

Pursuing the Shadow

It is common to overlook what is near by keeping the eye fixed on something remote. In the same manner present opportunities are neglected and attainable objects slighted by minds busied in extensive ranges and intent upon future advantages.—Samuel Johnson.

Only Two of Them

"Mamma," queried one of the children of their mother shortly after their father's election as governor (not of Massachusetts), "are we all governors now?" "No, children," was the prompt reply, "just me and your dad."—Boston Globe.

Hands Up

"Will all those who induced some one else to attend this meeting hold up their hands?" asked the revivalist. And every woman who had her husband sitting beside her held up a right hand.—Clay Center Times.

Largest Fixed Star

The Naval observatory says that Alpha Scorpii (Antares) is the largest fixed star so far as its known up to the present time. It is about 400,000,000 miles in diameter, according to Hale.

First Speed Law

The law providing for the punishment by fine of any one who galloped his horse on Main street, enacted in Fredericksburg, Va., in 1787, is said to be the first speed law.—Denton (Texas) Herald.

Selfish Goodness

Doing good out of a feeling of complicity is likely to result in self shame. The Good Samaritan went across the road to the wounded man just because he wanted to.—American Magazine.

Plenty More

The discouraging note in the case of the New Haven woman who left her husband because he played a saxophone is that there are apparently enough saxophones to go around.

Hopeless

We come of a long-lived stock and we're glad of that, as we'd like to see, if possible, if anything is every really done about smoke abatement.—Ohio State Journal.

Spare Your Effort

A great deal of time is wasted by urging the other fellow to have common sense. If he hasn't common sense, he won't get it, so let him alone.—Atchison Globe.

Matter for Wonder

This country is making so much educational progress that it becomes an increasing wonder where all the ignorance comes from.—Boston Transcript.

Elephants Good at Plow

A pair of elephants, trained in the Belgian Congo government school at Apti, can do two and one-half acres of hard plowing in a morning.

Old Forgotten Days

Our memory goes back to the time when if a girl had had neuritis in her knee she'd have wanted a woman doctor.—Ohio State Journal.

Advantage of Reputation

How flat most of the clever remarks would seem if made by somebody who had no reputation for cleverness.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Note on Prayer

Those who believe in God, pray. The devotion of those who know Him is called work.—Arthur Schnitzler in Vanity Fair.

There's Fun in Looking

If woman's intuition is so wonderful, then why does she look at eight or ten hats before buying one?—Louisville Times.

Her First Surprise

Little Girl (to her playmate)—When I was born I was so surprised I couldn't speak for a whole year and a half!

Many Are Trying Hard

If money-getting is success, every man is a failure. No man has yet got all of it.—Buffalo News.

And Keep It

Never mind paying the price for anything you learn. But get a receipt.—American Magazine.

Sylvia of the Minute

By HELEN R. MARTIN

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CHAPTER X—Continued

"Lady Sylvia St. Croix? That is—I am—that is to say—may I present myself?—you are—who are you?"

She stared at him in what seemed undisguised astonishment and drew away her hand. But she stepped out of the crowd and stood aside with him on the dock.

"You have been sent to fetch me? You are, I suppose," she said, scanning his recherche attire, "my cousin's groom?"

The voice, the accent, were, to be sure, as utterly different from Meely's as were the tone and manner of the girl—a self-possessed, reserved manner that made St. Croix her abject slave—in spite of her unflattering and stupid mistake in taking him for a groom—heavens!

"I am your Cousin St. Croix, Lady Sylvia," he stammering explained.

"Oh?" with a surprised lift of her fine brows. "How do you do?" She offered her gloved hand and as he took it it flashed upon him that he would know Meely Schwenckton's hands among a thousand—he would know the very touch of them—he had always thought her hands so unusual for a working girl. When this girl drew off her gloves— But how utterly absurd!—through the resemblance was truly amazing—

An experienced traveler, St. Croix knew how to expedite the tedious customs business and in a very short time he was helping Lady Sylvia into a taxicab.

Seated at her side in the cab, listening with strained attention to the tones of her voice, stealing glances at her exquisite profile, noting the movements of her gloved hands (if only she'd take off her gloves), St. Croix felt every minute more bewildered, more uncertain. There was something in the very atmosphere of her presence that made him feel as if he were sitting beside Meely—yet the incongruity of identifying in any way this elegant creature with Meely Schwenckton—her civilized speech with Meely's Pennsylvania Dutch dialect, her grace with Meely's vulgar clumsiness, her sparkling countenance with Meely's heavy dullness, the simplicity of her attire with Meely's elaborate pompadour—

The wild absurdity of his predicament in not being sure made him feel, as he told himself, "wooly!"

All at once he recalled that Meely had a tiny brown mole under the lobe of her ear—he had kissed it often. Her hands and that mole! If he could only lift the lobes of Lady Sylvia's ears and have a look! But suppose he found the mole there—what would it mean and what would he do about it? Surely this was the weirdest experience that had ever fallen to the lot of a man!

"You have changed so much since you were a child, Cousin Sylvia! I'd never have recognized you." He put out a feeler.

"No, of course you wouldn't. When you last saw me, I was a homely little tow-headed, bow-legged, pigeon-toed, freckle-faced kid!"

The words had a vaguely familiar sound to St. Croix. He seemed to hear again the unaccountable indignation with which Meely Schwenckton, that day in the woods on the hill, had repeated, "Bow-legged!" His head swam and he felt almost ill.

Suddenly he turned in his seat and looked straight into her eyes with a very definite and frank suspicion. "This," he inquired with what he felt to be subtle cunning, his eyes probing hers like gimlets, "was of course your first crossing?"

"Well, I've crossed the Channel so often that crossing the Atlantic didn't seem anything! Why, I'd hardly know I was on a boat at all, crossing the Atlantic. Why, crossing the Atlantic—"

She was evading a direct answer to his question!—and covering the fact by volubly chattering.

Seated opposite each other, presently, in the dining car, he waited in strained suspense for the critical moment when their waiter would bring their order and Lady Sylvia would be obliged to remove her gloves; and at the same time he was wondering how he could contrive to have a look behind her ears for that tiny mole; for that mole could have been no part of a make-up; he knew it too intimately not to be quite sure that it didn't come off!

"So," she suddenly remarked, resting her folded arms on the table and bending forward confidentially, "your brother, Marvin, won't have me, will he?"

St. Croix made an effort to conceal his surprise and embarrassment at his unexpected broods. He felt it lacked delicacy.

"I'm afraid when he sees you, he'll change his mind!"

"'Afraid?'"

"I needn't tell you why—you know!"

"Tell me," she smilingly invited, "what's he like?"

"A queer bird! Seems to hate his comforts! Wants to live like a hod-carrier or a street-cleaner or a— Why, he's gone and taken a teaching job, if you'll believe me, for a petty little salary that wouldn't keep me in gasoline! Insists on living simply and working for his living."

The waiter's arrival with their food brought him up short.

As Lady Sylvia drew off her gloves, he fairly held his breath. But to his chagrin, that test proved no more conclusive than anything else about her, for her hands were now, to his distaste, so covered with rings and so perfectly manicured (Meely's nails had never been so pink and polished) that while these lovely hands certainly did somewhat resemble Meely's, he felt, as about everything else concerning his cousin, that he could not feel sure.

"I wear all these rings," she explained apologetically, "when I travel because I think it's the safest way to carry them."

Well, since the hand-test failed, he was all the more determined to find that mole!—if it were there to be found.

A very vague attention he gave to his dinner, as, with every least movement of her head, he tried to see under and around and through her earlobes!

"Lady Sylvia," he said abruptly, with a sudden reckless daring, "I want



"Lady Sylvia St. Croix? That is—I am—that is to say—May I Present Myself?—You Are—Who Are You?"

to take you to see an acquaintance of mine who looks so remarkably like you that it's uncanny!"

"You mean, don't you, that you'll bring her to see me?"

"No. Couldn't. She's a farmer's daughter living about five miles from us. An ignorant, vulgar—"

He stopped short, his face flushing red, feeling, inasmuch, as though he were insulting Meely Schwenckton to her face! "A very nice country girl," he hastily amended his remark, "but not a person one would ask to call on you!"

"But why?"

"Oh, not in our class."

"Then you have 'classes' in America?"

"You know we do! Ever hear of our Colonial Dames or D. A. R.'s?"

"I've heard of your G. A. R.'s to my sorrow! But these C. D.'s and D. A. R.'s—they seem to be an expression of the national yearning for a titled order; for all those silly social encumbrances which England, so much more advanced in democracy, is trying to slough off. So this farmer's daughter is an ignorant, vulgar girl who is 'uncannily' like me? Thanks!"

"I'll take you to see for yourself how much you look alike. I want to see you two together! Why, you're as alike as twins—except that you are wholly unlike—I mean your features are alike; that's all."

"It will be interesting to see her—like seeing oneself on the screen! I'll know, for once, what I do look like. A portrait painter once told me my type was unusual—"

She chattered on, but he scarcely heard her, so intent he was in trying to penetrate the veil of her earlobes—when suddenly she stopped short, laid down her knife and fork and looked at him in puzzled astonishment.

"Why," she inquired breathlessly, her brows puckered in bewilderment, "are you looking at me so strangely?"

"I'll tell you," he smiled frankly. "You look so like that farm girl that the very shape of your ears is like hers!—so that I should not be at all surprised to find you had even the same little brown mole under the lobe of your ear that she has!"

"Well," she exclaimed, "how extraordinarily intimate you must have been with her to have learned all about her little brown mole under her ear-lobe! This is interesting, not to say exciting! Own up—how did you come to know about this mole?"

"Do you have one, too?"

"What 'satisfiable curiosity!' See for yourself." She lifted the lobes of her ears—and he looked.

There was no mole there.

But his relief was not greater than his astonishment and confusion that two people could look so alike without being related. However, he could

delight in her, now, without fear and dread—and be proud of her distinction and even enjoy this weird resemblance to the girl for whom his senses hungered.

"Now appense my 'satisfiable curiosity!'" she insisted. "How—did—you—discover—that farm girl's little mole?"

"Well, you'll find it in your heart to forgive me, I know, that her beauty, so very much like yours, proved so irresistible that—sometimes—I kissed her when I got a good chance."

"And it was while engaged in kissing her that you discovered the little mole?"

"You see if she hadn't been beautiful, like you, I shouldn't have wanted to kiss her—being a bit fastidious in my taste."

"Your fastidious taste," said Lady Sylvia reflectively, "didn't find her too vulgar to be kissed, though she's too vulgar to be asked to call on me?" She shook her head hopelessly. "It's too much for my logic. I don't get it. Kissing doesn't seem to me less intimate than calling! But one thing I do get—I am to play the role of the rival of this 'ignorant, vulgar farm girl' in your affections! It isn't a role that appeals to me."

"I'll show her to you and you'll understand!"

"But how will she like that—your bringing me to inspect her? She might not like it at all! I shouldn't think she'd like it! She might fall upon me and scratch me!"

"But, my dear cousin, you don't suppose that a girl of that class takes the caresses of men of our class seriously?"

"You're sure that girl didn't take you seriously?"

"She wouldn't presume to!" he answered, a faint tinge of uneasiness in his voice.

"I've never been able to understand," she said almost plaintively, "how it is that while men of the most civilized background will seek the most intimate relations with low girls, it would be worse than death to women of the same background to be so much as touched by a common, coarse man. Why is that, St. Croix?"

St. Croix looked rather shocked, as though he felt her choice of a theme to be in very poor taste, to say the least.

"Well, you know," he answered lightly, "when the gods made man and woman they used a great deal less clay and much more divine fire for the woman than for the man; so that woman is of course less earthly, finer, more celestial! Will you," he asked as they now rose to leave the diner, "come to the smoking corridor for a cigarette?"

She thought she would not; but when he had taken her back to their chairs, she urged him to go for a smoke without her. That he refused to do; he had no desire to tear himself from the delectable sight of her for even the few minutes it took to smoke a cigarette. But when she insisted that he must go so that she could take a little nap, as she was "awfully sleepy," he reluctantly yielded.

His reflections as he smoked were increasingly reassuring. The agitating sense of the girl's dual personality was somewhat dulled by the soothing effect of several cigarettes. Even the recollection of certain vague doubts he had always felt about Meely, certain inexplicable things like her fine hands, her being able to get away so often from the hard work of the farm, the touch of foreignness in her speech, her very stolidities that sometimes had seemed more like keen thrusts at him—none of these things were convincing enough to counteract the evidence of the mole. Meely had a mole and Lady Sylvia had none.

He had to go through several day coaches to reach his parlor car, and it was when he was hurrying down the aisle of the last of these, scarcely seeing anyone as he progressed, for the backs of the passengers were toward him, that suddenly the back of a head just a few feet ahead of them brought him to a petrified standstill—froze his very blood—and made his heart sink like lead; for there, under his very eyes, so close that he could have put out his hand and touched her, sat Meely Schwenckton—her heavy, fair hair arranged in the vulgarly exaggerated pompadour she always affected; wearing a grotesque flowered blouse that looked like a kimono or a dressing-sack tucked into her skirt (which no doubt it was!) no rings on her hands; sitting in the slovenly, slouching way that had so often offended his sense of "decency."

The seat behind her was empty. Necessarily she slipped into it. Her head was bowed over a copy of Snappy Stories; curly tendrils of hair on her white neck—

The mole! Was it there? A mad hope seized him that even yet he might find Lady Sylvia and Meely to be two different people. He bent his head and looked. And there, under her left ear, was the little brown mole!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Had Odd Accomplishment

Earl Russell has this anecdote in his book, "My Life and Reminiscences":

"My grandmother, Lady John Russell, was a great favorite with Queen Victoria throughout her life. Not alone, of course, because she had the peculiar and unusual capacity of wagging her ears like a dog. But this accomplishment intrigued the queen and she suddenly called on Lady John to show it off to an ambassador. My grandmother was so taken back that she lost for a long time the power to move either ear, and only ultimately regained her power to move one, which she occasionally did for my education."

Howe About—

By ED HOWE

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I lately read a book giving a summary of the philosophy of the Greeks, wisest of the ancients.

This philosophy is poor stuff, it seems to me, compared with what men know today.

Are we moderns really doing very well? So far as common sense goes, we surely have more than the Greeks. They knew nothing we do not know, and believed a lot of nonsense we do not believe.

Aristotle had some beliefs that would disgrace a modern schoolboy, and knew nothing the men of today do not know.

The greatest failure of the moderns is that they have not improved in morals. They are no worse than the Greeks, but no better.

If there is profit in good conduct, as has been claimed from the beginning of time, I can see no reason why the later races of men should not improve it.

Why not frankly make success the goal of life? That is what all men and women are working for.

Why not rate men by a sort of Bradstreet?

Why continue the old foolish custom of deriding the successful?

By success I do not mean accumulation of property alone, but certainly include it. Every man is a success who takes reasonably good care of himself and family, and able to pay the undertaker who finally attends him.

The great annoyances of life come from the shiftless, idle, unsuccessful; those who in one way and another are of no use to their communities.

The man who is a community burden should not be permitted to vote. Certainly he should not be permitted to marry, and given opportunity to neglect a family of children.

The present age is becoming more practical, and this new spirit should be reflected in the laws.

We should publicly express the contempt we really entertain for the worthless man.

There is only one way to improve the world, and that is to increase the average respectability, which is becoming alarmingly low.

The worthless now number so great an army that they have combined to boycott the useful and respectable, and are doing fairly well.

I do not like a man who is too free with women in public. If a man is crazy about the women, he should keep it to himself as much as possible. Men demand that other men treat their women folks with respect. The women themselves demand it; the law demands it. How tremendously the law demands it!

Jazz is a wicked thing because it is fighting music.

History is a collection of magic tales, and denial of them.

When a man is a gross feeder, it is said he is an epicure, in memory of Epicurus, an ancient who lived upon bread and water, and upon the simple fruits and vegetables that grew in his own garden. Cicero says: "Ah! With how little was Epicurus contented." Watercress, a radish, a fig, made a substantial meal for the greatest of the epicures, Epicurus himself. Now and then he called for a portion of milk or a little cheese, saying: "I must occasionally make merry!"

Stories of his dissipation come from detractors. Epicurus accuses him of being a habitual drunkard. Timocrates says Epicurus had so debauched himself that for years he was unable to rise from his couch, in which he had served him daily the most sumptuous banquets.

Cicero says one thing; Epicurus another.

And the world has chosen to believe the worse story.

Still, Athens reared statues of bronze to the memory of Epicurus. Seneca paid a tribute to him, because he was the first man who taught that virtue is easier than viciousness, and pays better. Epicurus believed in pleasure, but taught that the way to attain it was by temperance, industry, fairness. He was the first man who coined the phrase now quoted everywhere with derision: "Be virtuous, and you will be happy."

Although every story in history is denied, one may always pick out the more probable one, and the probable one is that Epicurus lived a life so temperate and useful that it made him famous and hated.

Many a man misses information in his inordinate desire to talk all the time himself.

Everywhere the better specimens of men are appreciating the importance of behaving better. Hollywood, Calif., is said to be a wicked place, but even there a "Sanity in Diet club" has been organized. Everyone who does good work of any kind must have a stomach that works well, and all the money in the world cannot buy such an organ. Every man who has sense should prove it by being healthy. In nine cases out of ten, illness is evidence of dissipation, carelessness, lack of intelligence.

Don't Make a Toy Out of Baby

Babies Have Nerves

By RUTH BRITAIN



Much of the nervousness in older children can be traced to the over stimulation during infancy, caused by regarding baby as a sort of animated toy for the amusement of parents, relatives and friends. Baby may be played with, but not for more than a quarter of an hour to an hour daily. Beyond that, being handled, tickled, caused to laugh or even scream, will sometimes result in vomiting, and invariably causes irritability, crying or sleeplessness.

Fretfulness, crying and sleeplessness from this cause can easily be avoided by treating baby with more consideration, but when you just can't see what is making baby restless or upset better give him a few drops of pure, harmless Castoria. It's amazing to see how quickly it calms baby's nerves and soothes him to sleep; yet it contains no drugs or opiates. It is purely vegetable—the recipe is on the wrapper. Leading physicians prescribe it for colic, cholera, diarrhea, constipation, gas on stomach and bowels, feverishness, loss of sleep and all other "upsets" of babyhood. Over 25 million bottles used a year shows its overwhelming popularity.

With each bottle of Castoria, you get a book on Motherhood, worth its weight in gold. Look for Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the package so you'll get genuine Castoria. There are many imitations.

Christmas Cards

The earliest example of the art of making Christmas cards is attributed to J. C. Horsley, R. A., who in 1846 made designs of his character. Subsequently the demand for these tokens became enormous, and at present Christmas cards are often of much artistic merit in both design and coloring.

If You Need a Tonic, Get the Best!

Fresno, Calif.—"It is not long since I was all run down in health and finally decided to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, as I knew of other people in my neighborhood who had constantly relied upon Dr. Pierce's remedies and always received satisfactory results. I took only a few bottles and by that time I had regained my normal health."

"Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are good, too."—Manuel Y. White, 539 Calliach St.

All dealers sell Dr. Pierce's Pellets, 20 cents for 60 Pellets. When run-down you can quickly pick up and regain vim, vigor, vitality by obtaining this Medical Discovery of Dr. Pierce's at the drug store, in tablets or liquid, or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. tablets.

Just Wait!

"My play will be produced tomorrow." "How thrilling!" "Yes, the manager said he would produce it for me tomorrow if I would call for it."—Montreal Star.

One of the secrets of enjoying life is not to want more of anything than you can have.

CAN NOW DO ANY WORK

Thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Denison, Texas.—"I think there is no tonic equal to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nervousness and I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sensitive Wash and the Pills for Constipation. I can certainly praise your medicines for what they have done for me and I wish you success in the future. I can do any kind of work now and when women ask me what has helped me I recommend your medicines. I will answer any letters I receive asking about them."—Mrs. EMMA GREGG, Route 3, Box 53, Denison, Texas.



FIRST AID TO BEAUTY AND CHARM

Nothing so mars an otherwise beautiful face as the inevitable lines of fatigue and suffering caused by tired, aching feet. ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the Antiseptic, Healing Powder, insures foot comfort. It is a Toilet Necessity. Shake it in your shoes in the morning. Slip it on before you go to bed. Dance all evening—then let your mirror tell the story. Trial packages and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent Free. Address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y. In a Pinch, Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

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