

Great Power

Being Able to Adapt One's Self

By JOHN A. HOWLAND

ADAPTATION to circumstances in any emergency is one of the greatest forces which a man can command. In its true sense this adaptability is a lever which may move worlds; misinterpreted and misunderstood, however, it becomes a slothful first aid to failure and abides with it as a last companion to the distressing end.

Every one recognizes this man who accepts the false idea of adaptability. As a boy he was recognized by his playmates as always unperturbed. "O, I don't care," was his set speech of dismissal of disappointment and difficulties. As a man he became envied of a certain class of men because he always took things easy. "What's the use?" became his set figure of speech.

In this one may see an adaptation to circumstances that is universal in every application to life. It is absolute and unquestioned in its force and effect.

War illustrates this application of adaptability. It requires more wisdom, knowledge and foresight in a great general to decide upon the time and circumstance of surrender than is required in the general who decides to demand that surrender. To surrender and remain a hero is a far harder test of adaptability than is involved in victory which makes the hero.

One of the best stories I ever heard attesting the faculty of true adaptability is that of the soapmaker who put a new brand of soap upon the market. It satisfied the maker in every respect until suddenly some one handling it dropped the soap into the water, where it floated like a chip. Nothing of the kind ever had been heard of and every one present was aghast at the possibilities. The man of adaptability, however, caught his inspiration from the calamity. "I have it," he exclaimed; "we'll advertise it as the soap that floats!"

The opportunity offered to adaptability as a means is toward accomplishment. The master of adaptability may use it aggressively or passively. He may storm all obstacles or he may wait until time removes them. But as he avails himself of this adaptability to its best ends the storming or the waiting is the best means to those ends.

Who is not pleased and enlivened in coming into touch with the active, effective man who has mastered the science of adaptability? We may recognize that in meeting the man he has a selfish purpose behind his call, but when he has gone, having attained his ends, we are led to remark how cleverly he did it. Rob a man of a dollar he possesses by some especially clever adaptation the circumstances and conditions pertaining to him and the man will find a certain pleasure in telling merely how it was done!

Just common sense? Certainly. That is all that adaptability contemplates. If a man be in a great hurry to reach the second floor of a modern office building and as he enters the door sees the elevator that is going up already jammed to the doors, common sense turns him at once to the stairway. Before the elevator reaches the floor he may be entering the office he seeks.

This is adaptability to circumstances—maybe in high degree. Yet it is only experience working together with common sense.



How to Escape Bold Hold-Up

By CAPT. WOOD
Chicago Police Force

I would bet almost anything I have that if the citizen who is held up should yell "Police!" or "Murder!" the holdup man would run away every time.

The chief trouble is that people are not on the alert. I always take the outside of the sidewalk when out after dark. Then if anyone should happen to be lurking in a dark passageway I have a good chance to see him in time to be on my guard. If I saw two men come toward me late at night and they should separate I would get on the outside of the walk. If they were to inquire the time of me I would not give it to them, as this is likely to be merely a ruse to snatch your watch.

You would laugh if you were to see the fellows we have brought in here as holdup men. They are mostly young men, 20 years old or so. You would never think to look at them that they would ever hold any one up. Most of them are paroled convicts.

The saloon holdup man is in a class by himself and he is a dangerous criminal, as he will use his gun in most cases. However, there is no good reason why he should intimidate a whole roomful of men. I have to smile when I hear of a man going to a saloon, drawing his revolver, lining up six or eight men against the wall and then going through all of them. If they were to make an outcry they would either be caught or killed. Their terror is what allows him to succeed.

My advice is, "When out at night keep on the outside of the sidewalk; keep on the alert, and if attacked make an outcry."

Sunday Closing for Drug Stores

By ENOCH S. PARTLAND

The natural law calls for six days of labor and the seventh day for rest, but we druggists have to be unnatural and disregard this in order to accommodate the public with stamps and information, mostly on Sundays and holidays.

I honestly believe that 75 per cent of all druggists favor Sunday closing. But they cannot secure it because of these impositions which they have to contend with. Church is out of the question.

What druggist could afford to miss his business on a Sunday morning during the present conditions?

Of course there are drug stores which do the bulk of their business on a Sunday—in selling soda water, candies and liquors—and they would be unwilling to close on Sundays.

An alderman has introduced into the council a bill to raise the drug-gist license to \$100.

Why not make any druggist who sells liquors take out a \$1,000 saloon license and let the simple way treat the saloonkeepers fairly?

This would open the profession to its old standard and would tend to make Sunday closing a possibility.

The Talisman

By Emilia Pardo Bazan

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The following story, though true, should not be read in the daytime. Read it by lamplight, I beg of you; not an electric light or a gas jet nor even a petroleum lamp, but by one of those graceful, three-branched affairs which give but little light and leave the greater portion of the room in shadow. Or better still, light no lamp at all, but go out into the garden, and beside the pond where the magnolias shed their intoxicating fragrance and the moon its silvery rays, there listen to the tale of the mandrake and Baron Helynag.

I made the acquaintance of the stranger—and I do not say this to give a coloring of probability to my tale but because I really did know him—in the simplest and most commonplace way in the world. He was introduced to me at one of the numerous entertainments given at the Austrian embassy. The baron was first secretary of the embassy, but neither the post which he occupied nor his face nor his conversation—which differed in no respect from that of most people whom one meets—seemed to account for the air of mystery which attended his presentation to me and which seemed to imply that it was an event of importance. My curiosity piqued, I determined if possible to observe the baron closely. He seemed to me a man of refinement, with the polished manners of a diplomat—handsome, too, though owing much to the tailor and hairdresser. After half an hour's chat with him I could not help wondering why this gentleman had been introduced to me in so impressive a manner.

I made inquiry right and left, and all that I discovered only heightened my desire to know more. I was told that the baron was the owner of a talisman which like Balzac's "peau de chagrin" enabled him to gratify every wish and to succeed in any undertaking. They told me of occurrences which could be explained only by the power of this talisman. The

baron was a Hungarian, and though he claimed descent from Tassoni, the famous Magyar leader, it was known that this last scion of the Helynagies lived in extreme poverty on the ancestral estates in the mountains. He fought three duels and each time wounded his adversary, in the last instance, fatally. This served as a warning to future rivals.

To attain my object I took just the opposite course from that usual in such cases. I talked with the baron on every occasion, frankly and freely, but never said a word about the talisman. Satisfied, no doubt, by his conquests, the baron was just in the mood for making a friend of a woman disposed to treat him simply as such.

I sat thinking it all over one evening when the baron was announced. He came apparently to take leave of me and carried something in his hand which he deposited on the nearest table. Then he sat down and glanced about as if to ascertain whether he was really alone. I felt quite agitated, for I was certain that he was going to speak of the talisman.

"I have come, senora," said the baron, "to ask you to do me an inestimable favor. You know that I am recalled to my native land and that I am to leave at once. I have something—a sort of relic—which I am afraid to take with me on the journey. The fact is, I fear that it may be stolen from me, as there are people who are very eager to obtain possession of it and it is popularly believed to have some supernatural power. It is known that I am about to leave and it is very possible that some plot may exist to take it away from me. I wish to confide it to you. Keep it till my return and I shall be deeply indebted to you."

So the precious talisman, the rare amulet, was there, two paces away, on a table, and was to be left in my hands!

"You may be sure," answered I gravely, "that if I take it I shall guard it with all possible care, but before accepting the charge I must ask you what it is that demands such vigilance."

"Senora, you have placed your hand upon my soul's wound. I am constantly tormented with doubts as to whether I am the possessor of a treasure which has magic powers or whether I am holding in superstitious awe a worthless fetiche. What shall I say? What can I tell you? One evening in

the times when I was very poor and had nobody to take any interest in me, a Jew from Palestine passed by Helynag and urged me to buy this object, which he assured me would bring me all manner of happiness. I bought it as one buys a thousand useless trifles and threw it carelessly into a chest. Shortly after events occurred which completely changed my fate but which can all be explained by natural causes."

The baron rose, and taking the object which he had brought with him, unfolded a black satin cloth and disclosed a little rock crystal box with silver hinges and lock. The cover being raised, under a fine linen cloth trimmed with lace, I saw a grotesque little dark brown figure about a quarter of a yard long and bearing a strong resemblance to the human form.

"What is that ugly little figure?" asked I.

"This," answered he diplomatically, "is one of nature's marvels. It is not made by man. It is the root of the mandrake just as it grows in the bosom of the earth. Old as the world itself is the tradition which attributes to the mandragora anthropomorphism the most curious properties. It is said to grow from soil steeped in the blood of executed criminals, and for this reason the mandrake may be heard to utter shrieks of despairing agony at night as if it held captive a lost soul. Ah, for heaven's sake be careful to keep it always wrapped in a silk or linen cloth. On that condition only does the mandrake lend you its protection."

"And do you believe all this?" asked I, looking fixedly at the baron.

"Heaven grant it," answered he in a tone of such bitterness that I could not say another word.

I began to feel fear of this talisman, in addition to regarding it with an unconquerable repulsion. In fact, I could no longer endure its presence in my room, so determined to lock it up in a glass case in the salon. A new servant, tempted by the coins in the cabinet, broke the glass and took its contents, including the little crystal box and its contents. We caught the thief, recovered the coins, the little box and the lace linen cloth—but my man confessed that he had thrown

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"He died in a railway accident on his way back to Spain," answered she, turning very pale and with averted face.

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GRAY WOLF WAS A MONSTER

Big Beast That Destroyed Stock Near Hammond, La., Finally Killed by Hunter.

The largest gray wolf ever seen in this parish was killed by Owea Weems, about three miles south of here. This wolf has been terrorizing the inhabitants of the Seventh and Eighth wards for several years, and it is a known fact that he has killed several hundreds of sheep and hogs. A. M. Edwards lost many valuable hogs, until finally organized parties would sit up at night in an effort to kill the animal. Mr. Edwards offered a standing reward of \$100 to the person who killed the wolf. Mr. Howse, who lives in the same neighborhood, lost several head of hogs and sheep by the nightly visits of the gray fellow, and he congratulated Weems on his good marksmanship.

The wolf was on exhibition here the other afternoon in a billiard hall and attracted considerable attention. An admission of ten cents was charged to view the corpse, 10 per cent of the fund realized to go for school purposes.

Mr. Howse, upon hearing that the wolf had been killed, brought his entire family to town to take a look at the animal which had caused his family so much alarm during the last two years. The wolf appears to be about 12 years of age, with teeth decayed, and has the appearance of a great dog. His head is peculiarly shaped, not like the wolves of the northwest, but has a large, flat head. The animal weighs 80 pounds and stood about 3½ feet high.

Weems saw the animal while out hunting, and at first thought it was a dog, but upon closer inspection fired a load of buckshot into the right shoulder, causing instant death. The skin will be stuffed and preserved.—Hammond Correspondence New Orleans Times-Democrat.

He Got It.

The non-magnetic yacht Carnegie, before its departure on a 15-year trip to survey the oceans of the world, was visited by Mr. Carnegie. On his tour of inspection, accompanied by Dr. L. A. Bauer, who has charge of the yacht's expedition, Mr. Carnegie expressed great admiration for the appearance of the engine room. The surface of each small piece of brass or nickel was a mirror; no soiled waste or greasy cloth was anywhere to be seen.

Mr. Carnegie held he would like to congratulate the person who was responsible for the engine room's appearance. The man was sent for and listened respectfully to Mr. Carnegie's praise. Then moving out of the room, he halted at the door, and, smiling, asked:

"Excuse me, sir, is this 'just honorable mention,' or does it carry a prize?"

It carried a prize.

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We have a Modern Printing Plant and always carry a Stock of Up-to-Date Stationery.

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Saw Mill and Railroad Printing

A Trial Order will be Fully Appreciated and Receive Our Careful Attention.

How's Business?

THIS ad. is directed at the man who has all the business in his line in this community.

Mr. Merchant—You say you've got it all. You're selling them all they'll buy, anyhow. But at the same time you would like more business.

Make this community buy more.

Advertise strongly, consistently, judiciously.

Suppose you can buy a lot of washtubs cheap; advertise a big washtub sale in this paper. Put in an inviting pic-

ture. Put in washtubs, and people can see it the minute they look at your ad. Talk strong on washtubs. And you'll find every woman in this vicinity who has been getting along with a rickety washtub for years and years will buy a new one from you.

That's creative business power.

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Write us and we will put you onto something new and cheap; it will catch dead loads of fish all seasons in streams where others failed the old-fashioned way. It also catches house and musk rats, minks and weasels. We are sole manufacturers of the celebrated Double's Muszka Steel Wire Fish Baskets. Sales cover 20 states. Illustrated catalog free. We also handle other tackle. (Agents wanted) EUREKA FISH NET CO., Dept. 1176, Galveston, Tex.

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Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified.

FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE

It is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

One Fine 11-Room Residence

New, with modern improvements, 42 electric lights, city water in house, servant's quarters; wood, coal and fuel houses, good barn and garden.

A FARM

Of 200 acres, near Trichell, La.; dwelling, barn, 6 tenant houses. One hundred acres in high state of cultivation.

A FARM

On Red River, ¼ mile from Clarence Station, on L. E. & N. Co., containing 150 acres, good dwelling, barn and 3 tenant houses.

ONE FARM

On Red River ¼ mile from Clarence Station, on L. E. & N. Co., containing 118 acres, good dwelling house and 3 tenant houses.

ONE FARM

On Red River 1 mile from Clarence Station, on L. E. & N. Co., containing 185 acres, 8 good tenant houses.

ONE FARM

On Red River, 2 miles from Clarence on L. E. & N. Co., containing 150 acres, 75 acres in cultivation and 75 acres in hardwood timber. One dwelling and two tenant houses.

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On Red River, 2 miles from Clarence on L. E. & N. Co., containing 150 acres, 75 acres in cultivation and 75 acres in hardwood timber. One dwelling and two tenant houses.

All the lands above enumerated are above overflow and this year are yielding from one-half to three-quarters of a bale of cotton to the acre.

There is a good public school and two churches convenient to these places.

Terms: One-fourth cash, balance in easy payments. For further particulars address

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