

A Bag of Peanuts

By ALDEN CHAPMAN

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Warren Dole drove a delivery wagon with the same vim, abandon and enjoyment that he would have exercised had it been a chariot. He had opened his eyes wide, in the midst of keen pleasures and great expectations, a letter had come from an indulgent uncle appraising him of the fact that a great flood had swept away the plant upon which he depended for his revenue.

"Coming on to stand by your side and work tooth and nail for you," wrote the loyal-souled Warren, but he received a reply, prompt and final:

"Stay where you are and make a man of yourself. There are too many gathering up the wreck of my fortune already."

Then Warren went the rounds of his friends clearly apprised of the difference between an heir expectant and a pauper without even a position, sold off his bachelor belongings and removed from a sumptuous suite to a small room in a cheap boarding house. He sent the proceeds to his uncle and started out to face life with a capital comprising perfect health and a clear conscience.

Warren chuckled as he drove a little covered delivery wagon the first day of his acceptance of the only job that came his way. He possessed a rare sense of humor and the quaintness of his position amused him. In the back of the wagon was a great wooden box that usually held bushels and bushels of crisp salted peanuts. Warren was in fact one of a numerous group who went around daily and filled the glass penny-in-the-slot machines which held "Grisson's Famous One Cent Lunches." The machines were set wherever there was a likelihood of the passer-by being attracted by the fact that the expenditure of a mere cent would secure a toothsome handful of the anomalous fresh salted peanuts.

One of the most ardent of the customers of the luxury was Benny Lee. He had acquired a penny one morning and had started out early to invest in his favorite esculent. Warren, on his way to headquarters to secure his daily supply, saw the little fellow approach a corner machine, insert his penny in its slot and turn the supply-controlling knob. No result—the glass container was empty. Little Benny shook the machine, pounded it, a look of distress on his face, and he began to cry. Warren pulled up promptly.

"Empty, my little man," he spoke. "Now hop up here beside me, and I'll see that you get the most famous penny's worth of peanuts any boy ever happened onto."

It was less than a mile to the warehouse, and once arrived there Warren gave Benny a big paper bag and led him to it chute.

"Hold it under the end here," directed the big-hearted Warren, and Benny's eyes bulged as at the touch of a lever the chute disgorged a torrent of peanuts, filling the bag to overflowing. Within an hour Benny was back home with his wonderful story of a real living Santa Claus and his wonderful treasure.

It was that same afternoon that Warren Dole, passing a tree-shaded yard near to the point where he had met little Benny, halted to survey a scene that did his heart good. Seated on the grass were nearly a dozen little children, and near them wooden plates heaped high with peanuts. Benny was in view as host of the happy coterie, while near by, dishing out lemonade, was a graceful, sweet-faced girl, unmistakably his sister.

"Oh, there's my friend!" cried Benny, and bolted for the fence. The young lady followed him, for Benny had seized her skirt and insisted on an introduction to "the bestest man in the world," and when a few minutes later Warren pursued his way, it was with a lovely face dancing before his mental vision.

It got to be so before the month was over that Warren Dole called frequently at the home of Adrienne Weston. He had come to learn that the grizzled, harsh-featured man he occasionally saw about the place was Benny's father and Adrienne's stepfather. Mr. Weston was a drinker, treated the two with little kindness, and Warren with a jealous pang learned that he was intent on marrying Adrienne to a favorite boon companion whom Adrienne detested. In tears, after she and Warren had become better acquainted, Adrienne told of her misery and her fears.

"My stepfather says he will take little Benny away from me and turn me out on the street if I do not marry his friend," sobbed Adrienne. "He has got so, too, that when he is in drink he abuses both of us dreadfully," and from the confession there grew a plan that solved all the distress of the troubled Adrienne.

One afternoon when the cruel stepfather was on one of his drinking bouts an extraordinary wedding procession left the Weston place. Warren and Adrienne led, arm in arm, Benny coming after, tugging at a suitcase. There was a call upon a minister, and then the little party took a train for the old home of Warren. For he had received a letter from his uncle, informing him that out of the wreck of his estate sufficient salvage had been acquired to start his favorite nephew in business and maintain a pleasant home for all hands around.

MRS. ANNIE OLEDA



Photo by Western Newspaper Union's OFFICIAL PHOTO

Mrs. Annie Olanda was the maker of a world's record in a new line of work, that of loading hand grenades. She loaded 10,600 in a day while employed at the Gorham Ammunition plant at East Providence, R. I.

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 1,936 miles in 10 days.

Bronzing Small Articles.

Small articles may be gilded by immersing them in the following solution, which must be used at nearly boiling heat: Caustic potash, 180 parts; carbonate of potash, 20 parts; cyanide of potassium, 9 parts; water, 1,000 parts. Rather more than one and one-half parts chloride of gold should be dissolved in the water when the other substances are to be added, and the whole boiled together. This mixture is often employed by dealers in cheap jewelry.

Deeds and Words.

Deeds are greater than words. Deeds have such a life, mute but undeniable, and grow as living trees and fruit trees do; they people the vacuity of time and make it green and worthy. Why should the oak prove logically that it ought to grow, and will grow? Plant it, try it; what gifts of diligent judicious assimilation and secretion it has, of progress and resistance, of force to grow, will then declare themselves.—Carlyle.

No Person Has Seen the Sun.

Astronomers aver that no one has ever seen the sun. A series of concentric shells envelops a nucleus of which we apparently know nothing except that it must be almost infinitely hotter than the fiercest furnace, and that it must amount to more than nine-tenths of the solar mass. That nucleus is the real sun, forever hidden from us. The outermost of the enveloping shell is about 5,000 miles thick, and is called the "chromosphere."

Spanish Literature.

While literary Spain sank into a deep slumber after the day of Cervantes and Lope de Vega, it awoke brilliantly in the latter half of the nineteenth century, presenting to the world Palaco Valdes, Perez Galdos, Jose de Pereda, Juan Valera, Echegaray and other distinguished writers.

The Singing Mouse.

The singing mouse is not a distinct species. According to descriptions of the common house mouse, "Mus musculus," and of the American wood-mouse, "Hesperomys leucopus," they have been known to acquire the trick or habit of warbling a few notes in a high key and with a shrill wiry timbre, vocalizing in a manner that might be called singing.

Big Canadian Telescope.

The tube of the telescope erected by the Canadian dominion at Victoria, B. C., is large enough to permit of the passage of a small automobile and the reflector is 73 inches in diameter. The movable parts of the telescope weigh more than 40 tons, and the lens alone more than 4,000 pounds, yet one man can easily move the mass into any desired position.



BUT THIS IS HOW THEY DID IT



Vest Pocket Essays

By GEORGE FITCH
Author of "At Good Old Biwaga"

EATING.

Eating is the world's greatest indoor sport.

It varies from a duty to a passion and an uncontrollable habit. Some people eat merely in order to live, while others postpone their deaths in order that they may struggle up to the table for one more square meal with trimmings.

Eating is a necessity. No matter how proud or haughty a person may be he cannot rise above it. In some nations almost half of the ruler's spare time is spent in eating rare and complicated meals. However, in these nations the peasant is usually less extravagant. He gets along with a few bites a day. One of the reasons why the Russian soldier is hurling himself with such reckless courage against the enemy is doubtless the knowledge that if he survives the war he will have to go back home and live on black bread with cheese for dessert on holidays.

Some people make eating an art and exist daintily on aesthetic looking dishes which a farmer could not eat fast enough to keep himself from dying of starvation. Others make eating a dissipation. The Romans were a mighty people but in time they got to lying around the dinner table for eleven hours at a time and slightly after this the empire perished of indigestion.

A man can exist on \$15 worth of food a year. However, there is no competition for this sort of a job. The average American eats up \$200 worth of staple and fancy groceries, meats, etc., each year with ease. There are other Americans who step into a city restaurant in the evening and pay enough for a dinner to keep a

Belgian family alive for a month; and there are still other Americans who manage to consume \$10,000 worth of food a year.

It is staggering to the mind to conceive of a man who can load away this amount of provisions. Still, many ordinary sized men do it. When we think of the large number of soup



"Americans pay enough for a dinner to keep a Belgian family alive for a month."

kitchens which had to close down this winter before the line was fed and then ponder upon these voracious eaters and drinkers of the world's choicest foods we wonder if Providence in its inscrutable ways will not get tired of them some day and invest them with a thick coat of bristles in order that they may herd with their kind.



ALICE IN DOT LAND
By Clifford Leon Sherman

Alice followed the White Rabbit into a rabbit hole that suddenly dipped down, and so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think before she found herself falling down what seemed to be a very deep well. On the sides she saw maps and pictures and Orange Marmalade and then she began to wonder if she was going to fall out on the other side of the earth and find everybody up-side down. And she thought it might be New Zealand or Australia but she would have to ask and curtsy as she spoke. And then she wondered if anyone would remember to feed Dinah. For Dinah was her — (214)

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Britisher Has Odd Motor.

An English engineer has developed a novel form of rotary motor having four cylinders that operate inside the blades of the propeller. The propeller blades are made of metal and the exhaust issues from the ends of the blades.

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.

Pope's Poetry.

His poetry is not a mountain-tarn like that of Wordsworth; it is not in sympathy with the higher moods of the mind; yet it continues entertaining in spite of all changes of mode. It was a mirror in a drawing-room, but it gave back a faithful image of society, powdered and rouged, to be sure, and intent on trifles, yet still as human in its way as the heroes of Homer in theirs — Lowell.

Music Not His Strong Point.

The leader of a volunteer orchestra was greatly annoyed by the cellist, who repeatedly at a rehearsal was in error; finally he stood near him, listening. "Why, man," he exclaimed, "your cello is not in tune!" The player screwed at the pegs, but a few moments later the discord was repeated. "Can't you tune your instrument?" demanded the conductor irritably. "No-o!" said the stout cellist, "not always." Then his face brightened. "But you should see how I can skin fish!" The skinning of fish was his trade, the orchestra his side line.

Opium.

Opium is the dried juice of the white poppy, a flower that grows in many parts of Asia. A few days after the flowers have fallen off the plants men go through the fields in the afternoon and make little cuts in the poppy head. Out of these cuts a milky juice oozes, which dries into a brown, sticky paste. Every morning the men go through the fields again and scrape off this paste, which they put into jars. Later on it is made into half-pound balls and then packed for shipment.