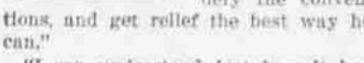


# Uncle Walt's Story

Walt Mason

## THE UNATTAINABLE

"THERE'S a spot on my back, about the size of a postage stamp, that has been itching all day," said the retired merchant, "and it has caused me more grief than the last attack of rheumatism. I can't reach it with either hand, and I have been backing up against every telephone pole and gatepost, rubbing like a horse with the manure. A man of my social and commercial standing doesn't look dignified while thus engaged, but when a man's back itches, he has to defy the conventions, and get relief the best way he can."



"I can understand just how it has worried you," said the hotelkeeper. "The fact that you couldn't reach around and claw the itching place with your fingers kept the matter fresh in your memory and got on your nerves. The pursuit of the unattainable always is more interesting to us than the easier work close to hand. You had your whole person to scratch, and might have bought a currycomb for a quarter, and had a good time, but you couldn't be happy until you had reached the one inaccessible spot."

"A while ago I imagined I had heart disease, and went and saw the doctor. He knows I have money in the bank, and an considered good pay, so he confirmed my worst fears, and made up his mind to have me for his star patient, until one of us perished out. He threw an awful scare into me, so that I went home swearing ice cold stress lemonade."

"He gave me some medicines and a set of instructions. Among them was one to the effect that when I went to bed I should always sleep on my right side. He cautioned me over and over again against laying on my left side, and left the impression that if I disobeyed him, I'd wake up some morning to find myself a candidate for a local horsehoe."

"That matter looked easy at the time, and I assured the doctor I'd follow his bylaws to the letter. When I went to bed that night, I stretched out on my right side, and in ten minutes I was just suffering to roll over, don't believe I ever had such a unkinging for anything. It seemed to me the height of human happiness could lie in sleeping on one's left side. I followed instructions for two nights, and then I decided that life wasn't worth such sacrifices, and I rolled over and slept on my left side, and nothing happened. I was feeling better than usual next morning when I got up."

"Of course this experience lessened my confidence in the doctor's instructions, and I concluded that if I was going to sidestep the instructions I might as well sidestep the medicines, too, for they tasted like low life in a Chinese alley, and I threw the whole set out of the window. Thus the saw-saw lost his most promising patient because he handed out a rule that wasn't strictly necessary."

"Speaking of the unattainable, do you know what's the matter with Silas Furbelow? He has everything a man could ask, a stranger in the town could say. He has a beautiful home and a wife who would be considered a success anywhere, and he has festoons of money where it will do the most good."

"Yet he has a secret sorrow. I think he's the most melancholy man I ever saw, and his trouble is that he can't raise a good stand of whiskers. Nowadays, when whiskers are considered an infirmity, it seems strange that any man should grieve over such a matter."

"He sends all over the United States for hair growers, and half the time his face is blistered or swollen, and still the whiskers won't grow on him. If some miracle happened, and he woke up some morning to find his countenance all covered with whiskers, he'd probably have them shaved off within a week; but because they won't grow, he won't be happy till he gets them."

**Weary of Whirlwinds.**  
"You don't seem to like the idea of a whirlwind campaign."  
"I hate the mere mention of it," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "Maybe you'd find it hard to understand, never havin' lived, as I did, in a part of the country where every once in a while you have to get out and run for a cyclone cellar."

**Plenty of Time.**  
Teacher—What, Bobby, you say you don't want to be president of the United States?  
Bright Lad—Not just now, thanks. 'Tis all the same to you I'd rather wait until after a couple of more elections.—American Legion Weekly.

**His Weak End.**  
"Rogers is going to the country on Saturday."  
"For a weekend?"  
"Yes; his boss's been bothering him."—Boston Transcript.

# SCHOOL DAYS



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## The Woods

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

### THE CALL OF THE WOODS.

Talk of your "call of the wild," "Nature" an' similar stuff! Talk of "the call Of the forest" an' all— Haven't I heard it enough? Why am I cranky an' riled? What is it allin' of me? What's my complaint? Just "the woods!" If it ain't, What in the world kin it be?

Out of the woods it breaks forth— Call of the wild in the air. What do I hear. With my listenin' ear? Somethin' s-coaxin' me there. Wind has swung 'round to the north. Sky has a promise of snow, Moon on the hill. It is silver an' chill; An' I am longin' to go—

Breathin' the breath of the pine, Walkin' the hayroad again, Hearin' old tales, An' trampin' old trails, Bunkin' with men that are met— Men that are partners of mine, Fighters an' workers an' kings, Men who have stood By my side in the wood At the beginnin' of things.

Woods? I have lived, man an' boy, Up in the woods forty year, Driven their streams Where the quickwater gleams, Fought 'em from store-room to rear, Tasted their pain an' their joy, Drunk of their fun an' their woe, Sorrow an' song, An' it's there I belong— Loed, but I'm crazy to go! (Copyright)

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## THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"Fox-Trot."

VARIOUS efforts have been made to trace this name for the popular dancestep to the pace or trot of a horse, some investigators going so far as to locate a certain Mr. Fox who owned a horse which trotted in a peculiar fashion and, because of which, he referred to one of the newest of dances (at that time) as a "fox-trot."

But, while there was a man named Fox connected with the origin of the term as commonly used today, he was a vaudeville dancer, not a horse fancier. When this dancer desired to introduce a number of new steps into his vaudeville act, early in 1914, he took certain portions of the one-step and added to them a number of variations of his own, billing the entire performance as "The Fox-Trot, a new dance originated solely by the performers themselves." Society, eager to take up something new in the line of dancing, studied the steps and it was not long before the entire country was fox-trotting to the symphonized melodies which precisely fitted the kind of amusement. The only reward that Fox received was that his name, without the capital letter, was spread broadcast over two continents. (Copyright)

**Inconsiderate Birds.**  
She was a trifle disappointed at finding the country so noisy, but for a long time, being a well-conducted little girl, she made no remark about it. But at last, at breakfast time, she slugged up courage to pass a remark upon the subject to the hospitable farmer's wife. "It's very nice," she said, thoughtfully, "for the birds to get up so early in the morning, but don't you think they ought to be a little quieter about it?"

**SUFFICIENT**  
"Fat Friends: George there meet be some truth in the old saying, "Nobod' loves a fat man."  
"And Friends: Nonsensical Harry. Why you're sort of plump yourself, and you've had four love affairs, and been married as many times."  
"Fat Friends: Well George ain't too great enough?"

## Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

### OTHELLO

OTHELLO was a violent specimen of brute manhood who was written up by W. Shakespeare after he had departed this life, and it was safe to do so. Nobody wrote up Othello while he was in the flesh without being assailed by remorse and a corps of trained nurses.

Othello was a large man with a unseled exterior and feet which had to be fitted out of stock. He was a great warrior and was sent into Turkey every once in a while to increase the death rate. Turkey at that time was animated by the same humane and law-abiding instincts as those which now endear her to the civilized world. It was on his return from a depopulating mission to Turkey that Othello met Desdemona and married her at one of the largest church weddings of the season. For a time it seemed as if the wedding would have to be postponed, as Desdemona wanted one of her close per-



Othello Objected in His Boorish Moorish Manner.

sonal friends with a thick, wavy vibrato to sing "A Perfect Day" as the bridal couple entered, but Othello objected in his boorish Moorish manner.

Mr. Shakespeare states that Othello and Desdemona would have lived to a ripe old age if it had not been for one Iago, who was a coarse person with the rank of first sergeant. Othello had a large, green bump of jealousy, and Iago played upon the same until it resembled an arc light. In fact, Desdemona was a perfect lady and thought as much of her husband as she did of her clothes, but she innocently gave a pocket handkerchief with strawberry juice upon it to a friend of the family named Cassio, and in return for this generous act she was assassinated by Othello with that deadly weapon, the straw tick. When Othello discovered his mistake, he climbed onto high C and cried out for revenge after which he fell on his sword and expired with an annoyed look.

The life of Othello should warn wives not to provoke their husbands to jealousy, especially in view of the large number of coy affinities who lurk on every corner. (Copyright)



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# Frosty Mornings Mean Cold Fingers

Better take a slant at our window display of Canton Flannel and Jersey Work and Driving Gloves before the frost becomes more severe. Something there to meet every cold finger need.

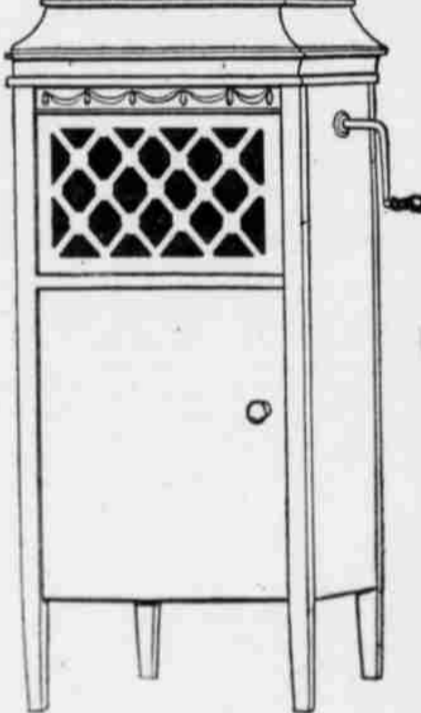
Canton Flannel Gloves	
MEN'S HEAVY	35c
MEN'S REVERSIBLE	30c
LADIES SIZE	20c
LEATHER FACED (Very Serviceable)	65c
LEATHER FACED GAUNTLET	60c

Jersey Gloves	
MEN'S HEAVY JERSEY	50c
MEN'S LIGHT JERSEY	25c
BOYS' HEAVY JERSEY	40c

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