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HYPNOTIZING TERRY

By JANE OSBORN.

It was Terry Bell telephoning from the girls' dormitory. She was in great distress, and, like Terry, she had put off the dreadful hour as late as she could, and then, again like Terry, she had come to the Delta Alpha men to help her out.

Terry ought never to have taken that philosophy course, and Morton Nairne told her so over the 'phone. But that didn't help matters then—just twelve hours before the examination came off. The worst of it all was that Terry was taking a minimum course, and if she didn't pass that philosophy examination it would mean no degree and another year at college—disgrace.

Terry's voice trembled charmingly as she told Morton, and Morton's large heart beat fast and bravely as he promised to help her out.

Terry had turned to her notebook, only to find it in hopeless confusion. She had asked some of the girls in the dormitory to help her, but they were too busy to hear her. Doctor Dorkay's philosophy was a course at which even the bluestocks trembled. How could Terry expect to do it all the last day, without the books and without good notes—pretty little light-hearted Terry?

So she telephoned to the Delta Alpha house and asked whether she might borrow one of the men's notebooks—just for an hour.

A half dozen Delta Alpha men were interested in Terry's plight at once. Each one was willing to help her, although each one secretly felt that help would be useless. As a result of this general sympathy Tom Hinton, Leland Smith and Morton Nairne awaited Terry beneath the campus elms at the appointed minute.

Terry came creeping through the shadow, hatless and heavily coated. Morton was the spokesman. Mere work by herself would do no good. It was too late. So he, they—Tom, Leland and Morton—had decided to help her, to tutor her at the eleventh hour, although each man ought to have been studying for himself. It was against the rule for them to be at the girls' dormitory, quite as defiant for her to come to the Delta Alpha house and equally lawless for her to be on the campus unchaperoned at that hour.

However, the three Delta Alpha men led Terry to the seclusion of a boathouse on the lake. Morton had the key and he had also remembered to bring candles for the lantern. Terry sat on the only chair. Smith turned the last page of his note book and Terry, with cheeks flushed with excitement and eyes heavy with sleep, fairly staggered from the boathouse to grope her way stealthily into her dormitory corridor.

"I am so sleepy," she murmured as she said good night to the men.

"No sleep for you, young lady," warned Morton. "You have only begun to work. Your case is hopeless, but it is up to you to go into your little room and study four hours more." Then as the three men started back to the fraternity house, Morton said:

"What did a girl like Terry ever go to college for, anyway?"

Terry Bell took the examination and so did her three devoted tutors. But Terry took it in a daze, unperturbed and apparently untroubled.

"Poor little girl," whispered Morton to her as they made their way out of the classroom to the campus. "But don't worry. Men never like girls that are all brains. Tell you the truth, I wouldn't care for a girl that could pass that examination. You are not cut out for philosophy. You ought to—"

"What?" coaxed Terry with that teasing, helpless tone of hers.

"You ought to be on a pedestal with some chap like me worshipping you. That is the kind of girl you are."

It was a week later and the Delta Alpha men were spending their last evening together before disbanding for the summer.

"Have you heard the news?" asked Leland Smith. "The news about Terry Bell?"

"Yes," said Tom Hinton, beaming. Tom has just consulted the bulletin board in the registrar's office to find his examination ratings. "I call it a case of hypnotism, pure and simple."

"Morton is a wonder," remarked Leland, "if he can hypnotize a girl like Terry Bell into consenting to marry him."

Tom Hinton's smile changed to gloom as he manifested his surprise in a long, low whistle.

"I hadn't heard that," he said. "What I referred to is the fact that Terry Bell got the highest mark in Dorkay's exam, and you and I and Nairne came out near the middle. You see, we each of us projected all we knew on the blank of Terry's mind, and so she knew as much as the three of us put together. But I don't see why she chose Morton. I proposed myself a few days ago."

"Shake, old man," consoled Leland Smith. "I proposed the day of the examination. But Morton wins this time."

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PURSUIING POLLY

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

Peter sat up, ran his fingers through his tousled hair and beamed at Polly like a benevolent imp. "I don't see what you want to rush off to New York for. You won't make good, Polly. You girls think after you've sung in the choir in a dinky little town like Waneota all you have to do is get up on a stage and be a prima donna quicker'n scat. Buell says—"

"I don't care to hear it, Peter."

"What on earth have you got against Buell Abbott? Rising young lawyer, and, by jiminy, he will rise sure enough. He's going up in an aeroplane."

"For pity's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Wadleigh. Polly looked at Peter with doubt and suspicion in her eyes and the time table in her hand.

"He is. I heard him talking to some fellows at the post office, and he said he'd just as soon go as not."

Polly went out of the room with her nose tilted at rather a scornful angle. It was quite like Buell to say such a thing in Peter's hearing to be sure it reached her ears and would make her worry about him.

Polly decided that nothing could ever make her worry or trouble herself again about Mr. Abbott. She was not interested in his goings or comings, or ascensions for that matter. Safe in her own room, she stood before the oval mahogany-framed mirror, and looked at the face that stared so haughtily, so uncompromisingly, back at her. The eyes were very blue, startlingly blue, with dark lashes and eyebrows, and her hair, too, was dark. Polly liked to take it and pile it high on her head, with a few loose curls at her temple and ears, like a picture of the Empress Josephine she had cut from a magazine and pinned on the wall. It was a pity someone had not planned an opera around Josephine, she thought. She would have loved singing arias of defiance at some stocky Napoleon.

Buell was rather stocky. Tall, but broad shouldered, and rather inclined to take things too easy. Yes, that was exactly the whole trouble, Polly decided for the hundredth time. He didn't have a thrill of romance or temperamental excitement in his whole make-up.

It had always seemed natural for Buell to be her sweetheart, natural for him to ask her quite casually one evening a few months ago, "Which side of the railroad track do you want to live on, Polly, after we're married?"

That was the way Buell proposed, spoke of the divine fire of love in his heart. And it was Buell all over.

Polly had rebelled from that minute. She did not select her favorite side of the track either. She told Mr. Abbott that she thought of running down to New York and studying for grand opera. And Buell had stared at her for a minute in utter amazement before he had actually laughed at her and chuckled.

"You're not, really, Polly?"

"Oh, but I am," insisted Polly. "I'm going next week."

All during her preparation for the trip she thought of him until by the time she took the train for New York she almost relented and called him up to say good-by. Somehow he seemed rather noncommittal and not half so anxious as she had expected.

It was around Poughkeepsie, half way down the Hudson, that Polly noticed the other passengers watching something from the windows, something very exciting. When she looked out she saw hovering over the river a flying ship, like a great bird. Straight down it came toward the racing train. As it passed them, the engine emitted a shriek of salute, and the people called from the windows and platforms, waving caps and handkerchiefs; but Polly drew back into her own seat, with wide, almost frightened eyes. Over the telephone Buell had told her last of all:

"Remember our favorite song, 'Loch Lomond, Polly? Well, listen to this, and it's a promise—"

"You take the high road and I'll take the low road."

And I'll be in Scotland before you."

Now she knew what he meant. Slow, easy going, unromantic Buell had chosen the most sensational route to follow and overtake his sweetheart on her journey after fame and fortune. Outdistancing the train, the aeroplane alighted at Tarrytown, and when the express pulled in Buell stood smiling on the platform, his hat off, bowing in response to the greeting cheers.

As soon as he had found Polly he shook hands laughingly and settled down into the seat beside her.

"I've told the other chap, Chapin, he can go back without me," he said calmly. "Made pretty good time, didn't we?"

Polly looked at him with a new expression of admiration in her wide eyes.

"I don't see why you ever did such a wild thing, Buell," she said helplessly.

"Don't you?" he replied cheerfully. "Well, I had to catch you before you reached Aunt Eudora, didn't I? Now, as soon as we reach New York I can explain matters to her, Polly, and we'll be married at her house and go back to Waneota."

Polly smiled. Some way her contemplated career was fading like the aeroplane vanishing behind them in the blue sky.

"I suppose I must, Buell," she said.

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A GAME OF HEARTS

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

The Willow Plate Tea Room was a cozy little bungalow with gayly striped awnings and verandas set with many little tables, and a great room inside all done in blue and white, with a border of willow-pattern plates. The growling purr of a high-powered motor came through the open casement window. It slowed down and stopped at the gate of the Willow Plate Tea Room.

"Oh, bother!" pouted Elsie, as she went into the little kitchen and returned to the room to discover a solitary man seated at one of the white-enamelled tables. He was far from being an ill-looking specimen of masculinity, although his clean-cut features were sternly set. He did not glance up when Elsie placed a glass of water before him.

"You may bring me," he said deliberately, "a poached egg on toast," and, turning away his head, he looked out of the window.

Elsie hesitated and then marched stiffly off to the kitchen. Once there she shook her fist at the back of the unoffending stranger.

"Poached egg! And it's the one particular thing that I can't make!" she groaned.

Three trips she made into the tea room—once to set tempting pats of butter and the pot of tea before the patron, again to serve him with the burned bit of toast on which was sprawled the yellow, leathery-looking egg. The third trip was in answer to his summons.

"Please bring me another egg," he said in a tone of polite weariness. "This one seems—er—er—rather overdone."

Elsie Wayne always remembered that August afternoon as a perfect nightmare of eggs that refused to be poached and of endless trips into the tea room to present her trophies to the grim-visaged young man at the table.

Invariably he waved her offerings away, always with that look of bored patience.

From a distant table Elsie brought the plate of pink-and-white heart-shaped cakes. These delectable morsels were favorites with Mrs. Burton's patrons.

"Those look very tempting," he said smoothly. "You did not make them."

"On the contrary, I did make them," she affirmed spiritedly.

"Indeed?" His tone was amused. He picked up the top cake and broke it in two.

"A broken heart," he said in a musing tone. "Easy to break, but impossible to mend."

"It is not worth mending—hearts are all alike," she said, and, gathering up his dishes, she disappeared kitchenward.

She cleared a place on the table, set the egg poacher in its receptacle of boiling water, broke an egg into it, closed the lid and carefully toasted a slice of bread.

She almost shrieked with joy when she laid the buttered toast on the little blue platter and slipped the pinky, white-filmed poached egg flecked with pepper onto the toast.

She had achieved a triumph. It was even more beautiful than anything Susanna had ever accomplished. The kitchen door swung behind her little young form; in her outstretched hands she carried the silver tray and set before him the perfect poached egg.

"I think I've discovered the knack of doing it," she said.

"That's good," he said. "Hadn't you better eat it while it's hot?" she suggested.

He proceeded to eat slowly, Elsie watching each morsel as it vanished between his well-cut lips.

"Is it good?" she would ask, and always he nodded. When the blue platter was cleared he looked up suddenly.

"Once upon a time I was engaged to marry a girl. She was studying domestic science, and I thought I knew something about cookery; I've camped a lot. She couldn't manage a poached egg, though. We quarreled."

"Ah!" cried Elsie, pulling the cake plate away from his restless fingers. "You have broken another heart!"

"Are hearts so precious?" he asked. A tear fell from her eyes and splashed on the cracked heart cake.

"Tears will mend a broken heart," he said, taking Elsie's hand and holding it closely.

"Oh—Dick!" she sobbed softly. "I'm sorry we quarreled," he whispered; "that's why I came. Mrs. Burton telephoned she was going away and you were to keep shop for her—and I couldn't stay away!"

"But the motor races—"

"Pshaw!" Taking her other hand, "I believe I can make a perfect poached egg now, Dick," she smiled through her tears. "You shall have them every morning for breakfast."

"Heaven forbid!" he groaned tragically.

"Why?"

"I loath 'em! Don't ask me why I sent you back with your dreadful samples, darling! I just wanted the exquisite pleasure of ordering you around—because—" He paused to kiss her.

"Why?" she asked again.

"Oh, because I know I shall be your slave the rest of my life!" he asserted.

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