

A FOOLISH LITTLE SONG.

I have read the wondrous poems of the masters of the pen. The sonnets of the Shakespeares and the odes of other men, And the epics of the Mittons and the Homers and the rest, And the mild didactic measures that the critics call the best; But sometimes the heart grows weary of the big things of the earth, And the great eternal questions, and the laws of death and birth; It turns from all the woes of life that make the years so long And responds in joyous fullness to a foolish little song!

Just a foolish little song— How it helps the heart along! All the sweeter for a meter that is lame, A rhyme that's wrong! All the better for the fetter of a simple little air; All the nearer, all the dearer—what does anybody care?

The words may not be pregnant with a world of hidden truth, But they call to mind the long-forgotten summers of your youth; The tune may not be classic—it may be a hackneyed thing— But a man can't think of Wagner when he only wants to sing!

And just as men turn backward when the shadows near and creep, To a foolish childish prayer like "Now I lay me down to sleep," So the tired spirit often woos the memories that throng With the rhyming and the chiming of a foolish little song!

Just a foolish little song— How it helps the heart along! All the sweeter for a meter that is lame, A rhyme that's wrong! All the better for the fetter of a simple little air; All the finer for a line or two of nonsense here and there— —Edwin Mead Robinson, in Chicago Evening Post.

A Difficult Client

By MRS. M. L. RAYNE

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HE had galloped into the little town of Sunup with a nervous assumption of many excellences and honesty that commended him to the keen regard of grizzled valley men and miners loafing at saloon doors as a newcomer of some importance, with a justifiable errand to draw him thither. Inside of an hour he was locked up in jail to prevent his being lynched. This was due to a telegram that followed in his wake.

"Joplin, Mo.—Valuable horse stolen here last night from Leonard & Co. Hold any stranger riding such an animal until arrival of deputy. By order of sheriff.

"HIRAM JACKSON," the only lawyer in the little town of Sunup was the highest official there, and was interested in the stranger to see that justice was done according to the legal code of state law instead of by lynching, as had been the peremptory method in the case of a "hoss thief," for which crime the law had not provided an adequate punishment, according to popular views.

Lawyer Denison knew that the Sunup jail was not strong enough to resist the attacks of a mob. Missouri jails seldom are, for in that state the penal code is sanctioned by tradition—a strong rope and short shrift. Since the young lawyer had succeeded to the profession of his father there had not been a single case of lynching, for the reason that he was cool-headed and too progressive to follow in the easy-going steps of his predecessor, who allowed popular opinion to decide a case for him, throwing the obliquity of an unjust verdict on the shoulders of the people. Andrew Denison—the son—made himself responsible for the administration of law and order. So far he had succeeded even beyond his own expectations, and now, in a moment, here was the wild beast of mob rule growling and showing its teeth. He did not show the anxiety he felt as he hurriedly, but with dignity, went to call upon his client in the jail. He found the stranger a young man of most attractive personality, but he was not banking just then on appearances.

"To begin with," said the lawyer, briefly, "what is your name?"

"Andrew Denison."

"What? You did not understand me. I asked your name."

"And I gave it. My name is Andrew Denison."

"But that is my own name. It would be a remarkable coincidence if you should bear the same. If you have chosen it as an alias I must request you to find another. It would be embarrassing to retain it and cause unnecessary comment."

"The name is mine and was my father's before me," the prisoner spoke with conviction, and the lawyer believed him, but the case assumed a new aspect. This might be one of his own kin, and blood is thicker than water.

"You say it was your father's name—I had an uncle named Andrew Denison, who went away from home and was never heard from. Where did your family live—in what state?"

The prisoner shrugged his lithe, muscular shoulders. "Don't ask me," he said, "I did what my father did—ran away from home when a mere lad—but I have never been in trouble until now. It is more than likely that the whole story will come out if I am swung off at a rope's end here. I will be the victim, but it will be a gawsonome thought for you to carry all your life that one of your own blood was sacrificed an innocent man."

"This is too strange to be true," muttered the lawyer, nervously.

"Stranger facts are happening every day. But we are wasting time. I must get out of this accursed hamlet, where they do not know an honest man when they see one. I know I have not much of a case. I bought my horse of a stranger when I was footsore and weary, asking no questions. I fancy I know an honest man from a thief."

A COMANCHE CHIEFTAIN.

His tones were cynical, but with good reason. The troubled lawyer saw only one possibility—to liberate him stealthily, and give him the disputed horse to ride over the hills and far away. He was debating this plan in his mind when the prisoner said:

"Here is a roll of money. Give me one chance on my horse's back for life and freedom and I'll put wings to his heels. My trusty revolver has been taken, but I would rather escape without bloodshed. I will find a place where honest men are not accounted rogues, and will write you from that point—remember, as a namesake, if not a relative, I demand your protection."

Early the next morning a deputy sheriff from Joplin put in an appearance. He was new to the office, and he fairly swelled with official importance, and puffed his cheeks until he resembled a cherub in their fatness.

"I'm here to arrest that hoss-stealing feller and take the crack roaster of Leonard & Co. back to 'em. Lord, what nerve the thief had to untie that hoss in its stall and ride off with him? In broad daylight, too, and folks that seen him thought he were takin' him out for air—in. Here's my orders and credentials to get the animal and have the feller taken back to Joplin for a trial—if he lives to get there," and he winked at the crowd that was gathering and increasing every minute.

"Can you describe the man?" asked Lawyer Denison, stepping to the front.

"N-o-o," said the deputy, "but I know the hoss, and the feller that rode it is the thief—he can't explain that away."

"Wait a moment, my friend. You are not judge and jury in this case, and I have heard the prisoner's story, that he bought the horse from a man who was a stranger to him. He must be given time to prove that. Meanwhile, can you identify the horse?"

"Yes, yes, fetch out the horse—he's the evidence in this case," called out an authoritative voice from the crowd.

"Read a description of the animal first," commanded Lawyer Denison, in cool, curt tones.

"Certes. Here it goes. A red bay, black mane and tail, white star in his forehead—high stepper—gets over the ground like a bird."

"That's him, an' he's a beaut," bawled a loafer, who had not seen the horse or its rider. The heart of Andrew Denison sank within him. To gain time he began to badger the deputy.

"You are positive that your description of the stolen horse is correct?"

"Sure. Got it from the owner, the man that raised him from a colt."

"You are willing to swear that the horse which is here is the same animal?"

"Sure. That's what I'm here for—we've had pointers. Why, the star on his forehead will be evidence enough—won't it?"

"Bring out the horse," ordered the lawyer, turning to the keeper of the jail. "We will see if the identification is complete. Keep back"—to the threatening crowd, "the prisoner has not yet been proven guilty."

A murmur of admiration burst on the air as the proudly stepping horse was led forth, also a howl of derision and chagrin. The finely proportioned roadster was a dingy brown instead of a bright bay. He had not a white hair in his coat, and the star in his forehead was not ever so faintly visible. His mane and tail were of the same uniform pale brown, and he gave no evidence of having been carefully groomed during the season. His shape was good, and there was speed in his apparent action—these were his best points.

"Well, I'll be hanged," said the deputy, "what kind of a fool's errand am I on, anyway? I never saw that horse in Joplin or anywhere else. You can give the stranger his nag for all me. I'm takin' the next train home myself."

The prisoner was free. He did not delay for thanks or parley, but, mounting the waiting horse, was off like the wind. A shot was fired after him for luck. Andrew Denison's heart throbbled high with dread and thanksgiving—his namesake had escaped by a very narrow margin. A few weeks later he received a letter from a distant state. It read:

"Lawyer Denison: Your dislike of lynching bees would have saved my life even if my own devices had failed. Only a sure fool like that deputy would have seen that the horse was doctored—a little powder had changed bay to brown and erased the telltale star. I feel certain that you were mind reader enough to know the truth and humane enough to save me for relation's sake. Pardon the ruse. I have sold the horse for a goodly sum, which I would gladly send you, but dare not. My name is not and never will be—Andrew Denison."

The lawyer tore the letter into shreds and cast them to the winds. "Something tells me that I have compounded a felony," he said to himself, "but even so, better that than the death of one criminal at the hands of Judge Lynch. But, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Lady" Chimney Sweeps.

For startling innovations, especially in the woman's sphere of activity, Russia runs America very hard. The latest move in this direction is chronicled in the St. Petersburg Press. The daring innovator is the widow of a chimney sweep who died recently, leaving half a dozen olive branches, all of them girls. Necessity, which is the mother of invention, has now inspired this thoughtful woman to take to her husband's calling, and in order to do the thing thoroughly while she is about it she means to form a whole guild of female sweeps. If the police grant the needed permission. By way of assistants, or, as Lamb-termed them, "un-fledged practitioners," she professes to train up girls between the ages of eight and twelve, while the full-blown members of the guild would include girls and women from 14 to 25. The first appearance of these novel sweeps is fixed for August 1.—London Telegraph.

A COMANCHE CHIEFTAIN.



Find a Brave of the Tribe.

With the exception of the Sioux and Apaches, no Indian tribe caused greater devastation or created more terror in the hearts of the early settlers of the plains than the Comanches. There are the Shoshone family and were a roving and warlike people inhabiting, when first known, the foothills of the Rocky mountains, from the headwaters of the Missouri southward into Mexico. They made relentless war upon the adventurous Spaniards who penetrated their territory during the seventeenth century. They were bitter enemies of the Pawnees and other tribes of the western plains, and the Comanche warwhoop was the death knell of many a settler and his family during the first half of the last century. They now number about 1,500, and live in Oklahoma.

AN ANTARCTIC NIGHT.

Amusements of the "Discovery's" Men During Many Days of Dense Darkness.

The story of how 11 officers and 38 sailors amused themselves during 121 days of continuous night while ice-bound inside the antarctic circle is one of the interesting things related by Lieut. C. I. Shackleton, R.N., of the exploring ship Discovery, who recently passed through New York on his way home from the south polar regions, says a report from that city.

A theater improvised in the saloon, a music playing machine, with 200 rolls of music, banjos, guitars and violins, a well-stocked library, cards, chess, checkers, a billiard table, and a few juvenile games comprised the means of amusement.

"Our men, that is, our sailors, were the pick of the entire navy," said Lieut. Shackleton. "They were not only loyal, enthusiastic sailors, but men of more than ordinary intelligence, and with a heartfelt interest in the project before us. During the enforced idleness caused by the season of night, we produced for our amusement minstrel shows, musicals and dialogues. The sailors frequently planned surprises for Commander Scott and the other officers."

"There was one American among them, Arthur Quartley. He had among his possessions a number of cop songs and negro dialect recitations. In addition to the fun he used to make he contributed largely to the magazine which we compiled semi-monthly. The illustrations for this were made in water colors. We produced two copies of each edition. One of these will be given to the Royal Academy, at London, and the other will be presented to the Royal Geographical Society."

"Our library consisted of 5,000 volumes of miscellaneous literature. A large number of these were autograph copies, presented to our library by the authors before the expedition sailed. Rudyard Kipling contributed a complete set of his works. Our scientific library consisted of something over a thousand volumes. Much of our time was spent in reading, and we also devoted a part of each day to instructing our sailors."

SANDALS COMING IN.

They Are Being Worn by Women Who Desire to Keep Up with the Times.

For several years past a craze for the wearing of sandals has been growing among the fashionable women of the east, says a household exchange. When Lady Constance MacKenzie was last in this country she not only wore trousers as she rode horseback, but in cold weather and warm she wore sandals for walking in the country. They were the real Greek article, without heels. The independent Scotchwoman wore stout brown or gray hand-knit stockings with them.

At first her American friends merely jeered at the sandals as an affectation, but Lady Constance, though decidedly original, is not a sensationist. When she explained to a few of her high-heeled women friends the advantages of sandal-wearing as a cure for nerves, she was listened to with respectful interest. There is nothing so soothing and strengthening, she declared, as giving your feet plenty of air and walking fat-footed.

This summer, very quietly in the country home, more than one nervous wreck is trying the sandal cure and rejoicing. So far most of the sandals come from England, where they are worn by men and children freely in public and by women in the privacy of their own laws. All the children and some of the men wear the sandals without hose, but the women cling modestly to their stockings. They say that they sleep better and are far less neuralgic, less prone to moods and more fit in digestion since giving their feet a chance to breathe and move in the natural way.

PENALTY FOR MARRYING.

Bachelor Clubs in Foreign Lands Impose Heavy Fines and Ostracize Offending Members.

Matrimony is considered a punishable offense in some communities. These circles of society are small, but their edicts are strong. The larger community, if it takes cognizance of a man's single state, usually imposes a fine for not getting married, as in Argentina, where bachelorhood requires the payment of an increasing tax to the government.

But in certain circles marriage is regarded as an offense, says the Chicago Tribune. At Oxford University, for instance, a fellow of all souls' college forfeits his fellowship if he takes to himself a wife while he is supposed to be studying the classics.

He not only must pay this penalty but he must present his college a memorial in the shape of a silver cup, on which is inscribed the words: "Descendit in matrimonium"—"He backslided into matrimony."

The aristocratic Bachelors' club of Piccadilly, London, ostracizes members who forget themselves so far as to marry. Instant expulsion is the punishment for this offense. The backsliders must leave the company of the bachelors forever. As an act of grace they may pay a fine of \$100 and become honorary members of the club, but that is their only salvation.

Not only England has these anti-matrimony clubs. Their formation in Chicago has been treated as a joke as it has in other American cities. Bachelors in other countries have lent an air of seriousness to their endeavors.

It is serious for a member of a certain Jungesellen club in Germany to lapse into matrimony. As soon as his intention becomes known he is tried in the club court, with the president as judge, when he is allowed to plead in extenuation of his offense. On the skill of his pleading and his excuses depend his fine, from \$100 to \$250.

This fine is devoted to a dinner, at which all members appear in mourning garb. At its conclusion the president reads the sentence of expulsion, and the delinquent is led from the premises to an accompaniment of groans and lamentations.

The nature of the act of penance depends on luck, for the culprit must draw one of a number of slips, each of which contains a punishment. If he refuses he can escape by fighting a duel with the most expert swordsman among his fellow members.

Only last winter a recreant was condemned to swim twice across the Seine at midnight in his night shirt, with the result that a severe attack of rheumatic fever nearly robbed him of the bride he had paid such a heavy price to wed.

While the bachelor sometimes has to pay dearly for a wife, in at least one country it scarcely pays to remain celibate. In Argentina the man who prefers single to duplicated bliss has to pay a substantial and progressive tax. If he has not taken a wife by the time he reaches his twenty-fifth birthday he must pay a fine of \$5 a month to the exchequer; if at 35 he has not seen the error of his ways the fine is increased to \$10 a month; and at this figure it remains for 15 years.

If at 50 he still jibs at the altar he is looked on as hopeless, and the fine is diminished every year until at 80 he is exempt. Only last month a man who had paid his fine cheerfully to the mature age of exemption celebrated his freedom by getting married.

Had a Long Fall.

"Speaking of bad falls," remarked Jiggers, "I fell out of a window once, and the sensation was terrible. During my transit through the air I really believe I thought of every man act I ever committed in my life."

"H'm!" growled Jiggers, "you must have fallen an awful distance."—St. Louis Star.

VALUABLE LAND.

Homesteader "Man in" Half His Claim on an "Innocent" for Good Measure.

Through the hot, dusty roads of Kansas a would-be homesteader was pursuing his way to the Cherokee strip in search of one of Uncle Sam's free homes. He had his family and goods in a shaky wagon, which was drawn by two feeble horses near dissolution, says the Kansas City Journal.

"What you bound?" asked a farmer whose horse he stopped for water.

"For a hundred an' sixty acres of government land in th' strip," responded the traveler, bombastically.

A few months later the same man stopped again at the Kansas farmer's for water, this time traveling north.

"Watcher done with yer hundred an' sixty acres?" asked the farmer, with a note of suspicion.

"See them mules thar?" queried the homesteader, pointing to a fine pair of animals which were harnessed to the prairie schooner.

"I traded 80 acres of my claim for 'em." "Watcher do with th' other 80?" "Don't give it away till I get farther off. Th' feller was an innocent, an' I run th' other 80 acres in on 'im without his knowin' it."

Natural Mistake.

Harry Blueface—Ah, the good woman has come out to admire my new racing auto. Isn't it so, ma'am?

Good Woman—Why, no, sir. I heard the horn and thought it was the fish peddler.—Philadelphia Record.

Help Wanted.

A Fuser—What would you do if I kissed you?

Mary McLane—I would scream for help.

"Why, don't you think I could do it alone?"—Punch Bowl.

Two of One Mind.

Father—Are you and this Mr. Simpson congenial, daughter?

Daughter—Oh, yes, pa; he likes to hear me talk about myself, and I like to hear him talk about himself.—Detroit Free Press.

Estelle—"Ah! His proposal was just like a dream." Agnes—"Well, you ought to know, dear; you've been dreaming of that proposal for years!"—Town and Country.

Woman is weak. Oh, papa! A four-foot woman can look at a six-foot spouse and make him shrink until you could hardly see him with a microscope.—Philadelphia Free.

"This," said the young and timid lawyer, "is but a rough draft of the will." "Then," said the old lawyer, curly, "it needs filing."—Baltimore American.



Another club woman, Mrs. Hauke, of Edgerton, Wis., tells how she was cured of irregularities and uterine trouble, terrible pains and backache by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"A while ago my health began to fall because of female troubles. The doctor did not help me. I remembered that my mother had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound on many occasions for irregularities and uterine troubles, and I felt sure that it could not harm me at any rate to give it a trial.

I was certainly glad to find that within a week I felt much better, the terrible pains in my back and side were beginning to cease, and at the time of menstruation I did not have nearly as serious a time as heretofore, so I continued its use for two months, and at the end of that time I was like a new woman. I really never felt better in my life, have not had a sick headache since, and weigh 30 pounds more than I ever did, so I unhesitatingly recommend Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. MARY HAUKE, Edgerton, Wis., President Household Economics Club. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Women should remember there is one tried and true remedy for all female ills, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Refuse to buy any other medicine, you need the best.

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