

HIS TELEPATHIC WOOING

By JAMES BUCKHAM

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

DOCTOR AMSDEN was utterly and hopelessly in love with beautiful Miriam Foote. But, in spite of his six feet of splendid manhood—or, perhaps, because of them—the young doctor was so timid in the presence of the fair sex, and particularly in the presence of the fascinating Miriam, that he could no more bring himself to utter a syllable of sentiment to that young woman than he could walk up to the venerable and dignified president of the State Medical association and tweak his nose! The two things seemed equally preposterous and impossible.

At this juncture of affairs, curiously enough, there fell into the hands of Doctor Amsden a book that offered a magical solution of the problem that perplexed him—viz., how to make love to the woman who had ensnared his heart, without being conscious of doing it. This book was called "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," and its central theory was that the "subjective mind," or soul, of any person, by a process of autosuggestion, may enter into communication with the subjective mind of another person, at any distance whatsoever. A condition of sleep, either cataleptic or natural, is induced by the agent in himself; but previously to falling to sleep he must concentrate his whole mental energy and will power upon the determination to convey a certain image, or message, or both to the subjective mind of the person with whom he wishes to communicate. Then away goes his spirit—his phantasm—while he is buried in unconscious slumber, appears in his very image to the person designated, and delivers the message with his very voice and manner. Truly, a marvelous theory, and of untold significance to timid lovers and bashful solicitors of every kind.

According to this theory, Doctor Amsden, in order to make telepathic love to Miriam Foote, need simply drop to sleep, on a certain night, with a strong determination to send his phantasm to the young woman with an eloquent plea of affection. That was all. It was not even necessary for him to furnish the general substance, introduction, or any portion of this glowing address. He need simply specify that it should be passionate and rich in verbal color—ordering a proposal much as he would a dinner at a first-class hotel, with perfect confidence that at the proper time it would be served in proper form. To be sure, this method of wooing was not in strict accordance with the traditional etiquette of such affairs. It might even be considered that this proposal by a sort of phantasmic proxy was hardly fair to the object of the experiment. A ghost is, after all, but a ghost, whether it be attached to a bodily tenement or be simply a spirit at large, and even the most heavenly minded young woman might cherish a prejudice in favor of a fleshly lover. On the other hand, however, the choice lay not between two methods of wooing, but between this and none at all; and how easy, how delightful a method of making a proposal of marriage. It could all be performed, like a painful surgical operation, during merciful sleep. Then the lover when next he met the lady in his every-day person would know by her manner whether she had accepted or rejected him. The more Doctor Amsden considered this fascinating project the more trivial seemed his scruples against its fulfillment.

Indeed, he asked himself judicially, was it not a fundamental doctrine of metaphysics that only the soul was real, and so-called matter was simply the shadow cast by the spirit? This being the case, his vulgarly named ghost was in reality no ghost at all, while his bodily presence was the real phantasm.

Having arrived at this comfortable, though to the lay mind slightly abstract, conclusion, Amsden wavered no longer. "I will do it," he said, jumping to his feet. "I will do it tonight—no, no, a few days must be given to subduing the flesh and concentrating the energies of the subjective mind. On Saturday evening, at the time of my regular weekly call, I will make an end to this painful uncertainty. Though I cannot but hope that she looks upon my suit with favor, I shall never dare to broach the subject of love openly in the flesh. My ghost—or, at least, what is vulgarly known as a ghost—shall speak, and I will abide by the result."

On his return from dinner that evening Doctor Amsden locked all the doors and darkened all the windows of his apartments. Then, after smoking a meditative cigar, he went to bed. It was barely eight o'clock in the evening when his head touched the pillow, but as he had planned to send his image to Miss Foote at precisely nine o'clock, before that young lady should have retired to her chamber, he wished to have ample time to get himself to sleep. Besides, he was really tired and drowsy, which was certainly a favorable condition for his experiment. He had feared that he would be excited and nervous; but already the suggestion of sleep, which he had been constantly reiterating for the past hour, was beginning to tell upon his brain. The formula, "I am about to go to sleep; I am becoming sleepy. I sleep," was having a most magical effect.

Doctor Amsden dropped into the misty chasm of slumber in less than fifteen minutes after getting to bed. But that fifteen minutes had been spent in strenuous command, on the part of the objective mind, that the subjective mind should go, at precisely nine o'clock, to the home of Miss Foote, present itself in the exact and correct image of the lover, and make an ardent appeal to the affections of the lady.

In about two hours Amsden awoke, bathed in perspiration, and feeling thoroughly exhausted. He was not conscious of having dreamed at all, and yet it seemed to him as if he had just shaken off a most horrible nightmare. He rose from his bed and consulted his watch. It was just ten o'clock. "Thank heaven," he cried, "I did not wake before the time!" He went back to bed, and fell instantly into the deep slumber of complete exhaustion, from which he did not wake until late the next morning.

For two days he did not see Miss Foote. Then he summoned up courage to call upon her. She came downstairs looking pale and anxious, and the moment that Amsden's eyes fell upon her his heart began to throb with suffocating violence. Undoubtedly his experiment had succeeded as far as the proposal was concerned—but should his attitude be that of the accepted or rejected lover?

Hardly noticing his stammering expressions of solicitude for her altered looks, Miriam led the way into the drawing room, and, motioning him to a chair, seated herself in a dim corner at the other side of the room. Then, with her blue eyes lowered and her fingers twisting nervously, she said: "Doctor Amsden, I owe you an apology. When you called two nights ago and asked me to be your wife I was too much agitated to answer you. To tell the truth," she continued, reddening a little, "the eloquence of your words, their poetry and melody, so surprised and overcame me that I could not answer as you deserved. When I left you and walked to the other side of the room it was only that I might gain possession of myself, and when I looked up and found you gone—"

"Gone!" exclaimed Amsden, groaning audibly. "Yes, gone like a spirit (here Miss Foote paused, while Amsden clutched at his chair, feeling as though his whole body were turning to sand and dribbling down upon the floor) without a word of good-by. I feared that I had mortally offended you and that you would never come back to—"

"Then you were not angry because my ghost—because I left like a ghost? You wanted me to come back? But why?"

"I—I think you ought to know," said the girl, blushing.

And the next moment Doctor Amsden was kneeling at her feet.

"I did it in a dream—no, I don't mean that—I mean this is a dream. I ought to explain."

"No, don't try. I understand," said Miriam softly.

The girl's head sank forward on his shoulder. She was crying a little, but she suffered her lover's arms to slip around her waist, and into his trembling hand she pressed her own.

It was done, the impossible, the inconceivable! And even Amsden felt in his heaving heart that he had never done anything so easy and so utterly delightful in his whole life.

It was true that Miriam did not understand, but Amsden felt that at such a juncture any explanations would be not merely out of place, but even indelicate.

To his credit be it said, however, that on one occasion before his marriage he attempted to confess to Miriam all the circumstances of his proposal; but while he was still struggling with his introduction she stopped him with a pre-emptory gesture.

"I don't understand a word about subjective and objective minds," she said, in a wounded voice. "All I know is that you made me the most beautiful proposal I had ever heard—I mean imagined—but of course if you want to take it back by saying that you were not responsible at the time—"

Whereupon Amsden was obliged to consume two delightful hours in assuring his sweetheart that he was a blundering fool, and that his metaphysical nonsense, translated, meant that it was his best self that had made that eloquent proposal, and that he was only afraid his every-day self was not one-tenth good enough for her.

Historic Trees Fall
Under Axes of Indians
Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Woodman spare that tree" is a metaphor especially adaptable at the moment to the ax of the Mexican Indian, which is slowly but surely destroying one of the finest groves of great and historic trees on the North American continent, little known, but rivaling in beauty the big trees of Sequoia National park in California.

The grove is 30 miles from the City of Mexico and consists of about 1,000 cypress trees, the smallest of them 40 feet about the base. Nazahuacoyotl, the poet king and last ruler of the once flourishing kingdom of Texcoco, who was born in 1403, selected the spot as his favorite garden. There still remain the great majority of them, but with systematic regularity they are being leveled by neighboring Indians in want of firewood. Contrary to the Mexican government's usual promptness and policy of preserving all historic monuments the forestry department is allowing one of the botanical wonders of the country, perhaps in the world, to slowly deteriorate.

Affection is sweet reward.

WHO SAID

"I am not a Virginian but an American."

HAD Patrick Henry lived 50 years later than he did, would we have clung to his assertion that he was a citizen of the United States, rather than of Virginia?

It was on this question of whether the citizens of the nation or of the state in which they lived that the Civil war was fought and finally decided in favor of those holding to the theory here enunciated by Patrick Henry.

Of course, Patrick Henry lived before the real development of the nation into states. They were but loosely organized colonies before the Revolutionary war and their structure had not changed greatly before death claimed the renowned orator. Had Patrick Henry lived later in the his-

AN ABBREVIATED STORY

THE LEAD PENCIL

TWO days ago I was a beautiful, brown pencil, hale and hearty and of full stature, with my name, "Write-easy, No. 6," printed on my sleek side in letters of purest gold. I hadn't a single care in the world, and my heart was full of love for all human beings—for was it not to humans that I owed my lovely shape, my long sturdy bar of unbroken lead and my soft, firm wood?

Today I am a miserable abandoned stump without even a point. My gold name has been cruelly hacked off, even to the capital W.

For a woman tried to sharpen me. If I had been wise I would have struggled out of her hands as soon as she borrowed her husband's penknife—struggled out of her hands and slipped down a crack to an eternal dark oblivion that at least would not have robbed me of my shape.

At the first inch of wood and lead that she hacked off, she said: "Something must be the matter with the wood."

At the second inch she said: "Something must be the matter with the lead."

At the third inch she said: "Something must be the matter with the knife."

At that I fainted from pain and humiliation, and awoke a scraggy cast-off stump of my former self.

And a confirmed woman hater.

(© by George Matthew Adams.)

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

MENTAL ATMOSPHERE

WHATEVER it may be with regard to your idea of peace of mind, quite apart from wealth and position, you will soon or late discover that the mental atmosphere in which you move from day to day has a great deal to do with your happiness.

You cannot experience those delightful seasons of peace, joy and harmony which come frequently to the souls who habitually indulge in right thinking, unless you, too, live and work in a spiritual and mental sunshine, attuned to the glorious harmonies which are all about you, waiting for you to clasp them in your hands, press them to your heart and accept them as your own.

You may grope for a solution of life's problems year after year, but you will not find it until you climb to the hill-tops and get in a cleaner atmosphere which has a mystic way of its own in clearing the vision and lightening the heart, even when the skies all

around you are hung with sombrous gray curtains.

All that is good and glorious in life comes from right thinking.

Superb paintings for which fabulous prices are paid; masterful music which stirs the soul and carries it away into the land of bright dreams; beautiful buildings with exquisitely blended proportions and pleasing lines, and even the human face with its beaming eyes and cheerful countenance come into being through right thinking—through living in a higher mental atmosphere, where mind substance is purified and molded into unusual forms, which in

their simple grace and beauty arouse the admiration of the world.

You may have priceless talents, but they cannot long survive in a tainted atmosphere, for like the peach and the rose, they must have the helpful sunshine, the pure rain and dew, to develop their full sweetness; they require an atmosphere suitable to their proper growth and development.

You may have a wonderful mind, but unless you live in the right atmosphere, keep it in touch with other minds and burnish it by constant use and rubbing, it will sicken, mildew and perish among the vanities on which life turns from exaltation to despair.

If you would have understanding, a frank interest in accomplishment, two or three good friends and success in helping measure, you must live and work continuously in an uncorrupted mental atmosphere, otherwise your little journey through this world will terminate in disappointment.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

MOST WELCOME

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

FAME, pass me by, and, wealth, elude
My eager grasp, and what's all that?
The stare is often only rude,
And greatness only wondered at.
I would be great another way,
So great that other men would say,
"I never knew a man so kind,
For such a friend you seldom find."

Yes, wealth, elude my eager hand,
And will it matter, after all?
Who builds upon the golden sand
May only build a house to fall,
I would be rich another way,
So rich that other men would say,
"Though little is the wealth he spends,
No mortal has so many friends."

Yes, wealth, elude, fame, pass me by,
Though both a man may well desire.
But let me know that always I
Am welcome at another's fire.
I would be famous in a way,
So famous other men would say,
"Though Croesus come, a king be host,
He is the one they welcome most."
(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

SCHOOL DAYS



Copyright © by Big Business

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

MENTAL ATMOSPHERE

WHATEVER it may be with regard to your idea of peace of mind, quite apart from wealth and position, you will soon or late discover that the mental atmosphere in which you move from day to day has a great deal to do with your happiness.

You cannot experience those delightful seasons of peace, joy and harmony which come frequently to the souls who habitually indulge in right thinking, unless you, too, live and work in a spiritual and mental sunshine, attuned to the glorious harmonies which are all about you, waiting for you to clasp them in your hands, press them to your heart and accept them as your own.

You may grope for a solution of life's problems year after year, but you will not find it until you climb to the hill-tops and get in a cleaner atmosphere which has a mystic way of its own in clearing the vision and lightening the heart, even when the skies all

around you are hung with sombrous gray curtains.

All that is good and glorious in life comes from right thinking.

Superb paintings for which fabulous prices are paid; masterful music which stirs the soul and carries it away into the land of bright dreams; beautiful buildings with exquisitely blended proportions and pleasing lines, and even the human face with its beaming eyes and cheerful countenance come into being through right thinking—through living in a higher mental atmosphere, where mind substance is purified and molded into unusual forms, which in

their simple grace and beauty arouse the admiration of the world.

You may have priceless talents, but they cannot long survive in a tainted atmosphere, for like the peach and the rose, they must have the helpful sunshine, the pure rain and dew, to develop their full sweetness; they require an atmosphere suitable to their proper growth and development.

You may have a wonderful mind, but unless you live in the right atmosphere, keep it in touch with other minds and burnish it by constant use and rubbing, it will sicken, mildew and perish among the vanities on which life turns from exaltation to despair.

If you would have understanding, a frank interest in accomplishment, two or three good friends and success in helping measure, you must live and work continuously in an uncorrupted mental atmosphere, otherwise your little journey through this world will terminate in disappointment.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mother's Cook Book

Is life worth living? I think that question has been answered for good and all. The cost has been more than doubled, and we still hang on.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SAVORY FOODS

Fowl Supreme.
Clean and cut up a six-pound fowl, leaving the breast in one piece. Add salt and steam one and one-half hours. Remove the breast, leaving the remainder of the meat to cook. Place the breast skin-side up in a casserole without water. Put on the cover and cook one hour. Do not remove the cover while cooking, as the steam escapes and also the flavor and the meat will be toughened. Cut the dark meat into cubes and add to a pint of white sauce. Place the breast on a serving dish with a head of cooked cauliflower; surround with sauce and garnish with toast points.

Chicken and Spinach Soup.
Wash and pick over two pounds of spinach and cook in one-half cupful of butter until tender. Add one-half cupful of flour, mixed with salt and pepper to season. When thick rub through a colander and add two quart of chicken stock. When it comes to a boil serve in cups garnished with whipped cream.

Blushing Apples.
Cook after washing and coring good flavored apples. Fill the centers with cinnamon candies, basting during the baking.

Savory Casserole of Mutton.
Cut a slice of mutton from the middle part of the leg of a yearling—have the slice two inches thick. Remove the bone and fill the cavity with minced onion or celery. Dredge with flour and salt and pepper. Prepare the bottom of casserole a rich gravy of one cupful of brown stock, one-half cupful of currant jelly, a dozen chopped olives, six peppercorns, three whole cloves, one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Thicken when boiling with one tablespoonful of flour mixed with a little water, to a paste. Lay into this the round of mutton, spread

the top with beef marrow, cover the casserole and bake for an hour and a half in a moderate oven.

Flank Supreme.
A FLANK steak, when carefully prepared, makes a most appetizing dish. Pound the meat until the fibers are well broken, rub with three table-spoonfuls of butter or cooking oil; when the oil is absorbed fry in a hot iron frying pan. Place the browned meat in a casserole, rinse out the pan with two tablespoonfuls of boiling water and pour it over the meat. Add one bayleaf, one clove of garlic, two teaspoonfuls of salt, two tablespoonfuls each of minced celery, green pepper and carrot. Add two cupfuls of boiling water and in the last half hour of cooking six medium-sized potatoes. Cook two and one-half hours. Thicken with a tablespoonful of flour mixed with a little cold water.

Neenie Maxwell
(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lame, Tired, Achy?

Are you tired, lame, achy—worried with backache? Do you suffer sharp pains, headaches, dizziness and disturbing bladder irregularities? Perhaps your kidneys need attention. When the kidneys fail to properly filter the blood, body impurities accumulate and cause poisoning of the whole system. Such a condition may lead to serious sickness. Don't neglect it! If you suspect your kidneys, why not give Doan's Pills a trial? Doan's have been used successfully over thirty-five years—are recommended the world over. Ask your neighbor!

A Virginia Case
J. W. White, 529 Randolph Ave., Cape Charles, Va., says: "My back was sore and lame and it was a task for me to stoop or straighten. My kidneys were weak and acted irregularly and nights the too-free passages of the secretions disturbed my rest. Headaches and dizzy spells also bothered me, but Doan's Pills cured me."

DOAN'S PILLS
66c
STIMULANT DIURETIC TO THE KIDNEYS
Foster-McMillan Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.

STUBBORN SORES

and inflammations quickly yield to
Resinol

Deserved His Drink

During the luncheon interval at a country golf match, the refreshment stand was besieged by a hungry and thirsty crowd. The girls behind the stand were doing their best to cope with the situation, but one man, waxing impatient at the delay in being served, attracted the attention of one of the girls by shouting to her, "Heard the story of the mines?" "No, I haven't," retorted the girl, "and I don't want to just now." "Well, you've been listening to it for some time," replied the man; "mine's a chocolate soda."

Autumn Musings

We can see very plainly that one new family isn't going to be very popular in our neighborhood. They moved in after dark the other night, and nobody got a good look at their furniture.—Kansas City Star.

"THE FOUNDATION OF HIS HEALTH"

Among the thousands who have publicly expressed indebtedness to Tanlac for normal weight, health and strength, is A. R. White, who recently said:

"The foundation for my present excellent health was laid by Tanlac. For months I had been run-down. I had lost all enjoyment for food and suffered great discomfort from indigestion. My liver was sluggish and that tired feeling was on me all the time.

"Three bottles of Tanlac relieved my troubles and started me off with a system so thoroughly toned up and renewed that I soon found myself feeling like a new man."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills for constipation: made and recommended by the manufacturers of Tanlac.

TANLAC FOR YOUR HEALTH

Piles Disappear Peterson's Ointment

"Please let me tell you," says Peterson, "that for instant relief from the misery of blind, bleeding or itching piles, there is nothing so good as Peterson's Ointment, as thousands have testified." Best for old sores and itching skin. All druggists, 60 cents.

DR. J.D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY

No need to spend restless, sleepless nights. Irritation quickly relieved and rest assured by using the remedy that has helped thousands of sufferers. 25 cents and \$1.00 at druggists. If unable to obtain, write direct to: NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., Inc., Buffalo, New York. Send for free sample.

Indispensable

A safe, soothing and healing dressing for cuts, scalds, burns, roughened, dry and chapped skin. Used for all common skin troubles, Vaseline Petroleum Jelly has been indispensable to medical men and mothers for over half a century. Keep a jar or a tube handy. CHESTERBROUGH MFG. COMPANY (Incorporated) New York

Vaseline

Look for the Trade-mark, "Vaseline" and its own protection.

