

FANNY'S ATTIC GOLD MINE

When Fanny Winn heard sounds of sobbing, and entering her daughter's room found Helena on the bed in tears, she did not ask what was the matter; she knew. She merely sat down on the side of the bed and patted Helena's thin young shoulders with a hand that had worked hard and thickened.

"There! There!" she soothed gently. Helena dug her feverish, wet face further in the pillow.

"I'm ashamed of crying, but I can't help it," said said. "Mother, it just seems as if I couldn't stand it not to be able to go on with school. If I could go to Normal two years I could teach! I—I can't bear to go to work in the mill and then perhaps marry the way Catherine Scott did."

Fanny knew all about Catherine Scott. She tried to say cheerfully: "Oh, it wouldn't be as bad as that! You can save your money and go on studying after a year or two."

"I could never catch up. Nobody ever does. Catherine didn't. There was a time when she wouldn't have looked at that fellow, but she lost her courage. And I'm no braver than she was to begin with." Helena sat up and wiped her face, swallowing further sobs. "Mother, there's no way out of it. I'll have to go to work. Father hasn't any money to help me with my education and you've done all you can. And—I've no faith in our gold mine."

Fanny was silent. She might have said that she had long ago lost faith in the gold mine. Once it had lured. That was when she was young and first married to Everett Winn. She had listened then entranced to stories of the wonderful gold mine which Everett had inherited from his father. Everett's father in turn had inherited it from his father, who had been a rover and adventurer. Everett's father had always intended to work the wonderful mine, but somehow he had never found either the means or the ambition. Everett's idea was to sell it outright. He had spent much honest money advertising his claims but the Baby Giant found no buyer. It's locality was obscure, although Everett had certain papers to prove his ownership, and although his hair was growing gray and he had a daughter who wanted to go to college, he still expected to derive a fortune from the sale of the fabulous mine.

In the meantime Fanny had raised chickens, taken boarders and roomers, turned every honest penny that was possible in order that her daughter might be fed and clothed and educated. While Everett followed indifferently a job that yielded an inadequate income, Fanny had worked and worried and planned and prayed. But the time had come when she could do no more. She could not get the money necessary to send Helena to Normal for two years.

"I've lost faith in the gold mine," Helena repeated dully and her mother in silence echoed that declaration. Fanny arose from the bed. "Now, you lie still, dear," she said. "I'm going downstairs to work a bit in my garden."

Fanny's garden was a great help toward keeping the family. Everett never touched it, but Helena assisted her mother. The girl sprang up now. "I'll come, too," she said. "I might as well be doing some good as lying here crying."

The two went downstairs and out of doors together. The garden was behind the Winn house and considering the smallness of the space it occupied, it yielded wonderfully. When Orlando Winn built his house he probably never in one week than Everett Winn had ever earned in any one month in his life.

"Let's do something neighborly," whispered Helena. "Let's offer that woman some radishes and lettuce."

"All right," Fanny caught up a handful of lettuce, Helena snatched another handful of crisp, rosy radishes and they moved closer to the fence. "Wouldn't you like these for your supper?" Fanny asked. "Things of this sort are never so good, I think, as when they're taken fresh from the ground."

and they leaned on the fence and began to get acquainted. "I think we're going to like the country very much," Mrs. Knox said, "except for one thing. I can't find any furniture I want; we only brought what we had to have from the city, and the things they have in that little shanty downtown look so shiny and cheap. I'm afraid we'll just have to live in a bare house until we can get to the city again."

"Oh, don't do that!" cried Fanny. She found she liked this frank little woman very much. "I'll lend you some things. Our house is stuffed with old furniture. But come up to our attic and I'll show you."

Mrs. Knox laid her radishes and lettuce on the ground and followed as Fanny and Helena led the way. It was close and hot in the attic and the light was dim, but Mrs. Knox had good eyes. She went straight to a forlorn-looking old dresser and laid her hand on it. Her manner grew suddenly curious and eager.

"It—it is mahogany!" she exclaimed. She moved from one decrepit article to another. "And this—and this—why, Mrs. Winn! How fortunate you are. You've got a gold mine here."

"A gold mine?" Fanny and Helena exchanged a stare. "A gold mine?" Helena repeated after her mother. "A gold mine, indeed! I know a man in the city who will buy every bit of this at a fabulous price. You don't want to give such stuff as this away. You want to sell it."

"But it's broken and rubbed!" "It can be made as good as new. Why, I've seen Mr. Mahin, that man I whole console out of a few pieces of the original design—and sell it for a thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars!" gasped Fanny. "Oh, do you think you could get him interested in these things? The house is full of them. I want to send my daughter away to school and I can't unless— Her voice broke.

"I'll write—no, I'll telephone to Mr. Mahin this very day," promised Mrs. Knox. The following day the furniture maker arrived from the city. He bought every bit of old furniture Fanny had in her house.

"Well, it looks pretty empty," Fanny said to Helena as after the furniture had been carted away in a big van she and Helena were looking about, "but you can buy more some day when you get to teaching."

"Mother! Two years at Normal without skipping on anything for me and two years of rest for you with money for everything; why, no gold mine could do much better than that," Fanny laughed.

Such as it is, no one has a real kick coming about the quantity of air that makes up our atmosphere. There's a lot of it lying around. Eleven and two-thirds trillions of pounds, if one wants the figures and knows how to string 'em out in a row. There's so much of it that its mere weight presses down on each of us to the extent of some fourteen tons, and we never feel it. There is all the air likely to be needed for birds, airplanes and balloons, and when it moves about as a gentle zephyr or an unpleasantly rough tornado the supply is not lessened. But when it comes to breathing it we have something else to say.

Normal air contains only about a full fifth, 20.96 per cent, of oxygen, and it is the oxygen that keeps us alive and running. The nitrogen, which makes up the bulk of the remainder, is a mere space filler and we breathe it in and out again because we must in order to get our brokerage of oxygen.

But we have been breathing this dilute mixture for such a long period, probably from the very beginning, that an increase of the oxygen content, unless by the most gradual of steps and stages, would probably leave none of us surviving. We can use a little more oxygen in emergencies, such as when we have given a chap rather too much nitrous oxide or the like to put him to sleep, but we would need radical modification of our breathing apparatus to thrive with even twice as much oxygen as we normally get.

There is no prospect of any such increase, however, and the probabilities are that any change would be in the reverse direction, which is comforting enough for the deep-breathing lads with the big chests.—Kansas City Times.

Solution of Pressing Problems Largely Dependent Upon the World's Youth

By REV. LEROY S. BURROUGHS, Iowa State University.

YOUNG people must realize that they are the creators of tomorrow. If the world is to be one whit wiser, more humane, more spiritual or in any way a better place in which to live, it is the youth of today who must make it so. The present holds problems, coming in part from the past and reaching out into the future, which thoughtful persons must face.

Among these problems, the changing position of woman, economic independence, the postponement of marriage, due to the ever-increasing amount of time demanded for an education; the consequent moral and social problems involved, such as: How soon to marry, companionate marriage, shall both parties be wage earners, what of children, divorce? A very small percentage of our population does creative thinking, and it should be the duty of education to spread the results of this increased wisdom. We are training children to suit the preconceived ideas of the state, rather than to meet the real problems of life with open eyes and an unprejudiced desire to find the truth.

The superior sneer of youth is nothing but an inheritance from our animal ancestors. It is the snarl which wrinkles back the nose, bares the teeth and permits one to prepare to bite. To view life with such a sneer is locating yourself in your proper biological sphere. Our grandparents could marry at eighteen years of age; our parents more likely waited until twenty-two or twenty-five, but the young person who wishes to prepare himself for life with a technical education frequently has to postpone marriage until thirty. No wonder we have some sexual irregularities.

Awakening of China of High Importance in the Drama of Human Destiny

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, New York Community Church.

China lies at the very heart of the Asiatic movement today and Asia and perhaps the world will be vitally influenced by the course which she adopts within the next ten or twenty years. Every friendly and helpful and peaceful influence should be granted her. To block her, thwart her, oppose or fight her will be a fatal policy. What happens to China at this moment may save or wreck the world forever. The awakening of Asia; and particularly of China, will be ranked with the World war, the Russian revolution and the passing of world power from Europe to America as one of the most significant events of the age.

It is an ironical circumstance that the East is entering upon the same experience of establishing a new social order based on nationalism that the West has been undergoing for a period of 400 years, and that the start is being made at a time when the West, fearing a final cataclysm of ruin in case of another World war, is making some progress at transforming its own social order.

Mahatma Gandhi would now do for Asia and the world what Christianity tried and failed to do for Europe and the world. He would save mankind in the only way it can be saved—through justice, love and peace. Japan is already lost—her precious soul has been sold for the mess of Western potage. India may yet be saved. Between the two stands China, wavering. The whole force of dominant world influence sways her toward the West, with its arms, machines and futile pride. The whole force of her own essential genius sways her toward Gandhi and the ways of humility and peace. Her decision will decide the future. In China is being played the drama of human destiny.

Further Development of Airplane Dependent Upon Problem of Combustion

By PROF. GEORGE GRANGER BROWN, University of Michigan.

The lifting ability of a plane depends on the power of the motor. Until the internal combustion engine was available with its low weight per horse power, the weight of the power plant always exceeded the lifting capacity of the plane. Just as the internal combustion engine made possible the airplane, so is further development of the airplane dependent upon still lower weights per unit of power. The efficiency of present plane and propeller design is so high that there is little opportunity for improvement along these lines.

But if the weight of the motor and fuel could be reduced or its power proportionately increased, so much more "pay load" could be carried. All human and animal existence depends upon combustion as its source of energy. The first real progress man made in his ascent or descent from the anthropomorphic missing link depended upon his control of fire or combustion, and our further progress depends upon more intelligent and efficient control of combustion.

At present there is a deadlock in the design of light, high speed internal combustion engines for automobile and aircraft use. The effect on increased compression in increasing efficiency is thoroughly realized. Designers are prepared to supply high compression engines if the common run of motor fuels can be used in them.

Leisure, Science and Boredom Probably Three Greatest Threats Against Humanity

By DR. McMASTERS, President Mount Union College.

The greatest threat against humanity is for a human being to become bored with life. The chief threats are leisure, science and boredom. Leisure may either be made dangerous or an asset to humanity. We can employ our leisure in tearing down mind and body or devote it to the creation of intellectual enthusiasm. The threat of science is the greater development of machinery and the standardization of labor. The increased number of suicides in the ranks of high school and college students is one demonstration of the threat offered by boredom. They held their lives valueless because they thought they had explored the world of "thrills."

We older men find an abundance of "thrilling" things to occupy our attention, however. These are provided by a study of astronomy, nature, psychology, philosophy and other worth while subjects which lead to the great objective, an intellectual enthusiasm. Man must overcome machinery, instead of allowing it to make him its slave. There should be five workdays each week and the need for constructive reading and a higher education must be stressed. Education never ceases, no matter if a man lives to be 100.

You Cannot Have Health If Constipated

"I am writing you in regard to Milks Emulsion. About two years ago I became constipated and suffered with piles. I tried all kinds of advertised medicines and didn't get any results. I would have to take a cathartic every night. I fell off in weight from 185 to 165 pounds. I got so skinny I didn't look like myself."

"A friend advised me to try Milks Emulsion. After taking one or two bottles it did me so much good I wrote you for advice in the treatment of my case. I followed the instructions you gave me and used twelve bottles of Milks Emulsion and I am now in perfect health. I have gained 25 pounds. I recommend Milks Emulsion to every sufferer of constipation."

"I want to thank you for your advice." Yours truly, W. L. JONES, Greensboro, Ala., R. F. D. No. 5, Box 84. Sold by all druggists under a guarantee to give satisfaction or money refunded. The Milks Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.—Adv.

Tactful Rebuke That Princess Had Earned

The Duchess Elise Torlonia, who has renounced her title in order to recover her American citizenship, said at a dinner party in New Haven: "People who have titles know their value. There's a story about the queen of England that I like. 'There had been a garden party or something at Buckingham palace, and when it was finished one of the court officials said to Princess Mary, who was then only a child: 'Well, little lady, so it's all over.' 'But the princess ran to the queen and said: 'He oughtn't to speak to me like that. Little lady indeed! I'm a princess.' 'Yes,' said the queen, 'you're a princess now. I hope you may be a lady by and by. Go back and tell Sir John I said so.'"

Commercial Art Dr. A. S. Wolf Rosenbach, the famous bibliographer and connoisseur of Philadelphia, was condemning the new school of American novelists. "Writing isn't an art with them," he said. "It's a trade. They don't try to write beautiful things. They try to write profitable things."

Doctor Rosenbach ended sadly: "The talk of American authors used to be bookish. Now it's pocketbookish."

Trip "Eloise, what impressed you most about the ocean?" "The utter absence of billboards."

The way most men feel about pub-

Elephant's Growth Noted

It is extremely difficult to estimate by height or by size of tusks alone, the age of a young elephant moving with a herd. It is interesting to note the recorded growth in captivity of an African elephant named Bama. He was captured in the Bas-Uele, August 2, 1902. On that day he measured four feet two inches in height. A quarter of a century has now elapsed. He has remained throughout that time in his own district. He is now eight feet three inches.

Slight Misunderstanding

"What's the chatter?" inquired grandfather. "I am trying to recite the Greek alphabet," answered the schoolboy. "I am glad to hear it. I thought you were practicing the chorus of a new popular song."

Love is one of the diseases for which the onion is a sure cure.

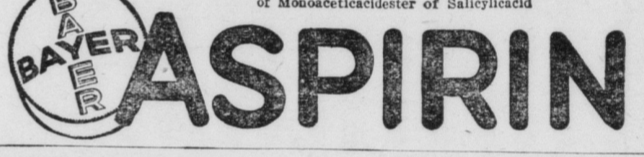


Most pies that fail do so because the baker doesn't care how the crust tastes.

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The nurse tells you to take Bayer Aspirin because she knows it's safe. Doctors have told her so. It has no effect on the heart, so take it to stop a headache or check a cold. For almost instant relief of neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism; even lumbago. But be sure it's Bayer—the genuine Aspirin. At druggists, with proven directions for its many uses.



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Not That Kind Johnnie—I got Greece on the radio last night. Mother—Well, you wipe it off before your father sees it.—Exchange.

Thought for Today—Propriety of manners and consideration for others are the two main characteristics of a gentleman.—Beaconstield.

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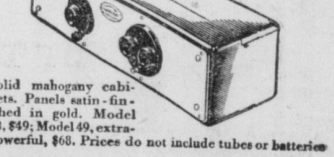
batteries. Your radio is operated in the same way your lamps are lighted—from the house current, either A. C. or D. C. The current costs considerably less than a cent an hour—about as much as reading a newspaper by the light of a single 40-watt lamp. Think of hearing Smith or Hoover for less than a cent!

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ne Martyrs ers are blamed by M. B. Pratt for a increase in forest fires in California. fact that women are ith their 'stubs' than . "A man will grind e bottom of his ear r manner extinguish Francisco Examiner.

of poverty" that you ests chiefly in the sup-y.

man who dresses im-ly lives long. He's

PRaise ENOUGH

ham's Vegetable helped Her So Much I have not taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for 13 months and I cannot praise it enough. I weighed about 100 pounds and was not able to do any kind of work. My housework was done by my mother and my out-of-doors work was not done. I had bottles of the Vege- and now I am well feel fine. I got my take it after her last she is stronger now. it enough.—Miss R. R. 1, Kingdon,

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