

# THE SUCCESSES OF RANDALL PARRISH

The Detroit Times recently said:—"American literature owes much to Mr. Parrish, and he is increasing the debt still more and more with every new volume. There is none other among the noteworthy writers of the day just like him, and very few in the notable army who have preceded him."

If the long-sought and oft-prophesied American novel were to be selected from the fiction that has already been written on this side of the big water, it would not be strange if the mark of pure gold were to fall upon one of these four remarkable stories that Randall Parrish has placed upon the world's shelves."

## MR. PARRISH'S FIRST SUCCESS

### When Wilderness Was King

A Tale of the Illinois Country

"The finest book of fiction from a mechanical standpoint ever turned out by an American publishing house."—*St. Paul Dispatch*.

"It is decidedly in keeping that the most powerful novel of to-day concerning the West should be written by a Western man and published by a Western firm. 'When Wilderness Was King' is like a great cyclone sweeping us along in the mighty current of the story."—*Philadelphia Item*.

## MR. PARRISH'S SECOND SUCCESS

### My Lady of the North

The Love Story of a Gray-Jacket

"Without a dull page or a tedious character. . . Both North and South will follow through the pages of adventures and love-making with scarcely a thought of their own personal sympathies and antagonisms."—*Kansas City Star*.

## MR. PARRISH'S THIRD SUCCESS

### A Sword of the Old Frontier

A Tale of Fort Chartres and Detroit

"A stirring romance of Old Detroit and Fort Chartres—of the fine old days when men's blood rushed full hotly through their veins before the sword of a foe or the bright eyes of a woman—of love and war, Frenchman and Briton and Indian, of M. de Villiers and Chief Pontiac and Major Gladwyn, Commandant of the English post at Detroit—this is Randall Parrish's new story."—*Detroit Times*

## MR. PARRISH'S FOURTH SUCCESS

### Bob Hampton of Placer

A Tale of Two Soldiers of the 7th

"The incidents of the narrative are stirring without improbability, thrilling without the blood-rav preposterousness of so many 'western tales.' The epic event of the book is Custer's last night, but the scenes, personages and events surrounding it are naturally and convincingly tributary to the novel."—*Albena Independent*.

Each, illustrated in color — \$1.50

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# Thrice Told Tales

## Mr. Bryan's Goat

Last year William Jennings Bryan visited Cornell University. While being entertained at dinner by a prominent member of the legal fraternity, he told the following story on himself:

"Once out in Nebraska I went to protest against my real estate assessment, and one of the things of which I particularly complained was assessing a goat at twenty-five dollars. I claimed that a goat was not 'real' property in the legal sense of the word and should not be assessed. One of the assessors, a very pleasant-faced old man, very obligingly said that I could go upstairs with him and together we would look over the rules and regulations and see what could be done.

"We looked over the rules and finally the old man asked: 'Does your goat run loose on the road?'"

"Well, sometimes," said I, wondering what the penalty was for that dreadful offense.

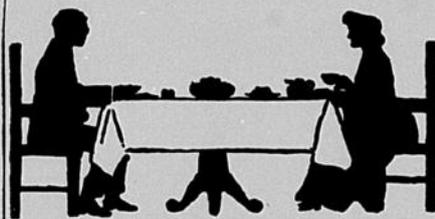
"Does he butt?" again queried the old man.

"Yes," I answered, "he butts."

"Well," said the old man, looking at me, "this rule says, tax all that certain property running and abutting on the highway. I don't see that I can do anything for you. Good day, sir."

## Couldn't Make the Dough

A young book-keeper who had been many years married carefully laid down a piece of bread, the other night, and said to his wife: "I wish you could make such bread as mother used to make." The



young wife smiled and remarked in a voice that did not tremble: "Well, John, I wish that you could make the 'dough' that father used to make." A hush as silent as death fell so suddenly that John almost lost his breath, and the bread and dough question hasn't come up for family discussion since.

## The Postman Had Gone

"Speaking of the ingenuousness of the child mind," said Miss Carey Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr College, at a notable luncheon, "let me read you a letter that a friend of mine received from her son at Andover:

"Dear Mother: I am well and I hope you are well. Will you please send me two dollars? I know the last did not last long, but it is all spent now, and I need two dollars badly. I hope you are well. I am well. Please do not forget two dollars."

"Then there was this postscript: 'I was so ashamed to ask for money so soon after the last you sent that I sent after the postman to get this letter back, but it was too late; he had gone.'"

## How the Clergyman Endorsed a Check

One of the stories attributed to Bishop Potter concerns a young and inexperienced clergyman who had just been called to a city charge. At the end of the first month his salary was paid by check, and he took it to the bank and passed it in at the paying teller's window. That official looked at it and then passed it back.

"It's perfectly good, he said, "but I will have to ask

you to endorse it." The young clergyman took his pen



and wrote across the face of the check, "I respectfully subscribe to the sentiments herein expressed."

—*Search-Light*.

## An Example

"Papa, what is satire?" "Well, for example, when your mother asks me how much I've won at prayer meeting."—*Lije*.

## The Stern Father

"Well, sir," brusquely inquired the girl's father, "what can I do for you?" "Why—er—I called, sir," stammered



the timid suitor, "to see if—er—you would give assent to my marriage to your daughter."

"Not a cent, sir! Not a cent! Good day."

## John Burns and His \$7,500 a Year

When John Burns, England's labor leader, became a member of the Cabinet, there came the question of his salary. A year or so ago he made a widely quoted speech in which, in denouncing the extravagance of the late government, he mentioned the officials' salaries paid to its members, and said vehemently that no man living was worth more than \$2,500 a year. His salary is now \$10,000 a year. It was not long before some unkind critic reminded him of the speech, and asked what he intended to do about the extra \$7,500 a year. His answer was that he had never been a "scab," and that as he had joined the government union, he was not going to work for less than the union scale of wages.

## Eddie was Too Literal

"Eddie," said a mother to her little son, "I wish you would run over and see how old Mrs. Smith is. She has been quite ill."

In a few minutes Eddie came running back and reported: "She said to tell you it was none of your business."

"Why, Eddie," said the astonished mother, "what did you ask her?"

"Just what you told me to," replied the little innocent. "I told her you wanted to know how old she was."

## Church Side of a Hat

One day a woman came into a millinery establishment very much excited, and wanted the trimming on her new hat changed. She said that it had been trimmed on the wrong side.

"But," said the milliner, "the trimming is on the left side. That is where it ought to be."

"It doesn't make any difference whether it ought to be in front or back or right or left, it's got to be on the church side."

"Church side!" gasped the astonished girl.

"Yes, church side. I sit right next the wall in church, and I'm not going to have all that trimming next the wall. I want it on the other side, so the whole congregation can see it."

The trimming was promptly placed on the "church side" of the hat.



## Anty Drudge's Cure for Washer-woman's Sore Hands.

Mrs. Housemother—"My hands are so tender and sore—I just dread wash-day coming. Mrs. Washestoo next door, says she uses rosewater and glycerine for hers. Guess I'll get some."

Anty Drudge—"Rose water and fiddlesticks! Your sore hands come from washing the old-fashioned way! Use Fels-Naptha soap and save your hands."

Soaps are like people. They prove themselves worthy or unworthy by their actions. They are judged, not by their looks, but what they do—or don't do.

Fels-Naptha soap, for instance, is a cake of stored-up cleansing energy. Yet, so far as looks go, it is no different from ordinary soap. To prove its worth, it must be tested—and tested the right way, according to the simple directions on wrapper.

In the old-fashioned way, you do by main strength on the washboard what Fels-Naptha soap

does without boiling or scalding. In half the time, too

**Imitations**  
are worthless.  
Get genuine  
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Insist on getting the soap in the red and green wrapper. Accept no other.

Fels & Co., Philadelphia.

Sample sent free upon application.