

THE BOYDAYS.

The boydays—the boydays—they were the best of all. Through all the hushes of the years the boydays ever call; Out of the darkness of the night resplendent they shine.

A Change of Mind

By CHARLES E. SATWELL

Copyright, 1924, by Daily Story Pub. Co.

SHE'S a pretty little thing. But you know I always fancied a girl who had plenty of courage (which I don't think she has), and who went in for athletics. Then she can't sing or play—though she likes music. So, all things considered, I guess I'll remain true to my Detroit girls.

However, the fair Sadie and I are going boating on the so-called river, this evening. It's about the only diversion outside of buggy riding over bad roads of three dollars an hour (so I don't drive much). I can't say I'm stuck on Kansas City—too wild and woolly for me. I'll tell you more about her in my next write soon. Yours, as ever, MART S. WILBUR.

Mr. Mart Wilbur sealed the letter—when she also was the closing paragraph—and went to keep his appointment. A dashing young fellow he was truly. He had left Detroit and a gay society crowd a few weeks before, and had come out to Kansas City. This was in the spring of 1921, and perhaps Kansas City at that time did deserve the rather severe criticism he had passed on it. Not knowing anyone there he had found it rather dull, and rough, and he was just a little homesick.

And then one evening he had been introduced to Miss Sadie Johnson as he was walking home with one of his fellow clerks, a Mr. Mead, who had left them a few minutes later and turned off on another street. Mr. Wilbur had, however, walked out home with Miss Johnson, and secured permission to call. She had found him rather different from the other young men she had met. More of a polish, and a better talker—and certainly very good looking. "Awfully conceited, though," she confided to her chum, Ella Terry, "and I don't believe he'd do to be with in time of danger. He's what we'd call an eastern dude out in Kansas. But he'll do for a summer flirtation." Mr. Wilbur had called later, and passed a very pleasant evening, and made the present engagement.

Sadie was waiting for him on the porch as he strolled up the walk. She was a pretty little thing, as he had said in his letter. Big blue eyes, wavy brown hair, and dainty, petite figure. In a few minutes they left the house, and, boarding one of the old-fashioned, rickety mule cars, rode to the river bank on the "Bottoms" behind the Stockyards Exchange, where Mart engaged a boat from the old boatman, and helped Sadie to her seat in the stern.

"Which way shall we go, up the river or down?" he asked, as he tossed off his coat and took up the oars. "If we go up the river we can go clear to Argentine. If we go down we will only go a quarter of a mile, till we strike the Missouri, and it's dangerous," answered Sadie, adding to herself: "I don't believe I want to trust myself on the Missouri with you."

course, the boat rocked while she was changing her place. Then it was really remarkable how often he found it necessary to put his hand over hers where it grasped the oar in order to steady the stroke. It was a contest between two past masters in the art of flirting—and each thought the other a novice. He told her how he had been tied up in business in Detroit, and had had no time for society, and how doubly lonely it had been for him, not knowing anyone in Kansas City—until he had met her. And she had confided to him that she had only been out of a strict boarding-school for a few weeks, and her mother was just beginning to let her receive company—so she had met hardly any young men as yet.

Absorbed in this interesting game of hearts, neither of them had noticed how dark it was getting. They had left the boathouse about seven o'clock, shortly after sunset of a beautiful May evening. According to schedule, the full moon should be up at seven-thirty, and that was what Mr. Wilbur had been figuring on. Of course, he noticed it was dark down under the shadow of the hill, but the hill itself kept him from seeing the ugly, black clouds that had been creeping up from the south.

He had dropped his oar and his left arm had stolen around her waist, while his right hand had grasped the two white oars which still held the boat, and he was pleading his prettiest for "just one little kiss." Suddenly there came a clang of thunder that seemed to split the very heavens, and at the same time the cloud which had stolen upon them under cover of the hill rose above and over them like a great black pall.

As they glanced up to the hill Sadie screamed and covered her face with her hands as she covered closer beside him. "My God! What is that?" burst from Wilbur's lips, as his eyes gazed in horror at the hilltop. He might well ask it. From the lower part of the cloud was a black, writhing column, that as it rushed over the hill was taking the mighty trees from their roots as a man would pluck a handful of clover. It hovered above them like an eagle over a lark. Even in that awful moment Mart Wilbur did not lose his presence of mind. He caught Sadie in his arms as if she were a baby and laid her down in the stern of the boat, springing back to his oars just as the awful thing above them seemed to swoop forward with a roar like a hundred trip hammers. In an instant the surface of the water, which had been so calm, was boiling like a cauldron, and waves that seemed as large as any he had ever encountered on Lake Erie tossed their boat about like a feather. The air was filled with debris, branches of trees and shrubbery from the hill above, while a black mist seemed to fill the space all about them. Then came the rain—a pouring flood that drenched them to the skin in a moment.

Sadie had raised herself from the bottom of the boat up onto the stern seat. All the fear seemed to have left her now. Was it her own natural courage—or was it her confidence in him? She asked herself. How cool and brave she was. Yet only that afternoon he had written his friend quite the reverse opinion of her. Why, she was a girl to make any man love her. And he! Could this be the young man whom she had told Ella was only an eastern "dude"—fit for a summer's flirtation? Why he was as cool and collected as if this was a summer breeze—instead of a cyclone—and how he could handle a boat.

Only for a few minutes the terrible uproar lasted. Even the rain ceased—and darkness was setting fast over the river as the noise died away. Wilbur dropped his oars again and held out his hands to her. She had lost her hat in the storm but, gathering her wet skirts about her, she raised herself forward as he drew her to the seat beside him. Neither spoke for a minute—only their eyes met—as he drew her closer to him. There was no need to plead for the kiss now—she gave it without asking, and gave her heart with it, as they rowed slowly back to the dismantled boathouse together.

Kansas City, Mo., May 22, 1921. My Dear Frank: I've changed my mind about little Sadie. Well, she and I will be married this fall. The night we went boating we got caught in one of those cyclones—you don't know what they are back in Detroit—but they are the worst thing you ever saw or read of—worse than any lake storm I ever saw. She was as cool as could be. Cool as I was—and she really knew the danger—and I didn't—though I could imagine. It didn't hit us exactly, though I don't believe it missed us over 50 yards. It killed two people and wrecked a lot of houses. Well, I am in a rush to-night, but you'll see the sweetest little, bravest little woman in all the world—when I bring my little bride home. Write soon. Yours in haste, MART.

Probably the Case. That Beirut affair threatens to be explained away, says the Chicago Daily News, until it shall appear that the alleged assassin was only trying to throw a bouquet at Mr. Magelsen.

French Word Defined. Ennuï is a French word for an American malady, which generally arises from the want of a want, and constitutes the complaint of those who have nothing to complain of.—Puck.

May Be Only a Pipe Dream. Standard Oil capitalists are reported to have bought Coney Island. We may yet, remarks the Chicago Record-Herald, be able to get our midway amusements through a pipe line. Twice as many infants are born in the United States per 1,000 of the population as in Europe. It is thus a question of centuries when our surplus population begins emigrating to Europe.

AT HOME IN A HACK.

Good Listener Had No Thrilling Tales to Relate, But He Made a Hit.

President Roosevelt, John Burroughs, John Muir, one or two statesmen and a couple of cowboys were sitting around a campfire in the west, awaiting a display of an exchange. Mr. Muir told of an encounter with a polar bear in the Arctic circle. Mr. Burroughs had had several exciting experiences. One of the statesmen had participated in a whale hunt. Both cowboys had passed through strenuous moments. The president's reminiscences included an encounter with a mountain lion and a conflict with a grizzly. One of the statesmen in the party, a man of much ability, vouchsafed no stories. "Come," said the president, "tell us some of your experiences." "Mr. President and friends," replied the lawmaker, "there are no things in natural history chapters in my career. Lions, Indians, bears and wild horses have never come across my path. In fact, I have never been astride a horse of any description in my life, but," he added, "thankard," but his nerve went back on him when he drifted into Colorado Springs and started to shave the consumptives who hang out there. Ever since then a man with a cough gives him cold chills. But there he stands, not a penny goes by that some 'luggeds' doesn't get a gash in his throat while being shaved.

Boiled It Down. An amusing story is told of the editor of a go-ahead London evening paper who, in the eternal rushing to press to get ahead of the opposition, was constantly impressing upon his reporters the necessity for concision in news.

A terrific boiler explosion had taken place on board a big ship lying at Portsmouth. "Get down there as hard as you can," he said to one of his men. "If you catch the 11:40 from London bridge you'll be there soon after two and can just wire us something for the fifth edition, but boil it down."

And the reporter went. Soon after two o'clock that afternoon they got a wire from him.

Terrific explosion. Man-o-war. Boiler empty. Engineer full. Funeral to-morrow.—London Tit-Bits.

Elevating the Standard. "So you are to have a high church wedding," said the friend of the divorcee to the dandy who is to become a midsummer bride.

"Yes, indeed," she admits. "It seems to be quite the fashion now," said the friend. "Yes, but papa is determined that mine shall be a higher church wedding than any of the others."

"I thought that high church was high church, and that the divorcee was really amusing," remarked a man who is well known as a member of the bar. "Some time ago," he continued, "a neat little woman called at my office and inquired as to how to go about instituting suit for divorce against her husband. I gave her the necessary information and she placed the case in my hands. The first charge that she made against her spouse was that 'he refused to kneel and pray with her at the altar, and that night we were married, the brute!'"—Chicago Chronicle.

A True Portrait. The widow was taking her first look at the bust of her beloved husband. The copy was still in progress. "Pray examine it well, madam," said the sculptor. "If there is anything wrong I can alter it." The widow looked at it with a mixture of sorrow and satisfaction. "It is just like him," she said, "a perfect portrait—his large nose—the sign of goodness." Here she burst into tears. "He was so good! Make the nose a little larger!"—Youth's Companion.

Too Personal. Moneybags—How did your banquet go off, Banknik? Banknik—Not as well as it might, you know. The toastmaster called on a gentleman who had lost an arm and a leg to get over to the toast of "Our Absent Members."—Stray Stories.

Wisdom of Experience. "Why," asks a Missouri paper, "does Missouri stand at the head in raising mules?" "Because," replies the Paw Law Correspondent, "that is the only safe place to stand."

"I Found It So." McCormick, Ill., Sept. 28th.—Miss Ethel Bradshaw, of this place, has written a letter which is remarkable for the character of the statements it contains. As her letter will be read with interest, and probably will profit by many women, it has been thought advisable to publish it in part. Among other things Miss Bradshaw says:—

"I had Kidney Trouble with the various unpleasant symptoms which attend same with that disease, and I have found a cure. I would strongly advise all who may be suffering with any form of Kidney Complaint to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, a remedy which I have found to be entirely satisfactory. This remedy is within the reach of all and is all that is recommended to be. I found it so, and I therefore feel it my duty to tell others about it."

Dr. Dunaway, of Benton, Ill., uses Dodd's Kidney Pills in his regular practice, and says they are the best medicine for Kidney Troubles. He claims they will cure Diabetes in the last stages.

Cholly—"That was a clever thing you said to Frecker last night." "Who told you?" Cholly—"Why, Frecker—heard you say it." "Miss Peppery."—Yes, but who told you it was clever?"—Philadelphia Press.

Skids—"Did your friend, Chesterus M. Renter, the tragedian, enjoy his vacation?" "Scads—I can't say as to whether he enjoyed it or not, but the public did."—Baltimore American.

"Papa," said little Tommy Taddella, "what is the game of authors?" "The game of authors," replied Mr. Taddella, "is to sell their books."—Smart Set.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1920.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill-manners.—Chestfield.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. Half of wisdom is in being silent when you have nothing to say.—Ram a Horn.

TOOK RISK IN COUGHING.

Barber Used to Shaving Colorado Consumptives Always Gave Warning.

The man in the chair coughed suddenly and unexpectedly, states the Philadelphia Record. "Don't do that, again," exclaimed the barber, with an unwarranted display of irritation. The man in the chair restricted in somewhat lurid language this restriction of his personal liberty and intimated that he would cough whenever he felt like it. "All right, then, cough your head off, but don't blame me if I cut you," returned the barber. There was no more coughing, however, and the man in the chair made his escape without any injury. But, as he paid his check at the desk, he remarked to the boss barber: "Say, you want to give some nerve tonic to the fellow who just shaved me." "Oh, don't mind him," replied the boss barber, "he's from Colorado and he's used to shaving consumptives. He was telling me the other day that he's been in the business for over 20 years and has shaved everything from a 15-year-old boy to an octogenarian. Thankard, but his nerve went back on him when he drifted into Colorado Springs and started to shave the consumptives who hang out there. Ever since then a man with a cough gives him cold chills. But there he stands, not a penny goes by that some 'luggeds' doesn't get a gash in his throat while being shaved."

Cheap Excursion to the South. On Oct. 20th the Kansas City Southern Ry. (Port Arthur Route) will run a cheap excursion from Kansas City and all stations in Missouri and Kansas to Lake Charles, Shreveport, Beaumont and Port Arthur.

The rate for the round-trip will be \$15, limited to 21 days from date of departure, to stop over on going trip at all points en route, provided final destination is reached inside of 15 days from date of sale. This exceptionally low rate, together with liberal stopover privileges allowed, should attract a great crowd, especially in view of the fact that this is the most delightful season of the year to visit the Southland. Similar low rates will probably be placed in effect from points north and east of Kansas City.

Every effort will be made by the company to secure the safety and comfort of its patrons. All inquiries relative to desirable locations to visit or other information will be cheerfully furnished by J. H. Warner, G. P. & T. A., 215 Broadway, N. Y. City, Mo.

Do you know anything about kidney trouble? "No," he replied, "I thought I did, but when I tried it, I found it didn't do me any good."—Chicago Post.

Obstinacy is ever most positive when it is in the wrong.—H. W. Longfellow.

STRAIGHT TO THE SPOT

Aching backs are eased! Hip, back, and joint pains relieved! Swelling of the limbs, rheumatism, and deep-seated neuralgia.

They correct urinary troubles, headache, high colored, watery urine, pain in passing, itching, drowsiness, nervousness, kidney pills, diabetes, and nervousness. Doan's Kidney Pills. Price 50 cents. A SPECIFIC CURE. MEDICAL ADVICE FREE.

Best for the Bowels. Cathart. GUARANTEED OVER 25 YEARS. For the stomach, bowels, indigestion, flatulence, bloating, liver trouble, constipation, and all other ailments of the bowels. You will never get well and stay well until you get your bowels right. Address: S. J. Winchester, 100 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

WINCHESTER NEW RIVAL BLACK POWDER SHELLS. Winchester's system of loading is the best material which makes the shells give better results than any other. Winchester's shells are the best in the world. BE SURE TO GET WINCHESTER MAKE OF SHELLS.

BUYING CREAM FOR CASH. Write for prices. A. E. GOBB, 31-33 EAST THIRD STREET, ST. PAUL, MINN.

LANDS PILES ANAKESIS. 48-page book free. Write for reference. McCarty & McCarty, Portland, Oregon.

Right Along. A good thing lives and takes on new life and so on. St. Jacobs Oil. Keeps right along curing Pains and Aches. Price 75c per bottle.

WORN OUT, DRAGGED OUT.

Are Most Women in Summer. Pe-ru-na is a Tonic of Efficiency.



JOSEPHINE MORRIS, 230 Carroll St., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Peruna is a fine medicine to take any time of the year, but I have found it especially helpful to withstand the wear and tear of the hot weather. I have taken it now for two summers and feel that it has kept my system free from malaria, and also kept me from having that worn-out, dragged out look which so many women have. Therefore have no hesitancy in saying that I think it is the finest tonic in the world."—Josephine Morris.

Mrs. Fressie Nelson, 429 Broad St., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "As Peruna has done me a world of good, I feel in duty bound to tell of it, in hopes that it may meet the eye of some woman who has suffered as I have. For five years I really did not know what a perfectly well day was, and I did not have headache, I had backache or a pain somewhere and really life was not worth the effort I made to keep going. A good friend advised me to use Peruna and I was glad to try anything, and I am very pleased to say that six bottles made a new woman of me and I have no more pains and life looks bright again."—Mrs. Fressie Nelson.



have discovered that the depression of hot weather and the rigor they have been in the habit of attributing to malaria, quickly disappear when they use Peruna. This is why Peruna is so popular with them. Peruna provides clean mucous membranes, and the clean mucous membranes do the rest. If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

FREE! TO WOMEN. A Large Trial Package of PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC. Internal cleanliness is the key to woman's health and vigor. Paxtine need not be vaginal douche to a revolution in combined cleansing and healing power. It kills all disease germs. In local treatment of female it is irreplaceable. Cleanses and cures all discharges. Never fails to cure Menstrual Disorders. Cures offensive perspiration of arm pits and feet. Cures Her Throat, Sore Mouth and Sore Eyes. As a gentle perfume nothing equals it. Removes Tartar, Hardens the Gums and whitens the teeth, makes bad breath sweet and agreeable. Thousands of letters from women prove that it is the greatest cure for Leucorrhoea ever discovered. We have got to hear of the first case it failed to cure. To prove all this we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but enough to convince anyone. At druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cts. large box. Satisfaction guaranteed. The E. Paxtine Co., Dept. 2 Boston, Mass.

W. L. DOUGLAS 3 1/2 & 3 SHOES. You can save from \$5 to \$5 yearly by wearing W. L. Douglas \$3.50 or \$5 shoes. They equal those that have been costing you from \$4.00 to \$5.00. The famous name of W. L. Douglas shoes proves their superiority over all other makes. Sold by retail shoe dealers everywhere. Look for name and price on bottom. That Douglas name is the highest grade. Best leather made. Four Color Styles. Our \$4 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price. Catalog by mail, 25 cents extra. Illustrated Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

AN OLD RELIANCE and still in the lead. Waterproo Oiled Cloth. BLACK OR YELLOW. MADE SINCE 1838. A. J. Terry Co. Boston, Mass. NEW GARDNER ST. PHOENIX, ARIZ.

GO NOW! OCTOBER 20th. TEXAS, OKLAHOMA, INDIAN TERRITORY. THREE AND BACK AT NIGHTS. 250 CHICAGO. 215 CINCINNATI. 215 ST. LOUIS. 215 KANSAS CITY. Proportional Rates from All Points. Stop-overs. Final Limit, New York. MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS. Ask Redburn Travel Agents. O. G. Smith, N. P. A., 215 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill. A. N. K.—G 1889