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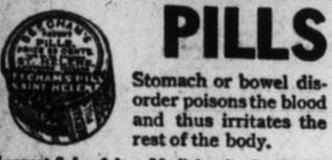
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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to the young woman who had clapped many thousands of square miles of remove freckles.



It is no disgrace to be a follower, ing. "Engine and tender gone three shrugged his shoulders slightly. so long as you can learn and be the hours and the divisional point only better by following. Many times we find it difficult to been back with help long ago. Hell, himself?" he asked. "I don't mean

denial should cease. When we loose our faith respect al- but her round mouth formed a quick way-heart, body, soul; losing one's so takes the first opportunity to and silent approbation of his final grip, you might call it, until there make its departure. remark.

determine at just what point self- ain't it?"

Circus @ Clounings

EMMETT D. ANGELL "Come on, shake a leg!" said John Slater, the clown. "If we don't beat it over to the food tent, we'll be out of luck. You see," he continued, "a circus has to run on schedule. There can't be any waiting around for late comers. If you don't get over to the food tent on time, you don't get no

Let's Eat!

"The cook train has to be the first in town, and the first to leave. That's why it's called the Flying Squadron. You couldn't run a circus very long without good grub and lots of it, and you got to hand it to Daddy Webbhe runs the cook tent-his chow is as good as you'll find in the best

"Ever stop to think what it means to feed 1,200 people, with husky ap-

six months? Daddy Webb has to have refrigerator cars, tons of vegetables beef and fruit; cooks, waiters and dish-washers; and a perfect system If the Flying Squadron broke down, 1,200 people would go hungry.

"See that white flag with 'HOTEL' on it? When meal time is over they pull it down, and even the biggest star in this show couldn't get a ham sandwich when that old piece of bunting is taken off the pole. Yep, you've got to eat on time in a circus, so let's

It was an invitation worth accepting. Long tables, splendidly cooked food served by white-jacketed waiters, whose speed and courtesy were remarkable, soup, roast, vegetables, salad, coffee, strawberries and cream -what more could one ask-and all you wanted. Such a dinner, served under the spreading canvas of a circus cook tent amid the world's greatest circus performers is an event worth remembering.

(Monday: Tin Can Tricks.)



THE COURAGE OF

MARGE O'DOONE

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

would have looked like a thing of two ways about it!"

band of illumination that cut it in into the next coach.

of wind to taunt this stricken crea- oblivious of the storm.

of the bleak spruce forest, with the with his lantern. "That's the hell o' sioner quietly.

place. It was a wierd shadow, help- ment, thrust in his head for a mo- he said.

less and without motion, and black ment, passed on and slammed the

as the half-Arctic night save for the door of the car after him as he went

twain from the first coach to the In that smoking compartment

last, with a space like an inky hyphen there were two men, facing each

where the baggage car lay. Out of other across the narrow space be-

the North came armies of snow-laden | tween the two seats. They had not

clouds that scudded just above the looked up when the train-man thrust

earth, and with these clouds came in his head. They seemed as one

now and then a shrieking mockery leaned over toward the other, wholly

tion of man and the creatures it It was the older man who bent for

sheltered-men and women who had ward. He was about fifty. The hand

begun to shiver, and whose tense, that rested for a moment on David

white faces stared with increasing Raine's knee was red and knotted.

anxiety into the mysterious darkness It was the hand of a man who had

of the night that hung like a sable lived his life in struggling with the

curtain ten feet from the car win- wilderness. And the face, too, was of

For three hours those faces had toughened by the tannin of wind and

peered out into the night. Many of blizzard and hot northern sun, with

the prisoners in the snowbound eyes cobwebbed about by a myriad

coaches had enjoyed the experience of fine lines that spoke of years spent

somewhat at first, for there is pleas under the strain of those things. He

ing and indefinable thrill to unex- was not a large man. He was short-

men's laughter, women's voices, and suppressed energy ready to act, a

children's play. But the loudest zestful eagerness for life and its daily jester among the men was now silent, mysteries which the other and young-

huddled deep in his great coat; and er man did not possess. Throughout

her hands in silly ecstacy when it the great northern wilderness this was announced that the train was older man was known as Father Ro-

ing by turns. It was cold-so cold His companion was not more than

that the snow which came sweeping thirty-eight. Perhaps he was a year

and swirling with the wind was like for two younger. It may be that the granite-dust; it clicked, clicked, wailing of the wind outside the clicked against the glass-a bom-strange voices that were in it and

bardment of untold billions of in- compartment made of him a more finitesimal projectiles fighting forty striking contrast to Father Roland degrees below zero. Within the than he would have been under other coaches there still remained some conditions. His eyes were a clear little warmth. The burning lamps and steady gray as they met Father radiated it and the presence of many Roland's. They were eyes that one people added to it. But it was cold, could easily forget. Except for his

and growing colder. A gray coating eyes he was like a man who had been of congealed breath covered the car sick and was still sick. The Missionwindows. A few men had given their er had made his own guess. And

outer coats to women and children. now, with his hand on the other's

their watches. The adventure de "And you say-that you are afraid

For the twentieth time a passing "Yes, I am afraid." For a momen train-man was asked the same ques- he turned to the night. A fiercer

"The good Lord only knows," he against the window, as though his growled down into the face of the pale face just beyond their reach stir-

young woman whose prettiness would red them to greater fury. "I have

have entitled the most chivalrous at- a most disturbing inclination to

tention from him earlier in the even- worry about him," he added, and

The young woman did not reply, going mad. I mean in the other

for this friend of yours?"

volley of the little snow dem as beat

He faced Father Roland again.

"Did you ever hear of a man losing

in the woods ,or in a desert, or by

I was no earth to stand on. Did you?"

snowbound was weeping and shiver- land, the Missioner.

These men looked most frequently at knee, he said:

luxe was becoming serious.

twenty miles up the line. Should have

The Clan of North America

The Winning Photographs PRANCIS BOLT-WHEELER

The day had come when the Council was ready to make an exhibition of all the photographs which had been taken on Camera Day, and to announce the prize-winning ten, and also the fifty which had been selected for inclusion in the Year Book of the

The first prize was gained by one of the girls, and showed a bushytailed squirrel sitting on a branch, nibbling at a nut. The second prize was a study of an Indian, with a feather in his hair and a breech-clout of woven grass, for which one of the boys had posed; as this girdle had been made from wild grasses on Camera Day, it was an achievement: the boy's body had been stained brown too, and the light reflections were per-

fect. The third prize was a flower study, and anyone who has tried to photograph flowers in their natural surroundings knows the difficulty.

Other subjects which had won prizes were a flock of orioles perched on the stalks of woolly mulleins; an atmospheric picture of a tiny waterfall; one of the girls with long-gauze wings, poised like a dragon fly over in ?" a pool which showed the reflection in the water; a team of oxen hauling a load of logs and toiling up a steep hill; a jolly little study of a blackand-white calf kicking up his heels; a white peacock moth perched on a finger; a rattlesnake coiled and about to strike-this had been dangerous, for the photographer was almost within striking distance—and a Japaneselooking silhouette of twisted juniper against the vivid sunset sky of Camera Day.

Moreover, viewed as a whole, the collection of pictures was excellent and it had been a hard task for the Council to choose the best.

(Monday: A Laundry Mix-Up.)

such a man; a face colored and

An Extended Tour. Just before the St. Mihiel show the Germans blew up an ammunition dump near a company of Yanks. It was reported that there was a large quantity of gas shells in the dump. Dog. and as soon as the explosion began

themselves scarce with great rapid-When the danger had passed all started drifting back with the exception of one man who did not appear till the next day.

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN'S PAGE

"Well, where you been?" demanded the top kick, eyeing him coldly. "Sergeant," replied the other ear-nestly. "I don't know where I been, but I give you my word I been all day gettin' back "

Probably Safe.

Louisville Courier-Journal. "I wonder if it would be safe to kiss the pretty widow?" "I guess so. Kisses are like these modern firecrackers." "Huh."

"They look dangerous, but they

Experienced.

Baltimore Sun. Wifey-Don't forget, dear, tomorrow is our wedding anniversary. I'm going to buy you a nice present Hubby-All right, darling. Tell me how much you are going to spend on my present so I can figure out how much I'll have left for yours.

The Wrong Place. Jack-Mabel's a funny girl. Jake-How come? Jack-I tried to steal a kiss and it landed on her chin.

Jake-Nothing funny about that. Jack-I know it; but after I kissed her she said, "Heavens above."-The Dirge.

A New Version. "What is it that comes in jugs, is yellow and has raising in it?" "I give up." "Cider."

"But where do the raisins come "Oh, I put those in to make it hard."-Record

Poor Mice. Seattle Times.

A woman was engaging a cook, and inquired why she had left a certain place.

"I couldn't stop there, ma'am," was the reply. "I don't mind rations, and I-believe I'm economical, but in that house they were so saving that the very mice used to run about with tears in their eyes."

games there's a vast difference be- somehow, I can't put implicit faith in tween the ball club and the garden the numbers that go up on a taxicab

GALLEY TWO STOREY-

you mind telling me his story?"

"Yes-of course-the woman."

sure whether this man worshipped

David went on, with a strange glow

in his eyes. "He loved beauty. And

this woman was beautiful, almost

too beautiful for the good of one's

soul, I guess. And he must have

his life it was as if he had sunk into

a black pit out of which he could

never rise. I have asked myself often

been less beautiful-even quite plain,

world because he possessed it. But,

deep under his worship, he loved her.

I am more and more sure of that, and

I am equally sure that time will

the woman or the woman's beauty,"

a night as this-

Hunting Dog and Shepherd Dog And the Memory-Man said: A Shepherd's dog, one day, at the corner of a wood, met a Hunting

"Come, Cousin," said the Hunting the Americans immediately made Dog, "and I will show you some sport. Not far from here, a Wolf has his lair. We will hunt him out, you and I, and chase him over the mountains. Maybe he will show battle. That will be fun, because a Wolf can put up a good fight, even against two Dogs. What! You hang back? You are not afraid, surely?

"My post is with the flock," answered the Shepherd's dog. "As for being afraid, I have killed several wolves when they came to attack my sheep, and I killed them alone, my Hunting Cousin. Go, hunt for a fight if you wish, I will wait till the fight comes to me."

It is no sign of cowardice to defend instead of attacking.

Daily Twelve-Syllable Rhyme Better be

Just. a clam, Than a boy And a sham,

Blackheads

"I'm getting more and more blackheads, Sonia, and indeed it doesn't look nice at all. I wish I could get rid of them, but they're so hard to get out."

"Not hard at all, Ida, if you go about it the right way. For about a week long, every evening before retiring, apply a hot wet towel to your face several times, dry, massage with cold cream, remove it, and very carefully and thoroughly rinse off all the cold cream. Use plenty of tepid water. After several evenings of this, the skin around the blackheads will be softened and you can press them out. Use only the balls of the two thumbs, never your nails nor any instrument. If they do not come out with gentle pressure, the skin is not yet softened enough. When they are eliminated, wash your face, and the spots especially, in a strong solution of boracic acid in order to close the pores. Be sure to keep your face very, very clean, if you have a tendency to blackheads, and always rinse off the cold cream you have used for

GEORGETTE BEURET.

Didn't Break the Meter. Houston Post.

"Figures won't lie!" declared the statistician. "Maybe you're right," answered To the boy keeping track of the the mild-mannered citizen. "And yet,

register." "Yes-many years ago-I knew of of that black pit into which he sank man who lost himself in that way," when he came face to face with the replied the Missioner, straightening realization that there were forces in life-in nature, perhaps, more potent

in his seat. "But he found himself than his love and his own strong again. And this friend of yours? I will." am 'nterested. This is the first time Father Roland nodded. in ...ree years that I have been down "I understand," he said, and he to the edge of civilization, and what sank back farther in his corner by you have to tell will be different- the window, so that his face was vastly different from what I know. shrouded a little in shadow. "This If you are betraying nothing, would other man loved a woman, too. And she was beautiful. He thought she "It is not a pleasant story," warnwas the most beautiful thing in the ed the younger man, "and on such world. It is great love that makes

beauty." "It may be that one can see more "But this woman-my friend's "Three hours!" the train-man con- clearly into the depths of misfortune wife-was so beautiful that even the If you had stood there in the edge tinued his growling as he went on and tragedy," interrupted the Mis- eyes of other women were fascinated by her. I have seen her when it wind moaning dismally through the railroading it along the edge of the A faint flush rose into David seemed she must have come fresh twisting trees-midnight of deep Arctic. When you git snowed in Raine's pale face. There was some- from the hands of angels; and at December - the Transcontinental you're snowed in, an' there ain't no thing of nervous eagerness in the first, when my friend was the hapclasp of his fingers upon his knees. piest man in the world, he was fond fire; dull fire glowing and out of He paused at the smoking compart- "Of course, there is a woman," of telling her that it must have been the angels who put the color in her face and the wonderful golden fires in her shining hair. It wasn't his "Sometimes I haven't been quite love for her that made her beautiful.

She was beautiful." "And her soul?" softly questioned the shadowed lips of the Missioner. The other's hand tightened slowly. "In making her the angels forgot a soul, I guess," he said.

"Then your friends did not love loved her, for when she went out of her." The Little Missioner's voice was quick and decisive. "There can be no love where there is no soul." "That is impossible. He did love if he would have loved her if she had her. I know it."

"I still disagree with you. Withand I have answered myself as he out knowing your friend, I say that answered that question, in the af- he worshipped her beauty. There firmative. It was born in him to were others who worshipped that worship wherever he loved at all. same loveliness-others who did not Her beauty made a certain sort of possess her, and who would have barcompleteness for him. He treasured tered their souls for her had they that. He was proud of it. He count- possessed souls to barter. Is that not ed himself the richest man in the true?"

(To Be Continued.)

Most of us would not object very prove it-that he will never rise strenuously against belonging to the again with his old hope and faith out I privileged class.

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