

Feeding Cupid

By LAURA MONTGOMERY

Rose glanced about her wistfully as she walked up the little wooden walk leading from the gate to the gray stone that stood in front of the tiny cottage. The long parlor, stretching across the south front with its wide windows, brought back memories of the invalid father who had spent so many hours in the sunny room, look- ing out at the village street.



"You Said You Would Take Boarders." asked Rose, who was invariably help- ful.

Mrs. Betts rocked vigorously: "I just knew you'd come back full of theories, Rose. These newfangled things sound all right, but my mother cooked on a big hard coal range, and that's good enough for me. I suppose you'd like a washer, too, to do the work for you instead of honest rub- bing?"

"No. Be there at 2 o'clock sharp," smiled the girl. Jim Deering, just ahead, turned. "I didn't get an invite to your fare- well party," he suggested.

The cool mention of her departure stabbed Rose, but she rallied, con- scious of the smiles about her. "Come to dinner, if you like," she said, try- ing to speak casually; "you won't get much, though."

He looked down at her trim suit and soft hat, with its drooping brim, and sighed. She was mighty attrac- tive, but he needed a wife who would be a home body. "I'll be there," he said.

The dinner was a surprise. From the delicately browned round of beef to the thick apple pie, with real cream over it, the meal was perfect.

"Best coffee I ever drank," re- marked Ed Betts, thoughtlessly, and was recalled by a glance from his wife.

"How could you have it all ready and still go to church?" demanded Hannah Meeker, accepting a second cup of the amber coffee.

ODD "CURES" FOR BRONCHITIS

Widespread Belief in Some Parts of England That Blue Beads Will Do the Trick.

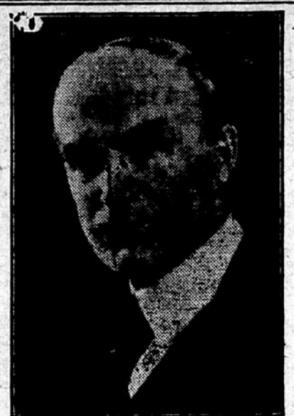
The quaint belief that a necklace of blue beads preserves children, and especially girl children, from bron- chitis, is very widespread. Herein lies the reason for the sale of thou- sands on thousands of cheap blue glass necklaces in hundreds of little gener- al shops in the poorer quarters of London and other big cities.

Greatness Seldom Appreciated.

No man is great to those who know him well. Shakespeare was only one of the players around old London. Goldsmith was too poor to purchase patches for his worn-out clothes. We think we would treat such men of genius better. As a fact the next gen- eration will tell us what gumps we were in not seeing the genius of our own day.

Bark Lights Houses.

The cork-oak grows plentifully in Spain, and the peasants make use of the bark to light their houses at night. The bark is placed in a kettle, from which protrudes a spout; and when it is hot enough it gives off a gas which burns with considerable brilliancy. If the family sits up late, several kettles of cork bark are used during the evening; but the lighting is not expen- sive, and the peasant is careful to save the carbonized cork refuse, for he can sell it, as it is known commer- cially as "Spanish black," one of the finestest black-browns known among pigments.—Columbus Dispatch.



U. S. REPRESENTATIVE SIMEON D. FESS, OHIO, CHAIRMAN RE- PUBLICAN CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE.

of the womanhood of the country. This great piece of humanitarian leg- islation is the first of an ambitious program of progressive legislation espoused by women in their new sphere of political activity.

The Republican Congress enacted a new taxation measure. This new measure reduces during the current year the public tax bill in the sum of \$18,000,000. It increases the exemp- tions allowed the man of moderate in- come; it repeals the "nuisance" taxes; all of the transportation taxes, which were a heavy burden upon agricultural and industrial shippers; it repealed the excess profits tax and reduced and revised the surtax.

In this connection it is interesting to set down the actual reduction of public expenditures which have taken place since the Republican Party came into control of the United States Congress. The operating cost of the United States Government in the year 1919 was \$19,000,000,000. That year the Republican Congress began to function. It used a blue pencil upon the appropriations asked by the Demo- cratic administration chiefs. The oper- ating costs of the Government in 1920 were only \$7,500,000,000.

Today sees peace again established with all countries, foreign relations re- sumed with honor to ourselves and complete justice to others, the finest attitude of the world toward our moral leadership as evinced in the arms conference, a policy of proper regard for the defenders of the nation's rights, an economic administration upon the soundest principles of economy, a re- duction of our public funded debt to the amount of \$2,000,000,000, and a re- duction of our floating debt of \$700,000,000, a reduced taxation of over three-quarters of a billion dollars per year, a rejuvenated agriculture and industrial fabric sorely distressed by the havoc of war, the prospect of gen- eral employment of American labor in American industries, the only coun- try which not only is balancing its budget, but has really reduced the war debt, has restored its credit, and dis- plays signs of promise on all hands of a resumption again of our happy and promising stage which preceded the inauguration of the Democratic follies of the new freedom and policies of suspicion and persecution of success.

Such is the achievement of the first year of the Republican administration in control of both the executive and legislative branches of our Govern- ment.

But it should be noted that all of this splendid program has been car- ried out in the face of the persistent opposition of the solid Democratic Party, which has attempted to defeat every effort to rehabilitate the nation, and which has opposed every measure proposed, not because it had anything to offer in substitution, but because it is habitually the party of opposition, complaint and petty criticism.

The Republican Party gladly goes to the country upon its record of con- structive work, confident that the memory of eight years of Democratic misrule is too vivid in the mind of the public to leave any doubt as to the decision of the American people as to which party should have control of the Congress during the critical period of nation-wide and world-wide reconstruc- tion.

The Kidnaped Princess

By DOROTHY WHITCOMB

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"Her Serene Highness Princess Beatrice of Luxemburg has joined the fast augmenting ranks of women ex- plorers," said Randolph at the club. "She has left on a three years' trip through Central Arabia, and expects to emerge from the desert near Bag- dad at the end of that period. It will be remembered that her divorce from the prince of Wessel, after four years of married life made much conversa- tion at the courts of Europe last sum- mer."

"That's interesting," put in Bruce. "I didn't know princesses were hu- man enough to be granted divorces. By the way, what's become of Gard- ner?"

"What has become of Gardner?" asked somebody else. "I've seen him," said little Jim Barnes. "But either he has falling eyesight or he is living incog. Just now, I saw him stepping out of an auto in front of a house in Yonkers, where I happened to be last week. Ordinary house, ordinary auto, but the lady he was with—say! She was a stunner. Black, flashing eyes, and such an air. I'd know her anywhere in ten years' time."

"Speaking of Gardner," said Treve- than, "I'm going to tell you fellows something. As you know, Gardner and I went to Europe together some five years ago. We stopped at a lit- tle hotel in Spa. There were some in- teresting people at our hotel. One of them was a Belgian countess—at least, so she called herself.

"I don't know how Gardner struck up an acquaintance with her, but be- fore a week was out she and he were always together, walking in the woods, listening to the band, or sit- ting outside the casino side by side.

"We three were sitting out in front of the hotel. I could see the countess' big eyes, fixed on Gardner's; I could see the tremulous fluttering of her heart under her corsage. "I made some trivial excuse and rose, promising to be back in half an hour or so. I took a few turns up and down the open space in front of the hotel; and then a big, burly man dressed like an officer and accompa- nied by two smaller men, also in uni- form, came out of the hotel and walked straight toward Gardner and the countess.

"I looked round after them. At the sight of the big, burly man the countess seemed to grow pale as death. She rose to her feet. Gardner rose also, but I could see he had no ink- ling of the situation. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, the big man raised her in his arms and ran back with her through the hotel dining room, carrying her as though she had been a bag of feathers.

"Of course Gardner went after her. But the two men who had been with the big man contrived to get in his way and trip him, so that when at last we reached the hotel door togeth- er there was no sign of an automo- bile or of the countess. The maid had vanished, and the proprietor seemed quite indignant when I questioned him about the kidnaping, and accused me of being inebricated.

"Gardner spent the night rushing about the streets, in the wild hope that the countess was being held. "On the lowest step of the hotel Gardner and I found a lady's visit- ing card. It had evidently dropped, or had been thrown there by intent as the girl was being carried out of the hotel. On it was engraved the name of the lady who is now, or was till recently, Princess Beatrice of Lux- emburg.

"So Gardner had the clue, but that was all. I went with him to Luxem- burg and we stood before the big, old-fashioned palace of the ruler, and watched the sentry walking up and down with his rifle over his shoul- der. Not much use trying to get past him!

"We spent, I think, three days in this sort of nonsense, and then we read in the newspapers that the prin- cess was living in seclusion at the court of Wessel, paying a visit to the mother of the young prince whom, it was rumored, she was to marry. Next day the engagement was announced. That day we left for America."

"He never got over it," Treve than continued. "I am sure that he was in love with her all the time. I know that about the time of her marriage he went big game stalking in the Rockies without a guide, and was away for months, living in complete solitude. However, if you really saw him in Yonkers—but I guess you were mistaken, Jimmy. Gardner isn't the sort of man to go to Yonkers. He hates the suburbs. Unless he was making a call there. . . . By the way, I'd like to see that piece about the princess in the newspaper."

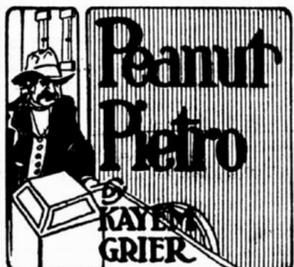
Somebody picked it up and handed it to him, and Treve than read it. "Well, she still has the traveling in- stinct," he said, "and if she eludes the Arabs as deftly as she eluded her father when she was at Spa I shouldn't be surprised if she did succeed in crossing the peninsula. Why, here's her likeness! She hasn't changed a particle since those days when I knew her. But this doesn't begin to do her justice. Hello, Jimmy! What ails you?"

Jimmy Barnes had picked up the paper and was staring at the like- ness. "Oh, nothing much," he answered, laying it down. "Only this happens to be the lady I saw with Gardner in Yonkers."

Kathleen Myers



One of the new faces in the "movies"—Miss Kathleen Myers—promises to prove of much interest to the patrons of the moving picture theaters. Miss Myers is the daughter of a very suc- cessful steel manufacturer. She is said to possess marked ability.



Peanut Pietro

KEF my boss sees no preety careful he gonna hava penta trouble somaday weeth da family. Seence he buy da autmoebel he geeva too moocha considarsh for da car and no pay moocha attensh for hees wife.

He tella me other day he taka hees wife down one place to see some frien. She wanta stay dat place and da boss he wanta go other place. So he tella her he come back and geta her bouta half pasta nine.

Hees wife she waita een dat place for longa time bouta half pasta twelve and da boss no show up. She getta preety mad and go home weeth da streeta car.

And when da boss come back was tree, four clock een da morning. He say when he getta out leetle way from town he getta miss een da car and hava da blowout.

You know weeth da autmoebel you can getta checken and hava da blow- out mosta any time. But I no tink ces right for da married man. I aska da boss who da checken was and he tella me he no gotta checken. He say was jusa miss een da magneto wot maka hees late.

But when he tella hees wife he hava da blowout and getta Miss Mag Neto een da car she no care ver mooch. She say was too bad he hava trouble dat way.

Now I dunno eef Miss Mag Neto was frien for hees wife or not, but eef I was her you betta my life I no trust too mooch. Mebbe somaday Mag and da boss hava da blowout and she try maka love weeth heem. And den ces beega blowup een da boss's family.

I no tink da boss gotta beezness foola weeth Mag or any other checken so longa he gotta da wife. Wot you tink?

(Copyright.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE LIGHT-BEARER

YOU cannot be the sun, But you can carry light To those whose paths must run Through ways of night.

You cannot be a star That lights the heavenly way, But where dark shadows are At close of day.

E'en as the star anon Leads to the morning clear, So too may you lead on To realms of cheer. (Copyright.)

Partners for Life

By MARVIN ST. JOHNS

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"Things look pretty dubious, you see," observed Lawyer Bailey. "There is no doubt that my father's business is in a critical condition. Well, I am here to mend it."

"I hope you do and you look as if you are going to give the experiment a good, hard try," observed the at- torney with an admiring glance at the clear-faced, supple-limbed young man before him.

Percival Deane had been called from the midst of splendid attainments at college to realize the true ability of a self-sacrificing father. Deane & Marvin had been to the sea a synonym for stability and profit.

"The situation is easily told," said Mr. Bailey. "Two years ago your father's partner, Mr. Marvin, induced him to agree to investigate a chance to purchase a Peruvian concession to cost \$30,000. This they had every assurance could be sold within a year at an enormous advance. Nearly all the capital of the firm was turned into cash. Mr. Marvin departed on his mission. He wired from San Francisco and since that time not a word has been received from him."

"They think he was murdered—robbed?" "That's the only way they can explain this unaccountable silence," agreed the lawyer. "Cramped for capital, your father has seen the business fairly go to pieces. He kept the true state of affairs from you. He has even paid Mrs. Marvin the old liberal drawing account of her husband. She has a daughter, Elsie, just finishing her education.

Percival Deane figuratively took off his coat and started in to make time and ability count. At the end of a week he had the muddled affairs of the firm on a tangible basis.

"It doesn't look very promising," he told himself. "The factory can do no new work until the debts are paid off and some fresh capital secured.

Deane & Marvin owned exclusive models and patterns of a large number of utilities in requirement daily all over the country. The young man di- rected a circular to all of the old patrons of the firm. He stated the conditions truthfully, offered a reduc- tion in price and hoped for the best.

It was Saturday evening when he paid a visit to Mrs. Marvin. "We shall be able to pay you quite a weekly allowance, Mrs. Marvin," he stated cheerily.

"You are most kind and consider- ate," declared Mrs. Marvin. "You shall receive a share as long as the business lasts," insisted Per- cival. "It is my father's wish and my own as well. I understand that your daughter is within a year of complet- ing her education. We must see that there is no break in that."

"But there will be. I am not going back to school," broke in a new voice and Elsie Marvin entered the room.

"I could not think of being a bur- den on your father and yourself. I shall go to work."

"But what at, my child?" inquired her mother solicitously. "Oh, I can surely fill in somewhere. In the old busy days of the factory you had some one to keep the books and take charge of the office, Mr. Deane. Can I not be of some service there now?"

Percival said yes, and so it was ar- ranged. How harmoniously they worked to- gether that first week!

Then came Percival Deane the disappointment of his life. A young man came to the village. For two days he was almost constantly with Elsie.

Elsie came back to work more shy and self-conscious than before. One day she came to where Percival was busy.

"Mr. Deane," she said, "I find that while you have been sending mother a regular allowance, you do not draw any money yourself."

"Oh, that's all right," insisted Per- cival brightly. "I will take my share when the collections come in."

"But we must not be thus privi- leged." "I—I fancied perhaps you particu- larly needed your allowance—just now."

"Why, what do you mean?" inquired Elsie innocently. "I heard you might leave here. That is, I fancied—well, as you are en- gaged?" "Engaged?" repeated Elsie vaguely. "Oh, you mean to my recent visitor?" and she burst into a merry laugh. "He was a very good friend, but anything farther than that was never possible with me and utterly out of the ques- tion with him—when he learned how poor I was."

"Yes," observed Percival, "we are both poor." "But, oh! so glad to share that poverty cheerfully, almost happy—" "You say that!" cried Percival, un- able to restrain his fervent emotions, and her downcast eyes, her blushing face told him that his love was re- turned. One evening a pale, travel-worn man came to the Marvin home—the miss- ing partner. What a story he had to tell of adventure, imprisonment, es- cape, the \$30,000 safely hidden, the final investment and—wealth! What a reunion it was, when Mr. Deane was called home to learn the joyful news! What glowing prospects presented for the partners—and Elsie and Percival partners for life!

