LENNA'S COLLAR AD HERO REALLY LIVED

***** (@ by D. J. Walsh.)

ENNA MAY liked Arthur Green, but laughed at him.

"It's no good, Arth," she said, 'you can't help it, but you just aren't snappy. Nobody is, here. That's why I'm going to get Dad to let me go to business school. I'll meet some of those wonderful fellows." Her eyes wandered over the opened magazine in front of her to an Adonis in a "Marvellose" collar ("has the appearance and even the feel of linen, but a damp sponge cleans it").

"Gosh! you wouldn't want me to took like that guy?" sweetly sarcastic. The poor boy went home sadly unhappy. Football, and being a track man seemed to count for nothing with Lenna. She had the clothes mania-"got it bad," he groaned.

Lenna, meanwhile, was chewing the end of her fountain pen, a graduation gift. In front lay the magazine with the glorified collar-wearer. Lenna had an idea, and with Lenna thoughts were instantly transmuted into action.

She giggled happily as she folded her letter and addressed it to the collar factory. She'd find out if such creatures really lived or if, as her dad had told her, they were the imaginations of the artists who drew them.

"Looks like poor old Arth a bit, too," she admitted to herself, "only Arth always runs around in old sweaters, and his shoes! Gosh!"

"You're mighty interested in the mail nowadays," said Dad, handing out the letters. "One for you, eh? Nothing but an ad, though."

Lenna blushed and said, "Gosh!" which might mean anything, and she only had one piece of lemon pie, so anxious was she to see what was in the "ad" letter.

"That child can't be well," said Mom. "She never eats only one piece of lemon ple."

"Boy crazy, that's what," said Pa. "Give me calves rather than girls, any time."

"I shall certainly give her a liver pill," continued Mom, looking for the box which lurked at the back of the sideboard.

Lenna tore open the envelope and read that her hero really lived, but was not a New Yorker, lived upstate and hadn't ever given his real name to the artist who posed him. Was thought to be working his way through school and did this to earn money and the firm was hers for bigger and better business, etc.

Lenna grabbed the magazine again. It was like Arth; but, of course, it couldn't be Arth, for he would tell her. And, anyway-oh, well, she'd write another letter to the pseudonym of the young man and try him out. Lenna loved his chin and the way his hair grew . . . he was keen, there was no doubt . . . smooth . . . oh! she had to find out who he was and if he lived near, why, what mightn't happen? She sat motionless on the edge of her bed in the moonlight and could almost hear the wedding march -or was it "O Perfect Love?" Lenna hadn't much ear for music. That was

Mom on the creaky stair. "Aren't you feeling well, Lenna?

How is it you're not in bed?" Lenna frowned. "I'm fine, Mom. Can't I think once in a while?"

"Here, take one of these pills," said Mom, turning on the light. "I thought you looked yellow this morning. It's eating all that ice cream at the social Thursday."

"I'm not billous, Ma," cried Lenna. but she swallowed the pill, since this was the way of least resistance, and her mother left her.

In due course a reply came in type writing that said the writer was very busy and could not see anyone; what he earned took care of his school fees, and he had no time to make dates with anyone.

She cried about it and looked so woebegone that she barely escaped a second pill, for her mother placed the seat of the emotions in the liver. Then Arth came to tell her he was

going to the State university. "But I thought you weren't going

until next year," she said. "I'm eighteen. The sooner I graduate the sooner I make a man's salary. I have a chance to get in with the Waterworks company when I take my B. Sc. Then, maybe, you'll let me talk differently to you."

"But how did you get your money. Arth?" Lenna wasn't subtle.

"One way and another," evasively. "Lenna, I know you despise me because I run around in old clothes, but that was the only way. I have to save every cent. I must get through, that's all. Then I'll walk in on you dressed more like a city guy, and we'll see." Lenna longed to ask him about that boy in the collar ad. Arth might know who he was. Arth was so like him,

but of course Arth never wore a collar. In a year from that day in walked Arth-a changed Arth as to clothes, but with the same expression that asked for Lenna.

Lenna had been away at business school. She had a little too much powder on her nose and her mouth was a trifle smudgy with lipstick. Otherwise she was the same overwhelmingly healthy girl.

She giggled. Arth accepted this as a happy omen. He took her in his arms. Lenna

******************************** It you, Arth? You might have told

Arth laughed a little shamefacedly. "I'll tell you something, Lenna. When I do wear collars, I wear linen ones, not fakes made of rubber. They're for tramps, see? You didn't realize that because you were just a kid; you're a kid new, honey, see? But I have collars in my suitcase and I believe the old red sweater is doing duty now as a scarecrow. What d'you think about that?"

Lenna cuddled closer. "Good idea," she giggled.

Joaquin Miller's Joke

on Famous London Club Julian Hawthorne thus describes the "Poet of the Sierras" as he knew him in London in the early '70s:

Joaquin Miller and I were, I think, the only Americans in the Savage club at this date. Joaquin, a licensed libertine, charming, amiable, and harmless, amusing the club and himself by costuming his part as Poet of the Sierras, sombrero, red shirt open at the neck, flowing scarf and sash, trousers tucked into spurred boots, long hair down over his shoulders, and a great blond beard. "It helps sell the poems, boys!" he would say, "and it tickles the duchesses." He would tell us tall tales of "My California"; of buffalo running wild down Beacon street, Boston; of wild adventures with Walker of Nicaragua, with his big hat tipped on the back of his head and a nip of whisky at hand. When his tall figure appeared in doorway, up would go an arm with the Indian sign, and "How!" The club understood him and approved of his dramatizations and Munchausenisms, though to uncredited outsiders it was apt to be a little frigid.

I was present at one of these sudden coolings of the atmosphere on a warm day in the June season. A person obviously exotic entered-a typical Pall Mall exquisite, in fact, on the slumming adventure, apparently, from his proper haunts. He twirled a slender, ebony cane, seated himself upon a chair which he had dusted off with a monogrammed handkerchief, crossed his aristocratic legs, revealing patent leathers with spats, unbuttoned the black Prince Albert, and took out a silver cigarette case from the pocket of his white waistcoat. After patting the white camelia in his buttonhole, and without removing his silk hat, he held up a gloved forefinger to the waiter. "A whisky and ent school teams. soda!" Such conduct was infuriating to the normal member of the Savage

The waiter was disconcerted, but Willie Dixon came forward. As secretary and manager, he knew his duty. and would do it; but he was courteous to the core. He wore his disarming smile. "Pardon me, but it is a rule of the club that refreshments can be served only to the regularly introduced." The stranger fixed an insolent monocle in his eye, surveyed Willie up and down, stroked his smooth chin, twisted his pointed mustache, and suddenly burst into a shout of laughter. "What's eating you, Willie? Don't you like my new rig? Move up. boys, I guess the drinks are on you!"

Yes, it was really Joaquin! A Bond street tailor and Truefitt, the hairdresser, can do wonders. It was years before Joaquin's hair and beard grew to their right length again, but the success of his stratagem compensated him .- From "Joaquin Miller and His Other Self," by Harr Wagner.

Fixed Income

Indeed, it is remarkable what a change in temper a fixed income will bring about. No force in the world can take from me my £500. Food, house and clothing are mine forever. Therefore, not merely do effort and labor cease, but also hatred and bitterness. I need not hate any man, he cannot hurt me. I need not flatter any man, he has nothing to give me. . . Indeed, my aunt's legacy unveiled the sky to me, and substituted for the large and imposing figure of a gentleman, which Milton recommended for my perpetual adoration, a view of the open sky .- From "A Room of One's Own," by Virginia Woolf.

"Rap" Has Two Meanings When you say a thing is not worth a "rap," you are not referring to a rap with your knuckles. When this saying originated "rap" meant a small copper coin used in Ireland whose intrinsic value is half a farthing. This coin was issued during the reign of George I-1714-21. Because it often passed for a halfpenny it was called a rap, a word coming from the German term "rapple," which means a counterfeit copper coin brought to the British Isles by Irish soldiers who had seen service on the continent.-Capper's Weekly.

Alternative

At the automobile show a man and woman were discussing a popular small four-seater, the woman appearing to lay down the law and the man nodding, without any enthusiasm.

Suddenly he drew a tape measure from his pocket. He measured the door of the car and then turned to

the woman "All right, Mary," he said. "Have it your own way! But that bus has either got to have larger doors or I've got to have a smaller mother-in-law."

No Gold-Beating Machine

Gold beating is an art that cannot be done other than by hand. Gold, 23 carats fine, is rolled into thin ribbons. cut into squares, then many layers of it are placed between parchment and beaten for hours. The squares are quartered, placed between goldbeater's skins, beaten four hours and then again didn't resist, but she whispered, "Was | for six hours .-- Providence Journal.



ABOUT THE RICH BOY

STEPHEN'S father was a very rich man. Oh, he was an enormously

Stephen lived the life of a very rich little boy. His father had several automobiles, and when Stephen wanted to go anywhere it was simply a question of which automobile would be used and whether the chauffeur named Tucker would take him, or whether the chauffeur named Simpson would drive the car.

He went to the seashore for two months of the year, and to the country for another two months, and South for two of the winter months, and to a northern city for another two months.

The rest of the year he was taken traveling or to the family home in a small place which was just like a village during the week, but which became a rich little city for the week-

Stephen had often thought it would be nice to be in this place during the



He Had Climbed the Fence.

week. He had been told of the good time the children had.

He had been told, too, of the school and of the fun they had in the differ-

But the family never had stayed anywhere long enough for him to get to know the boys and girls in the Of course they had houses in these

different places, but not one of them seemed just exactly like home. There wasn't much fun in buying anything because there was always so

much money that everything seemed too easy to get. There wasn't much fun when he got nything as he has never had to earn

little sums of money or save toward anything. And he always had a governess with him. He couldn't go to school except

in an automobile, and he had to have the governess there, too. She took him to school and came for him, and yet he was not a little

Boys far younger than he went to school by themselves. More than that-they looked after

sisters and brothers younger than they were. It was just before they went South, when Stephen was spending a little time in the city home, that he had a

plan. It was a beautiful plan, and he worked it all out very, very carefully. Once during recess he had talked to a boy across the fence from the school vard.

They were building in that lot, next to the school yard, and a number of children had come there to play while the workmen were having their lunch. Stephen had heard from the boy of the things that he did, and Stephen in turn had told some things of the

way he lived. It was after this talk that Stephen had made his plans.

One day, just as school was letting out, he rushed into the school yard, and it was not until he had disappeared that anyone noticed he had

He had hurried! He had climbed the fence and had lowered himself into the vacant lot below.

Then he had rushed up the street and around the corner. There he had taken a trolley. As he got on the trolley he pulled a

dollar bill from his pocket. "How much is it?" he asked. "Five cents," the conductor answered, and gave Stephen a great deal

of change. Then Stephen sat down in the trolley. There were many other passengers, too. There were quite a number of children, older ones alone and younger ones with their mothers and

with older brothers and sisters. The car stopped every time anyone wanted to get off or on at the corners. and every one seemed to have a say

in the matter. It was thrilling. He sat right opposite other people-wonderful people

he had never seen before! He got off at the street nearest his home. He met his mother, who was

greatly upset. What had he been doing? And didn't he know he had worried them, when the chauffeur and the governess had found him gone when they reached his school?

Yes, he probably had been quite bad. And he was never allowed money after this-everything was paid out for him so he would not have the chance to ride in trolley cars, but he had had that ride and he was happy. (Copyright.)

Dear Editor:

HERE I am in Arkansas, where "gin" implies work and not something to drink.

The waitress tonight put chopped ice in the milk. If it's that near to spoiling I'm afraid of it.

On the ferry crossing the Ohio and Mississippi rivers today I met a live captain. "Want a good man to stroke for you on the trip across?" I asked. He came back with, "No, but I'll let you whitewash a ton of coal."

These southerners make you think they're slow, but they're not. We asked one how far to Memphis. "You can make it in an hour and forty-five minutes," he said, "it's only seventytwo miles. Boy, page Colonel Lindbergh!"-Fred Barton.

(Copyright.)



GABBY GERTIE



"A portable typewriter is one that is easily carried away by a traveling salesman, and may be set down any-

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS By H. IRVING KING

WHISTLING FOR A WIND

THIS is a widespread superstition I among sailors which is translated into practice somewhere on the Seven Seas every day of the year. The sailor on the deck of the coasting schooner becalmed off Cape Cod whistles for a wind in the same manner as did the mariner on the Greek galley becalmed off marbled Ithaca in the days when "Homer swept the lyre."

The heathen of classical times-at least in the lower orders-was always trying to deceive his gods. To "put one over" on High Olympus was considered a proper and rather clever thing to do. Now Aeolus was god of the winds which he loosed from the cavern where he had them confined to swell the lagging sail with favoring breezes or to lash the waves with the fury of a gale. But perchance Aeolus slept and the winds slept with him; or he gloried and drank deep on Olymplan heights unheeding of the loitering ships and imprisoned winds. Then the

Greek sailor whistled for a wind. Now when the sailor whistles for a wind he does not really "whistle" but expels his breath from between his lightly closed lips with a peculiar sibilant sound mingled with a slight whistling noise-very much such a sound as the radiator makes sometimes when the steam is just beginning to get up. It is supposed to imitate the first sounds of a breeze be-

ginning to stir in the rigging. Acolus heaves. What! Has some one unsurped his functions? Or has a breeze gone out without his permission? He gets on his job at once, and though he may see that he has been tricked, releases the desired breezeunless he should be in bad humor, when he releases a storm wind and makes the whistling sailor rue his whistling. So through the long ages the custom of whistling for a wind has come down from the sailors of Jason's fleet to the fishermen of the Grand Banks.

(by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) Bait for the Foolish

A woman writer says that mischief causes dimples. The majority of men think that dimples cause mischief .-Chicago News.

*************** Vilma Banky

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Her name is really Banky Vilma She is a native of Nagydorog, a little town near Budapest, Hungary. Her mother was a stage star in Hungary. Vilma became ambitious for screen honors, later was discovered by a prominent producer, and soon was playing lead parts. She was first heard from the screen in "This Is Heaven" talking picture.

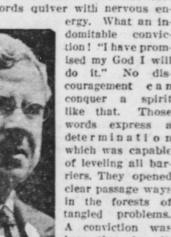
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For Meditation 000000 By LEONARD A. BARRETT

LINCOLN'S PROMISE

ON THE 22nd day of September. 1862, Abraham Lincoln reached a grave decision-that he would sign the Emancipation Proclamation. In his diary of that day there has been found, written in his own hand writing, these words: "I have promised

my God that I will do it." What a resolution! We can feel those words quiver with nervous en-



domitable conviction! "I have promised my God I will do it." No discouragement can conquer a spirit like that. Those words express a determination which was capable of leveling all barriers. They opened clear passage ways in the forests of tangled problems. A conviction was born that day in

L. A. Barrett, the mind of the Great Emancipator; born not only in dreams, but in his imagination already realized in fact.

The supreme task of realizing one's ideals demands the Lincoln spirit of consecration of self to a great purpose. He was not unconscious of the difficulties he would have to meet When these difficulties arose he met them with something more than a mere sense of humor. He did that but also, exercised a spirit of self control which was nothing less than marvelous. Lincoln never lost pa tience. His mind though brilliant moved slowly. Fortunately it did, for a mind less well poised than his might have proven very disastrous in those critical periods of our national his tory. Lincoln promised God he would do it. A deep conviction, expressed in a noble resolution, and finally realized by patient waiting and self con trol.

It is one thing to have an ideal; it is quite another thing to demand its realization. Convictions and resolutions without patience and self control do not carry us very far. Ar incident was recently related of a prominent business man in New York who every day took a stroll through Central park, usually in the mornings on his way to his office. During these walks this man would say to himself: Let what will come during the day, I must not lose my self control. I must be a gentleman under all circumstances. I must not allow unfortunate moods to waste my energy but must work it all up into effective ness. This self-tuning he called a tremendous tonic and since he adopt ed this self-tuning, the article stated he has gone ahead by leaps and bounds.

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Feen-a-mint

FOR CONSTIPATION effective in smaller doses SAFE SCIENTIFIC

BEST MEDICINE SHE KHOWS OF

Says "Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound"



Ft. Meyers, Florida.

strengthened me. Beside my own housework I am now working in a restaurant and I feel better than I have in three years. I hope my letter will be the means of leading some other woman to better health."— MRS. BERTHA RIVERS, 2914 Polk St.,

Didn't Foresee Growth

No modern city has been designed and executed on an unoccupied site. The vision of Washington and L'Enfant for the National Capital was of a city for 800,000 people, the popultion at that time of London.

"Oh Promise Me"



her life Cupid pleads to every attractive wom-No matter what her features are, a woman who is sickly cannot be attractive. Sallow skin, pimples, sunken eyes, life-

less lips — these are repellent. DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY is just the tonic a rundown person needs. It enriches the blood, soothes the nerves and imparts tone and vivacity to the entire system. In liquid or tablets, at drug store. Send 10c for trial package of tab-

lets to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, in Buffalo, N. Y., and write for free advice. Take NR-NATURE'S REMEDY

-tonight. Your eliminative organs will be functioning properly by morning and your con-stipation will end with a bowel action as free and easy as nature at her best—positively no pain, no griping. Try it.

Mild, safe, purely vegetable— at druggists—only 25c FEIL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Between Lawyers

"Why do you let witnesses ramble

"Most people will say something idiotic if you let them talk long enough."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

If Kidneys Act **Bad Take Salts**

Says Backache Often Means You Have Not Been Drinking Enough Water

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it may mean you have been eating foods which create acids, says a well-known authority. An excess of such acids overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels, removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two

or three times during the night. Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts: take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the system, so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving

bladder weakness. Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink. Drink lots of

good water.