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"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I think it is the most wonderful medicine I ever tried," is the statement made by Mrs. Goldie Shoup of St. Joseph, Illinois. She declares that after taking the Compound she is in better health than before.

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These statements were taken from two enthusiastic letters which tell of the help that has been received from using the Vegetable Compound. Both Mrs. Shoup and Mrs. Storms were in a run-down condition which caused them much unhappiness. When women are suffering from lack of strength and from weakness, their own life and that of their family is affected. When they feel well and strong and are able to do their housework easily, happy homes are the result.

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greater favor as a family medicine  
than in your grandmother's day.

# Sylvia of the Minute

By  
**HELEN R. MARTIN**  
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### STORY FROM THE START

Handsome, fastidious and wealthy—young St. Croix Creighton awaits his sweetheart at their trysting place. She is late, this ordinary little Pennsylvania Dutch girl, Meely Schwenckton. Despite her seeming innocence and ignorance, she succeeds in keeping him at a distance, to his chagrin. Meely, in the Schwenckton home, where she is boarding, is altogether unlike the girl who meets St. Croix clandestinely. She is the teacher in the neighborhood school, of which Marvin Creighton, St. Croix' brother, is superintendent. Meely fears that Marvin was to have married his cousin, a titled English lady, but, believing she was attracted by the Creighton wealth, had refused the alliance. It is the rumor that St. Croix is to take Marvin's place and marry the English girl. St. Croix' jealousy is aroused by Meely's report of an aged suitor for her hand. The girl cleverly deceives him into admitting he has no intention of marrying her. Marvin visits school in his official capacity as superintendent.

### CHAPTER IV—Continued

"But, you see, we modern teachers, we normal school graduates, do not believe in co-education and fawce. In my government of this school, for instance, I try to have all co-education come from within, not from without."  
"Fine; if you can work it, can you? And this idea of yours—teaching children 'what is for their immediate use' (and 'pleasure,' I believe you added)? Is it for their physical or mental growth that you are striving—for what I saw as I came in here appeared to be violent gymnastics or an execution of the Charleston?"

"I was acting out a play for them—Barrie's 'A Kiss for Cinderella.' I was at the ball—"  
"Um-mm," he murmured. "Acting?" "Trying to."

"But you'll have these sectarian parents on your back! The 'plain' parents, you know, are horrified at the word 'acting.'"

"But I act everything I teach—history, spelling, grammar—it's the only way I can teach."

"Now, do you know I would like to see you act spelling?"  
"Well, you won't get a chance to!" "Look here! Don't you know what a county superintendent is?"

"Oh, don't! To you your superintendent should be as a god; one to whom you are but as form in wax, within his power to leave the figure or disfigure it," she dramatically recited a passage from "Midsummer Night's Dream," slightly adapted.

"Very well, then, how dare you cheek me and say you won't when I tell you to do a thing?"  
"Because I'd rather lose my job than have you sit there and laugh at me!"

"It's not for a mere superintendent, he shook his head humbly, "to laugh at a normal school graduate!—though I'm sure, Miss Schwenckton, that the normal school course does not include histrionics! I do know that much about normal schools! However, I congratulate you."

"On my—intelligent ideas about teaching?"  
"On your excellent acting." "But—stiffened with alarm. "But—but you've not seen it!" she objected.  
"You're sure? By the way—what role were you going to play when I passed you on the road the other day dolled up like a comic valentine?"

She caught her breath. "But—but you never looked at me! Do you see with your left ear?"  
He laughed, rose abruptly, and held out his hand. "Good-by, Miss"—his eyes bored into hers like gimlets—"Schwenckton; I won't torture you any longer with my unwelcome presence!"

"Good-by," she sighed with deep relief.  
"But—a few questions before I go, if you don't mind." He took out a pencil and notebook. "Your class at Kutstwon normal?"

She could not answer that question offhand, apparently. "Wait a minute." She opened a drawer of her desk, took out her diploma and handed it to him. She had been prudently keeping this diploma at hand to be ready at need when he should call.

"Um-mm," he said thoughtfully, "two years ago. You didn't teach last year?"  
"No-no."  
"Why not?"

"Well—I was going to be married—but, strange as it may seem to you, I got fitted."  
He caught his lower lip between his teeth and stared at her. Then, with an abrupt nod, turned away and left the schoolroom.

"My G—d!" she thought, her hand pressed to her heart, "how much does he suspect?"  
It was, of course, her accent that betrayed her. She could perfectly disguise it when she adopted the extreme Pennsylvania Dutch dialect, but nothing short of that could hide the foreign touch of her speech.

She could only hope that her possession of this Kutstwon normal diploma would throw him off the scent.

All the Schwencktons, except the ailing wife and baby, were very tired of Aunt Rosy and longed for Susie's recovery not only for her own sake, but because it would rid them of the older woman's unpleasant company.

Meely and Mr. Schwenckton both loathed her uncleanness; Meely feared her spying upon her; Sammy hated and resented her; Lizzie was afraid of her cold-blooded spite for the humiliating defeat the child had caused her; and Mr. Schwenckton was impatient to be rid of her so that he could bring home his daughter Nettie.  
And at last, in spite of unanitary conditions, and through the occasional conniving of Meely and the doctor to outfit Aunt Rosy and Mr. Schwenckton and air the house, Susie began to rally and the baby to pick up; and a week after they were brought down from the stuffy bedroom to the less confined atmosphere of the kitchen, Susie was almost as strong and blooming as she had ever been and the baby began to get fat.  
Aunt Rosy was so reluctant to leave that Meely would have suspected her of having purposely prolonged Susie's



"But Nettie," Meely felt urged to warn the child, "a Man in Mr. Creighton's Position Would Never Marry a Girl in Your—In Our Place in Life."

convalescence by her bad care of her had it not been manifest that these two sisters were really very fond of each other.

It was a peculiar attachment, for Susie seemed phlegmatically indifferent to everyone else, even to her baby, and certainly to her elderly husband. Meely thought she had never met anyone so stolid; so incapable of being stirred by anything.

This stolidity seemed more marked than ever in contrast with the adolescent vividness of her stepdaughter, Nettie, who, on the very day of Aunt Rosy's departure, was brought home from her grandmother's by her father; a young girl in her early teens, with a pretty, though plebeian face, whose awakening nature was making her avidly curious about life. She worried Susie with questions to such an extent that the older woman, not accustomed to using her brains, found the girl's challenging curiosity exhausting to the point of pain.

One evening Mr. Schwenckton's absence from home (he had gone on a business trip to town) gave Nettie an unwonted opportunity, for her father's presence was a check upon the intimate questions she loved to ask. Lizzie and Sammy had gone to bed; Meely, in a bathrobe, with her hair in a heavy braid down her back, was sitting at the kitchen table writing letters; Susie was rocking her baby before the kitchen stove; and Nettie was stretched at full length on the settee facing her pretty and ridiculously young stepmother.

"What purports to have been the centennial of American vaudeville was celebrated recently, and although much was said about the origin of this form of amusement, Olivier, 'the fuller,' a Frenchman, was left out of the picture. When Olivier was born, nobody knows, but in 1418 his booming voice went to the choir celestial on the cherubim circuit. Olivier was a poet as well as a fuller, and composed songs which he sang at his work. His songs were just frivol, yet they caught the public fancy. They were filled with hits on the foibles of the day, topical songs we would call them now. These then new lyrics, named in derision from the hamlet where Olivier lived in the valley of

the River Vire, in Normandy, were called Vabdevires, or Vauxdevires, and later Vaudevilles. Just as one might say today, sing us a Hicksy ballad, so fastidious Paris branded the songs of Olivier Basselin, as of lowly provincial origin. Yet for 500 years the name has stuck, and is now considered more elegant than the American term, 'variety.'—John Walker Harrington, in the Smokers Companion Magazine.

**First "Topical Song" Sung by Frenchman**

**Toys Thought Wonders**  
Less than 200 years ago, three quite ordinary mechanical toys attracted great attention when they were exhibited. One was a figure that played the flute, another a tambourine player, and the third a swimming duck.

Lifelike canaries that sang naturally when they are wound up are commonplace toys nowadays. The first of this type of toy was shown at the great exhibition of 1851 in England.

**Need Law's Restraint**  
What a cage is to the wild beast, law is to the selfish man. Restraint is for the savage, the rapacious, the violent; not for the just, the gentle, the benevolent. All necessity for external force implies a morbid state.—Herbert Spencer.

"Say Susie, why did you marry Pop?" asked Nettie.  
"Ach—because."  
"But why? Tell me! G'on."  
"Ach, well, because I did."  
"Ach, Susie, you must o' had some reason."  
"Ach, well, a body has to marry somebody."  
"Why must you marry somebody?"  
"Well—if you don't want to be an old maid."  
"Wouldn't you sooner be an old maid than married to Pop? I would! You couldn't o' been in love with Pop," said Nettie reflectively.

"Nettie Schwenckton, I do believe you think love is like in them movies! My sakes! That's only in them movies, Nettie. It ain't no such a thing for really!"  
"But it is, too. I felt it myself a'ready!"  
"Ach, you just think you felt it because you seen so many of them movies whiles you was in town there with your gramma. But it ain't no such a thing for really. You only gotta look around you a little to see for yourself it ain't no such a thing."

"I won't get married," exclaimed Nettie, "unless I can meet up with such a fellah like Rudolph Valentino or Tom Mix or whoever! I wish," she sighed longingly, "I could run into Mr. St. Croix Creighton—"

Meely looked up from her letters and watched the girl's childish, pretty face whose commonness was almost obliterated by the soft, dreamy ecstasy that lit up her vivid youth. "I seen Mr. St. Croix Creighton onct or twicet or so. Gee, he's some swell dresser! And ain't he a good loo'er! I wish I could meet up with him!"  
Though this longing of Nettie's seemed as far as possible from immediate realization, that very night was to see it fulfilled.

"Say, Meely," Nettie appealed to the teacher, "did you ever see Mr. St. Croix Creighton?"  
"I—I think I did."  
"You'd know it if you did! Gee, he's got the style to him! That," affirmed Nettie, "is the only kind of fellah can have me!"

Susie sniffed. "You hate yourself—I don't think! What makes you s'pose a high-stepper like him would take up with you yet? Good lands!"  
"They do in the movies sometimes—when they fall good in love."  
"Yes, in them movies," Susie scoffed. "But, Nettie," Meely felt urged to warn the child, "a man in Mr. Creighton's position would never marry a girl in your—in our—place in life. So that your 'meeting up with him' would only mean unhappiness for you—especially if he fell in love with you."

"But in them movies—"  
"Ach, them movies!" Susie inter-  
polated.  
"All right, then!" retorted Nettie with sudden passion, "I'd sooner live three weeks with a swell gentleman that I could admar, than be respectable all my life with a old man like Pop! And I'd think more of myself for doin' it, too!"

"Well, Nettie Schwenckton, if you ain't!" said Susie, only mildly scandalized; nothing could ever really rouse her to any show of feeling.

"Nettie," Meely experimentally remarked, "you know there's Mr. Marvin Creighton over at Absalom Puntz—there'd be some chance of your meeting him—and none at all, I should think, of your running into St.—Mr. St. Croix Creighton—"

"Ach, that there county superintendent, he's a stiff! I often seen him a'ready and he didn't gimme no romantic feelings. He ain't nothin' like them movie actors—"  
The sound of steps on the kitchen porch interrupted her.

"Pop's back a'ready," she said, with a glance at the clock whose hands pointed to ten. "He won't like it we're up so late."  
She rose, yawned, and stretching wide her arms, revealed a beautifully developing young figure.

Meely, looking at her, wondered whether, in case the girl's longing to meet St. Croix were ever realized, he would not find her even more irresistible than he was finding "Meely Schwenckton."  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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**The Reason**  
Hills—"I thought it was an awfully full party." Mills—"Why?" Hills—"Because they didn't invite my wife."

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