

The Kidnaped Peasant Girl

By R. RAY BAKER

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It was all very well, this being kidnaped, until the masked man at the wheel of the auto tried to kiss her. Then the girl let out a scream that the valley walls hurried back and forth through the pine woods.

The kidnaper had drawn up beside the road, and without a word had placed his arm around the girl, implanting a smacking kiss full on her red lips. Until now it had seemed like a grand lark, but after that—well, she really was frightened now.

The man was in garments evidently intended to proclaim him as a knight, but it was rather inconsistent attire. He wore army leggings over blue trousers, and a striped blouse of red and yellow. A sword with a dented scabbard hung from his waist, and a pink domino with a red hood surmounting all. The face was clean-shaven and the part that showed was not at all repulsive.

The girl appeared to be a peasant of central Europe. Her face—well, the red lips and dimples were all that could be seen, because she was masked, too, with a thin strip of white.

When the girl screamed the man released her and appeared taken aback.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, astonishment in the voice, which decidedly was not gruff.

"Matter?" she exclaimed indignantly. "Don't you think you are carrying this escapade a little too far?"

"Too far?" he echoed. "You don't mean to say that a man hasn't the right to kiss the girl he is eloping with, do you?"

She laughed scornfully. "Eloping? Seems you're taking a lot for granted. Perhaps you're insane. Yes, I think that's it. No man in his right mind would talk and act like you."

Garvin Haskell really was puzzled by the girl's behavior. What was the matter with Maxine? Hadn't she agreed to elope from the costume ball with him? Had she changed her mind after all the carefully arranged plans? Well, he knew she was fickle, but it did not seem reasonable that she would back out now.

There was no good reason for an elopement, anyhow. Maxine's parents were dead, and Garvin's folks never had displayed an inclination to meddle in his affairs of the heart. He had enough money in his own right to care for a wife, and in fact his father and mother were rather anxious for him to settle down.

But Maxine had insisted on eloping, in order to have a taste of romance. She wanted to surprise her aunt, with whom she was staying while visiting in Saredac, for one thing, and she wanted some excitement when she took the marriage vows.

Garvin had been trying ever since he became acquainted with her two months ago to induce her to love him. She had put him off, laughing until the time came for the masked ball.

"Yes, I'll marry you, Garve," she said, "but it's got to be an elopement. You dress as a knight and I'll be a peasant girl. After the fifth dance I'll meet you under the big oak tree on the lawn and we'll elope. The arrangements for a minister, of course, are up to you."

"And I'll call when?" inquired the elated Garvin.

"You won't call at all," she said. "I'll go to the dance with some of the girls, and you go alone. That'll make it more romantic."

Garvin made the necessary arrangements, which included marriage by a minister in the neighboring town of Charlotte. He dressed as a knight to the best of his ability and went to the dance alone. And there was his beloved, dressed in the peasant costume, exactly fitting the description Maxine had given him. Yes, she had met him under the oak at the appointed time, and he had carried her off in the auto. And when he pulled up beside the road to claim a kiss as his just due she screamed.

They sat in silence for a few moments after the conversation that followed the scream, and it began to dawn on Garvin that there must be a mistake somewhere.

"Would you mind removing your mask?" he asked the girl.

"Not if you will do the same," she answered.

For reply he removed the domino and at once the girl lifted the cambric. Yes, it was Maxine. In the pale moonlight her countenance showed up as lovely as ever, except that it seemed a trifle older, but no doubt, that was due to the shock of being almost kissed. That was not quite consistent either, for Garvin never had supposed Maxine to be that unsophisticated. He scrutinized her closely, and she returned the stare. Yes, it was Maxine's eyes, and the nose and hair were hers. But why the change in her attitude?

"Maxine," he began, clearing his throat, "I don't—"

"Maxine!" she exclaimed. "I'm not Maxine. What made you think I was?"

The moon's rays became brighter now, due to the shifting of some clouds, and the girl's face showed plainer. Yes, there was a difference. She was older, that was certain, although not much older.

"Well, how—what?" he stammered.

"That's what I say," she exclaimed. "How—what?"

"It's got me beat," he declared. "Do you happen to know Maxine Brooks?"

"Certainly do. She's my younger sister. But she left town yesterday shortly after I arrived to visit Aunt Sarah."

some time as they rode along no words passed between them.

So Maxine had gone back on him! Well, he didn't understand it, but he wasn't going to play the fool by asking questions.

But the car took a hand in the game. A rear tire went flat and Garvin had to mend a puncture because the extra was at a vulcanizing station undergoing repairs. It was fully an hour before the car was ready, and then, after going the distance of a block, it stopped and could not be induced to move.

With a flashlight Garvin explored in the hood, but was unable to remedy matters. The girl tried to help and got dabbed with grease, but she didn't seem to mind.

"I'm just a peasant, anyway," she said, smiling.

No, she was not Maxine. She was too willing to help and too patient. Maxine would have fretted and fumed and made no effort to help matters. Garvin was beginning to like the girl.

"Well, I can't fix it," he finally admitted as he walked away from the hood and tripped for the fourth time on the dangling scabbard. While she laughed merrily he detached the sword and threw it on the car floor. "We're miles from any habitation, and this is an unfrequented road. It's more romantic than the main thoroughfares, that's why Maxine wanted—why I chose it."

"Then there's nothing to do but spend the night here," said the girl. "It isn't very proper, but circumstances don't recognize proprieties."

She curled up on the seat, while Garvin tried to make himself comfortable on the running board. Yes, Maxine's sister was extremely likeable. Why hadn't he met her first?

They stayed awake by conversing on various subjects, which became more and more personal as the hours passed.

"Please tell me how it happened—my kidnaping you instead of your sister," Garvin finally urged.

"Before I left home," said the girl, "I had a talk with Maxine's former fiance, with whom she quarreled some time ago. He gave me a message and when Maxine received it she went back to marry him. She asked me to substitute for her at the ball and said she would arrange for me to meet a very nice man under the oak tree. I didn't know about the elopement plan, of course, and I thought it would be just a lark. And it seems I thought right."

They became better acquainted, while the frogs warbled in the nearby marsh and Luna sank beneath the western horizon. When dawn crept up from the east the girl yawned and had an idea.

"Did you look at the battery wire?"

Garvin had not, but he did, and found it loose. Remedying the trouble, he stepped on the starter, then paused to remark:

"Love at first sight is—wonderful, isn't it? Shall we do it now?"

Her answer was inaudible, but when the machine rolled along the road it carried two elopers toward Charlotte.

MEN NO LONGER PAINT FACE

Newspaper Makes Cruel Assertion That Custom Is Now Exclusively Confined to Women.

Relics of Indian art are shown in profuse quantities at the Field museum in the form of stone or clay saucers like the "nests" in which painters mix their water colors.

One of the many uses to which these bits of stone or clay were put was to hold the pigments with which the original residents of Chicago bedaubed their faces.

Although these frequently ran through all the color designs applied to men's faces and breasts certain lines characteristic of a tribe, there was a wide attitude for individual choice.

If Chicagoans of the pale and pasty-faced variety now wear evening clothes or frock or cutaway coats on formal occasions, the original male leaders of local society wore vivid dashes of paint on their faces to distinguish important scheduled moments of either peace or war.

In the whirligig of time this aboriginal masculine custom has been appropriated by the women of today as their exclusive practice—and the men are well satisfied with the radical change in fashion.—Chicago Journal.

Big Irrigation Project.

The Greater Wenatchee Irrigation association is planning to spend close to \$5,000,000 in irrigating a tract of 46,000 acres in the neighborhood of Lake Wenatchee, Wash. It is expected that work on the canals and ditches will be started next year. The land that is to be irrigated is now worth from \$10 to \$50 per acre, while adjoining property that is irrigated and under cultivation is worth \$2,000. The cost of irrigation is estimated at \$100 per acre. Much of the land will be planted in apple orchards but large sections will be used for general agriculture.

GRAIN BOOSTED MILK FLOW

Large Increase Obtained by Minnesota Community by Feeding Whole on Pasture.

Twenty-one dairy herds in the Blue Earth County Cow Testing association averaged 7,120 pounds of milk and 285 pounds of butterfat per cow in 1920. Nineteen herds in the same association averaged 8,500 pounds of milk and 345 pounds of butterfat per cow in 1921. The percentage of gain in milk in 1921 over 1920 was 19.3; in butterfat, 21. The tester in charge in his annual report to University farm says:

"I attribute this gain to better care and feeding. The cows were fed a grain ration the year round, thus keeping up the production during the late summer months when it usually drops because of short pastures."

Value of Boarder Cow. Saving \$55 or \$60 worth of feed for a boarder cow added to what she'll bring as a dressed meat, means maybe a hundred dollars in the pocket, which isn't a bad price for a cow that's no good anyhow.

UPSALA

Upsala News-Tribune, June (30):—Annual report of Upsala Shipping Association. The following is the annual report of the Upsala Shipping Association for the year ending June 1st, 1922:

Number of cars shipped..... 16
Number of cattle shipped..... 212
Number of calves shipped..... 344
Number of hogs shipped..... 607
Number of sheep shipped..... 9

Total number of animals shipped..... 1,172
Freight on 16 cars shipped amounted to \$1,559.26, an average of \$97.45 per car.

Receipts
Gross receipts for all stock shipped at stock yards..... \$19,059.04
Membership fees paid to treasurer..... 1.00
Claim from South St. Paul Live stock Exchange..... 7.87

Total received..... \$19,680.01
Balance on hand 1921..... 533.65

Total receipts..... \$20,221.53
Disbursements
Paid members by check..... \$19,059.04
Paid directors..... 280.72
Paid secretary fee..... 51.00
Paid for gravel..... 2.25
Paid for straw..... .75
Paid St. Paul Live Ex., com., handling claim..... .88
Paid auditing committee..... 5.00
Paid freight for one cow to Holdingford Shipping Association..... 5.00

Total..... \$19,406.64
Dividend paid 1921..... 469.89

Total..... \$19,874.53
Balance on hand..... 347.00

Total..... \$20,221.53
The auditing committee recommended a dividend of \$1.50 per hundred. A. M. Borgstrom, Sec-treas.

Audited and approved this 1st day of June, 1922.
James Johnson and E. Erlanson, Auditing Committee.

Henry and Gilbert Carlson, who are employed in Minneapolis are visiting at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Carlson.

Miss Ethelyn Nelson, who is employed at Minneapolis, is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gust Nelson.

MOTLEY

Motley Mercury, June (30):—Frank Haining, who has been working for Fred Sears on the road at Little Falls, returned home Sunday. Joe Burrell and Oscar Hermanson, who have been working at the same place, returned on Wednesday. The job at Little Falls has been completed and Mr. Sears moved his camp to a place near Brannan, where he has a job which will probably last him all summer.

The Misses Ada and Clara Fish left Sunday night for New York for a visit with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Stapher entertained a number of friends at their home Tuesday evening at a farewell party for Mr. and Mrs. Sears who expect to leave soon for the west. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Berndt, Mr. and Mrs. Dell Strong, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Downs, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sears, Mrs. Edwin Johns and Mrs. J. O. Johnson, Mrs. G. D. Palmer, Miss Martha Sears, Earl Lawhead and Albert Berndt. Luncheon was served and a very pleasant evening was spent by all.

American Legion Corner

The Motive is to Serve

When a buddy with the American Legion emblem in his buttonhole calls at your home and inquires if a former veteran lives there, do not think that he is after a donation. What he wants is to assist a comrade of the great war in any way possible. The Legion Service Census Campaign is in full swing throughout Minnesota. Every city, town and township is being canvassed to locate veterans with a view to adjusting any claims they may have against the Government, such as reinstating lapsed insurance, obtaining vocational training, back pay, allotments, compensation, medical treatment, victory medals, discharge papers and so on. Many a veteran has a wrong conception of the American Legion and its purpose. It is the earnest wish of every well informed Legionaire to give reliable information about the organization. Every live outfit wants to stand right with the buddies its members fought with, and respect every live Legionaire wants to see the Legion grow and prosper, so that it may be strong enough to render still better service to country and comrades. The questionnaire carried by the Legion Service Census workers are confidential. No buddy need hesitate about answering the inquiries contained therein. Your buddies of the Legion are at your service.

On the Good Ship, Majestic
Floating down the Mississippi on the good ship Majestic, Legionaires of Illinois, Minnesota and Iowa will set sail October 9th to attend the Legion National Convention at New Orleans beginning October 16th. Missouri Legionaires will come on board at St. Louis. Then, while banjos whisper in the dusky twilight, the Majestic will drift through the Southland. While in New Orleans, the visitors will not have to worry about sleeping quarters. They will sleep on the ship. When a doughboy finds a good bunk he usually sticks to it.

Forty Femmes et Eight Chapeaux
"Forty Femmes and Eight Chapeaux" is the name given a fun-loving, purely social organization formed by members of the Legion Auxiliary National Executive Committee at its Indianapolis meeting in June. The new club corresponds with the Legion's "40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux" which now has local chapters all over America. For those not acquainted with French, Hommes means men, Femmes means women, Chevaux means horses, Chapeaux means hats. The name of the Legion "40 and 8" society, of which the new Auxiliary society is a feminine duplicate, comes from the words "Forty Horses or Eight Men" painted on each of the French box cars, in which American doughboys toured France. Evidently the ladies assume that a French box car would hold 40 women or 8 hats.

Their Common Ideals
Unity in the principles of the American Legion and the American Federation of Labor as proclaimed in Cincinnati last week at the labor men's national convention by leaders of both organizations, amid the applause of the convention delegates, gathered

from all corners of America, including virtually every prominent labor leader in the country.

"The American Federation of Labor and the American Legion both

have as common enemies those who seek to tear down the lawful integrity of our nation," said MacNider, Legion National Commander, and Samuel Gompers declared: "There can be no

division in the joint ranks of our two organizations so long as both continue to uphold the high ideals of freedom and justice."



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THE FIGURES INDICATE THE NUMBER OF STORES IN EACH STATE

AN ACORN does not grow into a great, strong, healthy oak tree in a day. The J. C. Penney Company did not become an institution of National importance overnight. Like the growth of the tree, it developed by the process of time, each year becoming stronger with new branches reaching out in every direction. Starting with one small store in Wyoming in 1902, branch stores continued to appear year after year until today—twenty years later—there are 371 branches extending their influence and serving people of 29 States. Of this number, 59 Department Stores are to be the product of this year, many of which have already matured. Mr. J. C. Penney, still active in the affairs of the Company, builded better than he knew when in 1902 he laid the foundation on which eventually was to rest the "World's Largest Chain Department Store Organization"

<h4>Boys' Suits</h4> <p>Two Pairs of Pants Fancy Cassimere Suits, single and double breasted, in popular colors of brown, green and blue. With two pairs of knickers we are giving you a wonderful value for</p> <p>\$5.90</p>	<h4>Petticoats</h4> <p>Good Quality Muslin Made in a number of dainty styles of good quality Muslin. These serviceable Petticoats are rightly priced at</p> <p>98c</p>	<h4>Renfrew</h4> <p>Devonshire Cloth The splendid assortment of Renfrew Devonshire Cloth we have, 32 inches wide, is offered at our regular low price of, yard,</p> <p>35c</p>	
<h4>Imported Swiss Organdie</h4> <p>Extremely Popular this Season</p> <p>44-5-inch Organdie of highly desirable permanent finish. In both staple and stylish new colors. One of the leading numbers in wash goods, at, only, YARD</p> <p>79c</p> <p>A Particularly Good Value</p>			<h4>Men's Suits</h4> <p>At a Big Saving Your choice of gray, brown, blue or mixed patterns in all-wool worsted cloths and all-wool serges. Each Suit a wonderful value at</p> <p>\$24.75</p>

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