

Myra Meets Her Idol

By KATE BATES

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

When she opened her eyes the man in the wide cowboy hat was bending over her in true cinema form, with his horse's bridle slung carelessly over his arm.

"I think I must have slipped," she said; and then turning back to look at the fifty feet of soft grass, down which she had recently taken her unpremeditated descent, "You see, I was up there and then—I must have lost my balance."

The man in cowboy costume raised her shoulders and looked with reassurance at the healthy glow that was already creeping back into her cheeks.

"I didn't really faint," she said; "I was just dreadfully frightened when I saw I had slipped, and I shut my eyes. You were very good to stop—the others have gone on by now, haven't they?"

"Perhaps you didn't faint," he was telling her, "but you've had your eyes shut for the longest five minutes I ever put in. Yes, the others have gone—the motorbuses back to town."

"And you waited," she said, looking with unconcealed admiration at his riding getup.

By this time the cowboy man had helped the girl to the little shack that had recently served as part of the background in the Western screen melodrama, and having tied his horse deftly to a tree stump, kicked open a door into the shack, led the girl inside and helped her to the easiest of the



Found Her Cowboy Man Waiting.

two rustic chairs that the place offered.

She explained that she had been watching the taking of the pictures from the concealment of the embankment, that she had never watched such a performance, made it perfectly clear that she regarded the role of a screen actor the most worthwhile in the world, and ended naively by telling her companion that he was the first follower of that calling that she had ever seen at close range.

"You couldn't be Morgan Hunter!" she almost cried as she looked at him more closely than she had before, pronouncing the name of the screen hero with the most flattering respect.

The man laughed. "Certainly I could be. Would you like it if you thought I were?"

"How wonderful!" the girl breathed, and then she told him that her greatest ambition in life was to become in some measure at least a contributor to the great work of making screen pictures, and it was because of such an interest that she had been spending the time that she ought to have been home on her uncle's farm five miles away helping with the late canning.

"Do you think I have any of the quantities that might make it possible for me to take small parts sometimes?" she asked.

"You are very pretty," the man told her, seriously, "but it takes more than prettiness. It is a great delusion to imagine that that is all you need. I fancy, too, that you have pluck and the kind of determination that would make you eventually a success of whatever you undertook. How old are you?" he asked frankly, and the girl replied in quite a matter-of-fact way that she was twenty. There was no disposition on his part to encourage her in her ambition, but when she begged him to let her bring some pictures that she had had taken to him and get his judgment from those as to her adaptability to the work, he rather reluctantly consented to see her again. The place was to be the very shack where they were now talking. The time was to be two days later.

"It seems as if I had known you a very long time, Mr. Hunter," the girl told him as she bade him farewell, and as he took and held the outstretched hand in his for just a few seconds longer than the occasion demanded a blush swept into her cheeks that was not entirely one of resentment. The man laughed.

"Forgive me," he said, and then, as he looked intently at her, "You do forgive me," he repeated. "As they parted both were conscious of the fact

that something momentous in their lives had just occurred.

Myra Talmadge brought the pictures at the appointed time to the appointed place, and this time she had deliberately decked herself forth in the traditional simplicity of sprigged muslin, ringlets and leghorn hat that she associated with the young movie actress.

She found her cowboy man waiting for her. A fire had been kindled in the crude chimneypiece of the little shack and a tea party was spread, with most tempting of sandwiches and pastries such as Myra had never even before seen. "I couldn't help it," he said, and Myra was too naive and in earnest to feign any disapproval that she did not feel.

Myra left the photographs and went away with the promise that a week later she would come again to the little shack to learn his final judgment on the matter of her possible career. But on this occasion for some reason the cowboy man put the discussion of this matter till later. He had something that seemed to him vastly more important to tell her. It was the world-old confession of the man who loves for the first time completely and devotedly, and Myra listened with all the simplicity and artlessness of her nature.

"I never thought it would happen this way," she said slowly as she gave back the answer he was waiting eagerly to hear. "I think I've loved you ever since that first day when I opened my eyes and found you standing there."

It was only a little later that the cowboy man made his confession. Of course, he was not Morgan Hunter at all. In fact, he had not really told her he was. At first he had let her think so, because he wanted to see how it felt to be treated like a moving-picture hero. He always dressed that way when he rode and he was devoted to the saddle.

"But how could you let me think you were somebody so much greater than you really are?" she asked reproachfully.

"Possibly even Morgan Hunter would not agree to that proposition," was the answer. But Myra permitted no further explanation. She knew that the man she still loved had deceived her; that he was not an actor at all; that he merely was out riding when she happened to fall on that memorable day. Even to wear the guise of a cowboy seemed like a deception.

It was two months later that they met again in the shack. Myra had left a note there in hopes that the man would find it asking him to meet her on a certain afternoon. It was a very different Myra whom he saw this time, but somehow she was even more to his fancy bereft of the cinema ringlets and clad in the severer garb of the plain country girl.

"I just wanted to tell you that I'll never do in the movies. I thought it was only fair for me to tell you, since it was only because I thought you stood in the way of a career that I left you the way I did."

"I've been to the real Morgan Hunter. He's not at all the sort of person I wanted him to be." And there was undiluted contempt in her tone. "He's not half so what one would expect him to be as you are. He told me that it would take years and years."

"Yes," commented the man, "that is what he told me—"

"Then you know him?"

"Slightly."

"I tried to see Richards himself, but Mr. Hunter said it would be useless. I suppose he is so very important that he never sees beginners. He must be wonderful."

"Tom Hunter knows your ability already. In fact, the man you once admitted you loved a little is poor Tom Richards," and the producer whose genius commanded the output of a half dozen men of Morgan Hunter's caliber held his hands out pleadingly to the little cinema aspirant before him.

"Little girl," he pleaded, "I want you to be my wife—and well, I don't want to marry an actress. I could make that career you are longing for. Your prettiness would help a little and the pluck a lot more. Which do you choose?"

"I came back because I loved you too well to stay away," she said simply.

The Keys of Metz.
The keys of Metz, saved in 1870 by the engineer Dietz, were handed to M. Clemenceau, in connection with the fall of the fortress and its return to France. Each of the keys has this peculiarity, that they each carry an ace engraved; the ace of clubs, the ace of hearts, and the ace of spades. The key with the ace of hearts bears also the letter S, showing it to belong to the Porte Serpennoise; the ace of club carries the letter P, for the Porte de Paris; the ace of spades the letter D, for the Porte Didenhofen, or Thionville. — Christian Science Monitor.

He Had Little Chance.
"Does Mrs. Feebus live here?" asked the bill collector.
"No," replied the lady who came to the door.
"Could you tell me her present address?"
"Well, if all the nice things they said about her at her funeral are true, she's gone where no bill collector will ever have a chance to see her again." — London Tit-Bits.

LITTLE GARDENS HELP WITH FOOD

Many Citizens of Southern States Respond to Cry for More Vegetables.

BACK YARDS ARE UTILIZED

Report of Specialist of Tennessee Is Received by United States Department of Agriculture—Plan of Organization.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Thousands of city people in the southern states responded this year to the campaign for more home gardens, and it was largely with the products produced in these city gardens that the South was able to feed itself.

An example of the success of the garden work in the South is given in the report of C. J. Miles, city garden specialist of Tennessee, recently received by the United States department of agriculture. Through the efforts of Mr. Miles, co-operating with 11 interested agencies, 24 cities and towns in Tennessee were systematically organized in garden work. In these 24 cities there were 598,550 gardens, covering a total of 4,192 acres. In the city of Memphis alone there were 3,912 gardens, covering an area of 3,028 acres. According to the report, Knoxville had 10,000 gardens, Nashville 8,000, and Chattanooga 5,000.

"It was the purpose of this work," says Mr. Miles in his report on the methods of organization and conducting the work, "to encourage the utilization of back yards and vacant lots for growing garden vegetables and to confine operations to cities and towns of the state over 2,500 population.

Plan Described.
"Our first effort was to effect an organization in as many of the towns and cities of the state as possible. The general plan of organization follows: A mass meeting was called, to which existing organizations, such as parent teachers, council of defense, and business men's organizations, were especially invited. At this meeting a central chairman was named to have general supervision of the work of the town or city. Associated with this chairman is a committee composed of one or more persons from each ward, school district, or natural division of the town.

"The immediate work of this committee was to take a garden census, listing the back yards and vacant lots suitable for gardening, the persons who contemplated gardening, and particularly those who desired more space than they had at their command.



Typical Back Yard Garden.

These latter at once were put in touch with owners of vacant lots, and in most cases were permitted to garden these vacant spaces free of rent.

"In some instances, notably in Memphis and Chattanooga, this committee listed the plowmen, and were able to reduce the rate of plowing from \$5 an hour to \$1.50 or \$2 per hour. Growers of plants were also listed and plants procured in large quantities were furnished at a reasonable rate.

Problems Solved.
"Twenty-four cities and towns were organized in this manner this year. It has been my purpose to visit each of these organizations once a month and spend a day and a night or more with them. At night the committees, together with any others interested were called together for a conference. At this conference garden problems and plans for the month were discussed and plans for the month were discussed. On the day following practical demonstrations were conducted in the gardens. In addition to monthly visits, newspaper articles treating garden problems have been supplied the city and town press, and much use has been made of the United States department of agriculture and Division of extension bulletins on gardening."

TABLE SCRAPS MADE USEFUL

Certain Amount of Kitchen Waste in Every Household Having Feeding Value for Poultry.

Let the table scraps help make eggs and meat. In every household, no matter how economical the housewife, there is a certain amount of table scraps and kitchen waste which has feeding value, but which, if not fed, finds its way into the garbage pail.

Howling Her Age.

Ruth, six, was much interested in the visitor who engaged her in conversation.

"Have you any children?" the child inquired.

"Oh, yes; I have three."

"How old are they?"

"One is nine and one is eleven and one is fourteen."

"How much are nine and eleven?"

"Nine and eleven are twenty."

"And how much is fourteen more?"

"Twenty and fourteen would be thirty-four."

Gazing in admiration at the pretty face of the visitor, Ruth exclaimed:

"Well, nobody to look at you would think you had been married thirty-four years." — Youngstown Telegram.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

May Electrify Rails.

The Swedish railway committee was instructed by the king of Sweden at the close of 1915 to investigate the practicability of electrifying the railways of the kingdom. The potential water power of Sweden is immense, of which 4,000,000 turbine horse power is now being developed.

The great reduction in the supply of coal and the increase in the cost has accentuated the importance of developing Sweden's water power. This development has naturally been hampered during the war by the absence of metals necessary for the manufacture of turbines, dynamos, and other machinery and wires for power purposes.

Dr. Fernald's Pleasant Pellets put an end to sick and bilious headaches, constipation, dizziness and indigestion. "Clean house." Adv.

High Cost of Goodness.

"Now, Bertie, if you're very good I'll give you a penny."

"I'm afraid I can't afford to be good for less'n two cents, gran'ma—not the way prices is today." — Life.

Misnomer.

"The time is ripe for disaster."

"In such a case, I should call it rotten." —

Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin.

On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful sometimes what Cuticura will do for poor complexion, dandruff, itching and red rough hands. — Adv.

Good Reason.

Sergeant—"Why did you sell your wrist watch?" Private—"Time was hanging too heavy on my hands."

Her Method.

"Does Mildred talk when she plays golf?"

"No, only when you play." — Life.

How's This?

We offer \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Comparison.

"The devil is not as black as painted."

"No, compared with the kaiser he is positively green."

Procrastination is a banana peel

which has caused the downfall of many a man.

Better a small piece of pumpkin pie

than a whole pumpkin.

Happy is the man who owes nothing

and whom no one owes.

Stock Raising in Western Canada

is as profitable as Grain Growing

In Western Canada Grain Growing is a profit maker. Raising Cattle, Sheep and Hogs brings certain success. It's easy to prosper where you can raise 20 to 45 bu. of wheat to the acre and buy on easy terms.

Land at \$15 to \$30 Per Acre
—Good Grazing Land at Much Less.

Railway and Land Co. are offering unusual inducements to homeseekers to settle in Western Canada and enjoy her prosperity. Loans made for the purchase of stock or other farming requirements can be had at low interest.

The Governments of the Dominion and Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta extend every encouragement to the farmer and ranchman.

You can obtain excellent land at low prices on easy terms, and get high prices for your grain, cattle, sheep and hogs—low taxes (none on wheat improvements), good markets and shipping facilities, free schools, churches, splendid climate and sure crops.

For illustrated literature, maps, description of lands for sale in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, nearest railroad route, etc., apply to Department of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

R. A. GARRETT, 311 Jackson St., ST. PAUL, MINN.
Canadian Government Agent

\$\$\$

RAW FUR HIGHER AND WANTED

We need—2,000,000 Muskrat, 25,000 Ermine, 100,000 Fox, 10,000 Wolf, 5,000 Badger, Fisher, Marten, Otter, 1,000,000 Skunk, 40,000 Mink, 2,000,000 Other Pelts.

Beef Hides Wanted. Write for complete price list.

CRAMER-MANN FUR CO.

713 North Third St. St. Louis, Mo.

Reference: Dun's and Bradstreet's. Your Bank will look us up.

TOP PRICES QUICK SALES MOST CASH

A Square Deal to the Shipper is Our Only Guarantee

\$\$\$

His Trouble.

The young, witty-looking Tommy was leaning gracefully across the counter in the bar of the Cow and Caterpillar.

Every now and then he would give a twitch to his left arm.

"Shell shock!" whispered a sympathetic observer. "Poor fellow."

"I wonder if he will tell us his experiences?" said another man.

The subject of their remarks then turned to them and remarked, amiably:

"I wonder if I shall ever make this darned wristwatch go?" — London Tit-Bits.

Some men have a mania for shutting doors in summer and leaving them open in winter.

SAFE, GENTLE REMEDY CLEANSSES YOUR KIDNEYS

For centuries GOLD MEDAL Haerlem Oil has been a standard household remedy. They are the pure, original imported Haerlem Oil your great-grandmother used, and are perfectly harmless. The healing, soothing oil soaks into the cells and lining of the kidneys and through the bladder, driving out the poisonous germs. New life, fresh strength and health will come as you continue the treatment. When completely restored to your usual vigor, continue taking a capsule or two each day; they will keep you in condition and prevent a return of the disease.

Do not delay a minute. Delays are especially dangerous in kidney and bladder trouble. All druggists sell GOLD MEDAL Haerlem Oil Capsules. They will refund the money if not as represented. GOLD MEDAL Haerlem Oil Capsules are imported direct from the laboratories in Holland. They are prepared in correct quantity and convenient form, are easy to take and are positively guaranteed to give prompt relief. In three sizes, sealed packages. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL. Accept no substitutes. — Adv.

They are not a "patent medicine," nor a "new discovery." For 200 years they

ATTENTION! Sick Women

To do your duty during these trying times your health should be your first consideration. These two women tell how they found health.

Hellam, Pa.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female troubles and a displacement. I felt all run down and was very weak. I had been treated by a physician without results, so decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and felt better right away. I am keeping house since last April and doing all my housework, where before I was unable to do any work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certainly the best medicine a woman can take when in this condition. I give you permission to publish this letter." — Mrs. E. R. CRUMHOLD, R. No. 1, Hellam, Pa.

Lowell, Mich.—"I suffered from cramps and dragging down pains, was irregular and had female weakness and displacement. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which gave me relief at once and restored my health. I should like to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies to all suffering women who are troubled in a similar way." — Mrs. ELIZABETH HERR, R. No. 6, Box 83, Lowell, Mich.

Why Not Try

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.