

AND DAD

By C. B. BROOKS.

John Morley threw down his paper. He sat looking moodily through the half-closed door, just catching a glimpse of the knitters within—one making a sweater, another a pair of socks, the third a helmet, all for the boys.

He took up his paper and reread the paragraph that told what dad's bit in the war consisted of—the one who stayed at home caring for the younger children, while mother goes to the Red Cross rooms to work, and the money he gave the girls to aid the sufferers of the stricken countries, and after all not one show of appreciation or praise does a father get. He was not supposed to cherish tender memories of his boy as a child and man.

"Hm!" grunted Mr. Morley, "doesn't a dad sacrifice his son and feel the loss of companionship? Doesn't he share in the proud possession of a soldier boy?"

Now, John Morley was quite a frequent visitor at the fire station, where his friend, Tim Bourne, chief, was always glad to welcome him. This evening found Morley at his old retreat.

Even there he could not escape an array of sweaters and socks.

"How did you learn?" he asked.

"My daughter Grace showed us," proudly admitted Bourne.

"Looks queer to see men knitting. I've never noticed it so much before—fascinating by the looks," yielded Morley.

"Tis," ironically agreed the chief, struggling with a stitch half escaping his clumsy fingers. "She—comes—nearly every—evening," he added, hesitatingly, so engrossed was he in his struggle with the truant stitch.

"Coming tonight?" asked Morley, his voice half tremulous from the most astounding idea working in his brain.

"Ye-es," answered Bourne, triumphantly catching the stitch back on the needle.

It was with hands trembling with pride and fear that Morley took his first lesson from pretty, good-natured Grace Bourne. How the man worked and perspired over the arduous task!

"I'm coming again. I won't give it up. I want to make a sweater for my boy Bill, 'over there,'" Morley confided to his young teacher.

"Why, I'm making one for Will; so we'll both be making a William sweater; how funny!" laughed the girl.

"Your brother?" asked Morley, mischievously.

"N—no—a friend," blushed Grace.

"I see," answered her pupil, staring audaciously at the ring sparkling on the young teacher's finger.

Late that night his opinion of the young teacher was set forth in glowing terms in a letter to his son, Bill. (The letter ended with these words:

"— and Bill, don't get entangled in any love affairs over there, for I have found a perfect sample of a wife. No, you can't have this one, for a sparkling ring tells me she is mortgaged to another fellow. Remember, I said sample, so she's not for sale. Remember my advice.

"YOUR OLD DAD."

There came an evening when Dad entered the room a conqueror, with head held high. He opened a square bundle, majestically, and held aloft a sweater and a pair of socks.

"Hm!" triumphed Dad; "perhaps duds are some use in this war," and he pointed to the articles.

"What—do—you—mean, John," began Mrs. Morley.

"Why, Dad Morley, you—you never—" Blanche gasped, then paused in amazement.

"Yes I did. Do you think fathers are mere puppets; that they have no patriotism? These are for Bill. Grace Bourne showed me at the fire station."

Dad began rubbing his hands together. "As if you had to go outside to learn," pouted Ethel. "Why didn't you ask us?"

Dad shook his head and then said, jokingly: "A prophet in his own country, you know."

"It is not true here, you dear old dad," and Ethel, notwithstanding her yarn-ensnared feet, sprang to her father and hugged him tight.

Mrs. Morley quietly put a paper into her husband's hand.

"Telegram! Bill's coming home!" Dad's face fell a little.

"Sorry, Dad!" exclaimed Blanche.

"N—no; sort of disappointed about sending the sweater and socks. That's all. Bless the boy! I can't wait."

"Perhaps he may need a sweater in America," snuggly suggested Ethel.

"I hope he won't rave about any girl over there, for I want to recommend one like my ideal—Grace Bourne. What are you laughing at?"

He turned to Ethel, who was unsnarling her ball of yarn. She sat there giggling.

"Now Bill is coming I can tell the secret. Bill is engaged to as nice a girl as your ideal, Dad."

"Don't believe it. He couldn't find one like her over there," persisted Morley.

Ethel giggled again.

"He didn't have to try, for he got her over here. It's—it's—" tantalized the girl.

"Who is it, you tease?" queried her father.

"It's—it's Grace Bourne herself. If you'd only had eyes and—why, where's Dad gone?"

"To the fire station to find his future daughter, no doubt," laughed Blanche. And that's what Dad was doing. (Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

NEW YORK MADE RAT TIGHT

Phrase Means That Enemy Agents and Spies Were Driven From Great United States Port.

"The port of New York is rat tight." This is the phrase in the vernacular of the sea which is going around the world to every quarter of the globe since the customs intelligence bureau was organized in New York a year ago. Paraphrased in the speech of the average American it means that it has been impossible for an alien enemy or spy, any article of contraband, or any secret message or forbidden information that might benefit the cause of the enemy, to come or go out of this port without being detected by the vigilant eyes of Uncle Sam's guardians, a New York Pittsburgh dispatch states.

More than 75 per cent of the immense volume of munition shipments sent from the United States to Europe passed through the port of New York, which has been the most important war port in the world. Moreover, it has been the main gateway through which travelers have passed either in going to allied or neutral countries or coming from such countries to the United States. Because of this volume of travel and traffic New York has been the spot from which enemy agents have worked most assiduously to send information and supplies to enemy countries. And it is because of these conditions that it has required more force, more determination and constant scrutiny to afford the protection which the vast interests centering here have received.

The best evidence that these conditions have been adequately met is found in the motto of seamen quoted above: "New York is rat tight." It sums succinctly the full measure of value which has been rendered to allied nations by an agency of the government which has worked so quietly here that many citizens even have not known of its existence. This agency is the customs intelligence bureau, organized at the beginning of last year by the collector of the port. Up to the time that America entered the great world war persons desiring to travel abroad found no trouble in leaving the United States. But with the opening of the war the customs branch of the government became an agency of grave importance. And the work they have accomplished without any question has saved many lives and millions of dollars.

Glacier Climbing in U. S.

Thanks to the "See-America-first" movement and the difficulties of European travel due to the war, many Americans are finding out that they can have all the thrills of seeing and climbing glaciers without paying the Swiss innkeepers and guides a stiff toll. Right here in the United States easily accessible but little known glaciers show the awe-inspiring crevasses and wonderful changing colors that one who has ever had first-hand experience with these slow moving rivers of ice can never forget.

Among the national parks easily accessible by railroad, that furnish the sport of glacier climbing, are Glacier park and Rainier national park. It is Alaska, however, that offers the deluxe glacier sightseeing. This little known land not only has the largest glaciers—big enough to make Switzerland's pride look insignificant—but also the most easily accessible. In fact, during the summer season the excursion steamers run right up to the face of the glaciers that descend to salt water, and thread their way in among the bergs that have broken off. One of the sights along the seacoast is that of the ice-man hitching his gasoline launch to a baby beach and towing it to a convenient place to cut out his supply.—Fred Telford, in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Name It.

Shall the man or the woman who operates a tractor be known as a tractor-ater, a tractorist or a tractorioneer? That is a question an answer to which is desired by large numbers of students at the tractor schools now being established in various parts of the United States. Tractor operations have been carried on in a somewhat hit-or-miss fashion thus far, but now the industry is being stabilized and permanent terms of expression are needed. Farming, in its relation to tractors, has apparently been set forward a good ten years by the war. Tractor production has outstripped the training of operators. Every farm boy was brought up to manage a horse, but this big steel beast must be handled in quite a different way. State tractor schools provide a short cut for turning out tractor operators, whatever they are to be called.—Christian Science Monitor.

Superior Knowledge.

A young man was walking through a wood with a gun over his shoulder and his bag full of game which he had shot. He was not satisfied with what he had, and was looking for more, when an excited man with a large tin badge on which was inscribed the one word "Sheriff" came running up to him and demanded: "Haven't you seen the signs which I put up on the trees in this woods?"

"Oh, yes, I saw them," answered the young man; "they said 'No Hunting,' but I found some."

A New Viewpoint.

"Your boy appears to enjoy working around the place."

"Yep," replied Farmer Cornstossel; "the fact that he was willing to get out an' fight for it has sort o' woke Josh up to how much he really appreciated his home."

Congressional Humor.

"Here's another story I heard the other day in Washington."

"Space me."

"What's the matter?"

"Don't you know that the best anecdotes don't reach Washington until they have traveled all over the country?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

THE TRAMP

By FRANCES BRIDGES.

Marjorie Goldwyn, busily baking molasses cookies and singing in a lusty voice, did not hear a step on the porch. Her work and solo were interrupted by a slight rap on the door, and on reaching it she was dumfounded to behold a tramp.

Now, if there was anything or anybody Marjorie disliked, it was a tramp, because she was afraid of them. Yet this one seemed different; certainly he had a two weeks' growth of beard and his hair needed to be cut, his clothes were in a dreadful condition, and there were almost no shoes. But he had a wonderful smile and dark brown eyes which sparkled with laughter. After the first shock she did not know whether to shut and bolt the door or ask him his business.

"How do you do?" began the tramp. "Will you give me a piece of bread and a glass of water, please? I haven't had a mouthful since last night, and it is now twelve o'clock."

Marjorie hesitated a moment and then said: "Ye—s, yes; but you stay on the porch."

"Certainly," he replied, throwing his cap upon the porch floor and seating himself on the top step.

She carefully locked the door, not noticing a smile which flitted over her visitor's face, and proceeded to prepare a rather substantial meal in place of bread and water.

While he ate she remained inside the door and watched.

"That tasted mighty good," he said as he finished eating; "and now I will begin to saw the ever-ready woodpile."

"There isn't any woodpile, but you are perfectly welcome to the larder."

"But I want to pay you in some way," he persisted. "Can't I feed the chickens or wash dishes or anything?"

"No, no," answered Marjorie rather sharply and growing perceptibly nervous.

"I wish I could," he answered smilingly picking up his cap, "but perhaps I will be able to later."

As soon as he had gone, Marjorie locked all the doors, lowered all the shades and sat huddled up in a corner.

About a month after the tramp incident, Marjorie went down to the pasture to get some violets. She had picked a big bunch and started toward home when she saw wriggling through the grass, a huge black rattlesnake. She tried to scream but could make no sound; her feet seemed glued to the ground; her head began to whirl as the reptile crawled nearer, and then she fainted.

When Marjorie opened her eyes, her father was bending over her. She was at home, with a strange young man leaning on the mantel at the other side of the room.

"Oh father," she cried, "I was so afraid."

"Of course you were, dear, but this young man, Mr. Tom Pierce, shot that rattler just in time."

"Shot him," queried Marjorie.

"Yes," said the young man, "I had been gunning and was taking a short cut through the fields to reach the main road; and I noticed you appeared frightened. When I came near enough I saw the snake and shot him as you fainted."

Marjorie thanked him, wondering at the same time where she had seen him before.

This started a friendship which before fall took on a deeper meaning.

"Marjorie," began Tom one night, "I have two confessions to make."

"Yes," urged Marjorie.

"First, I love you with all my heart, and have since the first day we met; and Marjorie, do—do you love me just a little? Oh, do say 'yes,'" pleaded Tom.

"Yes," whispered Marjorie, after hesitating a moment.

"But you have made only one confession; what is the other?"—fearing it might be about another girl.

"Oh, yes, I nearly forgot that. Well, you see, Marjorie, I was the tramp that day last June; and made a bet with the fellows I could rough it for a month."

"I thought I had seen you before the day you rescued me," cried Marjorie.

"And you were frightened when I rapped on the door, weren't you, dear?"

"Yes," answered Marjorie, "but how did I know you were to be my future husband?"

And the moon most courteously withdrew behind a cloud for a few moments. (Copyright, 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Effects of Fasting.

Experiments have shown that in a twenty-six day fast the muscles lose 42 per cent of their weight, the skin 28 per cent, the brain and spinal cord 22 per cent, the blood 48 per cent, the liver 50 per cent, the kidneys 55 per cent, the stomach and intestines 30 per cent, the lungs 29 per cent, the kidneys 55 per cent and heart 16 per cent.

The human body in starvation procures its supply of energy by the destruction of its stored fat and "protein"—the stuff that, when eaten in food, makes muscle and blood. If the deprivation be kept up long enough, it succumbs. Death ensues.

Fortunately Placed.

"Robin Hood was lucky."

"In what way?"

"He lived early enough to be known by a comparatively respectable title instead of being called a bolshevik."

The Way.

She—Do you think you could manage the rental of a houseboat this summer?

He—I don't know how, unless by means of a household sale.

HAS BROKEN ALL TRADITIONS

Present King of Siam Only One of His Royal Line to Refuse to Establish Harem.

It is a curious fact that while women of the lower classes in Siam have always enjoyed the greatest freedom, participating and competing with men in the business and pleasures of life, the ladies of the royal household have been kept in the background, appearing at only the most private social gatherings and never at public or official functions. As all former sovereigns had in their harems the cream of the aristocracy of the country, and, as they inevitably felt a hesitant chivalry about exhibiting their "wives" in public, they barred all women of rank from sight. The sovereign is expected to have in his harem a member of every influential family in the country, for it is considered that in no other way could he be in such close touch with the people of his kingdom. Polygamy has, therefore, been considered an obligation of royalty. But, curiously enough, the present reigning monarch is a bachelor, the first and only bachelor who has sat upon the throne of his fathers in twenty-five hundred years. And thereby hangs a tale, for marriage by a Siamese sovereign has meant not the simple taking of one wife, or a dozen, or even a mere hundred, but the wholesale adoption of a thousand or more. The young king's father and his father's father, and each of the long line of kings preceding them, had many wives. His father had between seven and eight thousand. And, when the young crown prince returned from his long stay in Europe—he had passed a third of his life there—he was told by his royal father that there had been selected for him a number of court beauties from which he could take his choice of a hundred or two for his harem. But the prince would have nothing to do with this wholesale acquisition of a husband's holdings. "When I marry," he declared to his astonished father, "it will be to one wife and to no more, and she shall be the one queen of my heart and the one queen of my realm."—From "The Land of the White Elephant," by Frederick Dean, in Asia Magazine.

Couldn't Be Discouraged.

There are croakers in every country, always boding its ruin. Such a one then lived in Philadelphia; a person of note, an elderly man, with a wise look and a very grave manner of speaking; his name was Samuel Mickie.

"The gentleman, a stranger to me, stopped one day at my door and asked me if I was the young man who had lately opened a new printing house. Being answered in the affirmative, he said he was sorry for me, because it was an expensive undertaking, and the expense would be lost; for Philadelphia was a sinking place, the people already half bankrupt, or near being so; all appearances to the contrary, such as new buildings and the rise of rents, being to his certain knowledge fallacious; for they were, in fact, among the things that would soon ruin us. And he gave me such a detail of misfortunes now existing, or that were soon to exist, that he left me half melancholy.

Had I known him before I engaged in this business, probably I never should have done it. This man continued to live in this decaying place, and to declaim in the same strain, refusing for many years to buy a house there, because all was going to destruction; and at last I had the pleasure of seeing him give five times as much for one as he might have bought it for when he first began his croaking.

—Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.

Strategic Advantage.

A major, attired in his raincoat, was crossing the parade ground one rainy morning when a young medical officer, hastening toward shelter, came past and saluted without slowing down.

"Wait there a minute, Lieutenant," called the major. "Never salute when at the double time. Strictly against regulations."

With that the major launched out upon a long lecture on the significance and value of the salute, while the lieutenant, now standing stiffly at attention, was drenched to the skin.

A few days later the major was afflicted with toothache and sought the services of a dental surgeon. As he reclined in the chair, he thought he detected a peculiar expression of satisfaction on the young dentist's face.

"Look here," he said suddenly. "Haven't I seen you before?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer, "you were speaking to me the other morning about saluting."

"Great Scott!" yelled the major, leaping from the chair and starting for the door. "I've had some close calls in my time, but never anything to compare with this one."—Judge.

Envious Cat.

Mrs. Portieght (loftily)—Oh, yawws, I'm having a town car manufactured to order.

Mrs. Skalpell—You have my sincerest sympathy, my dear. But, honestly, you don't look ten pounds heavier than you did last fall!—Buffalo Express.

Daily Thought.

It is the aim of our conversation set the road.—Health.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

ARROW COLLARS

LAUNDERED OR SOFT
THE BEST THAT YOU
CAN BUY AT THE
PRICE YOU PAY

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

Hold-Tight

2 FOR 25¢
WHITE OR GRAY 25¢ EACH
CAP OR FRINGE SHAPE

HAIR NETS

ADOLPH KLAR
221-4th AVENUE NEW YORK

"HOLD-TIGHT" HAIR NETS ENJOY AN ENVIABLE NATIONAL REPUTATION AND THE FRIENDSHIP OF MILLIONS OF WOMEN—
"HOLD-TIGHT" HAIR NETS ARE MADE OF THE FINEST REAL HUMAN HAIR. ALL SHADES. EVERY "HOLD-TIGHT" HAIR NET GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED. ORDER AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE. IF THEY CANNOT SUPPLY YOU, WRITE US. STATE COLOR AND SHAPE.



A Good
Photograph
will last much
longer than the
original.
Have them taken
at the

GEM STUDIO

730 Phila. Street, - - Indiana, Pa.
Opposite Moore Hotel

Can't sleep! Can't eat! Can't even digest what little you do eat!

One or two doses

ARMY & NAVY DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

will make you feel ten years younger. Best known remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach and Dyspepsia.

25 cents a package at all Druggists, or sent to any address postpaid, by the

U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLET CO.
260 West Broadway, N. Y.

WHAT YOU SURELY NEED

is a healthy, active, industrious liver. Small doses of these pills taken regularly insure that. You may also need a purgative sometimes. Then take one larger dose. Keep that in mind; it will pay you rich dividends in Health and Happiness.

Genuine Bears Signature

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

ROSY CHEEKS or HEALTHY COLOR indicates Iron in the Blood. Pale or face usually shows its absence. A condition which will be much helped by

CARTER'S IRON PILLS

Oldtime News Service.

In 1832 James Watson Webb, of the New York Courier and Enquirer, established an express-rider service between New York and Washington which gave his paper valuable prestige. In the following year the Journal of Commerce started a rival service, which enabled it to print Washington news in New York within 48 hours of its occurrence. The most notable express-mail service of all was the "pony express," which carried messages by relays of riders across mountains and deserts and through hostile Indian territory from St. Louis to San Francisco, covering 1,900 miles in 10 days.

Hired Man's Life Saved.

James was bowlegged and felt it his duty to whip every boy that reminded him of the fact. When he visited in the country the hired man laughed and told him he couldn't stop a pig if he tried. James told his mother what the man had said, then added: "He's pretty big, and I'm mighty glad he didn't say I was bowlegged."

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.

Good Rule for Life.

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants; for if they be real wants they will come in search of you. He that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.—Colton.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

Daily Thought.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.