

A Promise Kept

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR

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It was a district where law and order prevailed only where the community centers showed numerical strength. Outlawry was the rule where reckless groups banded together along the ranges, and family and tribal feuds ran through two, and even three generations.

It was at Acton that Reuben Lane and his daughter Elsie lived. She was the belle of the county, in the full bloom of lovely maidenhood. Mr. Lane was in his little one-story office one evening when a rough looking man mounted on horseback dashed up to the place, entered it, there was a shot, the visitor came out swiftly, leaped to the saddle, and was off in a flash.

"It's a murder!" announced the first man summoned by the echo of the report, as he found Reuben Lane lying lifeless beside his desk.

"And robbery!" added another.

The dreadful news utterly crushed Elsie. It was only after the funeral that she regained composure and fortitude. Over that sunny face came a cloud, into the depths of her eyes a purpose. She was almost stern as she said:

"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," that was ingrained with my dead father. I know what he would have me do. I will divide my fortune and marry the man who will bring to justice the cowardly assassin."

That day these appeared at the office of Lawyer Barton, the executor of the estate, a man who was considerable of a mystery in the section. He was known as Alvin Morse, and had come to Acton about a year previous. He grew a long beard that covered up all of his face except the bright, magnetic eyes. He made his living by hunting and acting as a guide to prospectors and speculators looking for iron and coal prospects. Rough looking, uncouth, he entered the lawyer's office with the bearing of a natural athlete and man of courage.

"I just heard of the killing of Mr. Lane," he said. "I understand that so far no trace of the murderer has been reported. I saw the sheriff. He gave me two clues; the revolver dropped by the assassin, and a description of his horse. I have seen both before. I know the man and I am going after him."

There was a rustle, and for the first time the visitor noted a veiled figure seated back in the shadow. His con-skin cap was instantly doffed.

"You know the reward," spoke the lawyer. "Miss Lane here will divide her fortune with the man who brings her father's murderer to justice and will become his wife, if he so elects."

"I shall ask no reward," returned Alvin Morse in clear, resonant tones.

"Any real man would be glad to be of service to a woman in distress. Mr. Lane was an honor to the town and his death should be avenged."

"We have met before," spoke Elsie. "It was you who seized me to swing with me from the river trestle just in time to save me from an onrushing train."

"And get my own imperiled self out of danger as well," lightly remarked Morse, but his heart was aquiver as he recalled that dreadful, yet delicious moment when, clasping her dainty form, he swung a hundred feet over a yawning abyss.

Then two weeks passed by and one day a forlorn travel-worn figure indeed entered the office of the lawyer.

"The murderer is in the town jail," announced Morse quietly, "but dying. He drew his revolver on me; it caught in his coat, but I have what I promised—I got your man."

"I must send for Miss Lane at once," spoke Mr. Barton. "The reward—"

Morse held up a silencing hand. "Let all that be forgotten," he said. "The money I would not take. As to the girl herself," and his voice lowered to tenderness and longing, "I am not of her grade. I am a fugitive from justice charged with robbing a bank up North, of which I was a cashier. It was some burglar, but I was accused unjustly and fled, a broken man, to hide in this wilderness."

It was a new Alvin Morse who started the lawyer and Elsie Lane the next morning as they sat in consultation. He was arrayed in new attire, the thick beard was gone, youth, vivacity, intelligence, hope showed in every feature of that handsome face, and Elsie regarded him with heightened color.

"I have a strange story to tell," narrated Morse. "I felt a pity for the prisoner, on account of his destitute wife and child, and I promised to see that they were provided for. Then, as he told of his many past criminal deeds, he chanced to confess the burglary of the bank where I was employed. He made a written confession, completely clearing me of guilt. I am a free man at last!"

"A Lane never went back on a pledge sacredly given," spoke Elsie. "I will keep my promise, Mr. Barton. We will divide my father's estate evenly."

"I shall never accept it!" declared Morse with finality.

"Then—then—the further pledge—"

"Let time tell," spoke the lawyer, seeking to relieve the pending embarrassment of the moment and spare the blushes of Elsie and the delicacy of feeling of the young man—and it did!

The Famished Soul

By EVELYN LEE

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It might have been wicked that Madge Griscom experienced a sense of relief when the funeral of her husband was over. She had never loved him and he knew it, and she could not regret the sense of freedom that had come to her. To the last hour of his life he had been kind, attentive and considerate towards him. She had fulfilled every wifely duty, she had even given over to him the means to finance him in business. It was true that she had now inherited the same, many times augmented, but she had worked side-by-side with him at a desk, and the first thing she had done in taking over his estate was to place a charge against it that would insure a competence for his aged parents.

"And now you can follow out your own ideas and enjoy life," reminded her sister, but Madge's lips were set smilelessly.

"No, Edna," she responded. "The best years of my life are gone. I feel as though my heart was dead. There is a certain interest that is not unpleasant, in business and I shall continue."

"To keep from thinking, poor thing!" Edna later imparted to a special friend. "You know Madge has led a life of positive slavery for ten years. I don't know how it was that papa took a strange liking to Mr. Griscom—nothing would do but Madge must marry him. He chilled her, froze all that was tender and gentle in her nature. He tied her down to a desk—oh, it was dreadful!"

Madge became a boarder at the home of Edna. The latter, after half a dozen years of marriage, was just as much a girl as ever, but somehow Madge was not in harmony. She felt and acted odd.

Across the corridor from the office suite was a room fronting on a court, and more than once Madge had noticed its occupant, a delicate looking young man with refined features and a gentle gravity of manner that seemed akin to sadness. Somehow she was attracted, and if she had closely analyzed her impression she would have found that something in the quiet, resigned manner of the young man had suggested itself as akin to her own somber frame of mind. One day there came the impulse to learn something closer concerning her opposite neighbor and opportunity abetted it. The postman had misdelivered a letter addressed to Mr. Paul Derby, and that was the name on the door of the office. Mrs. Griscom took the letter across the hall. It was a bare, dismal place, looking out upon a court, and the heat was oppressive on account of such scant direct ventilation. The young man was bent over some manuscript which he seemed to be studying closely and transcribing. Later Mrs. Griscom learned that he was a translator and a master of several languages.

He arose somewhat confused, but the courteous gentleman complete, and accepted with thanks the letter tendered by his attractive looking visitor, who could be most gracious and smiling when occasion or her mood accorded. She could not very well remain, but she observed, less casually than it seemed on the surface.

"It must be very warm and oppressive here when the breeze is not right, Mr. Derby," and then: "One of our offices is directly opposite, and if its door was kept open, you would have a direct draft through to the court," and the pleased expression in the young man's face encouraged his thoughtful visitor to the extent that when she returned to her own office and opened the door, the effect of the current of air was noticeable in the fluttering of the papers on the desk of the translator, and he sat more erect and comfortable as though enjoying the change in the temperature.

As time went on Madge, as she passed down the corridor daily, would nod in a friendly way to Derby and he seemed to brighten up because of the attention. Then one day there was a change of wind and a sheet of paper came fluttering across the hall and into the private office where Mrs. Griscom sat. It was a brief letter, directed to Derby, and it notified him that the manuscript of an unpublished work by Spain's most noted writer could be had of a priest for two thousand dollars cash and a like amount on time. At the bottom of the sheet was a penciled reply: "I am in despair. It would be impossible for me to raise one-tenth of the amount named, so I must allow this great opportunity of my life to drift by."

Madge was grave and thoughtful as she took the letter and crossed the corridor.

"Mr. Derby," she said clearly, "I am a business woman and inadvertently I have read this letter. It seems to involve some cherished undertaking you cannot encompass because of lack of capital. Will you allow me to finance you and share your risk and profits?"

What could come of it all but success for Paul Derby, strengthened by the sympathy and co-operation of a true woman? What could come to Madge Griscom, after all the sordid years, but an awakening heart longing, and so there was for that famished soul the glory of the later real love of her life.

NIGHT AND DAY CAMP IS LIFE SAVING STATION



Tuberculosis kills 150,000 persons in the United States every year. These two women escaped. They are shown in the Night and Day Camp conducted by the St. Louis Society for the Relief and Prevention of Tuberculosis. They are among the fortunate ones because they knew how to take care of themselves when this great menace threatened them. They knew that the cure lies in plenty of fresh air, even if the temperature is away below freezing, sunlight, good food and rest under proper medical supervision. Tuberculosis is not only curable but is preventable as well.

The prevention lies largely in right living, in building up a strong bodily resistance. Eight out of ten persons are infected at some time in their lives, according to figures of the National Tuberculosis Association, the leading agency in the United States in the fight upon this disease. This organization is sponsor for the annual Red Cross Christmas Seal sale, from which the funds to carry on the work throughout the year are chiefly derived.

RURALITES HAVE BIG HEALTH ADVANTAGE

Abundance of Fresh Air and Sunlight Do Much to Check Ravages of Tuberculosis.

DANGER IN CLOSED WINDOWS.

National Tuberculosis Association, Which Sponsors the Annual Sale of Red Cross Christmas Seals, Reports 150,000 Deaths Each Year From the Disease.

People who live in the smaller towns and on farms have a great health advantage over the city dwellers in that they have ever an abundant supply of fresh air and sunlight.

These two gifts of nature, so lavishly bestowed, are not always appreciated to their fullest extent. They are two of the strongest weapons against the menace of tuberculosis, or consumption, as it is sometimes called.

But consumption is not unknown in the rural districts. The death rate is sometimes as great in these sections as in the more crowded localities, chiefly because of carelessness or indifference to laws of health.

Few, indeed, are the farm houses or the homes in the smaller cities and villages that cannot have an outdoor sleeping porch. On the contrary, we often find that the windows of sleeping rooms in the home are shut tight in the mistaken belief that night air is harmful.

This paves the way for disease, especially tuberculosis, which generally attacks the lungs.

White Plague Kills 150,000 a Year.

The white plague claimed 150,000 lives last year in the United States. More than 1,000,000 Americans are suffering from it today. These figures are compiled from reports of experts all over the country and sent to the National Tuberculosis Association, the leading agency in the country to combat this disease. This organization is sponsor for the Red Cross Christmas Seal sale, from which its financial support is chiefly derived.

As medical science has proved consumption is both preventable and curable, the suffering caused by this disease is largely unnecessary. Most tuberculosis victims are between the ages of eighteen and forty-five.

Causes Half Billion Loss Annually.

These are the years when people are most active, the years of their greatest production. The snuffing out of these lives just when they are at the height of their usefulness means an annual loss to the country of nearly half a billion dollars.

Fresh air is the cheapest of medicines. Outdoor sleeping porches are not only for the sick. They help well folks to keep well, and the country dweller can have this aid to healthy living at far less inconvenience than his city neighbor.

You can help directly by seeing that you and your family are living under the most healthful conditions possible.

EXTRAVAGANT

By ANNA L. FINN.

"Bob is always talking about the delicious pies and cakes his mother makes," Jean Winston confided to her mother, "at the same time giving an admiring glance at the beautiful solitaire which adorned her third finger. "You see," she continued, "he wants me to know that I will have to be quite proficient in the culinary art to compete with her."

Mrs. Winston smiled at her daughter's simplicity. "Well, why don't you show him what you can do, Jean?" she replied. "He doesn't know that you have been taking a course in domestic science and are already quite proficient. Why not surprise him?"

"That's a perfectly splendid idea, mumsie," Jean exclaimed. "Bob is coming to dinner tonight and I'll make the most elaborate cake imaginable. It will surely rival anything which Mrs. Rogers ever made."

So donning the largest apron available, Jean set about her task. True to her desire, the cake was indeed an elaborate affair, for every known ingredient necessary to the making of a perfect cake was used by Jean. "There," she exclaimed, as she admirably put the finishing touches to the dainty pink and white frosting, "if that doesn't beat Bob's mother's cakes than I'm greatly mistaken." She was quite beside herself, for the cake was a grand success and one of which any girl might well be proud. She could picture Bob munching a piece of the toothsome dainty. "Won't he be surprised and delighted," she thought. So the cake was put away for safe keeping and Jean proceeded to busy herself about the house.

The day passed very quickly and, glancing at the clock, she realized that she had just about an hour in which to dress for dinner. Donning her favorite blue frock, she was about to proceed down stairs when suddenly she became aware of the fact that something was missing. "Oh, my ring! Where could I have put it?" she exclaimed. After a very careful search of her favorite hiding places she failed to find any trace of the lost treasure. Soon she had the whole household transformed into a searching party, but all without avail. The ring could not be found.

"Oh, what shall I do?" bemoaned Jean. "I can never tell Bob I have lost it; he would think it so careless of me. I'm sure I had it this morning," she continued. "But in my foolish pride and excitement over that horrid cake I lost it. I just hate the old cake now!"

All of course, were in sympathy with her; but when one has lost her treasured engagement ring it is hard to be consoled.

In due course of time Bob arrived, and to all outward appearances Jean was immensely happy. "What if he should miss it from my finger," she soliloquized. The thought caused her some concern, but she quietly dismissed it, hoping against hope that such a thing would not come to pass.

The dinner progressed very favorably, and finally the cake was brought forth. Bob was greatly impressed with its tempting appearance, and Jean promptly explained that she had made it especially for him and expressed the hope that he would like it. He was, of course, anxious to sample Jean's cooking and a very generous portion was served him.

Jean was quite elated, and was waiting anxiously for the words of praise which she knew she was sure to receive. Great was her surprise, however, as she glanced up at Bob to see a distressed look on his face. "Why, what's the trouble? Is there anything the matter with the cake?" Jean anxiously inquired. All eyes were immediately on Bob.

"Oh, no, not at all," he assured her. "Only I struck something rather hard," and presently he drew forth a portion of the cake in which was imbedded nothing less than Jean's cherished ring. Poor Bob; he looked both mystified and embarrassed. But Jean at once cleared up the situation. "Oh, my precious ring!" she rapturously exclaimed. "Why, how did it ever get into that cake?" Instantly she remembered removing it from her finger before commencing to bake the cake, and concluded that in some mysterious way it must have dropped into the mixture.

Great mirth followed and Jean joined the merriment, as she realized her terrible blunder, despite her efforts to display her talents in the all-important line.

"But it wasn't such a bad cake after all, was it, Bob?" she fondly inquired, after the merriment had subsided. "Well, I should say not," he replied; "it was a perfect jewel of a cake, but," he continued, "I'm afraid you will have to find a more economical recipe before we are married, because my salary would never warrant warrant diamond flavored cakes."

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DR. TOMO INOUYE



Dr. Tomo Inouye of Japan in native costume, one of the few Japanese women who have succeeded in gaining licenses as physicians. She is in New York attending a convention of women physicians from all over the world.

In Fast America.

In France the centerfielder is known as "le capitaine de centre," a home run as "une course sans arrêt" and the home plate as "le plaque debut final." If we had such names here how quickly they would be cut down by the fans and writers. Even a player with three syllables in his name generally has to get along with one.—Portland (Ore.) Press.

His Provocation.

"Slack proposed to Chamlian last night," whispered Heloise of the rapid fire restaurant. "He said he couldn't live without her."

"Uh-huh!" returned Claudine of the same establishment. "I heard his mother had married again and wouldn't support him any longer."—Kansas City Star.

RESTORING U. S. PAINTINGS



Charles Ayer Whipple, noted artist, at work restoring the paintings in the capitol at Washington. Mr. Whipple was commissioned and started his work last winter. After a brief vacation he has resumed his task.

United States Seal 136 Years Old.

The great seal of the United States was adopted by congress 136 years ago. The design was suggested by Sir John Prestwich, an eminent English antiquary, to John Adams, then United States minister to Great Britain, and was formally accepted by congress on June 20, 1782. It is composed of a spread eagle, bearing on its breast an escutcheon with 13 stripes, and in its talons holding an olive branch and 13 arrows, symbolic of both peace and war. The eagle, the suggestion of an Englishman, has ever since been the national bird of the United States.

Not a Common Poultice.

Jim had a very sore stone bruise on his heel and he was telling Red: "My mother," he said, "put a bread and milk poultice on it last night." Red was always looking for a chance to go his pal one better. The bread and milk poultice gave him an idea. "Last summer when I had a stone bruise," he said, "I did not let them use anything so common as bread and milk. Mother made my poultice out of ice cream and cake."

FACTS ON THE ARCH ENEMY OF HUMANITY.

Tuberculosis kills producers—chiefly men and women between the ages of 16 and 45.

It claims workers—active men and women in the homes, the office and the shop.

It causes 150,000 deaths in the United States every year.

It costs the United States in economic waste alone about \$500,000,000 annually.

More than 1,000,000 persons in this country are suffering from active tuberculosis right now.

It menaces every community, every home and every individual.

AND YET TUBERCULOSIS IS CURABLE AND PREVENTABLE.

It is spread largely by ignorance, carelessness and neglect.

The National Tuberculosis Association and its 1,000 affiliated state and local organizations wage a continuous winning war on tuberculosis.

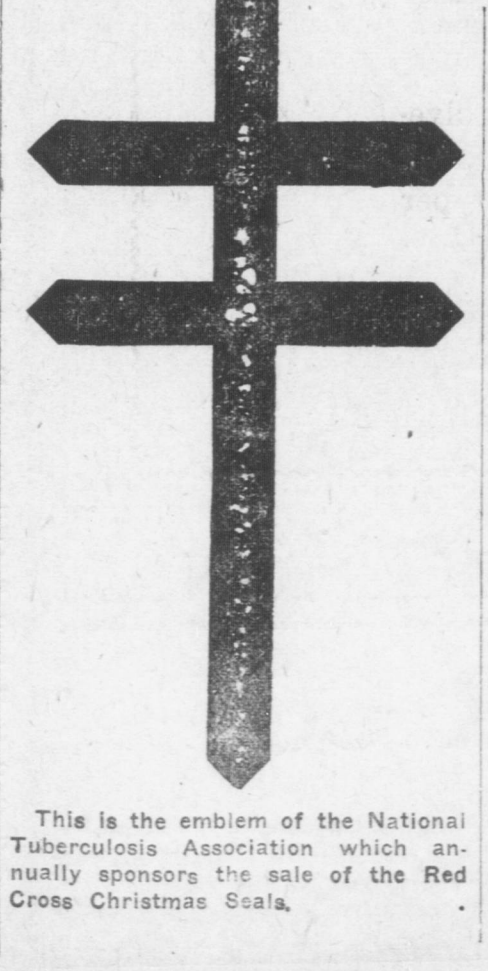
The work of these organizations is financed chiefly by the sale of Red Cross Christmas seals.

Drive the menace of tuberculosis from your door.

FIGHTING TUBERCULOSIS.

The National Tuberculosis Association has launched an extensive educational campaign. A recent health survey revealed a yearly death rate in the United States of 150,000 and there are today 1,000,000 active cases.

THE SYMBOL OF HOPE.



This is the emblem of the National Tuberculosis Association which annually sponsors the sale of the Red Cross Christmas Seals.