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New Haven, Conn.—Two unusual operations for transfusion of blood, have been carried through successfully at the New Haven General hospital, now a part of the medical school of Yale university. In each instance the person's blood was drawn off and injected back into the system.
 The first case was that of a woman who had a hemorrhage in the abdomen. The surgeons drew off the blood from

the abdomen, tied the vessels, and after filtering the blood, transfused it back into her system.
 Later, a man was admitted with hemorrhage of the liver. The abdomen was filled with blood. The staff treated the liver, filtered the blood drawn off and injected it through the arm.
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PUBLIC'S APPETITE FOR CHICKEN CHANGES

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SCOUT MAKES BRAVE RESCUE

A deed of high courage in the rescue of two boys and the attempted rescue of a third in a storm-clouded lake was recently performed by Scout William E. Trimble of Troop 25, Bellmore, Long Island, when, at imminent peril to himself in the gale-churned waters of Lake Champlain, he pulled two lads from a capsized sailboat to his canoe, when his canoe overturned, helped right it and secured the two boys a hold, and when one of the lads slipped into the water from exhaustion dove in for him, and, on being unsuccessful in finding the drowning lad in the depths of the water, began the agonizing swim to shore which resulted in his securing help in time to save both the survivors of the sailboat and his original canoe companion.
 Young Trimble and his friend, Louis Grinnell, students at the citizens' military training camp at Plattsburg, N. Y., were canoeing when a sudden squall arose which almost upset their bark, and did capsize a sailboat some distance from them, whose occupants were also students from the camp.
 Through the darkening afternoon Trimble and Grinnell could faintly perceive the figures of the two lads, who had been thrown overboard by the storm-tossed boat. Bending their backs to their paddles, the scout and his companion sent the canoe forward and with swift strokes reached the struggling lads.
 As Grinnell could swim only a little, Trimble took the situation in hand.
 Charles Stone of Plattsburg, who lives near the beach, peering out at the storm noticed the boy struggling toward land. He saw him fling up his arms in exhaustion, Stone ran out and dragged him to shore. The boy seemed trying to say something, but a gurgle was the best he could do.
 Stone took the lad to his house. Fighting against the exhaustion stealing over him and the approaching darkness, Trimble soon pulled strength enough together to tell his story. Stone started out in a rowboat in the driving rain, following the uncertain directions. He finally found the two boys still holding to the canoe, and brought them safely to shore.

HARDING'S WARM INTEREST

Among the many evidences of the deep interest and thoughtful concern of the late president in scouting's work for the good of American boyhood, is the following letter from Secretary Christian to Chief Scout Executive James E. West, written August 1, the day before Mr. Harding died:
 "My Dear Mr. West:
 "Owing to the unfortunate illness of the President, he is unable to answer personally your letter of July 20, which reached him in San Francisco. On his behalf I wish to assure you of his appreciation of the action taken at the thirteenth annual meeting of the national council, Boy Scouts of America, in unanimously re-electing him honorary president of the national council. The President, as you know, regards the boy scout movement as of great importance and value. Only a few days ago at Woodland Park, Seattle, he again evidenced his great interest in the work by administering the pledge of allegiance to probably 30,000 boys and their delivering a short address to them.
 "Sincerely yours,
 (Signed)
 "GEORGE B. CHRISTIAN, JR.,
 "Secretary to the President."

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HELP ROOT OUT DRUG EVIL

Boy scouts of Los Angeles, Cal., helped arouse the public's attention to the evil effects of narcotics when together with thousands of individuals and representatives of other well-known civic and social bodies and headed by the International Narcotics Education association, they marched to the music of "Onward Christian Soldiers," in procession which inaugurated the world-wide campaign against narcotics to be conducted by governments, churches and schools.

Cora Cooks the Breakfast

By JANE OSBORN

Filbert North and Compton Hilton went down Linden street at the same time every morning, for they both left home when the seven o'clock whistles blew. The difference was that Compton, aged fourteen, went afoot, while Filbert North sailed easily along in his own car. It was exactly the sort of car that Compton was planning to have when he grew up. Then Cora wouldn't have to play for a living for herself and Compton.

Then she wouldn't be away every evening. Then, too, she would be able to go to bed in time enough so she would be able to get up in the morning to eat with Compton. All this Compton was reflecting, for it never occurred to him that they would not always go on living together just as they were then.

He had definitely decided for himself never to marry, and probably Cora would never think of it either. There didn't seem to be anyone hanging round asking her to marry, the young Compton reflected, so probably she was too old. She was ten years older than Compton.

Compton started out at seven because he had made some sort of arrangement at a grocery store near school to put in an hour's hard work every morning before school hours, for which he received a certain credit each week against which he could draw a certain worth of groceries.

He was not earning money, to be sure, but every Saturday he carried home groceries enough to do for his sister and himself for the week to come. Filbert North went at seven because he was eager to be at the factory of which he was both manager and owner.

In course of time the young factory owner in the automobile saw the young schoolboy swinging along on foot and asked him to take a lift. Then it became the custom for Filbert to carry Compton as far as the grocery store.

This gave Compton fifteen minutes more a morning to work at the grocery store, for which he received as much as a package of rice every Saturday. And it was surprising how much Cora could make out of just one package of rice, or a package of cornmeal.

"Gee, but I had something good," Compton told Hilton one morning. "Sister made corn muffins last night and I had them warmed up for breakfast. She sure gets nice breakfasts for me, even if she does have to get them the night before."

"Wish I had some one to make corn muffins for me," said Filbert with self pity. Then he explained to his young friend that his aunt who had been keeping house for him had gone away for two or three months, and that after she had gone the cook left to get married. So Filbert decided to get along without a cook—just a woman once a week to clean house. Filbert tried to get breakfast at a downtown restaurant, but didn't like to start out hungry. Then he tried making it for himself, and he was still struggling with his own cooking. Dinners were easier. He could get them at his club.

"I'd give a good deal for good breakfasts," said Mr. North wistfully. "I'd get another cook, but how'd I know if she was honest? And I'd have to leave her alone in the house."

They sped along in silence for a few minutes. Compton broke the pause. "What would you give for a good breakfast? I mean, what, for instance, did you give when you got your breakfasts out? As much as twenty-five cents?"

"Nearly a dollar, counting the tip," said Filbert. "I'd give more than that for a good breakfast, though. Breakfast's my best meal."

"Would you give fifty cents?" said Compton eagerly, and after Filbert North's quiet assent he went on: "You see sister cooks more than enough. She seems to think I've got a terrible appetite, and well, you see you could have breakfast with me and maybe I'd tell her and maybe I wouldn't. And then I'd get the money, not for myself, but, you see, I'm trying to save enough money to get a little car—for sister. I'm getting twenty-five cents a day now she doesn't know about and I'm saving that, and if I could get fifty cents more that would be seventy-five and after a while I'd have enough to make first payments on a car, and after that I guess Cora could afford to make the monthly payments just from what she'd save in taxi fares. You see she plays the piano nights for dances, teaches music daytimes besides, and quite often she has to take a taxi to get to the place, because she has to go at night alone and when the trolley isn't convenient she takes a taxi. But she can't afford to make the first payment."

Filbert North agreed.
 At dinner one night not long after Cora looked quizzically at her brother. "Compton, dear," she said, "do you get enough to eat? I mean at breakfast. It seems to me as if I got enormous amounts ready, and I always lay out two or three eggs and make quite a bit of cereal, but there is never a lot left. I don't mind your eating so much, if you can, but I'm wondering if you'd like more. You wouldn't hesitate to tell me, would you?"

Frankly, Cora was suspicious. It had occurred to Compton that if he wanted to keep a secret of his break-

fast guest he would better not leave dishes for two to be washed; so he washed all the dishes and explained to Cora that he had as much time for dish-washing as she did.

But Cora had more than once heard subdued voices below stairs. Corruption had not thought of this possibility, for to him sleep was so sound that he heard nothing from the time he went to bed at night till his alarm roused him at dawn. Cora's alarm clock stood set, he knew, for eight o'clock. Compton took it for granted, therefore, that she would be heavily asleep before seven.

Once or twice the boy thought he would tell her all about it. It seemed a little sneaky to be selling part of the breakfast she prepared the night before, but Compton wanted it to be all part of his big surprise.

Compton assured his sister that he had breakfast enough, of course, but that his appetite had been a little "extra sized" of late. "Probably the weather," was his explanation. Though, as it was coming spring, when appetites are supposed to be laggard, the explanation was not quite convincing.

The next morning, when Compton went downstairs to finish breakfast preparations, he found on taking off the square of linen that covered the breakfast table that places had been laid for two instead of one. Compton went into the kitchen, opened the refrigerator and instead of finding a single grapefruit half ready and waiting for him, he found two. Usually he gave his portion of fruit got ready for breakfast to his "boarder," insisting that he didn't like it anyway—and that was a lousy fib.

Compton was a bit preoccupied during breakfast. He was wondering how his sister could have discovered the secret and what she probably thought of him for not having told her.

At each place a small breakfast plate was placed, and when Mr. North lifted this plate to one side to make room for his grapefruit, he noticed a tag for him, he found two. Usually he slipped it into his pocket, and when his young host went into the kitchen to get the corn muffins he had been reheating and the scrambled eggs that he himself had made, Filbert North quickly scanned the note. It was brief:

"Dear Stranger—Since you are a friend of Compton's you are welcome in our house. Compton apparently does not want to explain. Will you?"

"Yours perplexedly,
 "CORA HILTON."

Filbert North reread the letter as soon as he got to the office. And for some reason he left it in his waistcoat pocket and reread it on several occasions that day. As he left the house that morning he slipped a note addressed to Miss Cora Hilton into the letter box on the front porch.

"I have no right to explain," he told her, "for that would be a breach of confidence to Compton. Why don't you ask him outright? I do not think you ought to disapprove of what he is doing."

Then followed lines praising Cora's cookery and the expression of Filbert's gratitude. The note was signed simply "Stranger."

Cora read the letter—and that day found occasion to reread it several times. She found excuse to answer it and the answer was placed beneath Mr. North's plate at breakfast. This followed for a good many days. It was Compton's turn to become suspicious. Then one day Mr. North met Compton with a new automobile. He had gone back to his garage while Compton was "clearing up the breakfast." That was the custom.

Filbert asked him if he thought he could learn to run it.
 "I haven't been paying enough for my breakfasts," he said, "so I thought maybe you'd take this instead. Cora says you can run it yourself as soon as you get a license."

"Cora—you mean my sister?" stammered Compton. "How'd you get acquainted with her?"

"You introduced us—as much as anyone," said Filbert. "We're pretty well acquainted. We've talked things over and—"

"Well, I don't think it would take me long to learn to drive," assured Compton, willing to postpone the solving of the mystery in the face of the marvel of possessing a car of his own. "How soon you think they'd let me have a license?"

"About as soon as we get our license," said Filbert easily. "Next week maybe."
 "Your license," said Compton. "What you getting a license for?"
 "We're getting a marriage license—your sister Cora and I," announced Filbert. And Compton only whistled and then said: "Oh, shucks!"

Lesser of Two Evils.
 Here is the equal of the Spartan boy of tradition. A man went to his doctor and requested treatment for his ankle. After a careful examination, the doctor inquired: "How long have you been going around like this?"
 "Two weeks."
 "Why, man, your ankle is broken. How you managed to get around is a marvel. Why didn't you come to me at first?"
 "Well, doctor, every time I say anything is wrong with me, my wife declares I'll have to stop smoking."

Holding Hands.
 Nellie, age four, whose mother formerly lived at Greencastle, was ill and the physician had been called. He sat down by her bed and was feeling her pulse, when Nellie, to whom this was a new experience, looked up and said: "I just hold hands when I'm crossing the street."—Indianapolis News.

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Swagger Avails Little.
 Where swagger carries one to success it lands dozens in ridicule, and the latter buries them in oblivion. Family records have many promising hopes disappointingly filling lowly stations. Even for some of these who sometimes has to make apology.

Counterfeits of Real Gold.
 Budapest papers report the arrest in Transylvania of a gang of counterfeiters who were making coins of old Hungarian design out of real gold which they had bought at low rates from workers employed in jewelry manufacturing plants.

Mrs. Elizabeth Zander



Reap the Reward of Perfect Health

Salem, Ore.—"Thru heavy lifting I developed a severe case of feminine weakness. I suffered with backaches and bearing pains. I got so weak I could not do any work, I would get very severe dizzy spells and the least excitement I would faint dead away. I was so nervous I could not stand any noise, could not sleep, and had very little appetite. I went down in weight from 118 pounds to 96. I was a physical wreck when I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription but thru the persistent use of this wonderful woman's medicine I was completely relieved of my ailment and restored to perfect health. I gained in weight and never felt better than after taking the 'Favorite Prescription.'—Mrs. Elizabeth Zander, 1370 Norway St.
 Your health is your most important asset. So why not write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel Buffalo, N. Y., and receive confidential medical advice free, or send 10c for trial pkg. tablets.

Remarkably Preserved.

In an Egyptian tomb a vase was found containing honey still liquid after 30 centuries. Cushions on the armchairs found in this tomb were still so soft and well preserved that one could toss them across the room without doing them damage.

"Why?"

A widow charged in an English court asked: "Why don't the police arrest the murderers and burglars, and not a poor woman who has lost her husband and is looking for another?"

Coming and Going.

"Wealth don't allus bring happiness," said Uncle Eben. "Bout all some men gits out'n deir riches is bein' hit foh mo' alimony."—Washington Star.

Someone Gets Rich.

Those who send their good money to others for get-rich-quick information enable the others to get rich without any information.

Not Good to Be Alone.

Many a man when alone with his thoughts finds that they are rather disagreeable company.—New Orleans States.

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