

She Demanded Loose Rein

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

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SINCE there was a girl in view, inevitably there had to be a man in the offing. He had not seen the girl since the era of pigtails, and recalled her as a freckled fright, an accomplished tomboy, impishly quick of wit. Now it behooved him to make fair weather of the impending encounter. The aunt and uncle, maiden and bachelor, who had stood respectfully for the two of them instead of parents, having reached the years of indiscretion betwixt forty-five and the coffin lid, had, all on a sudden, committed matrimony.

The Bowman estate, storied, ancestral, and beautifully equipped, had been Major Bowman's trump card in the winning of Miss Aurelia Lee. Slipping stealthily away upon a vagrant honeymoon after their hasty wedding the pair had written bidding Lee Fairleigh break the news to Elizabeth Bowman, and to assure her that she would lose nothing but gain a lot by the change.

As Lee raced through hot-wire June sunshine toward Grapevine Hill, memory of whose cool shade invited, despite his errand, he wondered "if Betsy was looking for him." Swearing under breath, he sent the car faster—so fast it barely missed colliding with a rider, who suddenly leaped the fence to reach the highway. A woman rider, perfectly yet femininely equipped. Her side saddle was of fine soft leather, her silver-mounted bridle had cream-white reins, matching a cream lined habit—instead of a crop she carried a pearl-handled riding whip. So much of her face as a drooping lid hid left visible had the tints and texture of apple blow. She had saved herself and Fairleigh by a swift wheel to the highway's grassy verge, possible only to wrists of iron. The strength, the daring, the coolness of it! Fairleigh was lost in admiration. He sprang from the car before speed was fully checked—in a wink he stood bare-headed before her saying: "You deserve a hero medal—saving two lives when there didn't seem a chance."

"Couldn't have done it if I had stopped to reckon chances," said a voice as enchantingly feminine as herself, running on with a whimsical smile: "Uncle Tim wired me to look for you this afternoon—and to make you behave, no matter what it took to do it."

"Better begin right now—while I'm meeker than Moses, Betsy," Fairleigh began, the ghost of a twinkle in his downcast eyes as he recalled how the girl-child had hated that name.

"Meekness must have brought wisdom," she murmured reflectively. "Our elders, you doubtless understand, have set their megs to marry us one to another—by way of providing excitement for their declining years. Uncle Tim hates monotony. I'm not the least bit contrary-minded, but I mean to stand out for a year's reprieve—with all the money I may want to spend in that time—and full liberty to spend it."

"Please, ma'am, take me along! I'm the world's best little spender—almost," Fairleigh entreated.

Betsy shook her head, frowning. "I guessed as much," she said. "The wise elders think the weight of a wife would slow you down—but I know better—she'd be only a spur."

"Exactly how old are you?" Fairleigh asked. "You sound a hundred—and look sweet sixteen."

"I'm just a month from twenty," Betsy murmured. She wheeled her horse, saying over her shoulder: "I'll meet you at the steps," popped over the fence again, and vanished in the green of the park.

At ten that night Fairleigh, who had come dour enough, drove away through bright moonlight altogether dazed. His cheeks burned, recalling what he had thought of Betsy, in contrast to what he had found. The girl of all the world for him, yet hopelessly out of his reach. He had heard between the lines of her merry fencing, deep anger, deeper hurt, at the cavalier decision of her future by the heads of the family.

Fairleigh himself had only a moderate competence. Now he thrilled at the thought of working for Betsy, but groaned in knowledge that she would never let him do it.

If only he could make her love him—but that was beyond hope. Some fine inner fiber was bruised beyond healing. She had shivered at his touch as he bade her good-by, albeit she had flung a gay bye after him.

Be sure there was a pretty boy'd eye do, when the Bowmans homing, discovered how their fine plan had gone a-glee. Betsy stood to her guns—argument, pleading, threats, accusations of rank ingratitude, did not move her one jot. One full free year was the price of her obedience—afterward—she smiled inscrutably. Until at last Lee vanished, sending her everything he possessed.

"Take it—I shall never come back to need it," he wrote. "If I have luck there may be more."

Inside a week Betsy also vanished, taking only a change of clothes, and a few hundred dollars. What things she did next, and how she did them, remains to this day mysterious. But a month later there came to the bereft elders wedding cards from the farthest West that made them weep, but smile between tears. "Aurelia," the major said huskily, "we'll go fetch those d—n runagates straight home."

"Sure!" said obedient Aurelia. "And give them the biggest affair this state has ever seen."

An Armistice Day Message



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

IT IS peculiarly appropriate that the annual membership roll call of the American National Red Cross should begin on Armistice day, November 11. For there is no other organization in the world which better exemplifies the essential spirit of Armistice day than that which knows no race nor creed nor color—nothing but the need of suffering humanity. So when the Red Cross invites Americans to join while it is holding its eleventh annual roll call from Armistice day through Thanksgiving, November 11 to 24, we can all do so with the knowledge that there can be no more fitting observance of this solemn anniversary than by aiding in the work of the Red Cross—"the greatest mother of the world."

In the sense that Armistice day means the end of fighting, there is no Armistice day for the Red Cross. For in peace as in war it carries on its fight against disease and hunger and devastation. If "peace hath its victories no less renowned than war" then some of the peace-time victories of the American Red Cross, won when tornado or hurricane or flood or fire swept over some ill-fated community, are more to be remembered than are some of its victories won on the battlefield.

There is still another service of the Red Cross which is perhaps but little known in comparison to its other services and it may yet prove to be of a future importance which cannot now be estimated. That is the organization of the Junior Red Cross, which has for its three watchwords "Service," "Friendship" and "Health," and which will begin celebrating its tenth anniversary next year. On its scroll is written these words, "Let Youth Help Shape the World While the Vision Splendid is Still Before Its Eyes."

If indeed youth begins to "shape the world while the vision splendid is still before its eyes," then there may come the time when there will be no more wars, for the Junior Red Cross

Siamese Temple Cats

To the most beautiful of tame cats, says the Berlin Illustrirte Zeitung, belongs the Siamese house cat with its short, smooth hair, which on the body is cream-colored while on the tail, legs, ears and face it is dark brown. The cat in Siam, as in all Far Eastern countries, is a temple animal, and accordingly highly prized and treated with religious care. That fits well with its aristocratic bearing and tastes.

ARMISTICE

Ours, ours they are— Those dear, dead knights who won the Golden Star; On far French hills, here in our churchyards lying. Or in war's wildest wreckage—still unfound in these torn, piteous fields which they in dying. Have for us all forever sanctified. We cannot hallow more—that holy ground; All glory we would give them pale beside The eternal splendor of these men, who thought But of the sacred cause for which they fought. And now, the battles done, They gave for all, tis they alone who won. In their great faith there was no dark misty; They saw no base self-seekers don the mask Of high ideals, to batten on the living. Their vision was a world secure and just Won by their victory—their only task To crush one hideous foe; and in that trust They sped with eager feet, and paid the price, Unstinting, of the last great sacrifice.

is literally a "League of Good Will and Better Understanding." Today it numbers more than 5,000,000 school children in the United States. Italy has a million children who are enthusiastic members and the Junior movement has taken hold strongly in other European countries. Japan has more than 200,000 children enrolled in the league.

Although the Junior Red Cross movement would be important for its instruction of the children in the rudiments of home hygiene, first aid and the fundamentals of American citizenship if for no other reason, it is this international aspect of its work that gives added emphasis to the relation between the spirit of the Red Cross and the spirit of Armistice day. Out of the faith of the millions of children in every nation of the world, en-

rolled in the Junior Red Cross for the service of humanity, may yet come the realization of the vision held by the men whose memory is honored on Armistice day, as voiced by the poet when he said:

Their vision was a world secure and just Won by their victory—their only task To crush one hideous foe; and in that trust They sped with eager feet and paid the price, Unstinting, of the last great sacrifice. So history may yet write down the fact that it was these children who kept Their shining vision spotless, undimmed Until the world, repentant and redeemed, Grew to the measure of the one they dreamed.

For it has been proved that the domestic cats in all Asia as well as in Europe were not developed by taming the wild animals of the same regions, but that they are descendants of the yellowish cats first domesticated in Egypt and that they have spread from thence over the world.—Exchange.

Electrical Switches

The bureau of standards say that a "lazy-man switch," also called a "three-way switch," is electrically a single-pole, double-throw switch. Us-

Community Building

Fire Prevention One of City's Problems

The fact that the United States annually builds with more than half a billion dollars' worth of property a funeral pyre on which are sacrificed 12,000 of its citizens, should force the nation to recognize that prevention of such terrible waste of life and property is one of the major problems before the people.

After unlocking vast stores of wealth by our methods of efficiency in industry and business, it is worse than mockery to permit carelessness to turn in and destroy not only a substantial part of this wealth, but also thousands of priceless lives along with it.

Irving T. Bush of New York declares that the country should put fires in the class of preventable diseases; as, for instance, yellow fever. Medical research and skill finally located the cause of that plague and stamped it out. Skilled fire prevention engineers could take the place of the medical scientists who blocked yellow fever. Certainly anything that takes the lives of 12,000 persons and more than half a billion dollars' worth of property a year in one country must be treated as a serious disease.

Always Well to Build With Resale in Mind

Have you ever thought of fashion in connection with home building? The fashions do change in buildings just as in clothes, although not so rapid, perhaps.

Fashions change in furniture, in plumbing and lighting fixtures of the house; fashions change in automobiles, and in fact in almost everything that we buy.

With rare exception, every man who builds a home should consider the resale value of the property. There are many factors which may make it necessary for him to sell. With resale in mind, or with protection of investment in mind, it would be unwise to build a home that was not in fashion.

The fashion in homes today is swiftly turning toward the permanent type.

Improves House's Setting

Those who are considering buying an old house and remodeling it will find an amazing variety of ways by which the grounds around the house may be improved.

Concrete today is playing a big part in the use of walks, drives, garden furniture and such ornamental accessories as pools, sun dials, etc. Brick can likewise be employed in all these capacities.

A moderate expenditure on the grounds of an old house goes a long way toward changing the entire appearance. While this is not essentially to be classified under the head of "remodeling," at the same time it has to be considered, and the results are far in excess of the effort and cost expended.

Investment That Pays

Economy in home planning need not imply the necessity for sacrifice of convenience or beauty; in fact, the reverse is very often true, particularly with the smaller, medium-priced home.

Such plans must meet certain family requirements, and at the same time come within a fixed appropriation. The result, if a competent architect has been employed, is compact arrangement and simple design which make for convenience and good taste.

The man who invests in such a home is richer not only in dollars and cents but, greater still, in the restfulness which simplicity of design assures. Particularly in his mind at rest if construction and cement asbestos shingles have been used to make the house fire-safe and easy to maintain.

Inside, Not Outside

Says Rollin Everhart: "A marvelous fact about life is this: it can be lived greatly in any circumstances. Not the amount of paint in a picture, but the masterful use of what there is, makes it glorious. Many a man with a wealth of things supposed to give color and value to life is only a worthless dabb, and many a man who has to live in drabs and browns is a picture of nobility. Those who know how can live greatly while they live, despite financial reverses, poverty, sickness, pain or hindrances that thwart all their hopes and plans."—Mobile Register.

Take Care of Home

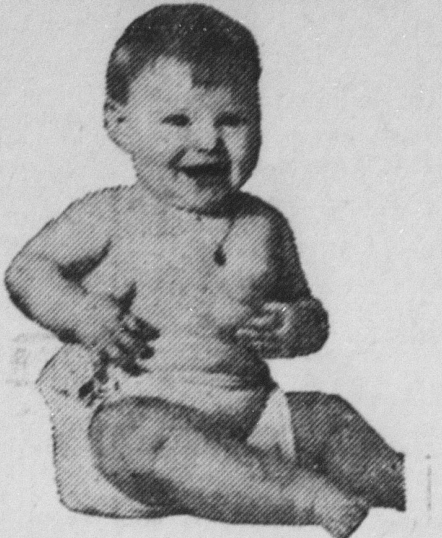
Your house is one of your greatest assets. Its importance as an investment alone warrants the best of care. Unprotected wood weathers and decays. Paint protects it by forming a tough, flexible, waterproof film over the surface. A well painted and cared-for house maintains its value and desirability as a residence long after a neglected house has crumbled into dust.

Construction Features

Four distinct elements enter into good residence construction, according to a building conference recently held in Chicago. These elements, listed in the order of their importance, are: Fire-safety, insulation, permanence and beauty.

Selective breeding applied to forest trees would produce fast-growing, vigorous varieties, experiments show.

The BABY



Why do so many, many babies of today escape all the little fretful spells and infantile ailments that used to worry mothers through the day, and keep them up half the night?

If you don't know the answer, you haven't discovered pure, harmless Castoria. It is sweet to the taste, and sweet in the little stomach. And its gentle influence seems felt all through the tiny system. Not even a distasteful dose of castor oil does so much good.

Fletcher's Castoria is purely vegetable, so you may give it freely, at first sign of colic; or constipation; or diarrhea. Or those many times when you just don't know what is the matter. For real sickness, call the doctor, always. At other times, a few drops of Fletcher's Castoria.

The doctor often tells you to do just that; and always says Fletcher's. Other preparations may be just as pure, just as free from dangerous drugs, but why experiment? Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold!

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

Finest Lines Twenty-five thousand lines to the inch—could you draw them? No human being has been able to do such fine work, but Dr. Wilmer Souder, physicist at the United States bureau of standards, has devised a machine that will draw these fine lines. It will be of great assistance in many phases of engineering design.

OLD-TIME REMEDY BEST FOR COLDS

Known as Mucco-Solvent Treatment Used in this community for many years. Can be had at nearly any drug store. Consists of a mentholated saline and a liquid solvent. Simple, easy, effective home treatment. MUCCO SOLVANT, 25 cents and MUCCO SOLVENT, 75 cents. Be sure to get both. (Money back guarantee). Use the saline in nostrils and breathe deeply. The fumes open the head and heal the inflamed membranes. Take the liquid (Mucco Solvent) as directed on bottle. It dissolves the mucous or phlegm and clears the chest.

Inherited Tendency

Grocer—My son—the one that used to help me in the shop here—has gone in for boxing. Won a championship, too!

Woman's Amazing Message to Rheumatics

After Suffering Intense Agony for Many Years—She Wants to Tell Others. Dr. Brigidell: I simply had to write and tell you what your wonderful Camphorole has done for me. For many years I suffered the tortures of Rheumatism as only those who have it know. The sharp pains were so severe, I could not sleep. Had to get up and rub. It almost drove me crazy. I tried doctor after doctor and all kinds of medicine I was told to take, which only left me worse. I could not bend my knees. The joints in my right shoulder were so sore and inflamed, it pained me so that when I touched it tenderly I could almost scream with pain. You can imagine what agony I have suffered for years. I am a Farmer by trade and had to give up my work. Seeing your advertisement in a paper I thought I would take another chance and told my daughter to get me a jar from your drugstore. You can imagine my surprise after using Camphorole. I started to get better right away. After using two jars of Camphorole I am well and happy and have gone back to work. I shall never forget the day I took a chance on Camphorole. After all the years I suffered it feels good to be well again.—Mrs. Anderson, Pleasantville, N. J.

At All Drugstores Beware of Substitutes. Dr. Brigidell's Camphorole, Atlantic City, N. J.

DON'T EXPERIMENT ON YOUR EYES MITCHELL EYE SALVE

HALE'S MONEY OF HONOROUND AND TAR

For Pipe Sores, Fistula, Poll Evii Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh