

The Motor Lady

By ROSALIE FAVIER

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Thompson crawled from under the car, his face, hands and clothes streaked with a combination of perspiration, tar, gravel and grease that bespoke doom for the light gray trousers, and a visit to the manicure for the hands. And worst of all, the automobile still refused to budge!

"I give up!" groaned Thompson, sinking despondently on the grass. "The blame thing won't go, and that's all there is to it."

"Never say die," cautioned a voice at his elbow. "Faint heart never won over a stubborn motorcar."

"My dear young lady"—Thompson hurriedly drew his grimy handkerchief over his face, and tried anxiously to find the part in his tousled hair—"just at present I haven't any heart at all, after all I have been through."

"What have you done?"

"Well," he began, "I looked to see if I had any gasoline."

"That was clever of you," smiled the girl. "So many men would knock an engine to pieces first, and discover an empty gasoline can later. Is there water in the radiator?"

"Yup!"

"Car well oiled?"

"Certainly."

"How are the spark plugs? A cracked one will cause no end of trouble, you know."

The man gulped. Evidently she did know a little about motors. "No," he said, "the plugs are all right. Besides, if one of them was broken the engine would have given warning; it wouldn't have stopped dead."

"It's your ignition!" Beth squinted her eyes, deep in thought. "There is a wire loose somewhere."

"There is not!" Thompson cried emphatically. "I've followed every blame wire up, and they are all O. K."

"Then I know just what the trouble is. Your timer is dirty."

"Just wipe it over and the car will run with ease," flaunted Beth, her eyes twinkling merrily. "And, so long."

On the way to the village, for he started a few minutes later, Thompson speculated on who the "Motor Lady" might be, and why she had hurried away so quickly. He was thinking of her when he stored the car away in the hotel garage, and engaged his room for the night. He even sat on the veranda to watch all the women that passed, hoping that she would pass, too.

When night came hope fled. He was in town for the one night only, to sell tires to the E. B. Sterns Garage company, and would leave for the next big town directly after breakfast.

He strode up and down the long corridor puffing thoughtfully at his cigar, waiting for the manager of the garage, who had arranged to meet him that evening. At eight o'clock on the minute the call boy motioned to the restless man. "E. B. Sterns is out on the veranda waiting for you, sir."

Thompson threw away his cigar. His mind was wandering and he needed to concentrate, for the Sterns people were customers he wanted to secure. He hurried out. A slender figure rose from a rocker to meet him.

"Good morning, Mr. Thompson."

"Yes," Thompson hesitated. "Sorry I can't stop, but I have a pressing engagement just now."

"I know—with me," laughed the girl. "I am E. B. Sterns. You wish to interest me in a certain make of tire. I have a full stock of shoes on hand just now, so you will have to do some talking to make me buy."

Thompson thought of his afternoon's plight; he noticed the twinkle in Beth's eyes; he made up his mind to win or die! So he talked. Fabric, endurance, strength, flexibility, reliability, mileage. Never before had any tire been so lauded to the skies. He talked till his throat was sore, and continued till his voice was husky and he panted for breath; and he did not cease until she lifted her hand in protest. Instead of saying, "I'll take a hundred on trial," she asked: "Mr. Thompson, what is your salary?"

Thompson was too surprised to say anything but the truth—"Thirty per."

"I'll give you forty, if you care to work in my garage."

"You mean that? Why, you don't know me from Adam."

"I know that you are a good salesman, and also a gentleman. There's nobody in town that can help me in the garage, and since my brothers went to war I can't handle the place alone. I need help, and I have liked your manner towards me ever since we met. Will you accept?"

It was some 12 months later when a large touring car came to a halt along the roadside, and an athletic young man turned to the woman beside him. "Now what's the matter? Going to play tricks on us, just as we are starting off on our honeymoon, is it? I call this tough luck."

"So do I for your new suit. What do you think is wrong?"

"I don't know. I paid special attention to every blame part of the car this morning. Honest I did, Beth," he exclaimed, as the girl laughed merrily.

"Except to the oil which you poured everywhere in your excitement. I suppose a man is liable to lose his head on his wedding day. Sweetheart," Beth leaned over and kissed the wrinkled brow. "Cheer up, it's only that your timer is dirty."

ALWAYS HUNGRY AT NIGHT

Kansas City Man Beginning to Fear He is Afflicted With an Unpatriotic Stomach.

A Kansas City man who is trying to be very patriotic is beginning to wonder if he is not cursed with a pro-German stomach. During the daytime, when he is up on his feet, he has no trouble observing the food regulations, but just as soon as he lies down at night to go to sleep, his stomach takes advantage of the fact that he is flat on his back and refuses to give way to Morpheus until he eats again.

"Sometimes I manage to get to sleep without taking on an extra cargo of food," he says. "But when I do I usually wake up in the middle of the night with a mad craving for food, and the only way I can get back to sleep is to get up, go out to the kitchen and cook myself some hot food."

The man says he has tried his best to overcome this hunger habit, but is unable to do so. Several times a week he will go to the kitchen in the middle of the night, put on a skillet and fry a piece of ham, or bacon and eggs, and, after eating an ordinary size meal, will go back to bed and sleep. He says he has tried eating fruits and light food, but his stomach will have none of these and insists upon meats. Often when he is standing over a skillet dressed only in his pajamas in the dead of night he says he feels like a thief stealing food, while others who patriotically observe all of Mr. Hoover's regulations are asleep.

"Maybe you have a tapeworm with Teutonic leanings," a friend suggested. "Maybe I have," the man replied, sadly, "but I think it is an inherited habit that is just getting a grip on me. I remember when my folks lived on a farm near Pomeroy. When I was just a kid my father used to have to get up in the night and eat as I do. But it is only recently that I have become addicted to the habit, and it is only since the food regulations became so strict that I have worried about it."

"Maybe your wife's cooking is not as good as it used to be," was the next logical suggestion.

"Don't you ever think it isn't, young man!" the glutton of the darkness replied indignantly. "My wife, sir, is the best cook in Kansas City! You may accuse me of having German tapeworm or of having an unpatriotic stomach, but you must not reflect upon my wife's culinary art. Good evening, sir!"—Kansas City Star.

Eels Are Eels.

John Treadwell Nichols, assistant curator of the department of ichthyology of the American Museum of Natural History, has done his bit for the food supply by an effort to lessen the prejudice against eels.

The chapter of the cookbook devoted to eels should begin: "First catch your eel; then forget how it looks." The trouble with eating eels is at the start. After the first plate of eels the reluctant customer is ready for more.

Mr. Nichols assures us that eels have, in fact, no relationship with snakes. They have developed their form and sinuosity by their habit of poking into cracks and crannies of waterbeds. They are true fishes and should not be victims of the prejudice against snakes.

The classic way to cook eels is to skin them, clean them, cut them into lengths and fry in butter. "Many persons," says Mr. Nichols, "find them delicious." That's no lie.—Buffalo Enquirer.

Unfortunate Expression.

Although our new war secretary, Lord Milner, cannot exactly be said to shine as a humorist, he can enjoy a good story against himself, as witness the following, which he is fond of relating.

Some years ago, fresh from his South African triumphs, he addressed an audience of undergraduates at his old university.

"We must remember not merely the beauty of the individual colleges, but the beauty of Oxford as a whole. And what a whole it is."

"Hear, hear!" yelled the varsity men. "Yes, what a hole!" they groaned. "What a beastly hole!"

Then it dawned upon Lord Milner that this was a sentiment he would rather have expressed differently.—Pearson's Weekly.

Poland's Long-Lost Crown.

When the Prussians took possession of Cracow, in 1794, the Polish kingdom ceased to exist. The king of Prussia coveted the traditional diadem of Poland's kings for his own adornment. It had, however, disappeared mysteriously, and the Prussian king was balked of his wish. In January, 1914, seven months before the world war broke out, during a severe storm, lightning struck a stately elm close to the city and brought to light a secret treasure which had lain buried at its roots for 123 years, the long-lost crown of Poland.

Scenery on the Way.

Writing home from France a St. Louis soldier says:

"The first days out I was seasick, later I was homesick, but before the end of the trip I was feeling fine."

"There was a negro battalion in the fore part of the ship and a white one aft. I think I saw every kind of a fish on the way across."

Marseilles Peanut Center.

Marseilles, France, is the great central market for peanuts, more than 120,000 metric tons of peanuts in the shell and 240,000 tons of shelled nuts being crushed there in a single year.

BETWEEN FLOORS

By SOPHIA B. COHAN.

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"And I don't think there is any virtue in helping all these war funds with money given to me by dad, so I'm going to work, and besides buying more War Savings stamps and contributing to the Red Cross, I'll be releasing some man for the service." Marcia Gray spoke earnestly, at the same time unfolding a small piece of paper, which she proudly displayed to Bob Eaton's astonished eyes.

"An elevator operator's license," he gasped, then smiled. "To think of a woman running an elevator, and of all women you!" And Bob, usually so sympathetic, could control his mirth no longer, and was now shaking with laughter.

Marcia's eyes filled with tears. She had worked so hard to gain that precious bit of paper, and had been so in earnest, and here was Bob ridiculing her! Her chagrin gave way to anger. Folding the license with a snap she ran into the house with a curt, "Well, you'll see, Mr. Robert Eaton, and don't ever speak to me again," and shut the door in his face.

The following day, as Bob stepped into the elevator in his office building, he was amazed to see Marcia at the wheel. Then, regaining his composure, he greeted her cheerfully. Marcia met his smile with a cold, unseeing glance as she closed the door and started the elevator. Bob had ample time until Marcia let him off at the eighth floor to change his mind about her capability. He had to admit she was much more polite and efficient than the boy whose place she had taken—and she looked sweeter than ever in her plain gray uniform! All that day Marcia's face, framed in the black curls which rebelliously refused to stay under her severely serviceable little cap, was hopelessly mixed with Bob's letters and reports, and it was with difficulty that he restrained himself from running to the elevator. At last, at five o'clock, he saw her again, and again she ignored him.

So Bob rode up and down in the elevator, hoping against hope that she would relent. Then, when a month had passed without any result he decided to walk, rather than see her so often and not be able to speak to her.

Perhaps Marcia missed him, for many times as she saw him running swiftly up the stairs, she felt an impulse to call to him. However, she still remembered how he had laughed at her, and restrained herself, happy that in spite of his unbelief, she was succeeding far better than she herself had dared hope.

Then one day, at the end of two months of arduous stair climbing Bob was very late, and to save time, took the elevator. Besides, he was wearing a new, wonderful olive-drab uniform, which he was very anxious for a certain little lady to see. Bob was the only passenger in the elevator. Marcia's heart leaped, but she said nothing. And then a curious thing happened.

She stopped the elevator between the seventh and eighth floors, and, turning around, said warmly, "I congratulate you, Mr. Eaton." She turned swiftly back, the light in her eyes forbidding Bob to say anything.

Marcia's heart sank—the brakes refused to yield! Bob was at her side immediately. She silently accepted his solicitous offer to help, and for fifteen minutes they worked together. Marcia sank to the floor when Bob finally told her it was no use for them to try, and that they would have to wait until they were pulled up.

Half an hour later they were released from the elevator. Marcia's face shone radiantly through the oil from the brakes as she stepped out. And the radiance from her countenance was reflected in Bob's, for hadn't she promised to become Mrs. Eaton, and wait for him until he came back from "Over there?" And Bob, having a true diplomatic instinct, had agreed to let Marcia work for the time being.

Eskimo Names.

Eskimos are not able to trace their ancestors back for more than a generation or two because the Eskimo names do not run from generation to generation, and in every Eskimo family each person has a separate name. This is pointed out by Charles Menadlook, an Eskimo teacher, writing in a recent issue of the Eskimo, the only publication issued for the benefit of his race.

Short but Eventful Career.

Timagd, or as it was known in Roman history, Thamugas, was built in 100 A. D. by the order of Trajan. The city had an eventful history during its short career, repeatedly invaded, destroyed and restored. Finally, after the Arabian invasion of 649 A. D. it was left to the mercy of the wind and desert.

Corks of Pine.

Owing to the scarcity of true cork in Sweden, wooden corks are being used in that country, the substitutes being made from quick-growing pine. This wood has wide annual rings, and one of its characteristics is its tendency to swell somewhat after it has been fashioned into stoppers.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

London's Only Street Archway.

St. John's gateway, which spans the north end of St. John's lane, Smithfield, is the only medieval archway remaining over a London street, and was built in 1504.

TIME TO PUT ON BRAKES

With the Passing of His Fiftieth Birthday Man Should Take a Few Moments and Think Hard.

When you have passed, say, your fiftieth birthday anniversary, that foxy old gent, Mr. Time, puts the skids under you and greases them good and plenty.

It is appalling, then, how quickly the days and the weeks and the months pass. You start in on Monday morning, and before you know it, it is Saturday night again. Even the years slip by as though you were riding through life on a roller coaster.

The thing to do then, brother, is to put on the brakes. Slow up and get a little more enjoyment out of the scenery.

Some men think that just the other way is the best method to adopt, but we are convinced that they are making a mistake. Their idea is that the thing to do when one grows gray and bald is to keep up with the procession, wear pinch-back clothes, silk socks and a sailor hat with a polka dot band.

But, if you do that, all you achieve is an acceleration of the pace. It is a pathetic form of camouflage that deceives no one, and yourself least of all. When you are fifty and over, you know it, and everyone else knows it.

When a man is fifty he should have a home in the country, or at least out of the town. He should awake before dawn and say good morning to the sun, sip his glass of water deliberately instead of gulping it down, move serenely, take his time.

When night comes he should be able to say, "Well, this has been a fine, long day," instead of saying, "For the love of Mike, where has this day gone to?"

Then, when old age comes, you will be able to say with the sage: "Old age is the night of life, but is the night not beautiful with stars?"—Los Angeles Times.

Real "Lucky Bone."

One of the most precious possessions of an officer in England, and one which excited much curiosity during a recent short leave, is an ordinary wishbone which he has had mounted in gold and carries about with him as a mascot, it having already, he avers, once saved his life.

It appears that while near the front line in France he was enjoying a rare meal of doubtful chicken with a couple of brother officers, and was just about to try conclusions with the wishbone with his opposite comrade when it slipped from his plate and dropped under the heavy oak table the three had managed to secure from a ruined farmhouse for their barn billet. No sooner had the Birmingham man got under the table to grope for the bone than the barn was reduced to debris by a couple of direct hits from enemy airplanes.

The other two officers were killed outright, but the stout table saved the third from any material injury. The wishbone was firmly clasped in his right hand when he was dug out of the ruins.

Hit Profiteers in Meat.

Queensland, New South Wales, has found a way to get cheap meat. Its policy, inaugurated by the Queensland labor government in November, 1915, is now past the experimental stage and working well. Convinced that exploitation was going on "on a grand scale," and finding every attempt at price restriction met with bitter complaints from dealers, the government decided to test the situation itself, and set up state butcher shops. After two years and a half of operation, reports the staff correspondent of the Montreal Star at Queensland, the price of meat, which had increased 100 per cent in war time, under private control has been brought down "to a figure equal to what it was before the war, plus a difference due to legitimate causes, such as droughts." Beef fell nine cents a pound when the first state shop was opened.

Can Yuh Blame Him?

"Say, George, dear, I'd like to ask you a very important question. If you are not too busy," remarked the wife of his bosom timidly during the period in the evening when George has his nose buried in the paper. George heeded her not. She repeated the question.

"Well, what is it?" he snarled in the sharp, decisive manner so becoming in husbands.

"Why, uh—I was just going to ask you if you thought—(and here wife had to stop to giggle)—if you thought the crews in those Hun U-boats speak low German, and the aviators high—" But George snorted disgustedly and went back to feasting his eyes reading about the high cost of living.

Urges Slaying of Bears.

Hundreds of trees in the northwest, including Douglas fir, white fir and western white pine—the wood of all of which is used more or less in airplane construction—have been seriously damaged by bears peeling the bark, according to H. J. Liepel, forest ranger. Liepel says about 100 trees to the square mile have been peeled. He invites hunters to kill the bears as a patriotic move.

Hard Worked.

Newsoms—I'm going to take my gramophone when I go on my vacation. Nextdoor—That's very thoughtful of you; it certainly needs a vacation.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Flying's Future.

J. L. Goldsboro of San Francisco believes flying after the war will become a popular sport, possibly displacing auto racing.

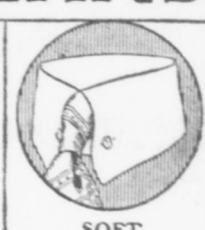
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An Advantage.

Another advantage of tortoise shell glasses is that they cover up a good deal of face.—Kansas Industrialist.

Daily Thought.

Wis is the salt of our conversation set the seed.—Frederick

Daily Thought.

Man is one word and hath another to attend him.—Robert

But Not Half So Excellent.

To know thyself is better than trying to know thy neighbor.

Few Free From Errors.

Why not try to look over the other fellow's mistakes? We have been making them ever since Grandfather Adam lost his place in the Garden of Eden.

Daily Thought.

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.—Wordsworth.

Size of the Foot.

The foot should be as long as the ulna, or chief bone of the forearm—that is, from the small head of the bone to be seen at the wrist to the point of the elbow should be the length of the foot.

Thinking of Strenuous Days.

Barber (carried away by his reminiscences)—"And when he'd looped the loop he did a nose dive that fairly took your breath away."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Not as Interesting.

To know thyself is better than trying to find out all about the neighbors.—Toledo Blade.

Only Four Miles Per Hour.

In 1899 New York automobile laws allowed automobiles to travel not more than four miles an hour around street corners.