

FEATURE DEPARTMENT

Section Devoted to Attractive Magazine Material

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

CLIMBING THE HILLS

SLOWLY over the hills on the winding roads, toward a loftier crest and a higher life, noble men and women...

Some of these humans as they move along weave the scattered threads of gold which they gather into shining garments...

All are governed by Ambition. The covetous enumerate, catalogue and classify the good and the bad.

If we of this day and generation have within us the proper energy and interest, we shall go a little higher, but we must fight every inch of the way...

We must pay the price in constant work. We must lift our eyes to the skies and march on and on undaunted.

We must pack our hearts with faith. Faith is for the hour when defeat threatens, to carry us over the crisis...

YOUR Last Name

IS IT DELANO?

THE name of this family might be included in a list of names that are peculiarly American, because while it is of French origin, you will never find it like in France.

You may trace it back to Philip de La Noe, who was probably the son of Jean de Launey, or de Lanoue. Philip came to Plymouth on the Fortune in 1621 from Leyden.

His father, Jean, was born about 1603 in Leyden. Philip was married in Duxbury, whether he went after leaving Plymouth, to Esther Duxbury, and later to Mary Pontus, widow of James Glass.

The name Delano was not spelled in that way until the time of Philip's grandchildren. It is interesting that one of his great-grandchildren, Susannah by name, married Noah Grant, and was therefore an ancestress of Gen. U. S. Grant.

The name has been traced to its French source, and it is believed to be identical to that borne by a prominent family of Brittany, to which belonged Francois de la Noe, known as the Iron-armed.

Jack is an average man. He lays brick and worries about the cost of meat and takes an interest in box scores and politics; but his chief concern is to persuade boys to join the Y. M. C. A.

Bob is average also. He clerks in a store and reads outdoor magazines and invests his spare time in fishing tackle.

Henry is a planter. He is interested in radio development and religion, and enjoys his children and his fiver; but his spare time is devoted to earnest correspondence designed to procure interest in a high tariff on peanuts.

George is ordinary in all ways. He writes insurance and keeps a cage of pigeons; reads the magazines that tell how great and wealthy men get that way; delights in helping the children with their lessons, reads aloud from Shakespeare.

Pete isn't unusual. He is a tailor and enjoys the study of ancient fashions. He has a good collection of old coins; thinks everybody should sleep out of doors; teaches a class in Sunday school.

Clyde is a traveling man and reads Emerson. He thinks the breeding of live stock should be encouraged, and he is working on an automatic shoe lace; but his soul is disturbed by the urgent need of laws to suppress idle pleasure seekers.

"Ah, well; perhaps you can judge a man's intelligence by the worth of the things he considers important! One small head seldom affords room for more than an enthusiasm, and the average man just keeps on going in the direction that something or somebody directed him.—Baltimore Sun.

OUT OF DEBT

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

OUT of debt and something saved! Talk about your joys! Other people may have raved Over tinsel toys— But, for something really sweet, That's got any other beat!

Out of debt and in the bank!— Something laid away For the time your luck is rank, For a rainy day. Talk about your "safety first!"— That's the best, against the worst.

Out of debt and in the clear!— Walk along the street, Not a fellow that you fear, Man you hate to meet. You can look them in the eye, Chest "way out, and stepping high.

Out of debt and bought a bond!— Earning all the time; Saving something for beyond. Days you're in your prime. Laying up a competence. Looks like simple common sense.

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SCHOOL DAYS



THE MIND READER

AM, BUG HUNES JAYS HIS CAM SHUT HIS EYES AND HIS FINGER OVER MY FACE. WHO TELL ME WHAT I'M THINKING OF?

WHY'S THE BIG IDEA 'ELDON?

ROSCOE'S MIND-READER!

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IT WAS A PRIVATE QUARREL

By WILLIAM T. DAVANT

(By Short Story Pub. Co.)

THE Devil brooded in portentous silence. The other busied himself pricking with his pocket-knife the water blisters caused by his strenuous afternoon.

"Hit's this away," Anse fumbled suddenly, "I hain't never harmed a soul what hain't fust harmed me. I wanta live in peace with my feller man, but things has happened, which they won't let me.

"Them McBees butchered my broth- er. He wuz my pal, my playmate. They filled him with lead an' cut twenty-five wounds in his body—all on account of some pigs, which they wa'n't with a dollar.

"I hain't never harmed th' state of Kaintuck. All I've did is to kill ev'ry man I c'n find what helped kill my brother. I hain't hurt none uh them th' state sent after me, although they wuz jus' between th' McBees an' Canfield's.

He got up and faced his listener. "What ye got to do with hit, Bill Hardin? What business is hit uh yours?" A vein of rallery ran through his next words. "But I forgot. Ye didn't come fer me, but jus' wanted a job. Hev ye got enough uh grubbin' detecta?"

The detective sat quietly in his chair, his eyes half-closed. "Anse, you've caught me with the goods."

"I reckon off ye as soon as I see ye. Swavin' off a mustache hain't much uh a disguise, Bill."

"Well, Anse," Hardin arose and met his eyes fearlessly, "what you going to do about it?"

"Ye know what I oughta do. But I don't want no trouble with th' state. Ye've et my grub, ye kin sleep in my house tonight. Tomorrow I'll drive ye to th' station in time to catch Number Four. But don't never come back out here, Bill."

"Is that threat?"

"Take hit as a warnin', Bill. Ye're squar an' ye've got nerve. I don't want nothin' to happen to ye in my country."

The detective yawned. "I think you said something about a bed," he suggested.

The feudist lighted a tallow-dip and pointed to the steep stairway. Hardin took the light out of his hand and started to climb upstairs.

"Wait a minute, Bill," the Devil called. "Less have ev'rythin' straight between us. We uns is awful light sleepers an' mighty nervous. Whenever we hear a soun' in th' night we shoot fast an' look afterwards. Gin ye walk in yer sleep ye'd better fassen th' door so's ye can't open it less'n ye're wide awake."

The next morning Anse presided at the breakfast table with his homely grace. Hardin ate a hearty meal, expressing his appreciation by the keenness of his appetite.

A gleam came into his eyes as he got in the buggy beside his host and noticed that the brown old rifle had been left behind.

The mountaineer was by nature a tactful soul and the law officer was busy with his thoughts, therefore the drive was finished in silence.

As the train pulled in, Anse reached in his pocket.

"Bill," he drawled, a humorous light in his deep-set eyes, "th' Good Book says that th' laborer is worthy uh his hire"; with the words, he dropped a silver dollar in Hardin's blistered palm.

The detective reached back to put the coin in his pocket. His hand flashed up holding a revolver.

"I don't see any reason why you shouldn't take the trip with me," he remarked, cheerfully.

The old man shook his head gloomily. "Put hit back, Bill, I'm disappointed with ye. Ye'd oughta know me better. I don't trus' no man further back than a fust cousin an' I expected this."

"Cut that out," Hardin snapped triumphantly. "Get aboard."

For answer the outlaw whistled shrilly. Half a dozen loafers on the platform were transformed into alert mountain men. They bounded toward the detective and surrounded him with leveled revolvers. Anse chuckled at the changed expression of Hardin's face and waved them away.

"Ye see, Bill, they're my people. They'd die fer me like I'd die fer 'em. Ye bin buttin' in on a private quar' an' ye don't deserve to git away. Jump on yer train an' go back to Roanoke whar ye belong before I change my min'. An' don't never come back!"

The officer shrugged his shoulders and thrust his gun back in his pocket.

"Good-by, Anse," he called from the platform of the last coach.

Devil Anse Canfield stood and watched the train disappear in the East. His thumb felt vainly for its wanted occupation; a vein of fear sprang into his eyes.

"Troy, Tro-o-y!" he yelled, shrilly. "The boy ran to him."

"Whur's Betsy?"

The lad handed her to him. The feel of the cold steel reassured him. With a sigh of relief he turned to his buggy, his thumb twiddling the worn hammer as a dog licks his master's shoe.

"Come on, kid; less go home," he drawled.

One of the finest sonnets in the English language is that which Keats wrote after reading Chapman's translation of "Homer." The poet compares his delight with that which "stout Cortez" must have felt when he gazed at the Pacific from "a peak in Darien," and knew that in all probability he was the first white man who had seen that ocean.

Probably Keats has done more than anyone else to impress upon people's minds that Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, was also the discoverer of the

Credit for "Discovery" of Pacific Is Balboa's

Doctor Vitezely says of the word "personality": "It is sometimes considered to mean articles of personal adornment. It does not. It is a legal term now in contradistinction to realty and includes all movables as money, personal property of any kind whatever, as household goods; chattels, real and personal; things movable as distinguished from realty or land's property.

Legal Phrase

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Odd Way to Pay Tax

A southern Ohio taxpayer, being assessed 8 cents as his federal income tax, originally mailed postage stamps covering this amount, but was informed that stamps were not acceptable. Then the collector received a small block of wood, in which a hole had been bored and 8 cents stopped. A corn cob was used as a stopper to hold the money in place.

THE DEVIL BROODED

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"Hit's this away," Anse fumbled suddenly, "I hain't never harmed a soul what hain't fust harmed me. I wanta live in peace with my feller man, but things has happened, which they won't let me.

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