

THOSE EXTRA YEARS

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

CAROLINE DAY came out of the office of the famous specialist with the feeling of a prisoner who has been handed a reprieve. She stood a moment staring at the street, dazed by the light and that increasing buoyancy in her breast where for so long had been leaden heaviness. Then without any clear idea of the direction she should take she started to walk toward the nearest corner.

A cab had taken her there, but she had not requested that it wait, knowing that she could call another. But after Doctor Levinson had got through with her she decided to walk. Well women always walked. She was a well woman.

Such was the great specialist's pronouncement, but she had come to the city prepared to hear something else. Old Doctor Jenkins at home, whom she had relied upon for many years, had warned her of the worst. Now, she knew that old Doctor Jenkins had been mistaken. Those symptoms, that queer click in her heart, meant no sudden cessation of life. In time they might prove fatal, but Doctor Levinson had assured her that with proper care she would live ten years, at least.

Ten years instead of ten days! Ten wonderful years. Ten years that she could be sure of, lived without that awful uncertainty of instant oblivion spoiling every moment! She would make the most of ten years, she would have some of those things she had always wanted to have and had lately felt there was no use in her buying. Now her money was more than sufficient for ten years. In fact, she could scarcely use half of it in that time.

Turning the corner she came to a hat shop burgeoning with millinery. There was one hat which charmed her instantly—a woody brown wreathed with little pink flowers and thin green leaves. Why shouldn't she wear such a hat now instead of the black ones which had seemed to express her own impending fate? That fate was removed. She had ten years before her. She went in and bought the hat and put it on and took the black hat away in a bag.

"I ought to have a new coat to go with this," she thought. "I guess I'll get one. Here is a good place."

Half an hour later she had bought a graceful envelope coat of the same woody brown as her hat. Not until she was out on the street again realizing a window-mirror did she pass the change that this new apparel had made in her. Indeed, for half a minute she could not believe that the slender woman with the dark and eyes and hair and colorful cheeks was herself.

Suddenly a new sensation seized her. She was hungry. A restaurant sign invited her and she went in and ordered such food as had been denied her for months—a broiled steak and potatoes, bread and butter and coffee.

As she ate she took note of the other people. At a table in the farthest corner with his back to her sat a man with tired shoulders drooping in his shabby coat. Beside him sat a small boy of three and one-half who had been crying, who seemed to have a cold and to whose face the man was applying a handkerchief. A bowl of bread and milk was before the child, a bowl of soup before the man.

The forlorn helplessness of the pair impressed Caroline. There was something familiar about them, too, and when, having finished their meal, the man arose, thrust a cap upon the child's head and led him toward the door past Caroline's table she arose quickly to her feet.

"Why, Will Morrow!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

He didn't know her until he had given her a careful look, and then his sad, young face broke into a smile of delight at seeing her.

"Junior and I are going back on this next train," he said, glancing at his watch. "You know I brought him up to my sisters, but she's sick and the doctor thinks she won't ever be any better. I couldn't leave Junior there where there's trouble enough already, so I'm taking him back home—to Mrs. Todd's."

"An' I do' wany go!" cried Junior, beginning to cry again.

"I don't know as I blame him," Caroline said. "It's the best I can do by him." Will Morrow sighed. "It has been rough sledding for both of us since his mother died. If my sister had been able to have him there was a job out at Wilsbire I was going to take. But I can't leave him alone there at Mrs. Todd's."

"It's too bad," Caroline murmured. "You're looking fine, Miss Day." Will said. "Going back on this train?"

"No, I shall take the 4:10. I want to do a little more running around."

Caroline watched the man and child as they passed from the restaurant. Then she returned to her food.

"I guess I'll get me a dress to go with this hat," she thought. "Taffeta. I've always wanted a light taffeta. And they're wearing a foulard again."

She was excited, full of hope as she set forth in search of the silk. How odd things were! She had come to town to receive a verdict, and had instead a surprise package handed out to her—a surprise package containing

ten beautiful years. So, instead of taking death home with her she was taking some new clothes.

Then the strangeness of her meeting Will Morrow in that restaurant! She had known Will for years. He had gone to school to her when he was a little boy. She had always liked him, but after she got that kink in her heart she had not seen much of him. She had known his wife very slightly. Poor young thing, to die so soon! But the boy was like his father—those same blue serious eyes and that little trick of grinning his way into your heart. He hadn't grinned much to-day, though, poor baby. No wonder he didn't want to go back to Eliza Todd's. Eliza was a good woman, but she had a houseful of boarders and she couldn't bother with a child like that. Junior had a reputation of running away, and then she whipped him. Caroline had been going by one day when she was switching Junior home. She remembered how red and angry the woman's face was and how Junior, smarting and in tears, had still protested against returning with her.

Too bad to spoil a fine little boy like that! He would grow up to be a smart man if he could have education and a proper chance. The next ten years would make or mar him.

The next ten years! Caroline started. She had ten years to put to some good use; and there was money enough for two.

Caroline was very thoughtful all the way back home—thoughtful and yet happy, too. Her mind was full of plans, her heart full of hope. Loaded with pleasant parcels she walked from the station to her own house—the pretty little white house on the quiet street which she had left that morning as if forever.

She switched on the lights and looked around her. Welcome was everywhere and quiet and repose. Too much repose. A well woman needed a little more work, a little more bustle. That big sunny room upstairs next to hers would be fine for a child—a boy. And she had a chestful of old things that would make delightful little pants and blouses—

Suddenly Caroline dropped parcels on the davenport and went to the telephone. She called a number, and got a reply in Will Morrow's voice.

"Oh, Will," she said joyfully. "Come right over. And bring Junior. I've got something to tell you."

Ancient Parsee Rites in England's Capital

The council chamber of Caxton hall, London, was recently the scene of the strangest ritual that ever has taken place within its walls.

The occasion was the initiation into the Parsee religion of the five children of Mr. Shapurji Saklatvala. Such rites have only once before been performed in England.

Until they had been through this ceremony Mr. Saklatvala's children—Dorab, age nineteen; Dhanbar, seventeen; Beram, fifteen; Kaikoshro, twelve, and Jevanbai, eight—had not the right to call themselves Parsees. The ceremony had been delayed longer than is usual in the Parsee family because Mr. Saklatvala only recently became aware that it could be performed outside India.

Mr. Saklatvala's two daughters, Dhanbar and Jevanbai, were first initiated. After being bathed they entered the hall clothed in white silk trousers, colored skull caps, white muslin shawls and black sandals. Seating themselves on a platform covered with a white sheet at the feet of R. R. Desai and Dr. Homi Dastoor, the officiating priests, who were clad entirely in white robes, prayers in Avesta, one of the dead Persian languages, were chanted over them for several minutes.

Rising to their feet, the children discarded their muslin shawls, and with the assistance of the priests donned the Sudra, or sacred vest, which is never again discarded night or day. Further prayers meanwhile were recited.

Turning their backs on the priests, they then received, and held in their hands, the Kusti, or sacred thread, a strong white cord, and with the priests' hands covering their own for the space of several minutes, prayer was continued, the priests at one point jerking the right hand of the girls. Immediately afterward the cords were tied around their waists and knotted in a peculiar fashion by the priests.

A further period of sitting on the floor, in which coconut and rice were sprinkled on their heads, was followed by the branding of the girls on the forehead with a spot of Tilly, a thick, reddish paste, which glows between the eyes. This marked the completion of the ceremony.

The initiation of the boys was conducted on precisely similar lines. Only their clothes differed. They wore white trousers of Khadder cloth, a material hand woven and hand spun, and black skull caps. Throughout the ceremony sandalwood and incense burned in a silver urn as a good omen for the future.

At the conclusion the young Parsees placed incense in the urn, and the garlands of flowers round their necks were sprinkled with rose water from a silver bottle on a silver tray.

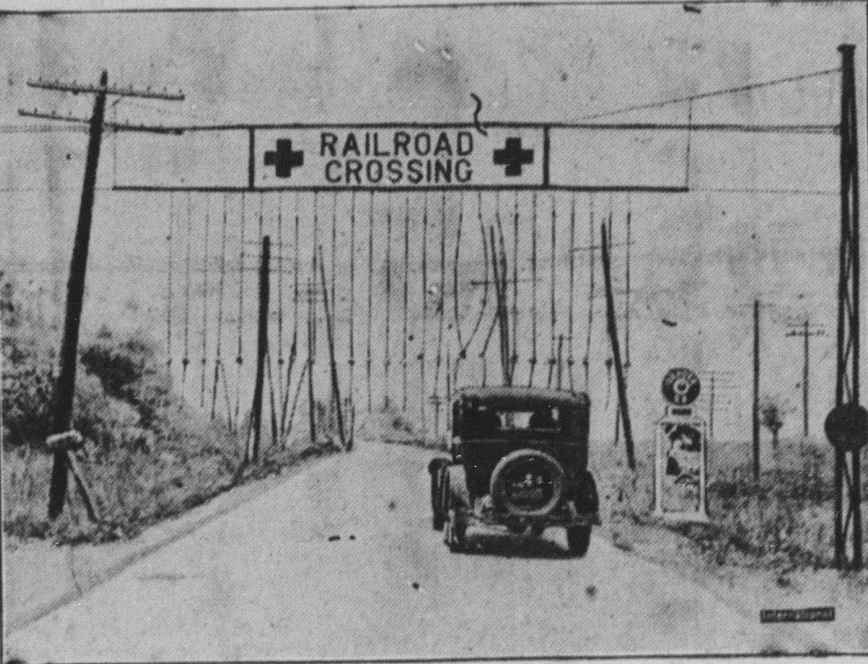
Needs a Pilot

"Bill Bittles is a strikin' personality," chuckled Old Pat Nelson, "but all he ever strikes is snags."—Farm and Fireside.

Dall Talk

Blunt statements usually have sharp edges.—Farm and Fireside.

INCREASE SAFETY AT RAILROAD CROSSING



A new safety device to lessen the element of danger at railroad crossings is in operation here. The device is designed to give warning to motorists approaching grade crossings. When the railroad crossing is neared by the one-armed or the fast driver, straps suspended from a bar overhead knock against the top of the car passing notifying the driver that although he can't see the railroad crossing he is near one.

ROADSIDE MARTS DO BIG BUSINESS

Estimated \$100,000,000 Paid Direct to Farmers for Produce This Season.

Roadside markets have done a roaring business during this touring season and a conservative estimate places at \$100,000,000 the produce that motorists will buy direct from the farmers in 1927.

This estimate is based on reports from road cars of the A. A. A., and from many of the individual clubs of the National Motor federation. Reports disclose that while roadside marketing has received more intensive development in some states than in others, the growth of the movement is essentially on a national scale.

Business of Importance. "This is an aspect of the national business created by motoring that is assuming major importance," Thomas P. Henry, president of the American Automobile association, declared. "At the present rate of growth it should become a half-billion-dollar business within a few years."

Mr. Henry called attention to the fact that in order for the farmer and his cash customers, the motorists from the city, to reap the full benefit from the facilities afforded by the roadside market, certain abuses had to be eliminated. He said:

"The farmers, as far as our reports indicate, deal honestly with their clients, and it is not their fault if dishonest traders from the city rent corners at country crossroads and sell to unsuspecting motorists produce purchased in city markets, and at much higher prices than that produce could command in the city. This is still going on, but it can easily be eliminated if all the states follow the example of states such as New Jersey, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and others, in which roadside marketing associations have been set up. These organizations will not only increase business, but they will be able to eliminate the dishonest trader."

Modify Farmers' Feeling. The A. A. A. executive believes that roadside trading has done much in the past few years to modify the lingering antagonism of the farmers toward the city motorists. There is still, however, he says, room for improvement in their relations.

Not Difficult Finding the "Meanest Motorist"

Attention seems to be so focused on finding the "meanest motorist" that one has little time to look for the most courteous driver. A recent incident produces one candidate for the latter honor.

The driver in question had been circling the block for about fifteen minutes looking for a parking space. Finally, he came upon an ideal opening. Just as he was ready to enter the space, he noticed another car preparing to back into it. Tempted, the first driver hesitated a moment, then backed out and permitted the other man to take the place.

"You're foolish. You could have beaten him into that space," said a friend who was riding with him.

"Yes, I could have beaten him all right, but he found the place first." To the motorist who has seen this incident enacted hundreds of times with an altogether different ending, this anecdote probably will be proof that the age of miracles has not passed.

Roadless Automobiles

Trackless street cars having become a reality, attention now turns to the development of the roadless motor vehicle. The introduction of balloon tires is believed to be the beginning of this form of travel. Cars now can negotiate with comfort roads that formerly were impossible. New methods of spring suspension are being experimented with, so it may be possible for the body of a car to remain virtually level while the four wheels adjust themselves to all conditions.

Obsolete Car Models Had Proper Designs

Automobile body designers are looking for new thoughts, new ideas, new conceptions. They have gone so far as to borrow lines from boats. Waistlines are the latest. Concave effects are making their appearance. The race is on.

But an old-timer has a suggestion to make. Why not go back to some of the lines on models now obsolete? He thinks it would be a good idea to face the fact that the discarded models of many makes were better looking than their present editions. A little memory tour may show that he is about right.

Eliminate Door Rattle by Using Rubber Pads

It is often suggested that pieces of rubber be used to check the rattle of car doors. After watching one motorist endeavor to utilize this idea unsuccessfully the writer tacked a piece of inner tube on the hinge side of the door jamb, as shown in the drawing.



Stopping Auto-Door Rattle.

and eliminated the rattle entirely. If necessary, two or three pieces can be used, depending on the space to be filled.—G. A. Luers, Washington, D. C., in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Very Little Time Saved by Reckless Speeding

Speeding saves only a few minutes and may result in an accident, according to the National Safety council. Tests made in various cities by motor clubs, police officials and taxicab companies have shown that if two men drive along the same route at the same time for a dozen miles, one following every safety rule and the other driving at a maximum rate of speed, the reckless operator saves only a few minutes.

There is no doubt but what speed is unquestionably a contributing cause of many accidents. Any one is likely to have an accident driving faster than 15 to 20 miles per hour (depending on conditions) on any city street where the traffic is heavy or pedestrians are crossing, or where children are likely to run out, or at an intersection or crossing where the view is obstructed. Moderate speed will permit the careful driver to avoid an accident which would otherwise be unavoidable.

AUTOMOBILE ITEMS

They hunt lions in automobiles now. If they're as fatal to lions as they are to pedestrians, they'll bag great game.

If science is so wonderful as it claims, why doesn't it make some effort to cross the rubber plant with a steel plant and grow tires with metal rims?

Be sure you're right, then go ahead. You'll be able to collect damages if another car hits you in the intersection, provided you have 20 or 30 witnesses.

There were 23,000 motor deaths in the country last year, or 5 per cent more than the year before, and it is not believed that the saturation point has yet been reached.



Feel Stiff and Achy?

To be Well the Kidneys Must Thoroughly Eliminate Waste Poisons from the Blood.

DOES every day find you lame, stiff and achy? Do you feel tired and drowsy—suffer nagging backache, head-ache and dizzy spells? Are the kidney secretions scanty and burning in passage?

Know, then, that these are often signs of improper kidney action. Sluggish kidneys allow acid poisons to remain in the blood and upset the whole system.

If your kidneys are acting sluggishly, assist them with Doan's Pills. Doan's have established a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

Doan's Pills

Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

At all dealers, 60c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.

Proof That Ancients Suffered as We Do

Sufferers from pyorrhea, and kindred diseases of modern civilization are apt, even if they lose all their teeth, to console themselves with the thought that, at least, they have contracted something original.

They think to themselves, perhaps: "Well, Sir Walter Raleigh could not have had this. My great-great grandfather, the admiral, did not suffer from this. He may have had gout and bronchitis, but never pyorrhea or the fashionable influenza."

But these modern sufferers have apparently been congratulating themselves unduly. There is nothing new under the sun; certainly there is no disease which has any true claims to originality. Even rheumatoid arthritis is proved to be thousands of years old. A mummy that goes back to 2900 B. C. shows the existence of this disease. Other mummies examined showed gout, tuberculosis and pyorrhea.—London Answers.

Unemployed

Captain—Smith, what's that mud doing on your collar?
Private (after carefully examining his collar)—It's not doing anything right now, sir.

Analyzing Lindy

To have shown us that we still honor most in life courage, ethics, cleanliness of mind and fitness of body is the biggest thing that Lindbergh has done.—The American Magazine.

Sure Thing

Wife—What would you do if you had no wife to mend your clothes?
Hubby—In that case I'd have new clothes.

Occasionally a man associates with fools because he feels wise in comparison.

\$14,000,000 Poultry Imported by Florida yearly. Reliable men organizing company for operating Poultry Farms at Davenport, Fla. You can buy units on terms. Details: Sunland Poultry Farm, Davenport, Fla.

SELL PERSONAL AND BOXED CHRISTMAS CARDS. 40% commission. Free catalog. Steel engraved designs. Best in America. Moderate prices. Lonsdale, St. Albans, Vt. Manufacturer Wants Men for selling in Maryland. Wonderful product. 100% profit. Washington Laboratories, New Orleans, La.

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DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

Dr. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

Has It Come to This?

Grandmother has beautiful long, thick hair, which she wears piled high on her shapely head and of which she is very proud. Recently her four-year-old grandson arrived with his young mother from California for a visit. When grandmother bent over him to greet him with a loving kiss, he gazed at her unsmilingly for several moments and then, pointing to the knot of hair, asked in an awed tone of voice: "Why, grandmother, what's the lump on top of your head?"—Kansas City Star.

When They Heard the News

The Girl—What did your people say when you announced our engagement?
The Boy—Mother exclaimed "mad!" and the governor said the same—backwards.

Thomas Nast, cartoonist, in 1870 originated the donkey and elephant as symbols of the Democratic and Republican parties.

Children Cry for



Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHERS—Fletcher's

Castoria is especially prepared to relieve infants in arms and children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; staying Colic and Diarrhea; allowing Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.



Cuticura Loveliness A Priceless Heritage

For generations mothers have been using Cuticura. Preparations for all toilet purposes, and have been teaching their daughters that daily use of them produces clear, smooth skin and healthy hair. They find the Soap pure and cleansing, the Ointment soothing and healing, should any irritations arise, and the Talcum an ideal toilet powder.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and the Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. Sample sent free. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 3, Boston, Mass. Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.