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MAKING GOOD IN A SMALL TOWN

Real Stories About Real Girls

By MRS. HARLAND H. ALLEN

MAKING FLIES THAT FOOL THE FISH

EVERY fisherman knows what every fly maker should know—that a fish scoffs at an unnatural, wood-n-look, greatly over-size imitation of a fly. A certain small-town girl knew that, and now she is "making good" by constructing little flies which really fool the fish.

This girl happens to live in a village where bass fishing draws many transient fishermen. But she declares that she "doesn't know a thing" about fish; and that she didn't know a thing about flies, either, till she set about to learn. Therefore, she is sure that any girl can make fish flies.

"You don't need any specialized knowledge to take up artificial fly making," she assured me one afternoon when I visited the little workshop where she makes her flies, "and you don't need any capital. All you need is patience, and a desire to do the work well. Yet the business is very specialized and extremely well paying."

This girl learned her business, first by examining her father's fishing tackle; and, second, by consulting public library books on fly making. Dissecting one of her father's flies, she found that its construction was quite simple.

Constructing these lures for fishes is one of the best occupations for the girl who lives in a town where fishing is popular. She needs only to have a willing mind and skillful fingers.

She has none of the difficulties of the girl who sells vegetables or eggs, neither must she take her wares into a large city to dispose of them. Her market is right in her own fishing village, and it is practically sure to be a good one. Most every fishing village, no matter how small, boasts a sporting goods store, and of course its specialty is fishing equipment. The girl fly maker can sell her handwork to this store, and can, in many cases, secure a yearly contract for her wares. She can sell her flies direct to the sportsmen, too; and there will be a ready sale among the fishermen if she sells them better flies than they usually get, perhaps at slightly lower prices.

Finding a market will not bother the girl fly maker who can construct a fly so luscious and lifelike that it will make any fish risk his life.

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

His Eyesight Restored and Love Renewed

By MILDRED GOODRIDGE

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

"BLIND!" "Stone blind, Roslyn Moore has been for a year. It came about through the premature explosion of a flashlight while an operator was taking a view of the studio in which he, Roslyn Moore, had painted 'The Deluge.'"

"It must have broken his heart to know, later, that his picture was famous, but his eyes forever closed to its beauties." The picture brought him a fortune. That, of course, made affliction more bearable, but at once Moore took up music. He is a happy man through all his hard adversity.

"Ah! It is pathetic," was the response. "See, how he moves along." The two speakers were Parisians, in the Latin quarter. They were regarding and speaking of Roslyn Moore. Their brief colloquy had told all the story there was to tell.

Just now, came in hand, he was cautiously groping his way down the pavement leading away from the entrance to his hotel. He had not gone ten steps when the ragged newsboy at the corner stand ran up to him.

It was to seize one arm gently and with infinite eager tenderness lead the unfortunate across a narrow alley.

There was a little breathing spot of a park a square further on. It was here that Moore spent a portion of his day, usually surrounded by the poor children from the near tenements.

In order to reach the park Moore had to cross a broad esplanade. At its inner edge a young girl of eighteen kept a cheap flower stand. Pity that he could not see Cecile, as her face brightened at the first glimpse of him! Her small, pretty hand would steal shyly into his own. Proudly, futteringly she would lead him across.

"Thanks, mademoiselle, you help to make my life beautiful," always Moore would say, but never an audible response. Only a soft pressure of the guiding hand, and then—a flower.

Finally, for a week Cecile missed her friend. She grew pale and thin and distressed. She watched from her little booth hourly. Moore was gone, and with him her sole interest in life, the sunshine, heaven!

There came to her the woman in charge of the little hotel one day. She placed a rouleau of gold pieces upon the counter of the flower stand. "See, Cecile," she said, softly, "the maestro has gone to see a wonderful

This Week



By Arthur Brisbane

A WHITE HOUSE BREAKFAST. HEALY AND WISE. AMERICA ON WHEELS. THE VEGETABLE FIGHT.

E. H. Gary, head of the biggest industrial organization in the world, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., representing what is probably still the biggest fortune in the world, had breakfast with President Coolidge at the White House. They discussed law enforcement and the findings of a citizens' committee of one thousand.

Those three men make an interesting breakfast combination. Gary became head of the great steel concern when he was past fifty; Rockefeller, Jr., born to own and manage the world's greatest fortune, is removed by only one generation from a little farm in the hills along the Hudson, and Calvin Coolidge in one generation is promoted from a farm in Vermont to the White House.

Apparently, "careers are still open to talent," as Napoleon put it, here in America.

A curiosity interesting to women is thus announced, "Twins Born in Different Years." One, Thomas Daniel, was born in 1924, his brother, James, was born in 1925, two hours and fifty-five minutes after his older brother.

There is a new plan for teaching little boys how to grow up. This is the "Knighthood" plan, to teach little boys chivalry and guide them away from evil.

It's a good plan, presumably, but it is possible to overdo schemes and plans for showing boys how to act and think.

They need some time in which to think exactly in their own way. It is the thinking that a boy does on his own account and of his own free will that counts.

Little Newton, called a dull boy, was thinking out the law of gravitation. Napoleon, called a sulky boy at his military school, was making plans that surprised his

surgeon in London. He bade me bring you the money, and each day you are to take your daintiest blossoms to the little ones in the park. He left the word, too. It was this: A kiss through me of hope, of courage, of gratitude," and the woman pressed her lips to the brow of the pure, innocent girl.

Cecile burst into tears. She clasped the hand of the kindly dame, kneeling. Then she stood transfixed as in a dream. The kiss—from him! A coronet seemed to wreath her brown. She was aroused only as she heard some one address the departing messenger.

"The maestro is gone, I hear?" was uttered.

"Yes," came the answer, "but to return to the spot where loving hearts made of life a paradise. We pray for him—that his sight may be restored, as he hopes."

"Ah, indeed, may heaven be merciful to return him to see his grand masterpiece in the salon—"

"He said not."

"Then why—what?" "Cecile, he said—" The voices died away, the soulful eyes of the girl stole startlingly after them. "Cecile!" Oh, what meant this. "A kiss"—"Cecile!" The quivering face sank deep in a bowl of roses, as if

teachers later. Let children alone, at least part of the time.

Sugar companies, oil and railroad companies are organizing great mergers, bigger and bigger industrial units are coming. In the end, perhaps, single units will include entire industries.

No need to worry about it. The bigger the better, if the public gets its share of the savings. If the public is not intelligent enough to watch and regulate one big concern, it won't be able to watch and control the secret inside deals of a dozen little concerns.

Very expensive is the overhead in wasteful competition, and the public pays the entire bill always.

Inez Hardin, the Mississippi girl chosen as the healthiest girl in the country, is described as a bundle of sunshine. Health and sunshine go together.

The young girl is a bundle of common sense also, and says "I'll marry when I'm thirty. Not until then." Some healthy boy may change her mind, but she would be wise to stick to her plan.

Healthy mothers have their best babies after thirty, and in fact after thirty-five. Plato knew it, more than 2,000 years ago.

We know that America rules the world in automobile use and production, having more automobiles than all the rest of the world combined, with millions of machines to spare. How much do we ride?

This country in 1924 manufactured 45 million tires. Allowing an average mileage of 6,000 miles, which is low, and dividing by four, you find that tires enough were made in one year for more than sixty-seven and a half billion miles travel—twenty-seven hundred thousand times around the earth.

One scientist tells others that the potato vine is deadly to tobacco and tomato plants, to both of which the potato is related. The sap from the ordinary potato plant will kill the two other plants.

Combat and destruction extend, you see, from proud man at the top of creation all the way down to the abode of the potato bug.

Tobacco men rejoice, saying, "You have abused our tobacco, and now it's your highly moral potato that does the poisoning."

The potato farmer answers, "Potatoes may destroy tobacco plants. But remember that pigs destroy rattlesnakes, yet pigs are less poisonous than rattlesnakes."

The interesting thing is the proof that in the vegetable world there are fights as bitter as in the world of what we are pleased to call "intelligent thought."

Poem by Uncle John



That our sweethearts must be looked at as a mandate mighty true, but, when she has galoshes on—wal, I dunno . . . do you? I seldom look at ankles, bein' prudent—more or less—but when we're forced to see 'em, then we ain't to blame, I guess.

I hate to see a tailored gal set out upon a trip, when there's every indication that her snaps has lost their grip,—though galoshes might be graceful—even carry an appeal, if they didn't sag down, ornery-like, and loaf around the heel. I don't enjoy my privilege of actin' like a spy, when I need to elevate my chin, and let folks ketch my eye.

And still, there's urgent reasons which command a feller's view—like the innocent attraction to a comely ladies' abode. I couldn't think of nothin' that improves the searchin' mind, like 'gancin' at the beauties of a noble woman-kind; and while there's laws of comfort that we hardly dare forget, I never liked galoshes, and—I wouldn't have a set.



The Judge's Joke

BEING A GOOD LOSER IS ALRIGHT—BUT I'VE NOTICED THEY USUALLY ARE—



blind, stricken, helpless. But your eyes—they speak, your soul, it speaks! Carita—how happy we shall be! And so it was. There was a quiet wedding in the little park that evening, with Roslyn's old loyal companions in attendance. And the holy stars, the gentle dew spoke to the rapturous Cecile—and her soul in return!

Pleasant for Auntie Little Margaret was spending a holiday with her aunt in Cornwall. Now, auntie was a splasher, and not in the first bloom of youth. In fact, an unkind person had once been heard to refer to her as "old," and we believe the other word used was "cat." Anyhow, she was not young.

Auntie was determined to give her little niece a good time, and she arranged several pleasure trips in order to give Margaret a chance of appreciating the beauties of the Cornish scenery.

"When I take you to St. Ives I will show you the school that I went to when I was a little girl," promised kind auntie one day when they were out for a walk.

"Oh, auntie, is it still here?" asked the child, innocently. "I expect it's in ruins now, isn't it?"—London Answers

FOLKS IN OUR TOWN — Once A Year — By Edward McCullough AUTOCASTER

HELLO—THIS IS MRS. PECK—IS THIS POP'S STORE? YEP! THIS'S POP TALKIN' DO YOU REMEMBER THAT BATH TUB I BOUGHT FROM YOU LAST JUNE? YEA?

WELL, I WISH TO RETURN IT AND WHY DO YOU WISH TO RETURN TH' BATH TUB?

WELL, I'VE JUST DISCOVERED THAT THERE ARE NO FAUCETS IN IT SAY BOYS!! THIS IS OLD POP DRAW A PICTURE OF HIM AN WIN A PRIZE MAKE HIM LAUGH REAL HARD. DRAW IN INK. CONTEST OPEN TO ALL BOYS—AGES 8 TO 16. 15 BIG PRIZES TO BE GIVEN AWAY. BASEBALL GLOVES, BATS, BALLS THE SAME KIND THE BIG LEAGUES USE. YOU CAN HAVE YOUR PICK IF YOU ARE ONE OF THE WINNERS. WRITE NAME, ADDRESS AND AGE ON BACK OF DRAWING AND SEND IT TO "BOYS CONTEST" CARE OF THIS PAPER. COME ON, SHOW US WHAT YOU CAN DO.

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