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HOW SHE WAS WON

By ETHEL HOLMES

"Dotty," said Mr. Harmon to his daughter, whose real name was Pauline, "don't you think that to please papa you could accept Ernest Towne?"

"How about pleasing myself?"

"Oh, that will come later. If you marry Bob Stewart, instead of increasing your social distinction, you'll feel the pinch of poverty; if you marry Towne, you'll be a swell leader later on."

"Aren't you rich enough to keep my position for me, papa?"

"I? Oh, well, you see that what I have will be added to what you get by marriage."

"I'll think about it, papa."

She concluded to refer the case to a contest between the two suitors. So she sent word to both of them that she would the next morning be driving her car within the limits of Marion county—a region full of excellent roads, crossing another like the wires of a twisted gridiron—and would marry whichever of the two men who proposed first.

Both suitors received the information about 10 o'clock at night, the contest to take place the next morning. Neither had any information as to what point the lady would enter the chosen district. The county line was many miles in length, and she might enter at any point. Even if a candidate entered near her he would not know which direction she would take, and he might get off in the opposite one.

Both men made their preparations before turning in for the night. Towne went to his garage, where he kept several cars, and ordered his chauffeur to prepare the one best suited to his needs for the contest. He was not a driver himself and expected to use his chauffeur for that purpose.

Stewart, on receiving his notification set down to a job of thinking on the matter. He could see no hope of his securing an advantage over his rival by ordinary methods of transportation. It would be purely a matter of luck, the man having the best luck winning. At midnight he had solved the problem.

Before daylight Miss Harrison started, with a single attendant, for the trial ground, and for the first peep of day she was in his center, ready to take any course her fancy dictated. At the starting hour Towne passed the line and began to follow a route he had laid down on the map which he thought would give him the best chance of a meeting. His car was capable of making sixty miles an hour, and when on long stretches his chauffeur was instructed to get that speed out of her.

Miss Harmon, being in the center of the county, worked from that outward, whereas it was supposed that she would enter at the outside and work inward. Towne began by making a speedy zigzag run, following the trend of the line, hoping to come upon the prize soon after she entered. Of course he completed the circuit without meeting her. Nevertheless he continued on the same plan, which was to make shorter and shorter circuits till he arrived at the center.

Miss Harmon's plan was something like this, though she did not make a regular spiral from the center to the line. She saw nothing of either of her suitors. Mr. Towne passed her on his inward, her outward, move on the opposite side of the ground of contest. When they came round again he was within, she was without.

They were thus in a quarter of a mile of each other.

All this time nothing was seen of Stewart. Miss Harmon had been on the road three hours and was beginning to tire. At first she assumed that she had missed both her suitors. Indeed, when she came to think of it calmly it was quite likely that she might ride all day over so large a field without meeting either of them. As to Towne, he had not yet reached the center point.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon Miss Harmon was driving along a stretch of road in which there was no turn when an auto plumped itself from a side path into the middle of the road right before her. She had barely time to stop within a few feet of it when Bob Stewart jumped out of the obstructing car, sprang on to the footboard of Miss Harmon's car and, seizing her hand, asked her to marry him.

Suspense was ended. The man she loved had won.

"You scamp!" she exclaimed through smiles. "I don't believe you have won fairly."

"I have taken no illegitimate advantage," was the reply.

"How did you do it?"

But Bob wouldn't tell—at least not then. Indeed, he never told till after the wedding. He had been doing something in air travel and had kept both his rival and his girl in sight all day from the clouds. When they got as far apart as possible and in a favorable position for him to reach his auto he had descended and—won.

"Papa," said Miss Harmon to her father the evening of the contest, "I'm sorry I can't please you by marrying Ernest Towne."

"Why not, Dotty?"

"Bob Stewart is the smarter man."

"How do you know that?"

She told her father how Bob had won her, and the old man was so pleased that he not only gave his consent, but took Bob into his employ and in time made him his successor.

McFadden's Flight

A Story For St. Patrick's Day

By ELINOR MARSH

Mike McFadden was the most popular young man in all Ireland at the time of the revolution. He rode about on horseback, carrying a green flag with a harp on it, calling on the people to arm and shake off the yoke of England.

This was very well so long as the revolution lasted, but when it was put down Mike was one of the persons marked for punishment. But his popularity stood him in good stead. Where there was one person to hunt for there were a hundred to conceal him.

He was talking to a crowd of listeners in his native town, exhorting them "not to give up the ship as long as there was a stick of timber left in her," that St. Patrick was with them and would grant them the victory, when a woman from an upper window cried out:

"The soldiers! They're coming!"

And so they were. They were coming for Mike, and there was a beautiful chance of their taking him, and if they took him he was sure to hang.

The question of the moment was how to protect Mike. Ireland was forgotten. Mike was all in all. One of the girls present beckoned him to follow her and darted into a house. As soon as Mike was inside she shut the door. A few minutes later the soldiers rode into town and began to look for the rebel.

"All the men come into the street!" cried the sergeant in command. Some of the men were already there, and the rest thought it best to obey the order.

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A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

By M. QUAD

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Three months ago the drug stores of the world opened up on me because of my wonderful medical remedies. These remedies had proved so wonderful in curing all ailments that the druggists found their customers turning from them. A combination was formed named me, with millions of dollars back of it, and threats were made that I would be a bankrupt in six months.

I am now going for the druggists in turn, and I have brought forth a wonderful remedy that will shut the doors on many of them. I have composed my twenty-one remedies in the shape of a porous plaster, and that plaster is going to revolutionize the world.

The name, Brown's Porous Plaster, is printed on in red ink, and no one who can read can be deceived by an envious druggist. The plasters are fringed all around by a strip of calkula so that falling over a fence or from the roof of a barn cannot dislodge or damage them. In putting them on the face of another person is required. The back should first be rubbed with hot vinegar and red pepper. When the flesh begins to smart and raise you on your toes the plaster should be capped on. Great care should be taken that no needles, pins or carpet tacks should get mixed in. When the plaster is on, rub it over with a rolling pin. This takes about two minutes, and after it is finished that plaster will stick by you for the rest of your life. If you live fifty years you will never want another. As to what my porous plaster will do I shall not make any boasts, but I will modestly say:

"That it will cure a sore throat in two seconds.

It will remove a corn while you are throwing a chair at the cat.

It will cure rheumatism while you are trading jackknives with a tin peddler.

It will knock a stiff knee stiffer than a poker while you are walking forty rods to the nearest saloon.

It will cure consumption unless both lungs are gone and your ribs are all caved in.

It will prevent pneumonia and disappoint the doctors.

In my claims of what my porous plaster will do I have confined myself exclusively to human beings. I had not tried it on animal life when a gentleman named Eben Jehoshaphat Jones of the state of Kansas wrote to me that he owned a horse twenty-seven years old that had been blind and deaf for the last seven years. The horse was so deaf that he couldn't hear a thunderstorm and so blind that it was a common thing for him to knock the doors off the barn about five times a week. The horse had not been put out of the way because he was the favorite mount of Eben's first, second and third wives and he was keeping him alive out of sentiment. He read of my Porous Plaster, and he bought two and tried them on the horse. His color was that of a dish

rag, but in one week it had changed to a bright bay. The sight came back to his eyes, his deafness vanished, and in less than a month he won a race and a purse of \$25 with it. The plasters, which will never come off, give the animal a unique appearance and will serve as blankets in the winter. I have testimonials to show that within an hour after the plaster has been applied the wearer feels a mixture of energy and ambition thrilling all through her or him. He or she wants to do great things. They cannot sit still, but must be at work. Many of them have to be tied in their chairs long enough to eat dinner.

A man in Iowa writes me that he was so lazy that it nearly killed him when he had to rock the cradle of his infant for half an hour at a time. Within a week after wearing my plaster he split 500 rails in one day and then came home and licked a man whom he had had a grudge against for forty years.

A woman in Michigan who hadn't had energy enough to sweep the floor or clean out the coffee pot for a long number of years put on one of these plasters to cure a coming deafness. It not only knocked the deafness away, but infused such energy into her that in one day she used the broom up clear to the handle and scooped the coffee pot so vigorously that nothing was left but the spout when she got through.

I could produce thousands more of such testimonials, but it seems useless. Try one porous plaster in a community and all will believe. The druggists will tell you that it is a fraud, but pay no attention to what they say. It costs you only 25 cents to find out whether I am telling you the truth or wanting to sell you a fraud.

Just now I am arranging to ship 2,000,000 porous plasters to the southern states, where the razor backed hogs roam in countless numbers. They are as thin as knife blades and the meat is as tough as a bull's hide. I believe that a porous plaster stuck on the back of these hogs will produce fatness and that the pork will be superior to any chicken meat, and if I can bring about such an improvement there will be such a thunder of applause from the south as will shake down every green apple growing in any five of the northern states.

Try one and be convinced. If you have any children in the family don't let them get hold of the plasters and eat them up. I will not be responsible for results.

Farm Boys Fill the Pulpits.

If you are a salesman there is little chance your son will become a minister, while if you are a farmer the chances are the best, and if you are a minister the chances are the best.

That conclusion results from the statistical table prepared after investigation by the Association of American Colleges.

Thirty-three per cent of all ministers at least in the northern states, where the statistics apply, came from the homes of farmers and 15 per cent from the homes of ministers.

Other vocations furnish the following per cent of graduates: Clerical, 15 per cent; Physicians, 2 per cent; Teachers, 4 per cent; Lawyers, 5 per cent; Merchants and millers, each 8 per cent; all other vocations, 30 per cent.—Chicago Tribune.

The Head of The Family

By RUTH GRAHAM

It was a month after their marriage. Not a word had been spoken to interrupt that current of romance down which they became conscious that they loved. But there is always a beginning.

"My dear," he said pettishly, "I suppose I must go through another day with a safety pin for a suspender button?"

"Another day, dear! What do you mean?"

"If I remember aright, this is the third time I have asked you to replace the button that came off a week ago."

She made no reply, but went to her workbasket, got out what was needed and sewed on the button.

Romance had given place to reality. From that moment she began the duties of a wife. Her day was all for her husband. When she arose in the morning her first duty was to see that he had what pleased him for breakfast. She poured his coffee with her own hand. Then when he had gone for the day she superintended the household affairs, planning that everything might be in order against his return. In the evening she consulted his pleasure. If he wished to go out she went out with him. If he preferred to stay at home she stayed at home with him. It seemed to her that there was scarcely an hour in the day that she was not working for him.

And he? He went down to business in the morning and worked hard all day for her. When his competitors got ahead of him, when wrangling over disputed business transactions fretted him, when he failed to make money or when he met with success it was all for her. She needed expensive clothing, and he bought it for her. Every spring she must have new apparel, and the next spring, though it was not worn or faded, it was no longer in fashion. One season she must have a hat like an umbrella, and the next it must be replaced by one no larger than a dinner plate. Her winter coat must be short, and the next year it must be long. Since the hat could not be developed nor the coat lengthened, they must be cast off and new ones purchased. He wondered why garments never grew smaller, so that those purchased the year before might be reduced.

One day she reproached him.

"The day is not long enough," she said, "for me to do all I have to do for my master. I did not know when I married you that I was bringing upon myself slavery. As a girl I could devote all my time to myself. Then I was light hearted because I was free. I had no one's clothes to mend except my own. I had no household duties. I spent my leisure time going to theaters, balls and such other amusements as I preferred. Oh, woe is me that I should have married and become a slave!"

And he replied:

"From morning till night I am down-

town making money for you to spend for gowns and hats that won't stay in fashion long enough to get the 'new' off them. I must provide house rent and sustenance for you and the thousand other things that you require. I never go fishing or shooting, as I did before I was married, for now, having your necessities to supply, I have nothing left for indulging in those sports of which I used to be so fond. My foxing piece went into a fur coat for you, and you are wearing my fishing tackle on your head. Oh, woe is me that I ever married and became a slave!"

One day a baby came.

The duties of the wife were changed. The husband returned to the use of safety pins in lieu of buttons. She had no longer time to mend his linen. His clothing remained torn.

The baby needed all her attention, requiring more changes of clothing in a day than her husband needed in a week. She spent much time preparing the child's food. He had colic often, during which she must dandle him, walk with him and give him medicines. Every day he must have the sun and air in his carriage, and his mother, unwilling to trust him to a nurse, trundled him herself. When she was not trundling him she was making or buying clothes for him, and when she was not doing these she was receiving instructions from the doctor as to what she should put into his stomach and what she should put over it.

And the husband. He was now glad to get downtown in the morning to escape the baby's squalls. He passed most of the night walking with his son back and forth when the boy had colic and was tired out with loss of sleep. But in his office there was quiet. Besides, in his office he was master, which he was not at home.

One morning the husband, who had taken care of the baby during the night that his wife might get "a little sleep," began the old plaint, "I am your slave." This awakened her own former words, "It is I who am your slave."

This started the wrangle again. Words were getting high when there was a diversion.

There came a sudden yell from the crib. Both rushed to see what was wrong with the baby.

"Here is our master," said the father. "We are both his slaves."

But it was a new kind of slavery that had come upon them. Somehow they accepted it as a matter of course, but they were in constant terror lest they lose their sovereignty.

Poor Economy.

"When I bought my phonograph I had an idea that we'd save money by hearing good music at home."

"Well, didn't you?"

"Not a bit of it. Every time we get a record that we like my wife is never satisfied until we have gone to a concert or the opera and heard the same music at first hand, and every time we do that she hears a lot more music she wants records of."—New York World.

Efficiency.

Willis—Bump has a very up to date office.

Gillis—Yes. He has one of these office systems where you can find just what you want when you don't want it by looking where it wouldn't be if you did want it. Life.

FORD

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

320,817

Have been built and actually delivered to retail buyers since August 1, 1916. These figures—320,817—represent the actual number of cars manufactured by us since August 1st, 1916, and delivered to our agents and retail buyers.

This unusual fall and winter demand for Ford cars makes it necessary for us to confine the distribution of cars only to those agents who have orders for immediate delivery to retail customers, rather than to permit any agent to stock cars in anticipation of later spring sales.

We are issuing this notice to intending buyers that they may protect themselves against delay or disappointment in securing Ford cars. If, therefore you are planning to purchase a Ford car, we advise you to place your order and take delivery now.

Immediate orders will have prompt attention.

Delay in buying at this time may cause you to wait several months.

Enter your order today for immediate delivery with our authorized Ford agent listed below and don't be disappointed later on.

PRICES
Runabout \$345, Touring Car \$360, Coupelet \$505
Town Car \$595, Sedan \$645, f. o. b. Detroit

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