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A sweeping verdict for QUALITY

Hello, Freckles!

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD.

"HELLO, HELLO, FRECKLES."
That was what it began with—the long love affair between Perry Hampton and Sally Preston, which later became so woefully tangled with money matters and isolation in the wilderness and Rev. Horace Crane. But back to the day of first things. Perry Hampton, by some queer chance, had been dumped without ceremony into the Misses Hill's select kindergarten, and, standing, a small, shy, brown-headed stranger, on the outskirts of a magic circle, had seen extended to him a little invitational hand. "Hello, Freckles!" the dearest voice he had ever heard addressed him. And straightaway in love fell Perry with Miss Sarah V. Preston, who was as adorable at five as she was later at nineteen.

And yet it was when Sally was sixteen that Perry bid her a cold good-by. Not that he meant it coldly. No, indeed! Only the barrier between them—it was Perry who thought of it that way—loomed to the man as insurmountable, at least until he had wrested a comfortable livelihood for two years from his civil engineering. For Sarah was scheduled to inherit a considerable fortune from an old and crabbed aunt who lived in seclusion up in the country and seemed liable to a quick demise at any moment. And a stubborn Don Quixoteism in Perry kept his mouth closed in the declarations of love which he urged within him until he could back them with offerings more substantial. Their farewell conversation was dignifiedly restrained, its chief impingement—and poignancy—lying in what was left unsaid.

"Yes, Sally, I'm off tomorrow to the Rockies."
"So soon?" Sally bit an under lip, which might otherwise have quivered. "The sooner the better," returned Perry, almost savagely. "It's my first job—damning an undamnable river. I've got to make good!"



Spied One of the Boys.

"I—I—I wish you luck, Perry!" Midway she checked the impulse to utter words which would have brought Perry's arms about her in spite of himself.
"When I come back," began Perry, "when I come back—I'll—I'll let you know."
"Why, of course," said Sally in surprise, "and we'll be writing back and forth all the time!"
So it was with the promise of frequent letters ringing in his ears that Perry finally took himself away, permitting only ever so slight and prolonged pressure of his fingers to convey the yearning and love with which his heart was filled.

For a while letters from Sally reached Perry regularly. He responded promptly with long, interesting accounts of his work—the progress made, the obstacles surmounted. Then, without warning, the letters stopped.

Perry, at first frantic, then sunk in depths of gloom, plunged bitterly into his task until its completion was in sight and his return home made possible. His one desire was to see Sally and learn the explanation of her silence.

"Come the night before his departure. Sitting in the doorway of the shanty that was headquarters for the rude construction camp, he spied one of the boys coming up the trail, and his heart leaped at the thought of possible mail. But, after all, what he had hoped would be letters proved only a bundle of newspapers many days old. Suddenly, at an inconspicuous item, his universe spun dizzily around.

"Married—on the 30th, Miss Sarah V. Preston, to the Rev. Horace Crane." It couldn't be! Merciful heavens—his Sally, whom he had loved since childhood! And yet, there it was, in cold black and white for everyone to read. Forcing the unwelcome conviction of its truth upon him, it flashed across his mind that here lay the reason for her failure to write. Engaged to another man, why should she care whether or not her letters had been the one brightness of his laborious days? Rev. Horace Crane! Who was he? Wait—oh, no, surely that could not be the man. And yet—Perry called to mind a gaunt, elderly person who preached in the church to which he had frequently accompanied Sally. But the thought of his fresh, girlish sweetheart married to that man was bitter to Perry.

"Hello—hello—hello!"
"Hello, Freckles!"
Perry had a sensation of faintness. "Who—who is this?" he managed to say, knowing, of course, it wasn't the one person; he knew it wasn't. "Why—Sally Preston!"
"You mean the Mrs. Rev. Horace Crane," said Perry sternly, with whom he considered great presence of mind.
Was it a giggle or a sob or an exclamation at the other end? Perry was not sure. But there followed a moment of silence, which is an expensive luxury in a long-distance conversation. Then, "Oh, Perry, Perry! My aunt!"

Unfortunately, at that moment occurred one of those breaks in communication which will happen on the best-regulated lines. In vain Perry sought for a response. Not even the operator answered.

But Perry was too happy to care. He saw it all now—the aunt for whom Sally was named coming on a visit, meeting her niece's pastor, and marrying him in spite of her age and witheredness. And, happy thought, her marriage would divert at least a portion of that troublesome legacy into other channels. He was free to ask Sally to marry him!

A week later Perry learned from Sally's lips that his surmises were substantially correct. "Only my, dear," he reproached her tenderly, "did you stop writing and so give me reason to believe what seemed incredible?"

"My dear," said his promised wife, "I had to do something to startle you. You were so stupid, dear!"
Yet, after all, most men in love are a little bit stupid.

After Many Years
By FREDERICK HART.

It was noon—a hot, sticky noon, with the sun shining down on the lowering buildings and populous streets of lower New York as though, not satisfied with the temperature, it was malignantly doing its best to add another three or four degrees to the length of the already stretched mercury. The throngs that flooded the sidewalks and dodged in and out among the stream of street cars, automobiles, and trucks that cluttered about the intersection of Wall and Broad streets were thinly clad—the men in palm beach suits, for the most part, the girls in white filmy garments; but even these efforts could not bring about the desired coolness.

The narrow, high-walled streets caught and held the heat like ovens; each window turned itself into a miniature reflector and multiplied the power of the sun. Only in one square was there promise of relief—in the little block where Trinity church stands, its spire dwarfed by the mighty buildings that crowd it about, but sturdily guarding its sacred plot of grass—the graveyard where Alexander Hamilton and Robert Fulton lie buried, sacred among the booming thunders of commerce.

Here were winding paths and green grass for tired feet, weary of the pound of the cement pavements; and here was the cool, dim interior of the church itself, where shadows drove away the heat and sometimes the dim notes of the organ took the business-sick mind away from the racket of typewriters and tickers and gave it soothing melodies to rest and refresh for a space before the afternoon, inexorable, called again to the world of commerce and trade.

Into one of the bypaths leading along a row of flaking brownstone slabs which marked the last resting place of forgotten pioneers of the city walked a girl. She was remarkable in that while obviously dressed with an eye to coolness and comfort she still gave the impression of being fully clad—an effect which many of her sisters abroad in that sultry weather utterly failed to attain. Her step was slow, her eyes on the ground, her face



She carried a tiny bunch of violets, bought from one of the many flower-laukners that infest the nearby corners. As she scanned the headstones she paused; then, apparently finding what she sought, she stooped above one of the smallest of the graves, smoothed the grass on the mound with her hand and laid the violets against the slanting headstone. When she straightened up and turned away from her task her eyes were wet. The young man, gathering his courage, arose, approached her and took off his hat.

"I beg your pardon for my forwardness in speaking to you in this unconventional manner," he said. "But I have seen you, once a week, all during the summer place flowers on that little grave. And if you will pardon my curiosity, for which I assure you I have good reason, I should like to ask you why you remember Janet Caldwell, who died in 1793, in this way?"

"Believe me, I am not inspired by mere vulgar curiosity."
The girl looked at him a moment and then decided to speak.
"Have you read the epitaph?" she asked.

"Yes, but I don't remember all of it, except the name and the date."
"Well, it is such a little stone and so alone, and it leans over as though it were tired. And—come and read it."
They went together to the grave and, stooping, the young man deciphered the worn inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
Janet, Daughter of Ephraim and Janet Caldwell,
Age 16 yrs. 3 mos.
1777-1793.
Requiescat In Pace.

"Think of it!" said the girl. "Only sixteen; and her little grave seems so neglected here with all the others. I was sorry for her; and I—I thought she might like the violets—and I—"
The young man was not listening. Instead he was digging in his waistcoat pocket. After some search he produced something and held it in the palm of his hand.

"Would you like to know what she looked like?" he asked.
"Oh!" The girl's face was rosy. "Do you—I mean are you—"
"Look." In the young man's hand was an ancient miniature, the cover snapped back. The girl looked long at the face on the thin plate of ivory.

"Oh," she breathed again, "how beautiful she is!"
"That was painted the year before she died," said the young man quietly. "Her father, Ephraim, was my father's great-great-grandfather. My name is Grant Caldwell and this miniature is all that is left to remember the family of old Ephraim. And you—you thought of her, while I am afraid that I had forgotten her."

The girl's eyes were bright with unshed tears.
"But you'll never forget her now," she said.
"No—not if you'll let me—"
"Let you what?"
"If you'll help me always to remember her—by seeing you again."

Explorers Disagree.
Stefansson says he will take along no food on his rush to the Pole, while his rival Amundsen has just contracted for a seven-years' supply. Amundsen says there is little animal life north of 85 degrees, and the sleds must be loaded with food if the explorer would not face starvation.

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Place of Infinite Quiet and Rest Poetically Depicted by Great English Novelists.

The town was ancient and compact—a domain of tiled houses and walled gardens, dwarfed by the disproportionate bigness of the church. From the midst of the thoroughfare which divided it in half, fields and trees were visible at either end; and through the sallyport of every street, there flowed in from the country a silent invasion of green grass. Bees and birds appeared to make the majority of the inhabitants; every garden had its row of hives, the eaves of every house were plastered with the nests of swallows, and the pinnacles of the church were flickered about all day long by a multitude of wings. The town was full of Roman foundations; and as I looked out that afternoon from the low windows of the inn, I should scarce have been surprised to see a centurion coming up the street with a fatigue draft of legionnaires. In short, Stallbridge-Minster was one of those towns which appear to be maintained by England for the instruction and delight of the American rambler; to which he seems guided by an instinct not less surprising than the setter's; and which he visits and quits with equal enthusiasm.—"The Wrecker," by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

In raising market fowls there are several breeds of fowls that reach a great weight in a very short time.

The chicken house on the farm need not be elaborate. It should not be connected with any other building.

WOULD PRESERVE OLD HOUSE

Efforts Being Made to Raise Money to Buy Dwelling Dating From Seventeenth Century.

Some who love good things—and happily interest in the architecture of former ages is awakening more and more—are trying to preserve a remarkable old peasant's dwelling at Harreveld, a lonely hamlet on the heather in the province of Gelderland. It is called los los, dating from the Seventeenth century and the last house of the Saxon type. Los, in the Geldrian dialect, means open, by which it is indicated that the house consists of one room only and that there are no partitions between the places for housing and sleeping for men and beasts; cows and goats and chickens living peacefully together with the inmates. There is no chimneyplace; the wood fire burns in a hole in the floor, which is of stone, and the smoke is allowed to find an outlet as it pleases.

The peasants, man and wife, who are living here are beset with the extremely modern, yet most unfortunate thought of having a wall built between the stable and the dwelling room, adding a chimney and building another room, by all of which renovations the house will be irretrievably spoiled.

The managing committee of the open-air museum at Arnhem are now trying to get money together in order to buy the house and have it removed to their museum park. It is much to be hoped that they will meet with a prompt success.

A man's idea of giving the square deal is to himself.

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If you want a Bargain do not fail to attend this sale.

Sale will be held in the Gilmer Lane.

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