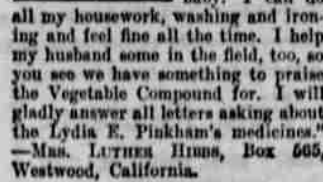


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HOME SIZE SAVES MONEY

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HEARTBURN SOUR STOMACH HEADACHE DIZZINESS GAS DISTRESS FROM LATE OR DRINKING ACUTE INDIGESTION

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"Water is a splendid cleaning agent if applied sparingly," says the Woman's Home Companion household editor. "Yes," replied the caustic observer, "tramps discovered this years ago."

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"All three doctors found something different wrong with me."  
"Didn't they agree on anything?"  
"Yes, each charged me \$5."

Some hurt love only to kill it.

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Fresno, Calif.—"Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery gave me the entire satisfaction as a blood purifier and stomach tonic, and I am only too glad to recommend it. It is my candid opinion that there is nothing better for a general debilitated condition of health than the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and I do not object to publication of this statement."  
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# Sylvia of the Minute

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"My cousin is a baronet, Sir John St. Croix, and his son's death left no heir to his title; so that it would have died out with him, but that the king conferred on his daughter, Sylvia, the title of baroness and the right of continuance of the title in direct line, so that her oldest son will bear the title of baron."

As Marvin stated these facts, his efforts to watch his companion's face rendered his driving rather eccentric. "Oh," she exclaimed, "is that the English titled lady they say around here you refuse to marry?"

Nothing could have been more impersonal than her tone—though he noted that her cheeks were flushed. "Has that gossip reached you?"

"Couldn't have dodged it!" she smiled.

"By the way, I believe you told me, the first time I met you, didn't you, that you'd been 'jilted'?"

"Only once."

"What for?"

"That's what I'd like to know! Can you understand a man's deliberately and of his own free will and choice losing the chance to annex me for life? Why," she abruptly inquired, "did you jilt your cousin, that baroness?"

"I didn't. I was never really engaged to her. Our parents had a sort of understanding—"

"Did the noble lady fall in with it?"

"I never heard that she objected."

"Then don't you think you rather let her down?"

"Not so much, in my opinion, as a marriage de convenance would let her down! Anyway, my brother, whom she'll probably find much more to her taste, is going to marry her."

"Is he?"

"If she'll have him."

"And you think she will like him better than you?"

"If you'd ever met him you wouldn't ask!"

"Oh, why?"

"He's a ladies' man—has prettier manners than I have and better clothes."

"Some girls don't care for 'ladies' men.'"

"Well, if she turns him down I might begin to be interested in her myself."

"Why?"

"If she could be so disinterested. My brother has a big income from my father. I have only what I earn."

"You haven't a very high opinion of girls, have you?"

"What makes you think so?"

"You seem to think they've no sense—preferring manners and clothes to—a man!"

Marvin felt a tingling sensation along his arm that made it difficult for him to keep his hand on the wheel, such an urgent pull was on it to snatch her to him and kiss the lips that paid him such a tribute; he was not used to compliments from girls—because he was not used to girls at all.

But the necessity, at this moment, of finding a parking spot in front of Stinbury's best hotel prevented his replying.

"I've been wondering," Meely said, as their waiter arrived with oysters, "are you going to make this educational job your life work, Mr. Creighton? Or are you 'using it as a stepping-stone' to other ambitions?" she wickedly suggested.

"Have you any idea," he seriously replied, "how hard it is to find a job an honest man can do? Pledge yourself to absolute honesty in this world and you'll starve to death or rot in jail! Public school positions are political jobs controlled by a bunch of exploiters. Show me one profession or business in which a man can be entirely honest. The church? It is to smile!—ask any pastor! Journalism? Ask John Swinton, one of America's most beloved journalists. Medicine? Read 'Arrowsmith!' The law? Ask Judge Lindsey! Teaching? Ask Scott Nearing!"

"Well, what is one to do about it?"

"Darned if I see any solution for a fellow that was born with a twist like mine!"

"Most people born to great riches as you've been, certainly are not troubled with your difficulties, Mr. Creighton! I've always been poor, so I can't quite feel your plight."

"All my life I've felt bitterly the hoggishness of our family's living in luxury on the labor of others who live on the ragged edge of poverty."

"You take life as seriously as I did at sixteen! Grow up and be a cynic like me, then you'll be happy, though rich. Can it matter to the vast universe how we worms on this tiny earth behave?"

"Not to the vast universe—but to us while we're here. Got to have traffic laws, you know, unless you can get off the high road to a road no one else uses; where, of course, you'd have a right to drive yourself to death if

you wanted to. But can you find such a road? Can you—"

His voice trailed off into silence as he sat staring at her absent; for while he had been talking he had become conscious, as he looked at her, of seeing a face within a face—the childish face of that photograph of his English cousin looking out at him from the mature, intelligent countenance of this young woman.

That photograph was at this moment in his inside breast pocket. An almost irresistible temptation seized him to take it out and compare it with the living face before his eyes. Or to suddenly confront her with it and note the effect.

"Why on earth do you keep staring at me like that?" she inquired in astonishment.

He came to himself with a short laugh. "Well, I've seen worse chromos than your face!"

"Oh, don't be so impersonal!"

They laughed gayly as, having finished their luncheon, they rose to go out to their waiting car.

**CHAPTER IX**

Four o'clock on Monday afternoon, at which hour Meely, though not aware of the fact, was booked for something of a reception at her schoolhouse, found her dismissing her pupils with almost frantic expedition, that she might be alone to answer a letter she had received that morning, which

cried, or rather shrieked, for an answer; and not a moment had she had all day to write it. Her mother was in need—distressing need—her own dear mother! So, the little sum which, in the few months of teaching, she had amassed toward her trip to Hollywood, must be sacrificed and the trip indefinitely postponed.

She had been writing rapidly for only a few minutes, however, when her ear was caught by the sound of a car stopping outside the schoolhouse.

Marvin Creighton? Even he was unwelcome while her letter remained unwritten—and she would have to tell him so.

A knock on the door which one could not have called hesitating. It was, on the contrary, peremptory. Followed immediately by the entrance of an elderly, ruddy-faced, white-haired man who seemed, on sight, an anachronism in this schoolroom, for Meely saw at once that he was a prosperous-looking gentleman of a rather



Marvin Felt a Tingling Sensation Along His Arm That Made It Difficult for Him to Keep His Hand on the Wheel.

hurt much; so the young mountaineer stepped behind the priest, cut the feather-end off the arrow and jammed the point on through the priest's body; and then he stepped around in front and pulled the arrow out. The wound healed soon enough, no vital organs having been scotched.—Exchange.

## Made Arrow Complete Its Destined Course

In the mountain province of Luzon, Philippine Islands, where the Igorots and Ifugao and Kalingas live by primal laws duplicated in the Old Testament of the Bible, but modified by Christ's philosophy in the New, a journeying missionary priest recently was shot in the back with an arrow. He turned back trying to discover his hidden assailant, and when the young man in the bushes found out that he was a priest, he came and knelt before him and begged heavenly pardon. There was a feud on, he explained, and he had thought the priest an enemy; in the dusk of late twilight he had not recognized the priest's garb. All right, but how could they get the arrow out of the priest's back? Oh, that would be very easy and would not

courtly bearing. Not one of the school trustees—she had met them all. Not the father of one of her Pennsylvania Dutch pupils—this was a man of the town. Suddenly her heart began to beat faster. No one else about here could possibly look like this except—yes, it must be—the elder Mr. Creighton!

What on earth did he want? He came to the platform and, as she rose, he held out his hand. His manner, though courteous, was distant, and his countenance grave and rather forbidding.

"This is Miss Schwenckton?"

"Yes?" she said interrogatively.

"Mr. Creighton," he introduced himself. "I'm glad I find you still here; I was afraid you would have gone."

"You wanted to see me?" was her rather superfluous question. Her heart was quaking and she made a desperate effort to get herself in hand. The man looked formidable!

Drawing a chair to the desk, he motioned her to be seated and sat down beside her.

"I am planning a little gift to this school, Miss Schwenckton. A Christmas gift. Electric lights. I wanted to ask you when the men can work in here without interfering with you?"

She placed a blotter over her letter, which lay under his very eyes. She did not believe this electric light stuff; he needed an excuse to come here to see her. What for?

"The schoolhouse is empty every day after four," she replied, "and all day Saturday."

"Any day after four?" he reflected.

"The schoolhouse is always empty after four?"

"Today is an exception. I stopped to write a letter."

"Ah, to write a letter?" he repeated, and she heard the skepticism in his tone. "Then you're not in the habit of receiving visitors after school hours?"

"You're my first."

"Now you surprise me! I was under the impression that—er—my son sometimes visited you here after school hours!"

He looked so coldly disapproving as he spoke that Meely never for an instant supposed he referred to his elder son, whose visits, being strictly professional, would, of course, be beyond criticism. It must be that some garbled rumor of her intimacy with St. Croix had reached the man and he was here today to put a stop to it! But how exciting! What would he do about it? Try to bribe her, buy her off? Oh, surely that sort of thing was only a "movie" device. It didn't really happen; she had never in the whole course of her life met any one who had "bought off" any one or who had been "bought off." If only she could have known he was coming, she would have made up for the part; rouged and powdered like a real "tough"; enhanced her price as a menace to St. Croix. Why, she could have made herself look so dangerous Mr. Creighton would have paid anything to be rid of her—enough to finance her needy family for a year perhaps, while she worked herself in at Hollywood. But the way she was looking just now, he must be finding her perplexing. That was why, probably, he seemed so dazed; he had heard she was a common little lussy and he found her looking respectable; as respectable as his own wife!

Mr. Creighton was indeed feeling as dazed as he looked—for hadn't St. Croix told him that the girl was illiterate, vulgar, talked the dialect of the county?—and here was a girl who looked not only like a lady, but whose sophisticated bearing and perfectly good English so astonished him that for the moment he was disconcerted; a sensation to which he was, for the most part, a stranger. The bare idea of suggesting to her that he would buy her off, pay her to go away, turned him cold. He had no least difficulty in understanding Marvin's "falling for" her.

"I'm not mistaken, am I, in taking you for the teacher?" he asked.

"I'm the noble martyr," she admitted. "Don't I look it?"

He checked the gallant retort which rose involuntarily to his lips; he'd spoil everything if he didn't watch himself—the girl was fetching.

Their attention was caught at this instant by the noise of another motor stopping before the schoolhouse.

Meely thought with a thrill, "What a situation if Marvin walks in here and finds his father warning me off St. Croix! Oh, cricky!"

She was puzzled by the accusing look with which Mr. Creighton was regarding her—did he think it was St. Croix's car out there?—and she had just denied that she ever had visitors here at her school! No wonder he looked at her accusingly!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Not Altogether Aged**

There is a woman in our neighborhood who is eighty years of age, but who walks with an erectness and springiness that is the envy of women many years younger than she. The other day my young daughter saw her pass, and, turning to me she said: "Mother, her face is much older than her legs, don't you think?"—Exchange.



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Vincent Richards



## "It's toasted"

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### Woman in New Field

Although not yet old enough to vote, Miss Mabel Weller, twenty-three, has passed examinations in London which make her the first woman qualified as a ship-broker in England.

A shipbroker's duties require the negotiating of cargoes for steamers throughout the world, the bearing of responsibility for discharging of cargoes, the entering into arrangements with captains and crews of all nationalities and the employment of technical knowledge of all classes of ships and markets in the world.

Miss Weller began her career in this man-directed field as a clerk in a London ship-broker's firm.

### No Such Luck

Jones—Don't you hate to play with a poor loser?

Smith—I never do.

Being busy is often synonymous with being happy.

### Starting Right

The same tendency in life that keeps us going wrong, once we have started in the wrong direction, works both ways. Start definitely in the right direction and it is increasingly easier to keep going in that direction. Save a little money and it is increasingly easier to save more money. Habit is more than a bad master. It can be made into a powerful servant.

—Grove Patterson, in the Moline Register.

### Styles in Handwriting

A study by Leonard P. Ayres showed that from a point of view of legibility handwriting styles may be classified as follows: Vertical—that is, slanting—from 90 to 80 degrees; medium slant, from 80 to 55 degrees; and extreme slant, from 55 to 30 degrees.

Some fools put on more airs than a wise man could grind out on a hand organ.

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