAGE FROM THE FRONT

THE records of this war are replete with stories of the courageous work performed by carrier pigeons while saving the lives of our soldiers, but no incident better illustrates what they have accomplished than their activities in the battle of Bethencourt and Dead Man's hill. An entire French regiment was cut off from their comrades, completely surrounded for four days, and with no method of communicating word of their plight to the general in command. That fourth night one of the men scouting in No Man's Land stumbled over a dead comrade on whose back was strapped a basket carrying two little pigeons that during the four-day battle had been safeguarded by the body of their caretaker. Tenderly the scout brought the basket and birds back to the colonel on the hill. Early the next morning messages were written, affixed to the legs of the birds, which, exhausted and dust-soiled, but imbued with indomitable spirit and pluck, were liberated—wafted into the air by the prayers and wishes of the regiment, bearing with them the only remaining hope for these thousands of men and the happiness of other thousands in their families at home. Shortly afterward both birds fluttered wearily into their loft back at headquarters; and in a sortie ordered by the general the enemy was driven back and the regiment saved.

One of the officers of that regiment is now in Washington, and he has promised himself that now the war is over he will have a loft of the best birds he can get, and the best care and attention that is possible will be but a slight part of his measure of appreciation and gratitude to the little feathered messengers to whom he and his comrades owe their lives.

These little birds have been used in almost every conceivable way to get word back to the reserves or to headquarters when all other means of communication failed.

Carrier pigeons are not only used by the infantry and the navy, but are used frequently by the air service. At the Dunkirk hydroplane station they have an enviable record. There has not been a single accident to a plane, nor the loss of a plane in combat, where word of the occurrence was not brought back by the pigeons which are a part of the equipment of the planes. Instances of the value of the messengers could be multiplied without number, but it is more interesting to recount how these birds are bred, reared and housed under war conditions.

The pigeon's ability to do all of these wonderful tasks lies in its faculty of orientation, that is, its power to know as soon as it is released in what direction its home loft is and to fly directly to it. The perfection to which orientation is developed in the highly bred and trained homer was recently demonstrated at a pigeon fly conducted by the pigeon section of the signal corps, when 3,100 homing pigeons were released in Washington for a fly to New York city, 224 miles. To a single bird, these pigeons ran out of their coops and arose in the air with the speed of an express train, and after taking a half circle to get their bearing were off for New York. Every one of the pigeons was reported to have arrived promptly and the first arrival made the trip in 5 hours and 40 minutes. Surely it did not stop to read many sign posts on the way.

Just how the homing pigeon developed this power of orientation is a moot question, but it is certain that it has been cultivated through centuries until now it is almost uncanny. What guides the pigeon back to the loft where it first "took to the air" is a quality called by many names, and you will find that each person knows that he has the answer to the riddle. Some call it innate love of home; others attribute it to fertility, atmospheric conditions, sight, or memory. Personally, I cannot call it anything more or less than instinct, highly developed. We find it in lesser degree in horses, dogs and cats, and in other birds it seems to be developed a little less markedly, but with sufficient accuracy so that they migrate annually thousands of miles without the aid of any other compass than their instinct. When we remember the potent power of selection and think of the years and generations of careful breeding and selection which the homing pigeon has undergone it is not so wonderful that they have developed the homing instinct to a high degree. I have seen their cousins, the fan-tailed pigeons, bred to such a degree of fineness that they weighed only a few ounces apiece and were so nervous that they could not stand still—they were like the hair-spring of a watch, constantly preening and ducking and on the move. In very early times homing pigeons were in vogue in Egypt, Greece and among the Romans. Racing pigeons has been a royal and national sport in Belgium, France, Italy, Turkey, Egypt and England for hundreds of years. It was introduced into this country in the seventies and has enjoyed a fair and steady growth until now there are three national homing pigeon associations with a membership of more than 2,000 breeders.

Much time is spent in teaching the pigeon all of the tricks which count when the bird is actually racing in competition with other pigeons. It is taught to enter the loft immediately upon its return, for a bird that does not enter so that the message it carries can be taken from it is of very little value as a messenger. Nothing is more exasperating to the fancier or racer than to have the pigeon return and cool its anatomy and view the scenery for a half hour before entering the loft. It is nearly sufficient cause to make the trainer of pigeons lose his faith in pigeon nature; besides it gives the neighbors a chance to make remarks about the fullgrown men playing with birdies. Once the bird is inside the loft it cannot emerge, since each loft is equipped with a trap through which the bird can enter at any time but cannot go out unless the trap is set for exit.

The ordinary barn variety of pigeon or those bred for the production of squabs for market and the racing homing pigeon should not be confused. They are as distinct and have as many points of difference as have the big draft horse and the high-strung, nervous racing horse. The ordinary pigeon has very little homing ability, whereas the homing pigeon is kept and bred exclusively for that faculty. They are also bred for speed, and every muscle which is used in flight is developed almost at the expense of the other muscles of its body. In races the actual speed recorded is almost beyond belief. Speeds of 1,850 to 1,900 yards per minute, or 60 miles per hour, have been made for short distances, and it is not extraordinary for a bird to cover in excess of 500 miles in a single day. The record for 1,000 miles is 1 day, 11 hours, 24 minutes and 11 seconds, and was made by a bird named Bullet, and the longest successful race was 1,589 miles from Denver, Colo., to Springfield, Mass. (time 22 days, 3 hours, 22 minutes), although instances are recorded where birds sent from New York to the Pacific coast as breeders have, on liberation or escape, returned from California, over the mountains and plains to their old homes in New York.

At various times in this country the army and navy have decided to use carrier pigeons in their work, but with indifferent success until the recent war. The old reports are rather amusing when considered in the light of present-day knowledge of what can be done with the birds when handled properly. Pigeons were used in the navy more than 20 years ago, but failed through lack of proper care. At the time of the Mexican border trouble pigeons were again tried, but with little success for the same reason and through lack of time for acclimatization.

Homing pigeons were first put on a business-like basis in the army in March, 1917, in the eastern department. In November of that year the pigeon section of the land division of the signal corps was organized, and since then rapid progress has been made in this country and abroad. Hundreds of lofts have been built and equipped in this country, and in the early days many pigeons were shipped overseas. Men have been selected and trained in the science of pigeon breeding, rearing and flying. Many of these have already found service overseas in the care of lofts and the birds of our armies. It has been necessary to train a large number of people in this work, as it was practically new to each person who took it up. The training of officers and men in the use and care of the birds at the front and in the forwarding of messages all took time. Unfortunately the pigeons could only fly and could not talk, necessitating the writing of the messages. Some wag has proposed to improve the pigeon by crossing it with a parrot, thus eliminating the necessity of writing the messages. However, the pigeon might have something to say about the matter.

One of the most difficult parts of the work of introducing pigeons into the army service was to instill into the minds of the officers and men the fact that the pigeons are reliable. That they are reliable is proved by the experience overseas, where the birds are retained in forward positions while any other method, whether telephone, telegraph, induction buzzers, wireless, wigwag or runner is available, and only when everything else fails, and only the birds remain, then through barrage, gas, and every other of the diabolical inventions of war, more than 97 per cent of the messages intrusted to our pigeons are safely and speedily delivered by them to headquarters. These messengers are carried to the front in especially constructed wicker baskets which can be carried handily by the soldier intrusted with their care. Back of the lines the pigeons are kept in either of two kinds of lofts or home, stationary or movable, but the essential feature of each is the same. Every effort is made to make each bird comfortable, happy and attached to its home. This is done most effectively by the method of feeding, as the approach to the bird's affection is through its stomach, the same as with genus homo. Each loft is equipped with a trap through which the birds are taught to enter and leave without fear. Each time the bird enters the trap an alarm is automatically rung, notifying the attendant of the return of the bird, that the message may be immediately obtained and forwarded to headquarters.

Before the late war if you had told a pigeon fancier that you could move his pigeon loft as far as 50 miles and that the pigeons would return to it swiftly and accurately he would probably have laughed at you and said something about your being a novice in the pigeon racing and breeding game. The movable loft is one of the advances in pigeon lore that the war has brought out. This is a very important development, as it is highly desirable that the lofts always be near to military headquarters and available for instant removal with headquarters as conditions may require. These movable lofts are very well constructed and are interesting houses for these itinerant messengers. They are outfitted with nesting boxes, observation traps, storage space for feed, water, and accommodations for one or two attendants who are constantly on duty. In fact, they remind one of the circus wagons that travel with the smaller circuses about the country.

Another innovation developed was the "owl express." There were pigeons at the front that developed the faculty for seeing at night and these were called veritable human night owls. In fact, they came home much more steadily and accurately than some of their civilian brethren, who were wont to be habitual riders of the "owl express."

The sport of racing and breeding pigeons is due to receive an impetus as a civilian sport now that the war is ended, and the progress made under war conditions should not be allowed to lapse. Thousands of soldiers will have become familiar with the birds and will have a warm regard for them. There will be many who will share the feeling of the officer who was mentioned in the first part of this article as having been saved by the pigeons in the battle of Bethencourt and Dead Man's hill.

Carrying-on Alone

She went downtown for the peace celebration—a slender young woman, whose husband had been killed in one of the regiments sent to France. Some one, who knew her, expressed surprise at her being willing to take part in this celebration.

"When Billy went away he was quite a soldier," she told her friend. "He not only wore a uniform, but he had taken up what he termed military speech. The last thing he told me was: 'While I'm gone I want you to go on with a smile on your face. I can carry-on better if I know you'll do that.'

"So I promised him I would, and he reminded me in every letter of my promise. 'Carry-on with a smile,' he ended every letter—even the last one. So I'm still carrying-on, even if he doesn't come back. My promise still holds."—Indianapolis News.

LOADS BOX CARS.

A prominent iron and steel manufacturer in the East is using the industrial truck for loading box cars with the smaller product of his plant. These parts are loaded directly onto a truck with an overhead crane, run up a 25 per cent grade onto the loading platform alongside the box cars and then into the box car. The loading position of this truck is directly at the bottom of the 25 per cent grade and the truck must climb this grade from a standing start. As high as two tons have been handled in a single load in this fashion. One of the serious problems that has confronted this manufacturer is the handling of flasks and storage material on filled ground; to overcome this is a portable board track with flat planks as rails was made and no difficulty encountered in running at full speed over this track—a distance of 150 feet.

DISCOVERED RIGHT TO THINK

Author Relates How Young Harvard Student Broke the Conventional Trappings and Bonds.

Is thinking a science, an art or a profession? Henry Hazlitt, author of a book on "Thinking," calls it a science and an art. George Dorsey, author of "Young Low"—that delightful anthropological novel of a modern, human boy—makes one of his fascinating scientist characters declare that thinking is a profession, as is fishing, lying, preaching, banking or engineering.

Very early in his Harvard career, Young Low makes the discovery that he has a right to think and it is Huxley, as it happens, who discovers for him or helps him to discover his intellectual franchise. Here is Mr. Dorsey's description of the emergence of his hero's boy-mind from its conventional trappings and bonds:

"That night, high up in Weld (one of the Harvard dormitories), in front of my fire, I tried to puzzle it out. Huxley dares think such things, and a reputable firm dares print them. Surely, I, poor, insignificant I, have a right to think.

"And I did think. I had never felt that way before. I had never realized that I dare to think about these things.

"I felt as if a load had been lifted from me. I had no idea where it would lead—nor for the time did I care—but I felt mentally free for the first time in my life. And deep within me I knew what Huxley meant when he said that to him the chiefest good was freedom to learn, to think, and to say what he pleased when he pleased! Until now I had not dared hope for such freedom. . . . That was a memorable rainy day; and I was grateful to Huxley. I might have to pay a price for doubting, but it would be paid by a free man, not a bondsman."

The Leak.

"Say, waiter, this plate must be cracked. The table is wet."

"No, sir; there's a leak in the soup."—Buffalo News.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

Dividing the Bird.

"To be happy a man needs a wonderful digestion and a woman needs beautiful attire," said Mr. Jones.

"Yes," commented Miss Brown; "one wants the stomach of an ostrich and the other wants the feathers."—London Answers.

Headaches, Bilious Attacks, Indigestion, are cured by taking May Apple, Aloe, Jalap made into Pleasant Pellets (Dr. Pierce's). Adv.

A Doubtful Indorsement.

"Did your late employer give you a testimonial?"

"Yes; but it doesn't seem to do me any good."

"What did he say?"

"He said I was one of the best men the firm ever turned out."—Stray Stories.

A postal card to Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., asking for a sample will repay you.—Adv.

Food.

"Do you think we ought to feed the Germans?"

"Don't believe we'll get the chance," replied the man of cautious inclinations. "Those Germans are entirely too thrifty to pay 85 and 90 cents a dozen for eggs."

$100 Reward, $100

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. $100.00 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Rara Avis.

Knicker—Is Jones original?

Borker—Very; when he accepts a job he doesn't let on that it is a great sacrifice.

"BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN"

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did For Ohio Woman.

Portsmouth, Ohio.—"I suffered from irregularities, pains in my side and was so weak at times I could hardly go around to do my work, and as I had four in my family and three boarders it made it very hard for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. I took it and it has restored my health. It is certainly the best medicine for woman's ailments I ever saw."—Mrs. Sara Shaw, R. No. 1, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Mrs. Shaw proved the merit of this medicine and wrote this letter in order that other suffering women may find relief as she did.

Women who are suffering as she was should not drag along from day to day without giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice in regard to such ailments write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its forty years experience is at your service.

Cuticura Promotes Hair Health

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. High-est references. Best results.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 2-1919.

After the "Flu" —Fever or Cold

Clean the Acidity and Toxic Poisons Out of the Digestive Tract

Millions are now suffering from the after effects of the deadly "flu," a fever or a cold. Their appetites are poor; they are weak, and they are waiting for their strength to come back.

If these people could only realize that the return to health and strength would be greatly helped by giving attention to the stomach—that is, removing the acidity and toxic poisons from the entire digestive tract, making it act naturally, so that the body will receive the full strength of the food eaten—a great deal of suffering would be saved to humanity.

Everyone knows that the disease itself, and the strong medicines that have been taken, upset the stomach, leave it hot and feverish, the mouth dry, the tongue coated, a nasty taste, and no desire to eat. This is a poor foundation to build new strength on.

Now, tens of thousands of people all over this country are using EATONIC for the purpose of cleaning these poisonous after-effects right out of the system and they are obtaining wonderful results—so wonderful that the amazingly quick benefits are hardly believable, just as shown in the remarkable letter which is published upon the request of this sturdy old Civil War veteran. He is 77 years old. Read what he says EATONIC did for him:

"I am an old soldier, past seventy-seven years. I had the Spanish influenza and it left me stomach in an awful shape. I tried three different doctors but got no relief. As a last resort I sent and got a box of EATONIC and to my great and surprise the very first tablet I took helped me. I can now eat anything I want and feel fine. Yours thankfully, C. S. Martin, Fowler, Indiana, Dec. 6, 1918."

P. S.—If you can make any use of this letter for suffering humanity, you are at liberty to do so. C. S. M.

This is only one case out of thousands. You should make the EATONIC test—your own case at once. You have everything to gain—not a penny can you lose, for we take all the risk. Your own common sense, your own feelings, tell you that a good appetite, good digestion, a good stomach, with the fever poisons and effects of strong medicines out of your system, will put you on the road to strong, robust health again.

You want to enjoy life again after you have battled with the "flu," fever or colds, or any other illness that has taken your strength. You want to get back your old-time vigor, be full of pep and enthusiasm—be able to work with ease, instead of listlessly, half-heartedly dragging out a mere existence.

So be sure to take a box of EATONIC home with you today. We cannot urge this too strongly. If EATONIC fails to give you positive beneficial results, it will not cost you a penny. There is no risk—the benefit is surely all for you.

TAKE EATONIC TODAY FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

NOTE—Over 50,000 drug stores throughout the United States sell and guarantee EATONIC. If you cannot obtain EATONIC quickly at your drug store, do not be without it. Write us and we will mail you a big box and you can send us the 50c after you get it. Add.: H. L. Kramer, Pres., EATONIC REMEDY CO., 1018 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

AVOID INFLUENZA AND PNEUMONIA BY USING GOWANS Rub-It-On [illegible] 25c, 50c, $1.00. Pay No More.

First Fireplaces.

Fireplaces, as we know them, came into use in the sixteenth century. Prior to that the hearth was in the middle of the room and the smoke escaped through an opening in the peak of the roof.

WOMEN SUFFERERS MAY NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Too Much to Stand.

"I went into the battle singing."

"Then no wonder you got the Huns on the run."

Acid Stomach, Heartburn and Nausea quickly disappear with the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. Send for trial box to 372 Pearl St., New York. Adv.

Strong Combination.

"Couldn't sell that graphophone."

"Too bad."

"Tried hard, too. Both the machine and myself were talking."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Hooked to Death!

This may happen if your cattle have horns, or they may injure each other and keep the whole herd excited. BE HUMANE. Prevent horns growing while calves are young. It means a contented and more profitable herd. Use

DR. DAVID ROBERTS' HORN KILLER

At our dealers or POSTPAID 50c

Consult Dr. DAVID ROBERTS about all animal ailments. Information free. Send for price list of medicines and get FREE copy of "The Cattle Specialist" with full information on Abortion in Cows. DR. DAVID ROBERTS VETERINARY CO., 100 Grand Ave., Waukesha, Wis.

Novel Excuse.

One morning my little sister was washing herself when we heard her exclaim: "Mamma, I can't wash my ears; there is too much fancy work in them."—Chicago American.

Constipation, indigestion, sick headache and bilious conditions are overcome by a course of Garfield Tea. Drink on retiring.—Adv.

Financial Arrangement.

"What does nature do with sure fools they?"

"I suppose she collects it by means of grassy banks."

Masked Battery.

"Pa, what is a masked battery?"

"Pretty lips concealing a shrewish tongue, my son."—Boston Transcript.

Dr. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy

PISO'S