Doodle's Ambition

"I tell you, sis, you're an awful good joker, but I've got you beat when it comes to gray matter," said Doodles complacently running his fingers thru his pompadour.

"Well, what's the latest achievement" asked Doodles' sister with the condescending smile that goes with five years seniority.

"Oh, you'll tell," objected Doodles then without waiting for the coming denial he grew confidential. "I'm going to quit school," he said. "I'm going to South America. I've been reading up a lot lately about the wonderful opportunities in all business lines down there, and I've decided to hit the trail. Now, don't start in about my college education, because that stuff has been all knocked in the head. College education ruins a fellow and makes him lazy. I'm going to start in the business world while I'm young, and I'm going to start now."

Doodles threw down his magazine jumped up from the davenport and stood before his sister belligerently his hands in his pockets, his shaggy hair on end. Doodles' sister wisely kept her head bent over her work, so that Doodles missed the smile.

"When do you start, dear?"

"Soon as I get all the dope about the country and a good firm to tie up with. Now, don't pipe it off to mother or dad. I won't spring it until I have everything ready, for I don't want any butting in—I'm going!" Then, as his sister indulged in no expostulations and expressed neither surprise nor regret, Doodles flung out of the room with a parting defense, "And I haven't any softening of the brain, either!"

During the next week Doodles' sister alone saw Doodles smuggle in and hide the treasures that expressed his idea of the necessary regalia for the projected trip—a big sombrero, two outing shirts and three gaudy bandanas.

"Are those the things they wear down there?" queried Doodles' sister, respectfully, as she carefully coaxed the big sombrero into her hat box so that it might escape the eyes of Doodles' mother.

"That's what Fat Le Valley says," affirmed Doodles, "and he's got all kinds of dope about the places where we're going. We are waiting now," he continued importantly, "for answers to some of our correspondence. We may leave in a week or so."

That evening Doodles' father remarked, carelessly: "I met Fat Le Valley on the street as I was coming home." Then he raised his eyebrows at Doodles' sister, a mode of communication that escaped the others at the dinner table.

"W—what did he say?" asked Doodles, reddening consciously.

"Oh, we just chatted about school and the team and track work. He's rather tired of school he tells me—wants to go to work, I think. I don't know that I blame him much. There isn't a great deal in this college game anyhow."

Doodles' face cleared like a spring morning. "That's what I say, dad!" he started out. It's all tommyrot and a waste of time."

"What do they get out of it anyhow" continued Doodles' father musingly, as he replenished Doodles' plate. Just a good time, that's all. For instance now, you fellows who have been on the prep team—you'll probably make the 'varsity team right off the reel. And what's the result? Training table, stags, smokers, banquets and theaters before and after the games. Rushing all around the country—the girls making you pillows and fudge—rushed by all the frats! In other words, ruined for the ordinary day in and day out drudgery of business life. No, let a fellow start in at the bottom and plug along at five per. Get up at six o'clock, rain or snow—work till six at night, tired or not tired— get kicked around if you do your work wrong and kicked around if you do it right. That's the proper training table for a fellow," ended Doodles' father with enthusiasm.

Doodles' expression ran the gamut of all the emotions. "There's a lot that might be said on both sides, I suppose," he continued.

"By the way," said Doodles' father, as if it had just come to his memory "Coach Blaine got on the car with me the other day. He says that Fat Le Valley and you are the best bets for the 'varsity team. Fat was quite excited when I told him today. He said he wanted to talk it over with you immediately, but I told him that I didn't think it worth his while, as I was doubtful about sending you to college. You see—"

"But dad," broke in Doodles excitedly, "you wouldn't ruin my prospects like that! You've always said a poor education handicaps a fellow in every direction. You wouldn't spoil my chances in the beginning!"

Doodles' father looked thoughtful. "Well," he said slowly, "I don't like to cross your ambitions, Doodles, of course. Then there's your literary yearning. Perhaps I'd better think it over. So we'll see."

"Gee, I've got to see Fat," blurted out Doodles. He rose from the table and darted out.

"Whew!" whistled Doodles' father, as his face broke into smiles at the slamming of the front door. "That was the diplomatic feat of my life!"

"He can use the sombrero and the bandannas up at the lake next summer," put in Doodles' sister. "But don't let Doodles know what you've heard of them before."

Helpful Schemes

"No," asserted the woman in the fussy hat, "we haven't had porterhouse steak for a long time. If you feel like buying it, all right, but as for me, I have to economize!"

"But my family likes good things to eat," sighed her friend in the tailor suit.

"Mercy!" snapped the person in the fussy hat, "don't they tho! I'd like to see a family that didn't! But my husband told me some time ago that I would have to cut down on expenses, and I think it is a woman's duty to help all she can! Oh—will you look at those perfectly lovely lace neck things marked down to $1.50? Wait till I get one!"

"What are you going to wear it with?" inquired the tailored woman.

"Why—I don't now!" said her friend. "I haven't anything just now, but those things always come in handy. Yes, charge and send. So, as I said, I've been trying to do my best.

"Last night John groaned when hamburg steak came on, but I simply reminded him that he wanted to economize and as long as he did we'd have hamburger three times a week. I alternate with lamb stew, and my butcher's bill is cut in two. Men don't seem to appreciate what you do for them! John is so growly at dinner time these days.

"The trouble is they want to keep their cake and eat it—did you ever in your life see handkerchiefs so cheap? Just look at them! Regular 50 cent quality and only 25 cents! I simply must take advantage of it! No I have plenty but I can lay them aside till I do need them,and they are such a bargain! Send these two dozen I've picked out! A woman can help so much, I think by taking advantage of these bargains! Come on over to Jimps' with me! They advertised a wonderful sale of plaster ferneries and I want to see what they are.

"As I was saying, men haven't the remotest idea of how to save money. After all John's lectures to me I found him phoning his tailor about a new suit, and I almost took the receiver out of his hand! Here his closet was full of clothes that would do perfectly well if the collars were sponged with alcohol and the pressing place around the corner had fixed them up and mended a few worn spots, yet here he was ordering a new suit!

"He tried to excuse himself by saying there was an important meeting of the heads of the concern next week, that he had to attend and he couldn't afford to look shabby because he stood in line for promotion. I pointed out to him that nobody ever really knows what a man has on anyhow, and that he knew he couldn't afford it, and that people judged a man's finances by the way his wife dressed. I explained to him that I had a new gown coming home soon, and the bill would be rather large, because I knew that he didn't want me to be seen in horrid cheap things. He was real selfish and grumpy about it, and said I had plenty of clothes.

"There! Did you ever see ferneries equal to these for double the money? It would be a crime not to take advantage of the sale! No, I haven't any place for it now, but I'm bound to move this spring into an apartment with more windows and I can use it then. I think it improves a home so much to have these little womanly touches about it!

"Did you say you had to stop and phone about cream? Mercy! We haven't had cream since John told me to cut down! I stopped that right away, and he has to use milk in his coffee and on his breakfast food. I always take my coffee clear, anyhow, and besides, cream makes me fat.

"You wouldn't believe how unreasonable John has been during this period of close money. First he tells me to cut down and then he rages because I do! Let's stop at Bickle's on our way—they are selling 80 cent chocolates for fifty cents today and I simply must have some. I think chocolate is so good for one's health, don't you!

"I've had to exercise my strength of mind to help John save, because he gets crazy every once in a while to go to some concert or lecture and I say firmly, 'No!' It is so foolish to spend money for luxuries like that when we don't need to. I saved enough that way to give a luncheon and card party last week, but he didn't seem to appreciate my cleverness at all! Oh, come on! You don't have to get home—give them canned stuff for dinner! I'm dying to see the star in this musical comedy, and I'll treat to matinee tickets!

"You simply can't! Well, I must say you'll make yourself a slave to your family and they won't appreciate it a bit. I think a woman owes it to herself to brighten up her life all she can! Good by—I'm going anyway."

A Long Story

"May I ask the cause of all this excitement?" asked the stranger in the little village.

"Certainly," replied the country man. "We're celebrating the birthday of the oldest inhabitant. She's a hundred and one today."

"Indeed! And may I ask who is that little man, with the dreadfully sad countenance, walking by the old lady's side?"

"Oh, that's the old lady's son in law sir. He's been keeping up the payments on her life insurance policy for the last thirty years!"

FIND JEWEL STONES IN GRAVEL

Diggers Discover Valuables in Denver Subway.

More than one hundred semi-precious stones, among the varities being the moonstone, topaz and white sapphire, have been found during the last few days in the gravel which is being used in the concrete construction work at Denver's Union station.

Some of the stones were found in gravel which was brought from along the Platte River, while others were picked up at the bottom of the pits which have been dug in the course of the construction of the passenger and baggage subways in Denver.

John Hewitt, employed in the office of the Denver Union Terminal Company, picked up a smoky topas almost as large as a robin's egg, without a flaw in it. The intrinsic value of the stone is about $5, according to experts who have examined it.

SOME NEW FACTS ABOUT MOSES

Also New Light on Return of Prodigal Son.

Bible questions were put to sixty pupils in the Sedgwick County rural schools. Describing the funeral of Moses one boy wrote:

"It was on a still night when the rush of a train broke the silence and at daybreak he was buried at the foot of a mountain and let the dirt roll down on him."

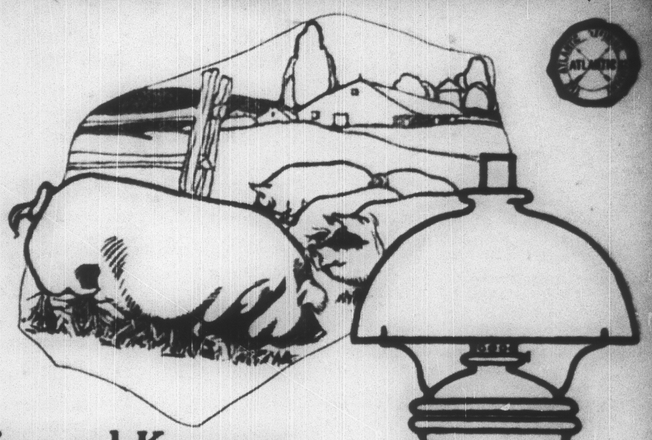
Two of the answers to a Prodigal Son question were:

"The Prodigal Son went away from home and after a while he came back and said, 'Father, thou are a sinner.'"

"While he was yet a great way off his father came to meet him and fell on his dirty neck and kissed him."

MEMORIES OF BIG SHIP

Memories of the "great ship" are recalled by the death, in her 105d year, of Mrs. Elizabeth Martin, at Metheringham, near Lincoln, England. Her husband was chief steward of the steamer Great Eastern when that pioneer of huge modern vessels laid the Atlantic cable in 1865. The career of this ship, from its launching on the Thames in 1858 and throughout its checkered career was of great interest to our fathers, to whom a steamer of 24,000 tons was a marvel. They called it the "great ship," and it was not until nearly fifty years after Brunel designed it that passenger ships as large or larger went afloat. It met with many mishaps, but there remains to its credit the fact that it took troops to Canada and laid the Atlantic cable. Mrs. Martin was an active woman, who remembered events long past, and up to the time of her death discussed the war with



Figs and Kerosene

Agricultural colleges experiment to ascertain the best feeding methods for pigs. By scientific study they determine what will practically assure success and profits.

What has this to do with kerosene? Just this: scientific research by experts has produced a kerosene for you to feed your lamps and oil stoves—a kerosene so highly refined, so pure in form, that it is called

ATLANTIC
Rayolight
OIL

to distinguish it from ordinary kinds. It will not smell, smoke or char the wicks. You can have a brilliant yet soothing light and a steady, room-filling heat without fussing with burners, trimming wicks and turning the flame up and down. When used in lanterns it gives a clear, far-reaching light. And it costs not a penny more than ordinary kinds. Always *ask for it by name.*

For perfect results use Atlantic Rayolight Oil in Rayo Lamps. Many beautiful designs moderately priced—$1.90 up. Ask your dealer.

Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater

No chopping kindling, no shoveling coal, no tinkering with draughts. Just strike a match and your Perfection Oil Heater will keep you warm and comfortable, no matter how hard the wind blows. You won't have any smoke, soot, ashes, or the slightest odor. Any dealer will be glad to show you Perfection Oil Heaters, priced

$3.50 to $5.00

Watch for the sign—Atlantic Rayolight Oil For Sale Here. You're likely to find it a reliable place to do most of your buying. When the wind howls, and the snow packs along the windows, it's a heap o' comfort to have a barrel of Atlantic Rayolight Oil on hand. Don't take it home unless the brand name is on the barrel.

ATLANTIC Rayolight OIL FOR SALE HERE

THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY
Pittsburgh and Philadelphia

Born 'neath Virginia's sunny skies

From the sun-bathed fields of Virginia comes the finest-quality cigarette tobacco on earth. Tobacco experts say so.

And it is this highest-grade Virginia tobacco that is in Piedmonts—they're ALL Virginia! Golden, lively, mellow as Virginia's sunshine itself.

That refreshing liveliness in a cigarette, that is known as *character*, is present from tip to tip in Piedmonts—because none but Virginia tobacco *can* give this *character* to a cigarette.

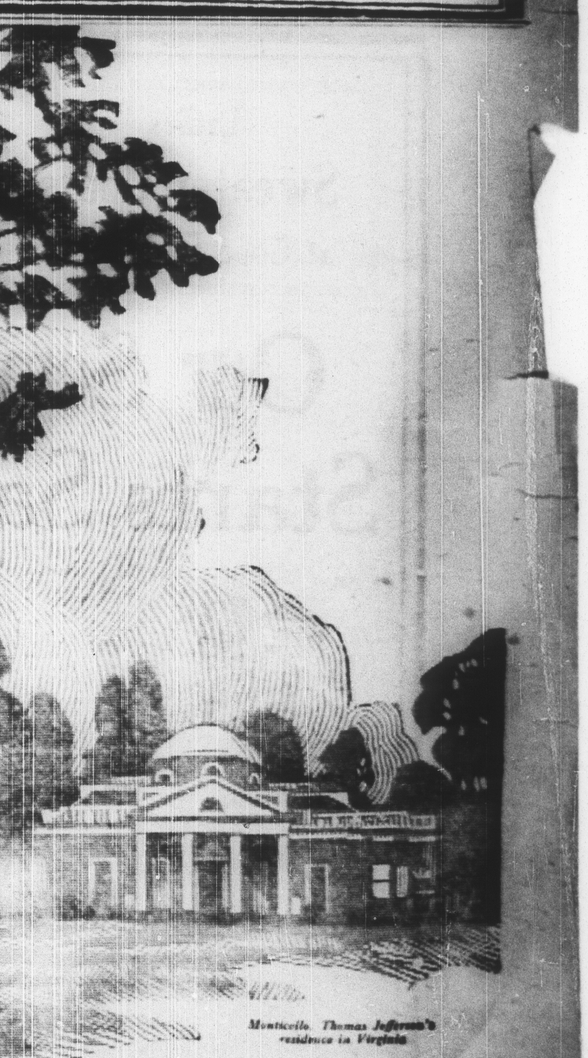
VIRGINIA TOBACCO PAYS NO DUTY—ALL THE VALUE IS IN THE CIGARETTE.

"A package of Piedmonts, please".

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

An ALL Virginia cigarette—
Piedmont
The Cigarette of Quality

10 for 5¢
Also Packed 20 for 10¢



Monticello. Thomas Jefferson's residence in Virginia

NOTE:—The duty on the Turkish tobacco that goes into a 5c package of so-called blended cigarettes is greater than the cost of the tobacco itself. But Piedmonts, made of highest-grade Virginia tobacco, have all the value in the tobacco—because [illegible] on Virginia tobacco [illegible]