Ten Minute Classics

Famous Tales and Legends Told in Brief Form

The Armenian and the Kurd

By J. W. MULLER

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The everlasting strife between Armenians and Kurds in the territory where Russia, Persia and Turkey adjoin, is the theme of the Armenian story given here. Its scene is in the present field of war. It is from Aharoneau's tale, "Blaes the Ox."

Chsro, the Armenian hunter, cared for weather as little as did the bears and wolves that he fought. He suffered nature's cruelties as stubbornly as did the rocks of his native mountains. His continual strife, his continual shedding of blood, had given him not only the courage of a beast of prey but the silence of one.

Silent and unsmiling, he brought his trophies to the village. Silent and unsmiling, he bore them past the admiring people. Silent and unsmiling, he departed.

But one day he entered the village smiling. On his back was a strange, a horrible burden. It was not a dead wild beast, but prey heavier and far more noble. And Chsro smiled under this burden. With a terrible, fatal smile Chsro smiled as he stooped beneath the body of his only son.

"See Chsro's trophy!" he cried, when the villagers gathered. "Whose prey is this? It is the prey of the Kurds! I hunt wild beasts! They hunt Armenians!"

The son had been killed by Kurdish raiders while he was trying to defend from them the pair of oxen with which he had been plowing.

And Chsro went back to his mountains and lay in wait—but not for animals. He did not turn his steps homeward again until he had drunk out of his hollowed hand the blood of the Kurds who had slain his son.

When he re-entered the village the neighbors clamored that it had been raided in his absence and that his daughter and his son's widow had been carried off. Chsro listened. Without a word or a sob, he listened, turned away, and disappeared.

After many days he came back and did something that struck the village dumb. He gathered his possessions, piled them in his house and set all on fire. When the last glowing rafter had fallen, he took his little grandson Trumo by the hand and went away.

None of the village ever saw him again, but before many days they learned of the terrible deed that the iron man had done previously to burning his house. He had crept to the Kurdish stronghold and had stabbed the two captured women to death, that the outrage to his family honor might vanish from the earth.

Chsro and his little Thumo wandered, clinging to existence by every means that misery could devise. As they went on, begging, starving, freezing, the old hunter's mind became sick. Thumo's great, blue eyes made him shudder; for they were the eyes of his unhappy mother, whose innocent blood had poured dreadfully over the hunter's hand when he stabbed her.

He began to forget why he had slain his dear ones. Only the horror, the heartlessness of his deed survived in his memory. He suffered dim torments by day. Vivid phantoms tortured him at night. If it had not been that he must remain alive to care for little Thumo, his practiced hand would have sent the steel into his own throat, and he would have gone to God to tell his tale—such a tale, thought old Chsro sobbing, that heaven would shudder, the angels would wail and the splendid stars lose light.

Weary, wretched and ragged, they came at last into a town where there was a bazaar. Chsro and Thumo sat down against a wall to get the warmth of a meager sun. Suddenly the old man, looking at the busy market scene, began to weep.

Little Thumo looked in the direction of his grandfather's gaze. He saw a Kurd with a beautiful ox.

"Blaes, grandfather, our Blaes!" screamed the child. He ran to the ox and began to kiss the broad forehead between the soft, gentle eyes.

The Kurd, suspecting instantly that these must be the previous owners of the animal, tried to drive it away; but the child clung to the great, silken ear, and the powerful brute stood obstinately still, seeking Thumo's cheek with his muzzle.

"It is not thine!" said the Kurd softly. "My life on it! Come, child, and let him go!"

He tried to loose the boy's hold on the ox. "Grandfather! Grandfather!" wailed Thumo.

A crowd had gathered. Chsro could not see what was happening. He could only hear his grandchild scream. Instant fury seized him. He sprang up, broke through the crowd, and leaped at the Kurd, gripping his throat.

The Kurd struggled. He tore the hair from Chsro's head. But the nervous old hands were as iron rings, and with a hoarse growl the Armenian's fingernails dug deeply, deeply.

The bystanders tried to pull him off, but he clung to his victim like a leech. As if a leech were sucking at the Kurd's throat, a dark stream of blood began to trickle under the tearing fingers.

Chsro's white beard was red with it. As the two wrestled, breast to breast, panting, Chsro looked like a shaggy beast that has torn its prey and is devouring it while it still lives.

At last the police arrived and tore him from the fainting Kurd, who hardly waited to revive before he hurried to get away with his ox.

The guards led Chsro toward jail. Thumo, crying, ran after the beloved ox. Then he turned and trotted after the beloved grandfather. He clutched the old man's rags and screamed, "Blaes, grandfather, Blaes!"

The old man went on with the police, silently. The child turned and ran after the ox again. Again he turned to follow his grandfather. Thus he ran from one to the other till he realized that the distance between the two beloved objects was growing too great. Then he cried bitterly and pursued the old man.

But before he could reach him, his grandfather disappeared behind a great door, that closed with a loud reverberation. The child beat at the iron-studded thing, scratched it, stamped with his feet, and implored. It was in vain.

Exhausted, he sat down at the prison portal, held his little head between his hands, and sobbed quietly to himself.

He had no grandfather now, and no Blaes.

Modern Armenian literature has not been sufficient either in quantity or achievement to command a prominent position in the popular regard of western nations. It has been sparingly translated into English and somewhat more extensively into German. Awetis Aharoneau, the author of this story, is probably the most popular Armenian writer today. He was born in 1866 in Igidir, a village in the area which has been the fighting ground of the Russian and Turkish armies.

MISTOOK HUNTER FOR STUMP

Nimrod's Peculiar Experience With a Lynx Who Had Been After a Squirrel Dinner.

I was once teaching school, writes a Companion reader, in a backwoods region, where game was very plentiful. One afternoon in the hunting season I made my way to a small valley about a mile from the settlement, down which ran a well-beaten deer trail.

I took my post on a small hill that commanded a good view of the valley. In front of me, and about 12 feet distant, was a large pine tree; behind me was an old stump. As the evening was cool, I wore a gray sweater, and my hat was also gray.

After waiting for nearly an hour, I noticed a movement in a small clump of bushes to my right. Then the horns and head of a large buck appeared, but he drew back before I had a chance to fire. With rifle cocked and finger on the trigger, I crouched, waiting for him to show himself again.

A squirrel chattered sharply from the stump behind. Then he landed squarely on the top of my head, from which he sprang to the tree. Immediately after I was thrown violently forward on my face by some heavy object that descended with great force on my back. The blow almost drove the breath from my body. My rifle was discharged as I fell.

Very much surprised and considerably alarmed, I scrambled to my feet, but nothing living was in sight. I peered behind stumps and fallen logs, more mystified every moment. No owl swooping down upon the squirrel could have inflicted such a blow, neither had any limb fallen from the tree. I looked up among the thick foliage, but there was nothing to be seen. I walked round to the other side of the tree. On a large bough, but well hidden, I discerned a dim, gray shape. It was a full-grown lynx. I brought him down by a well-directed shot.

Now I understood the situation. Near the stump on which the squirrel had been sitting lay a large log. Behind this the lynx had crept on his prey. In escaping, the little animal had leaped to my head, and thence to the tree. His enemy had followed him, and he must have been mightily surprised at landing on a man, and also by the report of my rifle.

Naturally I saw nothing more of the deer, but was richer by a fine lynx skin and a most uncommon experience.—Youth's Companion.

Slightly Mixed.

There is a good anecdote of an Irishman giving the password at the battle of Fontenoy, at the time the great Saxe was marshal. "The password is Saxe; now, don't forget it," said the colonel. "Saxe; faith, I won't. Wasn't my father a miller?" "Who goes there?" cried the sentry, after he had arrived at the pass. The Irishman looked as confidential as possible and whispered in a sort of howl: "Bags, yer honor."

Her Idea About Golf.

Many anecdotes are told of some of the curious ideas held about golf by people to whom it was a new and strange game before its modern popularity had set in. One woman who had evidently had a near view of the game said: "It is played by two men. One is a gentleman and the other is a common man. The common man sticks a ball on a lump of dirt, and the gentleman knocks it off."

A Wise Boy.

"Boys," said a teacher to her Sunday school class, "can any of you quote a verse from scripture to prove that it is wrong to have two wives?"

A bright boy raised his hand.

"Well, Thomas," encouraged the teacher.

Thomas stood up. "No man can serve two masters," he said proudly.

Bird Statistics.

The files of the United States department of agriculture contain more than 1,000,000 cards concerning the distribution and migration of North American birds.

WOMAN, 28, TRAPS BOY CAVE MAN

Nifty Neighbor Child She Smiled at Writes a Threatening Letter.

TRACED BY PHONE CALL

Boy's Explanation Is He Wished to Be Detective or Reporter and Wanted to Get Into Atmosphere of Mystery.

Chicago.—Mrs. Guy Edwards, twenty-eight and pretty, used to smile casually at the boy across the hall at 4542 North Racine avenue. He was a nifty child of fourteen years, with cheeks like the rosy wax clothiers' dummies, and the graces of a dancing master. His name was Harold Gunn.

Three weeks ago Mrs. Edwards stopped smiling altogether and was headed for a hysterical nervous breakdown. A Black Hand love suit introduced itself through her mail. The letters were dark with threats where they weren't flowery with love. This line appeared in all three received by Mrs. Edwards:

"I'm a friendly ally, but a dangerous enemy. Your husband, Guy Edwards, is an old-time wife deserter. Come to me, love. If you will meet me put a personal ad in the Tribune."

Lay Trap for Him.

All the letters were written on tissue paper. They were followed by a telephone campaign. Mrs. Edwards received three or four calls a day at her place of employment.

Yesterday she and Mr. Edwards decided to trap the anonymous letter writer. Mrs. Edwards agreed to meet her mysterious pursuer when he called over the telephone as usual. She and Mr. Edwards then secured the services of Detective Sergeants Thomas Cassin and John Mason from the bureau. The detectives went to the Sunnyside exchange and traced the next call to Mrs. Edwards' apartment. It came from a drug store at Racine and Wilson avenues. Cassin and Mason jumped into an auto and raced for it while Mrs. Edwards kept her suitor on the wire.

As the detectives reached the booth

Used to Smile Casually at the Boy.

phone the occupant stepped out. Cassin put his hand on the shoulder of rosy-cheeked, cherubic Harold Gunn.

Boy Admits Charges.

The boy admitted the whole matter when faced with the charge. He said he had no reason for doing it, except that he wished to be a detective or newspaper reporter and wanted to get into an atmosphere of mystery. He was taken to the central bureau, where he refused to see Mrs. Edwards when she called. Young Gunn's mother swooned when told her boy was arrested. She said he had been brought up as a home boy and had never been allowed to have sweethearts. The one girl he had gone with he met last summer at the Wilson avenue beach.

"I permitted him to take her to the theater once," she said. "That was his only love affair, and he has always been a kind, dear boy to me."

Harold, who is fourteen, quit high school several months ago, and is employed with a real estate firm.

RICH GIRL BECOMES NURSE

She Says It Is Fine to Be Doing Something Besides Spending Money.

Kansas City, Mo.—Miss Letitia Curtis, owner of valuable oil lands, descendant of a United States Osage chieftain and relative of Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas, has given up a life of luxury to help the poor. She is a nurse at St. Mary's hospital.

Instead of a luxurious apartment to which she had been accustomed, Miss Curtis rooms with another nurse, both sleeping in one bed. No more dances nor social affairs for her.

"I haven't seen my motor car for a week," says Miss Curtis. "I don't care. I love this new life. It is fine to be doing something. It is better than just spending money and hunting fun."

Too Proud to Work.

Terre Haute, Ind.—Harry Moore admitted in the circuit court here that he was "too proud to work" and that this was why he forged checks. The judge told him he could work behind prison walls and his pride would not suffer.

Fined $45 for a Kiss.

Aurora, Ill.—Richard Chandler kissed Mrs. Charles Liberg when he went to collect the rent on Christmas day. He was fined $45.

MICHIGAN BREVITIES

Coldwater.—Henry C. Whitley, seventy-eight years old, for 50 years a business man of Coldwater, died of burns.

Bay City.—The annual show of the Bay City Poultry association was the largest exhibit ever held here and is said to be the largest in the state for the year.

Grand Rapids.—Clement L. Lebare, fifty-eight years old, formerly of Detroit, state organizer and district deputy of the Catholic Mutual Benefit association, died here.

Marshall.—The big paint shop of the Michigan Central car shops burned here with a loss of $5,000. The blaze has started a new agitation for a motor fire apparatus.

Ionia.—Erwin Schmidt, who was caught passing forged checks on Ionia merchants, was convicted and sentenced by Judge Davis to Marquette prison for seven to fourteen years.

Corunna.—While on the way to Durand to attend the funeral of his niece, Edwin Eveleth, seventy-two, a pioneer resident of the vicinity of Corunna, was stricken with heart disease. He returned home where he died a few hours later.

Jackson.—The Michigan Railways company, in addition to its regular payroll, disburse between $50,000 and $60,000 in back pay awarded employees by the board of arbitration in the recent wage dispute.

Grand Ledge.—The city schools were closed here on account of increase of scarlet fever epidemic. There will be no public services, picture shows, etc., until February 19, according to present plans of health board.

Monroe.—Articles of association of the Janney Aircraft company have been filed with the county clerk, showing the incorporation of a company for the manufacture of aerial craft, motor boats, dirigibles and articles of that nature. The capital stock is $30,000.

Owosso.—The Estey Manufacturing company of Owosso, which makes furniture, announced that March 1 the company would pay a dividend from its net profits to its employees as an expression of appreciation. A total of $5,000 will be divided among 100 men.

Lansing.—Charles Shubel, fifty-five years old, wealthy shoe merchant and prominent in local commercial and social circles, was beaten into unconsciousness and robbed in Central park, apparently by two or more men. Mr. Shubel is a brother of Colonel Shubel, and his son is a son-in-law of Justice Brooke of the supreme court.

East Lansing.—Plans have been formulated for making agricultural courses in high schools practical as well as theoretical by allowing credit for agricultural project work done on the farms toward graduation in the high schools in the state offer courses in agriculture, with agricultural college graduates as instructors.

Monroe.—The Monroe road commission re-advertised the reletting of the 15.77 miles of the Dixie highway between Monroe and the Wayne county line. Bids will be opened Wednesday, February 14. Construction will be of concrete. The road is to be finished in 1917. About $2,000 worth of work has been done by the former contractor, whose contract was forfeited.

Muskegon. — Organization of the Muskegon Heights Airplane company, which will manufacture a super-airplane for the United States postal service and the United States naval service, was completed here. Leading Muskegon Heights manufacturers are stockholders. The airplane will be of the triplane type, will have a wing-spread of 72 feet, with a tail 48 feet long, and will be equipped with two 100-horse power motors. It will have a carrying capacity of two tons.

Lansing.—Representative John Y. Martin of Owosso and former Senator A. B. Cook of Shiawassee county have recommended to Governor Sleeper that he parole Daniel Pierow, sentenced to Jackson prison for life last February for a crime against his own daughter. Pierow, a former Shiawassee county man, was sentenced from Ingham county. It is said that he is dying and his relatives are eager to obtain his release.

Battle Creek.—Local friends received notice of the wedding at Victor, N. Y., of Ephraim W. Moore of Benton Harbor, former mayor of Battle Creek, former member of the Michigan house of representatives and present publisher of the Benton Harbor Palladium, to Miss Alice M. Parks, a sweetheart of his youth. Mr. Moore, after leaving New York, many years ago, married Miss Lilla Willard, daughter of the late United States Senator George Willard, and became associated with Mr. Willard in publishing the Battle Creek Journal. His wife died some time ago, and he again met Miss Parks.

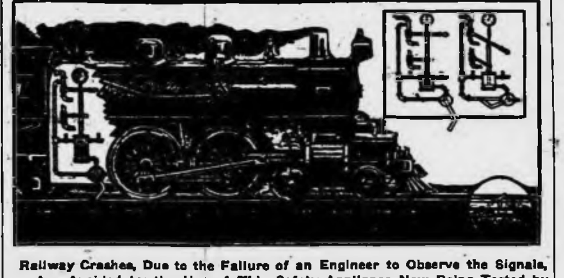
Manistee.—Stumbling in the dark hayloft of Ford's livery barn, Hans Christian fell down a 15-foot feed chute landing astride a manger. A bale of straw he was carrying on his shoulders fell on top of him. Christian was rushed to the hospital where it was announced that he will probably recover.

Ann Arbor.—Mrs. Jessie Lignon, 34 Alfred street, Detroit, died on a Michigan Central train while en route to Chicago. Her body was found by a conductor, shortly after the train pulled out of Ypsilanti. It is believed that death was caused by apoplexy.

Dearborn.—Henry Ford was elected honorary president of the Dearborn board of commerce. Other officers chosen were: President, E. R. Bryant; first vice president, Clarence L. Parker; second vice president, Dr. E. F. Fisher; secretary, D. E. Frutcher; treasurer, W. A. Jackson.

Monroe.—The Monroe school board decided to hold a special election February 19 to submit a proposition to electors for the purpose of borrowing $75,000 with which to erect a school building in the fourth precinct. There is no public school building in this precinct.

VALUABLE SIGNALING DEVICE



Railway Crashes, Due to the Failure of an Engineer to Observe the Signals, Are Avoided by the Use of This Safety Appliance Now Being Tested by an Eastern Railroad.

HAVE HUMAN SIDE

BIG RAILROAD MEN NOT ALL WITHOUT HEARTS.

As a Proof of It, a Transaction in Which the Late James J. Hill Figured Is Recalled by One Who Knew Him.

"Perhaps you think the hard-headed lions of the railroad game have no hearts?"

The speaker was a prominent executive of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad company. For 40 years he served several of the big transcontinental lines of America and his acquaintance with kings of the steel rails is large.

"Any man who is acquainted with the hurly-burly of your exacting business," I replied, "would imagine that they need their hearts for the sole purpose of pumping energy."

"That is the common conception," he pursued. "The public reads of the relentless warfare for business, of the iron fist exploited in deals and in directorates. So people doubt the existence of the human side. Yet if you pause to think, this human side must exist or the whole fabric—which is built upon personal co-operation of appreciation and service—falls to the ground.

"I knew the late James J. Hill very well. Two years ago I was in the employ of the Great Northern, with headquarters in St. Paul. Mr. Hill then was supposed to have 'retired.' He had 'retired' like the boys in the European trenches did after the peace notes and terms were submitted to the neutrals.

"Jim Hill was a very unusual man. He never bored anybody. Men alternately hated and loved him. Many spread broadcast the misinformation that his heart simply served as a ticker.

"There was a reason for this. He would find an employee reniging on the job. This employee soon would kiss his job good-by with an impetus that would jar his back teeth loose. Thereafter he would tell everybody that Mr. Hill's heart was made of the stuff you put in the top of refrigerators.

"Mr. Hill did things that proved the contrary, but he never megaphoned his good deeds. Here's a story that fell under my notice. It shows the 'soft' side of Jim Hill.

"Some years ago a boy of twelve years stealing a ride on one of the Great Northern trains near St. Paul fell under the wheels and lost a leg. In a few days an adjuster of the Great Northern interviewed the boy. He asked the little fellow what he thought the Great Northern owed him.

"'That's all right,' replied the little chap. 'You see I hadn't any business to be on the car. I'd run away from home, an' I'd stole the ride on the railroad, an' I just got what was comin' to me, that's all. No, the road don't owe me nothing.'

"The adjuster, marveling, went away. He told the story at the office and in time it reached Jim Hill.

"'Somebody who admits that a railroad doesn't owe him anything?' Mr. Hill asked. 'Is he human?'

"'Less one leg,' he was told. 'Of course, he's only a boy. That might account for it.'

"'I never met a young boy yet who didn't consider that the world owed him everything,' replied the trail blazer. 'I think this youngster is worth investigating.'

"He investigated him. As a starter he bought him the best artificial leg that money could buy, and he purchased bigger legs as the boy grew. He put him through preparatory school and college. Mr. Hill figured the boy worth a substantial start in life and reports are that the young man is developing as the veteran expected.

"Moreover, Mr. Hill looked up the boy's father. He was a discouraged struggler. He started him in business and he is prospering. That particular family is numbered among the myriad Hill rooters today."

Queer Sort of Signalman.

For some reason or other monkeys and apes have never been much trained to do anything really useful. An exception, however, should be made in the case of a baboon that took the place of a signalman on a railway. This was at Uitenhage, in South Africa, where the human signalman was a cripple; he, therefore, taught a baboon to pull the right levers and points at certain signs from his cabin, and when the day's work was done the animal used to fix a trolley on the rails and take his master home.

Sure Sign.

"Yes," said the matron with the sugar bowl, "I'm sure she's a young wife."

"Why are you so sure of it?" asked her friend.

"Because," explained the other, "she actually thinks she can prepare a pudding like the illustration on the package."

To give wrestlers practice a stuffed figure of a man that requires much effort to overturn has been patented by a resident of Washington, D. C.

CAN'T RUN PAST SEMAPHORE

If Engineer Fails or Is Unable to Notice Danger Signal Train Is Stopped Automatically.

Experiments are being conducted by one of the Eastern railroads with a safety device which a Rochester inventor has evolved for the purpose of eliminating accidents caused by the occasional failure of locomotive engineers to observe danger signals. Particularly during heavy storms and dense fogs, it is extremely difficult for a pilot to see a semaphore. The safety appliance is intended to control the speed of the train mechanically, so that it cannot run into an open switch or collide with another one if the signals are properly set. The appliance is installed in a locomotive and consists of an arrangement which permits the steam to be cut off and the brakes applied, when a lever arm, extended adjacent to one of the rails, strikes a trip fixed on the track and regulated either mechanically or electrically by connection with a regular signal system. Thus, when a towerman sets a semaphore to stop an approaching train, and the engineer of the latter fails to see it, the lever arm of the controlling device hits the trip, and the train is brought to a stop.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

KEEP TRAIN CREW AT WORK

Difficulties of Railroading in Alaska Will Be Understood From the Following Incident.

A correspondent writing from Seward, Alaska, under date of December 12, states: "Last week the train service over the government railroad was discontinued for the winter beyond Mile 34. Beyond the thirty-fourth mile of track only double-headers have been used during the past six weeks, two engines being required to force the snowplow over the line. The train crew handling the last train of the season over the mountain summit to Mile 52 brought back some strange tales of the freaks of frost out the line. At Tunnel No. 3 a couple of icicles six feet in diameter barred the way, and while these obstructions were being removed the engine became frozen to the track in the slush. It took two hours to thaw it loose. On the back trip, between Mile 40 and Mile 34, the coldest spot in this section of Alaska, the trainmen's lanterns became extinguished every time they went outside, the oil congealing so that it could not enter the wicks. The previous train got beyond Mile 54, but was intercepted on the return trip by an immense snowslide near Spencer glacier and was put in winter quarters constructed for the purpose. The train crew returned to Seward on foot."

NEW BRIDGE QUICKLY PUT UP

Union Pacific Engineers Successful in What Is Called a Remarkable Piece of Work.

The old steel bridge of the Union Pacific railroad over the Missouri river between Omaha and Council Bluffs, which had been in service for 30 years, was recently removed and replaced by a new steel bridge, which had been built on false work alongside the old.

The actual operation of removing the old bridge, which weighed 5,600,000 pounds, and putting in place the new, which weighed 11,200,000 pounds, required 15 minutes, four and a half minutes for the removal of the old and ten and one-half minutes to replace it with the new. Five hoisting engines, equipped with block and tackle, were used. Union Pacific officials said the work was an unusual engineering feat.

An hour after the new bridge was in place trains were running over it.

Russia to Build More Lines.

The war has awakened Russia to her poor facilities in the matter of railways, according to a late report from Petrograd. Immense extensions are being planned. Russia now has only 44,000 miles of railway, an amount equal to about three miles per 10,000 inhabitants. The United States has 26 miles of railway per 10,000 inhabitants. Russia's plans for the next five years include extension at the rate of 4,000 miles of new line annually. This will be more than equivalent to a new transcontinental railway built annually in this country. The construction will cost $450,000,000, or more for each year of the 4,000-mile program.

Swiss Railroad Lines.

Railroads were introduced in Switzerland in 1844 with the construction of the Basel-St. Ludwig line. The Zurich-Baden line followed in 1847. By 1860 there were 1,000 kilometers (621 miles) of normal-gauge lines in use, and in 1912 their length reached 3,500 kilometers (2,175 miles).

Helping Out the Milk.

Bacon—This paper says the volume of water estimated to be contained in the oceans and the inland seas connected with them is 323,800,000 cubic miles."

Egbert—Well, that would indicate that we are reasonably sure of something in the way of a milk supply for some time to come.

The repeal of the exclusion order against the entry into British Columbia of "artisans and laborers, skilled and unskilled," is being demanded.

Your Banker Knows

An investment is only just as safe and sound as the men behind it. ASK YOUR BANKER. He knows that the following officers and directors of this company are safe, sound business men:

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E. A. Loveley, Vice Pres.-Secy. Sternfelts-Loveley Co.
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M. Hubert O'Brien, Attorney.
H. H. Sanger, Vice Pres.-Cashier, Nat'l Bank of Commerce.
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This company invests its own money in First Mortgages, on a basis of 50% or less of reproduction cost value of property, divides same into $100, $500 and $1,000 integral parts for the convenience of investors, and GUARANTEES payment of both principal and interest at 5%—making an absolutely safe, sound form of investment. ASK YOUR BANKER'S advice—and write us for Booklet.

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Its Lead.

"I see that your woman reporter has a decided tendency for military happenings."

"I guess that is because she puts too much powder on her nose for news."

"EXCEEDED SPEED LIMIT"

GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules will relieve that stopped-up congested feeling. They will thoroughly cleanse and wash out the kidneys and bladder and gently carry off the ill effects of excesses of all kinds. The healing, soothing oil soaks right into the walls and lining of the kidneys and expels the poisons in your system. Keep your kidneys in good shape by daily use of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules and you will have good health. Go to your druggist at once and secure a package of this time-honored, world-wide remedy. It is not a "patent medicine." It is passed upon by U. S. Government chemists and declared pure before coming into this country. GOLD MEDAL is the pure, original Haarlem Oil, imported direct from the ancient laboratories in Holland where it is the National Household Remedy of the sturdy Dutch. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on every box. Accept no substitute. Your druggist will gladly refund your money if not as represented. Adv.

An Edible Currency.

At Cobham, a rural station in central Virginia, Mr. Bell is the storekeeper. One day a small negro came into his store with a single egg. He went up to Mr. Bell and displayed the new-laid egg.

"Mr. Bell, mummer say please, sir, give her a needle for dis egg."

"You can get two needles for an egg," answered Mr. Bell.

"Nor, sir, mummer don' want two needles; she say please, sir, give me de change in cheese."—Youth's Companion.

Rear Guard Removed.

Doris was rather backward in her studies. One day when her father was inquiring into her standing at school she admitted that she was lowest in her class.

"Why, Doris, I am ashamed of you!" her mother exclaimed. "Why don't you study harder and try to get away from the foot of the class?"

"It isn't my fault," Doris replied in tones of injured innocence. "The little girl who has always been at the foot has left school."

Suitable Match.

"What became of Milly? She was a duck of a girl."

"Yes, and she married a quack."

Prominent Citizen.

Bug—Who is he?

Caterpillar—That's Mr. Firefly, one of our leading lights.

Before starting the youngsters to school give them a piping hot cup of

Instant Postum

School teachers, doctors and food experts agree on two points—that the child needs a hot drink, and that the drink shouldn't be coffee.

Postum fills the need admirably and its very extensive use among thoughtful parents, coupled with the child's fondness for this flavory, nourishing food-drink, show how completely it meets the requirement.

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No change in price, quality, or size of package.