

OUR SERIAL The Princess Elopes By HAROLD McGRATH

Arthur Warrington, American consul to Barscheit, tells how reigning Grand Duke attempts to force his niece, Princess Hildegarde, to marry Prince Doppelkahn, an old widower.

He came straight to the consulate and I was so glad to see him that I sat him down in front of the sideboard and left orders that I was at home to no one.

Max had come out of the far west. He was a founding who had been adopted by a wealthy German ranchman named Scharfenstein, which name Max assumed as his own.

On leaving college he went in for medicine, and his appearance in the capital city of Barscheit was due obviously to the great medical college, famous the world over for its nerve specialists.

Max was very fond of the society of women, and at college we used to twit him about it, for he was always eager to meet a new face, trusting that the new one might be the ideal for which he was searching.

"Well, you old Dutchman," said I, "have you ever found that ideal woman of yours?"

"Bah!"—lighting a pipe. "She will never be found. A horse and a trusty dog for me; those two you may eventually grow to understand.

plugging away over rusty nails and grass-grown ties—till he came to Barscheit.

"You were always on the hunt for ideals, too, as I remember; hope you'll find her."

"You've got it bad. Remember how you used to write poetry at college? Who is she if I may ask?"

"The Honorable Betty Moore, at present the guest of her highness, the Princess Hildegarde,"—with pardonable pride.

"Max whistled. 'You're a lucky beggar. One by one we turn traitor to our native land. A Britisher! I never should have believed it of you, of the man whose class declamation was on the frey subject of patriotism. But is it all on one side?"

"How long have you known her?"

"Max, there never was a girl like her."

other besides her is concerned, and I can not tell you. Some day, when everything quiets down, I'll get you into a corner with a bottle, and you will find it worth while."

"Both."

"From rumors I've heard, this princess is a great one for larks; rides bicycles and automobiles, and generally raises the deuce. What sort is she?"

ing nothing and lallygagging at court with the nobility. I wish I had an uncle who was a senator. 'Pull' is everything these days."

"You Dutchman, I won this place on my own merit,"—indignantly.

"I don't understand why you should go in for medicine so thoroughly. It can't be money, for heaven knows your father left you a yearly income which alone would be a fortune to me."

"Marry, and then you will not have to," I said flippantly.

"You're a sad dog. Do you know, I've been thinking about epigrams."

"Yes, I find that an epigram is produced by the same cause that produces the pearl in the oyster."

"That is to say, a healthy mentality never superinduces an epigram? Fudge!" said I, yanking the pup from his lap to mine.

"Well, you nearly bent one," I complained.

Then we both laughed, and the pup started up and licked my face before I could prevent him.

"Did I ever show you this?"—taking out a locket which was attached to one end of his watch chain. He passed the trinket to me.

THE PEACEFUL SUBURBS.

"Sort of an endless chain war with your neighbor, eh?" said the visitor from the city.

"Well, replied the suburbanite, 'his chickens flew over the hedge and ate all my garden seed. I got even by getting a big tomcat and the cat ate the chickens."

"Ah, an 'eye for an eye,' eh?"

"Not at all. I borrowed a catamount from a wandering circus and that killed the bulldog. Now, if he don't get an elephant to finish the catamount before I can return it to the show I guess I'll come out winner."

WHEN MILESTONES CHEER. They Always Gladden the Heart of the Pedestrian.

In a walking trip a milestone along the way is the most companionable fellow in the world; your spirits rise as you near him as though you were about to greet a human friend, and they keep almost consistently on his high level till his brother a mile distant advances to meet you.

And when you overlook one of this friendly company because of an encroaching bank or screening boughs, says the Travel Magazine, his neighbor further on comes to you doubly welcome.

Those worthy persons who attend to the roads should see to it that every milestone within their province stands out frankly from its leafy background.

Pat's Logic. Squire—I say, Pat, that's the worst looking horse I ever saw. Why don't you fatten him up?

FIVE MONTHS IN HOSPITAL. Discharged Because Doctors Could Not Cure.

Levi P. Brockway, S. Second Ave., Anoka, Minn., says: "After lying for five months in a hospital I was discharged as incurable, and given only six months to live."

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See It Come Out of a Cow. A little city boy and his sister Dorothy were taken to the country for the first time.

The two children were happy as the day was long. In the late afternoon they watched the cows come home, heard with delight the tinkling cowbells, and the little boy even went to the barns to see the milking done.

At supper, just as Dorothy was lifting her glass to her rosy lips, the boy cried out:

"Oh, Dotty, don't! You musn't drink that milk. It's not fit to drink. It came out of a cow; I saw it!"

IN LIFE'S BRIEF SPAN. Experiences, Joys and Sorrows of the Human Existence.

The loves and friendships of individuals partake of the frail character of human life, and are brief and uncertain.

Only Royal Doctor. The only royal doctor in Europe is Duke Carl Theodore of Bavaria. Few German princes have had a more romantic career than Duke Carl Theodore.

Delicate Shade of Meaning. A keen retort is credited to the late Dr. Haig-Brown, master of Charterhouse.

Fair Warning. "Well, I see that slim girls will be the style this winter," remarked the harmless idiot.

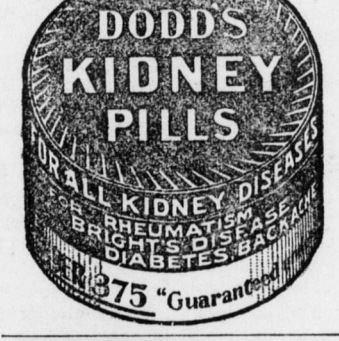
Old Church. The one thousandth anniversary of the founding of St. Peter's church, Chester, England, finds the structure in good condition, portions of it having been rebuilt in 1440 and 1673.



"Max, There Never Was a Girl Like Her."



Squire—I say, Pat, that's the worst looking horse I ever saw. Why don't you fatten him up?



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