

HONEST STRATEGY

By VENE KENNEDY

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"Please, Mrs. Karl, come and play tennis," said Cleva Cullough appealingly. "It's too hot," said Mrs. Karl lazily. "I'm too old to frisk in such weather." "Hear! Hear!" cried Roy Kendall. "What an honest woman!" "From compulsion, Roy. I was born here." "In the year of our Lord"—Cleva added. "Eighteen hundred and sixty," completed Mrs. Karl easily. "I am thirty-eight, you see." "Thirty-eight?" repeated Roy. "It can't be you are ten years older than I am!" "Yes," she answered smilingly. "Slender, graceful, charming, she looked scarce thirty and knew it." "With a pout Cleva started for the tennis court, followed by Roy Kendall

and Madison Harding. And it was hot! Soon Harding began to breathe heavily. As they finished the game he held out his racket and panted: "Here, Brady, I'll leave you and Miss Temple to whitewash Kendall and Cleva." "Are you warm?" said Mrs. Karl as he joined her on the veranda. "Am I warm? Well," reaching eagerly for the ice water on the table beside her. "No," she commanded. "Go change your clothes. Not a cold plunge, remember—just a rub and dry linen." He laughed, but obeyed. When he returned, she handed him a glass of water, then a nicely pared peach. "Uh!" he grunted. "This beats tennis." "I think so," she said. They chatted for some time. Then he asked suddenly: "Why haven't you married again?" "The usual reason," she answered. "A beautiful woman, with twenty thousand a year, ought to find Mr. Right surely." "Madison," she said softly, "I never loved Robert. Now—well, I must be sure of myself and him." "Robert was a good man," he said gravely. "Yes," she repeated. "Yet I hated him at times because I could not love him." "But you married him?" "Yes, and I deserved to be more unhappy than I was. He was forty-eight, I twenty-two; he rich, I poor; he ready to settle down, I ready to have a fling with life. Somehow, Madison, I think he ought to have known better than to have asked me. He ought to have known I couldn't love him." "Why not?" His voice was constrained. "Youth loves youth. Much as Robert loved me, I think the first few years were equally disappointing to both. I was ready for my fling and had it. I know now how bored he was with it all. It's glorious to do stunts when one is a colt, but afterward—she laughed merrily and handed him the peach she had been paring. "But afterward?" he repeated. "One wants to jog along," she continued. "The normal woman past thirty-five can say what she may, but the excitement and strength taking amusements that she revels in during her teens and twenties—ah, they're not worth the price!" His answering smile quickly disappeared as she went into the house. He was forty-five, Cleva Cullough twenty-two; he rich, she poor; he had his fling, she just ready for hers. He had accepted Lorene Karl's invitation to spend the month of August at her country home because Cleva was to be there. He had determined the latter should be his promised wife before they left, but— He slept little that night. A picture of Robert Karl, wearied and surfeited, dancing attendance on the gay, untiring Lorene, rose before him. "To jog along" had a soothing sound, but a vision of Cleva's laughing, girlish face made his jaws set determinedly. It rained during the night. Next day was cool and clear. "Oh, me! Oh, my!" said Mrs. Karl. "Why am I not a seer? If I had known it was to be such a charming day, I would have had our dance tonight. By Friday it will probably be as hot as blazes." "What's the odds?" said Cleva. "I can dance if it registers a hundred." "So can I," said Roy—"with you." "Then I shall give you the first and last dance and two in between," she said, with a gay laugh, glancing from under her long lashes at Harding. "I'll take the rest," he replied promptly, "if it registers two hundred." Friday night simply blazed forth heat, but Cleva and a crowd of young folks danced as merrily as though Jack Frost were in the air. Harding noted a wondrous sparkle in Cleva's eyes as she and Roy swung around the room, and he looked sadly disgruntled as he joined Lorene Karl. "This is our dance," he said listlessly. "Go change your collar," was the answer, "and put some talcum on your neck. Then we will sit under the trees—sit, not walk." When he returned, he asked curiously: "Where did you learn so much wisdom?" "I was married ten years," she said carelessly. She gazed at him contemptuously as he tilted back against a tree and silently smoked a cigar. The bright

moonlight fell full upon him. Tall, broad, handsome, he yet looked his age. "You have saved my life," he said laughingly as they sauntered back. "And my own. This is one of the things that's not worth the price." As he came for their next wait she shook her head and laughed. "Come," said he. "We'll risk one turn." He put his arm around her and made a move to start, then stood suddenly still and stared down at the shapely brown head, his own giddy with the thrill that held him. He drew her closer. As the music stopped he released her with a reluctance he could scarcely define. "I enjoyed that dance," she said. "It was worth the price, then?" he bantered. "Fully," she uttered softly. Until daybreak he sat on the veranda smoking and thinking. He tried to adjust the Lorene Karl he had known for eleven years with the woman he had discovered during the past week. He had condemned her for marrying for money. Though gay, even audacious, she had never coquetted. As he danced with Cleva his mind had been alert to her beauty, to her bubbling spirits, her glorious youth, but as he held Lorene Karl there had

BOWSER BECALMED.

ASTONISHES HIS WIFE BY FINDING NOTHING TO KICK ABOUT.

It Worries Her, and in Alarm She Relates to Him a String of Mishaps to Rattle His Temper, but He Remains Calm and Placid.

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MRS. BOWSER had made up her mind that there would be trouble. The gas bill had come in, the water tax was due, the coal nearly out, the butcher had sent a tough steak, and a boy had broken one of the front windows with a snowball. In addition, the cook had given notice, a water pipe was leak-



HE SAT DOWN TO HIS PAPER.

ing, and some one had stolen the doormat. It was with fear and trembling that she heard his step, but if he had missed the doormat as he entered he didn't say anything about it. He simply observed that it would be a cold night and led the way down to dinner. It took all his muscle to cut the steak, but he hadn't a word to say about its toughness. He couldn't help but hear the cook thrashing around in the kitchen in the way that cooks do when they have given notice, but he made no criticisms. "Don't you feel well this evening?" asked Mrs. Bowser after wondering what could have happened to him during the day. "Never better," he pleasantly answered. "I'm sorry about the steak, and I shall speak to the butcher about it." "Yes, it's a little tough, but nothing



THE CAT BEGAN TO FEEL ASTONISHED.

to kick over, I suppose he did his best." "Is business at the office good?" she continued. "First rate, first rate." "And—nothing happened?" "Nothing at all, dear." Mrs. Bowser was nonplused, but she could not help believing that some calamity was about to descend upon the house. She was almost in a tremble as they left the table, but Mr. Bowser lighted his cigar and sat down to his paper with a peaceful expression on his face. The cat jumped upon his knee and he stroked her back affectionately, and ten minutes passed before Mrs. Bowser dared to say: "The boys on the street were having a snowball fight today, and one of them broke our window." "Yes, I noticed it as I came along," was the quiet reply. On other occasions Mr. Bowser would have jumped a foot high and vowed by the great horn spoon that he would hunt that boy to his tomb and sue his father fourteen times over, but he never even turned red in the face. "The cook wants to leave Saturday," continued Mrs. Bowser, feeling pretty sure that she would be held to blame for it. "Yes, well, I think you can get a better one. At least, I shouldn't worry." "Do you remember when you ordered the last coal?" "No, but it ought to have been burned up by this time. Speak to me in the morning, and I will order some more." Mrs. Bowser turned pale as she looked at him. No kick over the steak! No kick over the broken window! No kick over the coal! He was Mr. Bowser sure enough, but what had happened since he found fault with the coffee at breakfast? "We shall have to have a plumber tomorrow, as one of the pipes is leaking," she finally announced. "Very well," he replied. "I am almost inclined to think the cook hit it with an ax." "Should I hardly say so. Water pipes around a house are always bursting, and no one can be held to blame for it." "There ought to be more police on this street. A big boy came along

about 4 o'clock and stole our doormat. I raised the window and called to him, but he only made up faces at me." "Well, it was rather an old mat," replied Mr. Bowser as he looked up with a smile on his face, "and the boy probably took it out of a spirit of devilry. I played all such games as that when I was a boy." Even the cat began to feel astonished now. She looked up into his face and then over to Mrs. Bowser, and, fearing some sort of a job was being put up on her, she leaped to the floor and crawled under the lounge. Mrs. Bowser's heart was palpitating as she remembered that nearly all kickers suddenly cease to kick a day or two before their death, and she determined that Mr. Bowser must be aroused if he was to be saved. With malice aforethought she touched upon his sorest subject by asking: "Haven't you found anything new in fire escapes lately?" "No, nothing new," he replied, with a laugh. "I guess I've bought all that have been patented." "And you haven't come across any more hair dyes or tonics?" "Not a one." "I was wondering why you didn't do gymnastics in the garret any more for the benefit of your rheumatism." "Because I haven't any rheumatism," he replied. "I used to be pretty silly

about those things, once." Mrs. Bowser had to get up and walk down the hall to the front door to get a long breath and recover her composure. Death was surely on Mr. Bowser's trail, and he might fall over any minute. "Are you going to buy a horse or cow or chickens?" she asked as she returned. "Of course not," he answered. "Perhaps you are going to get another hog?" "No. What's the matter, dear? You look pale and perturbed. If you are not well, we must send for the doctor." "I am well, but—but you are going to try to ride the bike again?" "Not at all. I have come to the conclusion that I am too fat." "Did I tell you that the gas bill had come in?" "No, but I knew it was time for it." "It's—it's a dollar more this month." "Only a dollar? I thought it would be double that. Well, we can't complain about our gas bills." There was just one thing more left to her, and she was almost gasping for breath as she said: "I got a letter from mother today." "You did? The dear old lady?"



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And she's coming to see us next week." "Good! We'll give her the best in the house. Tell her I'd like to have her stay at least six months." "You—you don't mean it?" "Certainly I do. Your mother is one of the nicest old ladies in all the world, and I'm only sorry that she can't live with us all the time. What's the matter, dear?" Mrs. Bowser choked up and couldn't reply. She sought the refuge of her room and broke down and wept, and the cat came out of hiding and sat down in front of Mr. Bowser and wondered where on earth the family had got to. M. QUAD.

Not Astrology. Sue—And you say you can tell by the stars if he loves you? Why, I didn't know that you ever scanned the skies. Belle—I don't, but I scan his love letters. He is one of those fellows that mark a star for every kiss.—Chicago News.



The Grammar Class. Teacher—John returned the book. In what case is book? Dull Roy (after long thought)—Bookcase.

HALF MILE SEWER TRIP

Boyle's Thrilling Ride Far Below New York Streets.

SWEPT SEVEN BLOODES TO RIVER.

Plumber's Helper Who Fell Into Filthy Waters Was Carried Through Dark Underground Channels, but Never Lost His Nerve.

Swept for a distance of seven blocks, or nearly half a mile, in the turbid waters of a New York city sewer from twenty to forty feet under ground and in inky darkness, through noxious gases and deadly vapors, and at last swept into the East river, with the city's refuse, without once having lost consciousness, was the experience of Edward Boyle, a wily plumber's helper. He was rescued after a little delay, and after the horrible journey he lit a cigarette and said he felt pretty well. The experiences of the man are considered by the police the most remarkable ever chronicled in connection with the drainage system of New York. Throughout the terrible trip Boyle kept his presence of mind, and this, in connection with a marvelously fortunate combination of circumstances, en-

abled him to accomplish a feat that probably is unprecedented in this country. The scene of the accident was on East Fifty-third street between Third and Second avenues. At the point named there was some trouble with the connecting sewer emptying into the main sewer, and Boyle, with his employer and two other helpers, was there to look into the trouble. Down through the manhole they had lowered a twenty foot ladder and were taking turns going down and poking about the walls of the sewer in the hope of locating the trouble. Recent rains had caused a sudden rise in the waters of the sewer. Boyle was at the very lower end of the ladder when one side was broken by the onrush of the waters. His friends above heard the sound of the break and shouted to him to climb for his life, but it was too late, and in the next instant the other side broke. Boyle, who is but twenty-four years old and very wily, made an effort to brace himself against the sides of the manhole, but for a moment succeeded, but he soon found that he was slipping away. "I'm gone!" he shouted to his horrified companions above, and then he was swallowed up in the noisome current and disappeared in the black hole leading toward the river. For a moment the three men left above ground stood stupefied at the horror of the situation of their fellow workman, who, it was almost certain, would be killed within a few minutes either by drowning, by the deadly gases of the awful hole or by being dashed to pieces against the sides of the sewer. Then the men thought that by hurrying with all speed to the river they might recover the body before it had been swept away and lost. The plumbers were exhausted almost when they reached the foot of Forty-ninth street and collapsed completely when they beheld Boyle sitting on the end of a scow smoking a cigarette. "Talk about your rapid transit tunnels," said Boyle. "Hully gee! I got it, and I got it quick. Well, the trip was over so quick that I hardly know now what happened. I guess I went through a mile a minute. When I dropped into the sewer at first, I thought it must be all up with me, for I never heard of anybody going through a sewer and living, but I decided that so long as I wasn't dead I wouldn't give up. I went under at first, of course, but I soon comes up, and then I struck out, swimming to keep my head above water. It was pitch dark, and I expected every minute that my head would strike against something that would put me out of business, so I turned over on my back and floated. "Now and then I'd pass a place where another sewer would empty into the big one, and then I'd be covered over again and have to fight my way to the surface. I knew the gases would choke me, so I held my breath as much as possible, and I could tell by the rumble above when I was getting near a manhole. There I would take a good breath of the air in the manhole and then shut up again. "My idea was that I was going out into the river at Fifty-third street, but I knew that was all wrong when I got an awful bump at the turn into Second avenue. Then I seemed to fairly fly until I got to Forty-ninth street and made another turn and got another bump. I could hear the trucks passing over the manhole covers far above me now and then, and I remember now of thinking, 'Gee, you're all right up there in that bright sunshine, and just look at me buried down here under ground!' "I was on the lookout for the East river all the time, and after what seemed to me about a year I caught a glim of light and knew that I was shooting toward the river. As soon as I shot out into it I got to the surface and saw I was being flung right in the direction of the bow of the scow Albany. I dived as quick as I could, and the current ran me out almost into the middle of the river before I came to the surface again. Then I pulled around, and, as I had been swept southward, I found myself abreast the Fleming and swam for her. It was a great trip all right, and I'm glad I'm out of it alive." The police say that the last time a man went through one of the New York sewers was ten years ago at Twenty-eighth street and Third avenue. The man intended suicide at the time. Ten days later his body was picked up in the East river mashed to a pulp.

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