

AN UGLY DUCKLING

By ALICE FREEMAN.

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A group of five girls were sitting before an open fireplace in the living room of Edith Hall's country home. Four of them were enthusiastically planning a sleighing party. Elizabeth Martin, as usual, simply sat and listened. Now and then she sighed softly as one of her friends related some incident which took place on the last sleighing party. They were trying to decide what fellows they could depend upon to even up their party.

"There is that new family across the street and a perfectly stunning young man comes out of the house every morning, but he simply will not look at one of us," said the hostess with a hopeless sigh. "He was present at the church social the other evening, and when I met him the next morning I thought surely he would recognize me, but he passed by without even looking at me."

Each girl had some such story to relate, excepting Elizabeth.

Soon Elizabeth excused herself, and with a hurried good-bye she went out.

"I suppose Beth would have to be included," said one girl.

"Yes, but I doubt if she will go," replied another. "You know how she is when there are fellows concerned."

Just outside in the hallway Elizabeth Martin smothered a low cry. She had come back, unnoticed, for her rubbers, and as she heard her name tossed around she took a quick step forward as if to rush into the room where the girls were talking. A moment later she had changed her mind, and noiselessly she slipped out of the house and hurried across the street and home.

So that was what they thought! She was afraid of fellows! Well, she would show them something. She, who had never had a beau—she would go on their sleighing party and she would go with a fellow, too. Yes, she would go with Allen Morse, the fellow who had just moved in, next door—the fellow that all the girls had tried to attract and had failed. But she would not fail! Then perhaps they would change their minds, and she would be the ugly duckling no longer.

The next thing to decide was "how to meet him." It was Tuesday and the party was to be Thursday. She spent the rest of the afternoon and evening in thought. That day the sun had shone brightly, and the snow on the walk in front of her house had melted.

"If it freezes tonight, I can do it," she told herself and as she dropped off to sleep late that night, a smile rested on her lips.

Fate was with her, for the next morning was cold and windy. She was up early and with her coat on and an attractive man, which was arranged becomingly over one ear, she stood in the doorway, hidden from view by a curtain which was drawn partly aside. She watched the pedestrians as they passed, carefully picking their way along the icy sidewalk.

Suddenly the curtain at the door was drawn together and Elizabeth Martin came quickly out of her house. Just as a young man came into view in front of his own house, next door. They both reached the end of Elizabeth's walk at the same moment, and their eyes met. As Elizabeth turned the corner her foot slipped on the ice, and with a low cry she fell forward. Allen Morse threw out his arms and caught her, holding her closely for a brief moment, but long enough to bring a burning flush to the girl's cheeks.

"All right!" he asked, simply.

She thought she was, she told him, and after thanking him, she tried to free herself from his grasp. But he had mistaken the quiver in her voice for one of pain, and kept a firm hold on her arm. As she stepped forward she swayed a little, then sank back in his arms.

"Better let me help you," he offered, and with a supporting arm around her, he led her back into the house. He made sure that she was resting comfortably before he left her, with a casual remark that "he would drop in in the evening to see if she was all right."

As soon as she heard the front door close she quickly arose and ran to the window, from where she watched him until he was out of sight.

"Well," she declared, "if all young men were like him, I would soon lose my reputation for being afraid of them."

True to his promise, Allen Morse rang the doorbell of Elizabeth Martin's home at eight o'clock that evening. He was surprised when she herself answered the ring, and invited him in, but a greater surprise was waiting Elizabeth's girl friends, for before he left her that evening Allen had given his promise to accompany her on the sleighing party.

The following evening a bright moon lighted the way for a merry crowd, packed tightly in a large sleigh. Elizabeth Martin was undoubtedly the happiest member of the party, unless perhaps it was Allen Morse. As she presented Allen to the others, she smiled mysteriously.

Unable to wait any longer one of the girls finally whispered enviously, "Beth, how did you ever do it?"

The astonishing reply came in three short words, "Just varped him!" and she refused to tell anything more.

Up-to-Date Version.

Defined at a dinner in New York: "A piker is a man who lives within his income."—Boston Transcript.

In Other Words, Concentrate.

The great secret of both health and successful industry is the absolute yielding up of one's consciousness to the business and diversion of the hour—never permitting one to infringe in the least upon the other.—Sismond.

DELAWARE.

Mrs. Paul Priddy and daughter of Frankfort, S. Dakota, arrived Saturday evening, for a visit with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Angell attended a Sunday school class picnic at the Arthur LePever home, north of Earlville, Wednesday.

The Delaware hall team won a game from Dundee, last Sunday.

Clarence Benson came Saturday, to see his mother, who is sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Zirtzman attended a farewell party for Mr. and Mrs. Jay Smith, at Manchester, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith will soon leave for California, overland.

Mrs. Harold Angell entertained the Country Club at her home, east of town, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Kaster and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kaster drove to Dubuque, Wednesday, also to Rockdale, and spent the day at the Ad. Trumblee home.

Mr. and Mrs. June Knowles of Waterloo, drove down, Friday. Mrs. Knowles remained with her mother, Mrs. C. Benson, and her daughter, Glendola, who had been staying with her grandma, returned home.

Herman Zirtzman and family enjoyed a drive to Cedar Rapids, Thursday.

Mrs. C. Liebe, Mrs. Bergman, and Miss Holscher of Earlville, were the guests of Mrs. Harold Angell, Wednesday.

Rame Kaster and Mrs. Palmer were among the Manchester business callers, Saturday.

Mr. Todd and Emery Cramer of Manchester, were callers here, Sunday.

Sealy Kaster and Mable Talmadge drove to Oelwein, Sunday, taking the Boots family with them as far as Stanley, where they stopped to spend the day with relatives.

Chas. Martin and family, Alonso Grapes and wife, Rob Bradka and family, John Ratcliffe and family, Eva Van Arken, son and daughter, of Hopkinton, Arch Smith and family, of Ryan, came up Sunday and were accompanied by Mrs. Haven and sons, and Lester Orberg, and drove to the ice cave and picnicked, thoroughly enjoying the day with sight seeing, a fine lunch and plenty of ice cream.

Mrs. George Ham, of Earlville, went through to Strawberry Point, Friday.

Mrs. Mortenson was a passenger to Dubuque, Friday.

Carl Orberg of Manchester, visited home folks, Thursday night.

Joe Rusha went to Anamosa Saturday to return with his wife, who has been there, in the hospital for a couple of weeks. They returned in the afternoon coming in a car with Henry Pettion of Manchester.

Mr. Yoran of Manchester brought his wife and daughter here to take the train to Anamosa Wednesday.

Mrs. John Greenwood and step-son, who have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe, a few days, left for Donnan Junction where they will live on a farm.

George Maack and son, Elmer, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of Waterloo, spent over Sunday here and at Earlville.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Smith of Earlville, went to Greeley, Wednesday.

Mrs. Hartwig of Earlville, left here Wednesday for Luana to visit her sister a few days, and Sunday her brother Henry drove up after her.

Mr. Yoran of Manchester, went to Anamosa, Thursday to see his wife, who is in the hospital at that place.

Ned Paris and family, Ivan Boone and family, Ed Sheppard and family and Lyle Sutton and family attended the Farm Bureau Picnic at Bailey's Ford, Wednesday.

Relatives here received word of the arrival of a son at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Macer, at Clark S. D.

Rob Sheldon and family and Ned Paris and family spent Sunday with Manchester relatives.

John Boone and wife, of Manchester spent Sunday at the Ivan Boone home.

Eagles Fly High.

Eagles have been known to fly to a height of 6,000 feet.



Belt Power Requirements

TODAY tractor belt operation is considered just as important as the tractor's ability to pull plows. But all tractors do not meet fully the requirements essential to successful belt work.

First, the tractor should have a throttle governor so that the fuel consumption is regulated according to the variations in load and a uniform speed maintained at all times; saves one man's time (no one required to adjust fuel) and prevents racing of both tractor and driven machine when running empty.

Second, the pulley should be so placed that the tractor can be backed into the belt without loss of time. It is much quicker and easier to do this than to back the driven machine into the belt by muscular energy of either men or horses.

Third, the pulley should be so placed that it does not rub against any part of the tractor nor drag on the ground. It should not be necessary to dig holes in the ground for the front wheels so that the belt will clear them—a waste of time and energy.

Fourth, the pulley should have a friction clutch so that the driven machine can be stopped or started at will without stopping the tractor engine.

Fifth, the pulley should have a broad diameter and a wide face to insure against belt slippage so that the full power of the tractor engine is delivered to the driven machine.

Sixth, successful operation should also include real economy of operation—a throttle-governed, kerosene-burning engine.

The Titan 10-20 kerosene tractor meets all of the above requirements in every detail. That is why we sell it and recommend it for successful belt work. Come in and let us talk it over the next time you are in town.

W. D. HOYT CO.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER FARM MACHINES SALES SERVICE

Tennis a French Game.

Tennis is a French game which in the twelfth century was played with ball and bat on horseback. Later the horses were dispensed with. The game was very popular in England in the sixteenth century when rackets first came into general use. Before that the hand was used for batting.

Something Wrong.

It has been stated that package freight, once loaded, could be carried from Boston to Cuba, or coal from New York to Brazil more cheaply than it could be moved from one pier to a neighboring one within the same harbor.

Keep Boot Buttons On.

Take a common shoe lace, make a hole in the kid of the boot large enough to take the eye of each button. Then pass the shoe lace, which should be new and strong, through the eyes of the buttons, fastening it at each end with as flat a knot as possible.

Lucky and Unlucky Days.

There is an old belief among the superstitious that a favor asked of any person on the fourteenth day of the month will be granted. The Chinese begin nothing on the seventh day of the month because it is supposed to be unlucky.

Color and Disease.

Color really does fight disease. Take for example the ultra-violet ray. Here we have a most convincing proof of the healing force that resides in color. This famous ray exerts a very potent curative effect upon certain diseases of the skin. A ray of ultra-violet light is concentrated upon the diseased part, and immediately a new process is set up by which the disease is eventually destroyed.

The Original Budget.

The word "budget" was originally the name of the leather socket in which the cavalry used to rest the butt of their carbines. It also means a small wallet or purse. It became associated with the annual financial statement of the chancellor because he took the statement he was about to make from his case. The word was highly objected to at the time, but it stuck.

Be Truthful Always.

He that is habituated to deceptions and artificialities in trifles, will try in vain to be true in matters of importance; for truth is a thing of habit rather than of will. You cannot in any sudden and single effort will to be true if the habit of your life has been otherwise.—F. W. Robertson.

Gertrude had attended a funeral and had been much attracted by the beautiful hearse. Last Sunday she was in the yard playing when another hearse glided smoothly past the house. She ran into the house clapping her hands in an excited way and called by her father: "O, papa, come quick and see the nice graveyard machine."

Gigantic New Zealand Trees.

The sizes reported in some New Zealand trees are astonishing. Each of two kauri trees from the vicinity of the Waipona forest is stated to have yielded 295,788 feet of sawable timber, which is about twice the product of the largest known trees of California, and equivalent to the entire production of nearly three acres of good European forest.

Paradox.

Matheron surprised his friends at the club one evening by rising to leave much earlier than usual. "Why this haste?" said one of his friends. "The night is still young." "I know," replied Matheron; "but I promised my wife to be home by ten-thirty tonight and if I miss the last train I shall catch it!"

"Dandies" Among the Ancients.

According to a Greek writer, effeminate dandies in ancient Greece sometimes slept on beds of sponge. Fashionable people in Athens slept under coverlets of dressed peacock skins, with feathers on. Cushions of pink and purple supported their heads.

Dividing the Day.

The division of the day into hours dates from the original sun dial; and the notion of 60 minutes and 60 seconds must be traced back to the Babylonians, who combined the decimal and the duodecimal systems of numeration, and chose 60 as a convenient measuring aggregate because of its large number of exact factors.—Scientific American.

'Tis the Truth That Hurts.

Irate Subscriber—"Confound you stupid editors! Here at the wedding yesterday, instead of making me say I felt sure the bridegroom had 'many years of uninterrupted bliss' before him, you report it 'many years of uninterrupted bliss'!"—Passing Show (London).

Juvenile Hermit.

Amos was a quiet, staid child, inclined to be too much by himself, his mother thought. Seeing him playing in the back yard alone, she asked him why he didn't go and play with some of the other boys occasionally. "Oh," replied the child, "they disturb my think. I like to be alone with me."

It is Time.

"Hatpins to match the color of the eyes are to be very fashionable this year," according to a trade journal. This should be good news to those street car travelers who object to having green hatpins stuck in their blue eyes.—Punch London.

Economical Soul.

There was considerable fling to be done in our office and a punch was used to insure evenness. There was quite a lot of "confetti" scattered about at times and one bird used to pick this up and take it home, from where he would cart it to the Mardi Gras carnival and enjoy himself. "Confetti" at the carnival retailed at about 1 cent a bagful then.—Exchange.

Childish Reasoning.

Elizabeth's mother died three years ago. Recently her father also passed away, leaving ten-year-old Elizabeth the eldest of three little girls. She was placed in a girls' school, where she was telling the sister of her misfortune. "God needed them," was the sister's only consolation. To which Lizzie exclaimed: "Maybe he did, but I think we kids needed them worse."

Quite So.

A friend who is not in need is a friend indeed.—Answers, London.

Much in Little.

A baby will make love stronger, days shorter, night longer, bank-roll smaller, home happier, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, and the future worth living for.—Office Topics.

Insure in a Good Company

Fire will thrive as long as it has something to feed on. Staggering losses will continue so long as carelessness prevails.

Insurance replaces what is destroyed, but the menace remains, that is why you should insure in some good company. See

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That's what you get at this bakery—goods that are appetizingly different.

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THIS week we are making a special display of the Household Utilities which help so much in housecleaning.

VACUUM CLEANERS

Carpet Beaters	Mops
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Clothes Lines	Tack Hammers
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Come in and pick out the helpful Utilities you need.

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THE WINCHESTER STORE

BECAME MILLIONAIRE WHILE IN STATE PENITENTIARY

Austin, Texas, July 23.—More than 12 years ago "Uncle Billy" Edwards and G. A. Rogers, both residents of Callahan county, Texas, had a bitter quarrel that ended in the death of Rogers.

"Uncle Billy" owned 320 acres of land in that county, but the soil was poor, dry weather had ruined many crops and it took practically all his money to defend himself when his case came up for trial.

The verdict was guilty. The judge sentenced "Uncle Billy," then a man nearly 60 years of age and desperately poor, to 36 years in the state prison.

Governor Colquitt, of Texas, at the insistence of Callahan county citizens who knew "Uncle Billy's" sterling worth, issued a pardon for the old man. It was refused. "I have not yet atoned for my crime," was the message sent by the aged prisoner.

During the next administration, that of Governor Ferguson, another pardon was issued for "Uncle Billy." It was refused also. "I have not yet paid the price in full," the old man wrote the governor.

The other day Governor Hobby received a letter from "Uncle Billy." "I feel in my mind, conscience and heart that I have paid the penalty for my crime," he wrote. The letter was accompanied by another petition from the old gentleman's friends in Eastland and Callahan counties. A pardon was granted to take effect on Monday, July 19, 1920. "Uncle Billy's" 70th birthday.

And so on Monday Uncle Billy Edwards walked through the gates of the Texas state prison a free man. When he entered those gates he was stricken by poverty and broken by the knowledge of the long term he had to serve. He left those gates a rich man, a free man.

After he went to prison oil was found on his 320-acre farm in Callahan county. The royalties were waiting for "Uncle Billy," and those royalties are of such size that "Uncle Billy" Edwards is independently wealthy.

Cornucopia Oil Stock for sale at \$2.50 per share, guaranteed 5 per cent. dividends per month on par value.

\$40 acre oil leases in Lee and Luna counties, New Mexico, at \$150.

Henry Goodhile

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