

Nell's Golden Galleon

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"My ship comes in," sighed Maud, as she slipped another sheet of paper into the typewriter. "I shall throw this wretched machine out of the window."

"With never a thought of the innocent passerby, who might be the target?" smiled Nell Woods, looking up from her work.

"Oh, well! No danger of my ship coming in—it has probably foundered somewhere off the coast of Nowhere—too heavily freighted with gold, perhaps. What's the use of wishing for money and love and everything—nothing ever happens to me!"

"Never mind, Maud, don't worry, and some day it will come sailing into port."

Maud lifted her shoulders expressively, found a package of chewing gum, and went back to her typing. Nell raised great, dark eyes, soft with much dreaming, and looked out of her window at the panorama of New York harbor on a sunny May morning.

From her window on one of the upper floors of a tall office building she could see the ships come sailing home—she could see them set sail again for foreign shores. She loved them all, even the busy little tugs that bulled their way about the other craft; she built many strange fancies about the ships, and the most elusive one of all was her ship that some day would come sailing home through the narrows.

It was no ordinary ship, this one of Nell's dreams—it had grown to be a wonderful old Spanish galleon, freighted with gold and silver and jewels, and its steersman was a dashing lover who would bear her away from the tedious office forever—she would never see another bed room again—never eat another meal in a cheap restaurant. She never said "When my ship comes in," but "When my golden galleon comes home."

Sometimes she wondered why she was so anxious to leave New York. She had been just as anxious to leave Sunport, where she had been born. When her parents died and her aunt offered her a home, Nell refused.

"I must see the world, auntie," she explained. "I cannot be buried alive here. Some day I will come home again—now I must go."

So they let her go, and two years had passed away. She had tired of New York with its fictitious air of friendliness to the stranger within its gates. "New York is Sunport grown up," declared Nell whimsically one day. This summer she was going to Sunport for her vacation. "Perhaps my golden galleon will come sailing through the inlet and find a harbor there," and so Nell took her dreams with her to Sunport.

Every day she went out on the beach beyond her aunt's house and read and sewed, and sometimes dreamed. Mrs. Lynn scolded her for her solitary habits. "Lem Barker was looking for your coming, Nell. If he had been home you would not have been alone. I'll warrant!" The good woman nodded wisely over this reminder of Nell's old admirer.

"Where is Lem?" asked Nell lazily. "Went to the fishing grounds with the feet—he's making money hand over fist—Lem's bought your old place from Adam Marsh, and fixed it all up. Some folks say he's going to be married."

Nell shrugged. Lem Barker, still a fisherman—she thought of the smartly dressed men who had occupied the offices in New York; some of them were her co-workers. How they would laugh to see Lem—to hear his drawl! "Well, I must get in one last sunbath on the beach, auntie," she said; "I think it is going to storm."

Mrs. Lynn lifted a weatherwise eye to the sky. "A bad blow," she predicted, with a worried look on her motherly face. "I hope the boats will get in before it strikes."

"I hope so," returned Nell, running down to the beach and plunging into the churning gray waves. But the ships did not come home before the storm broke. It was a dreadful gale and not a soul in Sunport slept a wink while it lasted. Nearly every home had a man out among the fleet of fishing vessels, and hundreds of eyes were strained toward the inlet as the storm increased in fury.

At last telegrams came straggling in—messages that carried joy or woe to many homes. A few Sunport men had gone down with their little boats, the rest were coming home. There was one man missing—Lem Barker. No one had seen him or his gallant little boat Nellie since the storm struck the banks.

Nell Woods felt oddly anxious about the missing man. She had felt a ten-

derness for Lem in the days before she had felt the call of the city—he had been kind to her parents during days of illness, and if she had remained in Sunport it is very likely that she would have married Lem Barker and remained in her own home.

But ambition had called, many months intervened—and she could not visualize Lem, save as a blushing, bashful country youth with big hands. Though she shuddered at the recollection of her passing fancy for him, she watched for his sail, as did many of her neighbors. Lem Barker's folk were all dead, and some one must look for his homecoming. One by one the neighbors shook their heads and gave up the task.

"Poor Lemmie's gone for good," said the last one, shaking his old head sorrowfully. "He was a good lad, was Lemmie, and know his boat better'n most folks. Can't seem to see how he'd let the sea get the better of him—no, sree! I shan't believe he's lost yet—but he went home at last and Nell was alone, straining her eyes toward the mouth of the inlet. It was the last day of her vacation and she would have to return to the city on the morrow; and here was Lem—her aunt had promised to write and tell her whether he ever came home.

Nell forgot all about her golden galleon and the smartly dressed office men in the city as she remembered the touch of Lem's strong arm across her shoulders when her father died; once his lips had touched her bright hair, reverently. Lem would take no more than that, then. Her heart quivered at the thought of him.

The sun was setting. The water was turning to yellow liquid under its golden touch. What was that in the inlet? Nell rubbed her eyes. Something shining—something golden? Yes—it looked like a galleon, its stern heaped high with silver fish—tons of them. As it drew near to the old wharf Nell ran down to meet it. A fishing sloop, painted yellow from stem to stern, riding into port on a flowing tide! A sail was reefed quickly and she came to under bare poles. A chain rattled and there was a fresh "chunk" as the anchor struck the water. Nell's hands went to her throat—it ached so! Her golden galleon—so this was the way it came? Now, the dashing lover—how strong he was, this Lem Barker—like a young bronze god, his hair blowing back from his handsome face, breaking into a smile at sight of her slim loveliness.

"Oh, Nellie! Is it you?" he said hoarsely, as he leaped ashore. "Yes—Lem—you are safe, my dear!"

"Well, darling?" he asked after a long silence. She lifted her wonderful eyes to his sea-blue ones. "My ship has come in at last," she sighed contentedly, and forgot all about the golden galleon she had dreamed of.

Riches From the Mind. In the last analysis a man's mind is his best source of riches. To him who works it, no Klondike ever yielded richer ores. There is no limit to the variety of jewels stored there; the supply gives out only when man ceases to dig. Columbus got a new continent out of his mind and the marvels of that new world are not yet fully known. Newton got the laws of gravitation from his mind and science has been revolutionized to stay ever since. Faraday mined the science of chemistry from his mind. Edison, Marconi, Holland, the Wright brothers and others have chiseled from their minds the facts that have left blessings to the race. They did not get them bodily from their minds. They found there the ideas and the incentives, and as they worked the material world was made to yield returns that blessed the race.—Grit.

Why Success Succeeds. It is surprising how quickly one can gain the reputation of being a brisk, lively worker—and it is wonderful how valuable such a reputation becomes to a man.

It is said of such a fellow: "He is a hustler"—and knowing that hustling is one of the fundamentals of progress, we look for him to get along well—even putting ourselves out to shove him up the ladder.

That is why nothing succeeds like success. People are always willing to believe that intense activity is founded on true ability and a good purpose, and will play that vitalizing force in their efforts.—Louisiana Grocer.

The Real "Mother Goose." "Mother Goose" was a real character, and not an imaginary personage as has been supposed. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster and she was born in 1665. She married Isaac Goose in 1683 and a few years later became a member of the Old South church, Boston. She died in 1757, aged ninety-two years. The first edition of her songs, which were originally sung to her grandchildren, was published in 1716 by her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet.

then be utilized for mechanical purposes. Excavation methods and machinery have been improved so much of recent years that it may be possible to sink such bores and shafts to a depth of thirty miles.

At present the deepest well ever bored is a hole six inches in diameter on a farm in the United States. It has been driven to a depth of 7,579 feet, or nearly a mile and a half. The deepest mine shaft is at Morro Velho, Brazil, which goes down about a mile and a fifth.

As one expert points out, we have only succeeded in scratching the earth's crust. The real wonders have yet to be revealed to us.

Gulls as Weather Forecasters. Those who live by the coast do not want a better weather sign than the gulls, which in the various winds that will bring the rain, collect in big flocks and gather in the fields or circle high over the land, wheeling and screaming uneasily. They will not come in on a false alarm, and none need fear they will make a mistake.

FRANCE FREE OF BOLSHEVIK TAIN

American Relief Steadies People in Devastated Areas, Says Noted Writer.

BANGS MAKES OBSERVATIONS

Declares Aid Must Be Continued to Restore Sufferers to Full Vigor—Hopes, Not Despair, in Their Hearts.

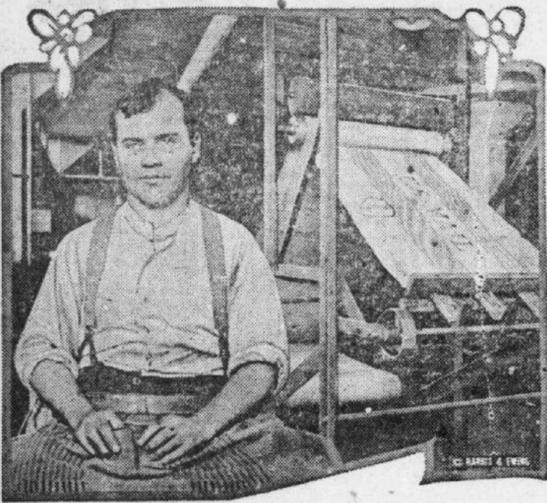
New York.—Bolshevism will never take root in the miles of ruins along the Aisne as long as the morale of the French is kept high while the people are rebuilding and replanting, asserts John Kendrick Bangs. It is better to build up a human soul than to restore a ruined chateau, the well-known writer and lecturer epitomizes.

Speaking from observations made in two trips of inspection through the regions which remain almost as wrecked and desolated as the Germans left them, he declares the work done by the American Committee for Devastated France to be most important in steadying the population during the reconstruction period.

Fears Would Be Allayed. "In restless times like these," said Mr. Bangs, "when the great bogey of Bolshevism is being reared everywhere to frighten the timid into all sorts of compromises with conscience, I sometimes wish that every influential factor in America could be transported to Europe to see for themselves exactly how matters stand over there. I think a great many of their fears would be allayed, and that they would find that Bolshevism is to be apprehended only where there exist no standards of any sort by which the poor and ignorant can measure its shortcomings.

"That it should succeed in Russia is easily accounted for by the utter illiteracy of over 90 per cent of the population. "If there were any real fear of Bol-

Making Mail Bags for Uncle Sam



With a capacity of eight bags a minute, this machine, recently built and installed in the mail shops of the United States post office department, displaces the services of eight men, cutting, stenciling, folding and stitching the canvas cloth at a single operation. William Allen West, shown in the illustration, who has been putting the cords through mail bags in the equipment shops since 1917, has been blind for 20 years. He has a capacity of 325 bags a day.

shevism temporarily triumphant outside of Russia we might with greater reason look for it in countries so devastated by war as to leave their people in a state of hopeless despair, and it is to the relief of those, rather than to that of the unscarred, that we should turn our attention, carrying to them not only material relief, but that moral support for which civilization is supposed to stand.

"I must admit that as I traversed the devastated regions of France and Belgium in my two visits to the war area, and looked upon the ruin there, and realized the full measure of the suffering inflicted upon millions of innocent people by the wild forays of the Hun, it seemed to me that any one of those millions of sufferers would be perfectly justified in turning away

from old systems, and trying anything new that came along, no matter how idiotic or insane it might be, so long as it promised something different from that which was.

No Such Weakness There. "Had I been one of those returning refugees into any one of the hundred and more villages cared for by the American Committee for Devastated France, for instance, I am not sure that I should not have hoisted the red flag, not that I believed in any of the social absurdities for which it stands, but that it had the virtue at least of being different from the one I had used to reverence. But to my amazement I found no trace of any such weakness in the hearts of those good people in the department of the Aisne.

"They looked with cold, dumb grief upon the wreckage that had once been home, but the flag they raised above them was not the red flag of despair, but the tri-color of hope, and I am proud to say that in one corner of it was a blue field holding 48 stars. They knew that that flag had waved gallantly at Cantigny, at Chateau-Thierry, at St. Mihiel, and in the Argonne and that there it had meant force, but here it stood for sympathy and moral support, and it held them proof against any despairing urge of resentment against a civilization that had superficially seemed to fail them. Indeed it was proof that that civilization was going to see them safely through the charred aftermath of war."

Armless Mother Made All Her Baby's Clothes

Although she has no arms, Mrs. J. C. Teagarden of Denver, Colo., is able to give her baby the same care that other mothers give and every bit of clothing the baby wears was made by the mother. Physicians and nurses at the hospital where the child brought little Delphia May were amazed at the facility with which Mrs. Teagarden, born with no arms, cared for her baby, using teeth, feet and shoulders.

Mrs. Teagarden keeps her own house, sews, cooks and makes the beds, and she is able to comb her own hair with a comb held in her toes. Delphia May is a normal child.

SAYS BREED SKUNKS FOR FUR

United States Department of Agriculture Calls Beasat Friend of Farmer.

Washington.—Breeding of skunks as a means of stabilizing the "depressed fur market" is the latest suggestion of the Department of Agriculture.

Despite all the harsh things that have been said about this lowly animal the department describes him as "the best wild animal friend the farmer has." The skunk, the announcement says, can be used for destroying mice, grasshoppers, crickets and white grubs, at the same time furnishing the farmer from \$50 to \$100 worth of fur a year.

All that is required of the farmer, the circular says, is that he "respect the animal's dens, keep his poultry in skunk-proof yards, kill an old horse for them every fall and be tactful when he meets them in the evening."

Think Monkey Stole Diamond. St. Louis, Mo.—Baffled by a wave of robberies and pocket pickings, the police have turned their attention to the Forest Park zoo in the hope of solving at least one light-fingered misappropriation. The quest began with a search of the monkey cages on the theory that an \$800 diamond pin was taken from Mrs. Clifford C. Fox as she strolled through the zoo on a Sunday afternoon. Park police believe one of the monkeys, attracted by the sparkle, reached through the bars of his cage and "lifted" the pin as Mrs. Fox strolled past.

What Would He Do With a Million? Indianapolis.—Arthur C. Newby, who recently inherited a 140-acre farm and \$7,000 worth of personal property left by two uncles of Mooresville, has presented the entire estate to the town of Mooresville, the income of which is to be used to erect a memorial to the two men.

U. S. Navy Best Fed Anywhere

Rations Are So Good That Athletic Training Tables Are Barred.

WARSHIPS ARE NOT SO GOOD

Mechanical Condition of the Fleet Has Undergone Little Improvement Since the War, Says Bureau Chief.

Washington.—Calm still may be made that the American navy is the best fed body of men in the world. Samuel McGowan, paymaster general of the navy, declared in his annual report. In support of his statement, Rear Admiral McGowan cites the following order issued by Admiral Willson, commander of the Atlantic fleet.

Training Tables Barred. "Due to general excellence of present navy rations and living conditions on board ships of the fleet, 'training tables' for athletic events are considered unnecessary and are therefore forbidden.

Surplus provisions left over after filling the wartime need, Admiral McGowan said, have been disposed of at reasonable prices. He added that new stocks of the current season's pack were being obtained in sufficient quantities to meet the estimated requirements of the coming year.

Increases in the prices of foodstuffs during the year were reflected in the cost of the navy ration, which rose to an average of 70.5 cents, as compared with 65.7 cents in 1919 and a prewar average of around 37 cents.

Admiral McGowan asserted that final figures showed that the navy subsisted 900,000 troops en route to France and 1,200,000 returning troops. In connection with the wartime work of the subsistence branch, he said: "Despite the scarcity of certain articles of food and the constant and persistent pressure from outside, amounting in effect to actual propaganda, for relaxation of the rigidity of the navy's specifications, especially on meats, no such thing was done, and the standard of subsistence was never lowered."

In Marriage They Are Not Divided. Cincinnati, O.—When Oscar Heinchen, Jr., and his sister, Miss Hilda Heinchen, participate in a double wedding, they will remain together, as both plan to live in the same house. They met their sweethearts at the same time, proposals were made simultaneously, their engagements were announced together, and now after being married at the same time they will share a double house.

Stout Monoplane Seems a Success



The Stout monoplane, widely known as the "mystery ship" of the war period just before the armistice, has been redesigned for commercial flying, and has just gone through a remarkable series of preliminary flights. Although a new type of aircraft and built entirely from calculations, the ship, on its first trial and with but a preliminary 50-foot run across the ground, took off at once for a 20-minute flight under perfect control at an altitude of 500 feet. The ship is the design of William B. Stout, and has many novel features. It is a real commercial three-passenger limousine, built entirely of veneer, including wings which are internally trussed and completely covered with veneer. The plane is twice as strong as former types of airplane, and yet weighs but 1,820 pounds. Its maximum speed is in excess of 125 miles per hour, while the landing speed is less than 45 miles per hour.

ARMS SMUGGLED TO ITALY

Rome Newspaper Believes They Were Intended for the Tyrolean Militia.

The newspaper asserts that evidently by this means it was expected the truck would pass the Italian frontier at Kufstein, in the Tyrol, without customs examination, but the Italian officials insisted on opening the cases and found they contained machine guns, cannon, revolvers and field glasses. The Giornale d'Italia came to the con-

clusion that the arms were destined for the Tyrolean militia, which it says are well known for their anti-Italian feelings.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams* In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

When You Feel Shaky Will Tone You Up.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

For Malarial Fevers and a General Tonic

If not sold by your druggist, write ARTHUR PETER & CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Mentioned One Thing Right Off.

Mr. Goldrox—Marry me and you'll never want for anything.

Miss Young—Never want for anything? How about a man I could love?—Boston Transcript.

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine

Take Aspirin only as told in each package of genuine Bayer Tablets of Aspirin. Then you will be following the directions and dosage worked out by physicians during 21 years, and proved safe by millions. Take no chances with substitutes. If you see the Bayer Cross on tablets, you can take them without fear for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetate of Salicylic Acid.—Adv.

The Main Object.

"What is your son doing at college this year?"

"Me."

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is uncommon to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Completely Disposed Of.

"Did you use the lie?"

"Yes, after I had hammered the lie."

Kill That Cold With HILL'S CASCARA QUININE

FOR Colds, Coughs AND La Grippe

Neglected Colds are Dangerous

Take no chances. Keep this standard remedy handy for the first sneeze.

Breaks up a cold in 24 hours—Relieves Grippe in 3 days—Excellent for Headache

Quinine in this form does not affect the head—Cascara is best Tonic Laxative—No Opium in Hill's.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

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'GOOD TO THE LAST DROP'

SEALED TINS AT GROCERS

MYSTERIES OF HIDDEN HEAT

Time Will Surely Come When the Earth Will Yield Up All of Her Riches.

Just stores of heat and power lie hidden in the bowels of the earth, waiting to be tapped.

We could do without coal and oil could we but develop the heat resources of the earth.

And in so doing we should probably find new chemicals and minerals of the greatest value to the world's commerce.

It is the conclusion scientists have reached, and they are urging the world to solve the mysteries of the earth. Already some of the heat of the volcanic regions of the earth is being used to produce steam for power.