

When Love Came

By **ETTA VERNE LYNDON**

"I want to see you married and settled down in life before I pass away," spoke old Jared Bliss to his favorite nephew, and the latter looked startled at the suggestion.

"I shall think it over seriously, Uncle Jared," replied Ransom Bliss, but vaguely.

By a strange coincidence at almost that very hour Mrs. Walter Morse was talking over affairs with her niece, Elsie Briggs.

"I promised my sister, your mother, when she died," she said, "that you should never need a home. My husband is to represent the firm employing him in far western Canada; meanwhile what are your plans, dear?"

Elsie looked serious, but not distressed. She had been given a sensible, practical bringing up, and had already thought over the future. Mrs. Morse listened indulgently as Elsie spoke of going to the city and earning her own living.

"You two have been so good to me. I must not further burden you," she said. "I am sure I can earn my own way, Auntie."

Mrs. Morse grew very thoughtful. Then, after a long pause, she said: "I would like to see you married, with a good man for a husband and a home of your own," but Elsie shook her head smilingly.

Two evenings later as Elsie sat on the porch Ransom Bliss appeared. He and Elsie had been friendly acquaintances for over a year, and the latter looked puzzled and then embarrassed as Ransom, after some casual conversation, moved his chair closer towards her and said:

"I came on a special mission this evening, Elsie. It is to ask you if you will marry me."

Elsie flushed quickly and her voice was a trifle unsteady as she said, without the least trace of affectation:

"I never expected that you—you—"

"Cared for you, Elsie? Yes. Loved you? No. True affection is too sacred a thing to be named lightly. I am a plain-spoken man. There is no woman whom I more deeply respect and admire, and I would be proud to call you my wife. I will devote my life to make you happy."

Elsie sat with eyes cast down and fluttering secretly at heart. She did not reply on impulse, nor for a long time. Then, evenly enough, she spoke:

"I feel that you have honored me, Mr. Bliss, and I appreciate your clear, honest words. We have always been good friends. I shall be frank with you in turn. You say you do not love me, and I can confess for you nothing deeper than esteem. I am poor, humble, and will soon be homeless. I would not have you later regret that I can be nothing more to you than a loyal, helpful wife, who, however, can never forget that in a measure this would be a marriage of convenience."

And so they were wedded, and, after the death of his uncle, Ransom Bliss and his bride took up their residence at the old family home. They settled down into their new life more like partners than wedded mates. In all things Ransom was considerate and courteous and Elsie was a model housekeeper, and all that respect and thoughtfulness could suggest. Never was there a jar or misunderstanding. Many a time, however, as he looked at the beautiful girl, like himself engaged in reading, Ransom realized that she was possessed of rare womanly qualities, while Elsie, in turn, when alone, sighed drearily, acknowledging his perfection as a man among men, and she was at variance with the compact they had made.

There came an unexpected separation a little later. The presence of Ransom was required in settling up some business of the estate at Abingdon, 24 miles distant. For the first few weeks he came home over Sunday, but finally his absence ran into a full month. Elsie was wretched. An impulse came over her to at least see him. A trolley line ran to a junction half the distance and then joined another line. She reached it about eight o'clock in the evening to wait for the intersection car. From Abingdon there arrived a car branching off and a passenger alighted to wait for a connection. He came into the dimly lighted little station. Elsie recognized him as her husband.

"Why, Elsie!" he spoke in surprise. "I must tell you the truth," she said. "I was lonely without you. I was going to visit Abingdon. It was only to see you at a distance."

The man drew a deep breath. "And I," he said in tones that thrilled her, "only sought to look through the window of our home and see if you were well and happy."

"Happier now than I ever have been," she breathed raptly, for his arm had stolen about her waist.

"Elsie," he cried, "can it be possible that we made a mistake in the past?"

"You mean—"

"In deeming that we cared for each other as only casual acquaintances might."

"It has grown into something deeper than that with me," she whispered tenderly.

And the surely of a first and lasting love engulphed the satisfied soul of the lonely man.

S. U. I. HOME COMING BIGGEST IN HISTORY

"Kick-Off" for Million Dollar Campaign of Iowa Memorial Union

"OLD GRADS" BY HUNDREDS

All Enthusiastic for Plan for Memorial to University's Soldiers of Three Wars.

Iowa City, Iowa.—By train, by automobile and even by airplane, hundreds of loyal graduates and former students of the University of Iowa will come here this week for Homecoming, on Friday and Saturday. This year Homecoming will be the biggest in the entire history of the State University. It is expected that on Saturday, the day of the annual Iowa-Ames football game, there will be several thousand "old grads" here for the great event. At the annual Homecoming dinner Friday night there will be about 1,000 in attendance.

Especially interesting is being shown in Homecoming this year because it will be the "kick-off" for the million dollar campaign which graduates and former students are conducting to raise funds for a memorial building to the sons and daughters of the State University who served in the Civil War, the Spanish-American War and the World War. The intensive campaign will open on Saturday, November 22. The Homecoming dinner will be devoted entirely to a discussion of the campaign plans and the value of the memorial building, which is to take the form of a Students' Union—a clubhouse and home for students, faculty and graduates, in which will be preserved for all time the war records of those who fought for America in the three wars. At that time it is expected, according to Fred Sargent of Des Moines, who is chairman of the Iowa Memorial Union, that announcement can be made of big preliminary gifts which will start the campaign well on its way toward the goal.

For several weeks committees representing the University and townspeople of this city have been working in preparation for the big event. Hotel accommodations have been reserved and rooms have been obtained to care for the hundreds of guests who will be here. Special arrangements have been made to serve meals to those whom the hotels and restaurants here can not accommodate. There will be a special landing field for airplanes, and parking space for automobiles, with a carefully worked-out checking arrangement which will offer security against removal of cars by mistake or theft. University buildings, stores and public buildings and residences in the city will be decorated, and there will be several bands to add to the festivity of the occasion. Homecomers will be met at trains by special reception committee, which will see that they obtain lodging places if they have not already reserved them.

W. O. Finkbine, one of the best-known of the older graduates, is the head of a committee of the Iowa Memorial Union which has had charge of sending special invitations to men and women graduates to come to this year's Homecoming. He has been in touch with alumni in all parts of the country, and reports particular enthusiasm for the event this year because of the memorial campaign.

"Our organization is all ready for the campaign," said Mr. Sargent today. "In each Congressional district, each county of the State and in large cities all over the country where Iowa men and women have gone to live, we have loyal and enthusiastic graduates of old Iowa, formed into campaign committees, instructed in their duties and all set to take up the work of collecting the funds which will pay for the Iowa Memorial Union. The task is a huge one. But Iowa fights, and fights hard, as our athletic records and war records all prove. I am confident the difficulties will only spur our workers on to harder effort to make this campaign the splendid success it should be, and that the evening of November 29 will find us with pledges for more than the amount we have set as the objective of our campaign.

"Our purpose is a fine and noble one, and each man and woman engaged in promoting this cause has taken up the work with the high patriotic spirit and hearty loyalty to the University of Iowa. We seek to pay to the brave men and women of Iowa who served America so gallantly the tribute which is due their patriotism. We seek to build for them a memorial for all the years, which will testify to their sacrifices for home and country, and will inspire future generations to equally fine Americanism. We seek to give to our Alma Mater a building which will serve her well, and in serving her well promote the interests of the State of Iowa and our country. This is a cause which may well enlist every graduate's sympathy and support and bring his dollars into the memorial fund. No undertaking could be more worthy or more honorable, for the State University and for Iowa. Every participant in it will have a right to feel personal satisfaction and pride in its success."

At Odd Purposes

By **BELVA M. THORNE**

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Martin Wolcott, bachelor, moved from Lisle to Clyde because he was in debt. Mrs. Althea Burrows, widow, remained in the latter town for the same reason. The coincidental similarity as to motive and environment went still further. Both were regarded as above the average as to wealth or the prospect of it. A third circumstance in this chain of sequence was the fact that Judge Alward Marsh, who had been Mrs. Burrows' attorney for ten years, became likewise the legal adviser of Mr. Wolcott.

Now neither of the two named made any pretense to the merest graze with opulence. Neither was over thirty, and both were healthy, accredited and good looking. Common rumor had it, however, that the fair widow had inherited a gold mine out West that might at any time open its vast store of wealth. When Mr. Wolcott came to Clyde there followed him the report that when a certain lawsuit he had been fighting for five years was decided, he would become the recipient of a royal fortune.

The facts were really these: The alleged mine had never produced so much as an ounce of the precious metal, and Mrs. Burrows had leased the fifty acres involved for grazing purposes at barely enough to meet taxes and water right installments. As to the lawsuit, Wolcott had expended nearly all he had in legal fees and had hopelessly abandoned any anticipations of success in winning it.

As said, Wolcott had come to Clyde because he was in debt. Not that his Lisle creditors were manifesting any collection pressure, for he was a favorite with everybody, but, finding himself growing poorer and poorer, he resolved to get down to real work. He was a specialist in cattle diseases, and Clyde was the center of a large rich farming district.

It was at the office of Judge Marsh one day that Martin Wolcott met the charming widow. The observing old jurist's eyes twinkled as he sensed a mutual liking established between the two. It got to be so that Wolcott became a weekly visitor at the Burrows home. They were vastly pleased with each other and the prospective match met with the approval of their friends.

Mrs. Burrows had made some inquiry regarding Mr. Wolcott. It was to receive exaggerated intelligence as to the wonderful lawsuit that would place him so high above her in the way of wealth that her heart failed her. Wolcott did the same thing. He became despondent and hopeless when he heard about the undeveloped Golconda in the Rockies which would make of Mrs. Burrows a social queen, who would naturally disdain the attentions of a poor and obscure individual like himself.

Wolcott began to curtail his calls upon Mrs. Burrows and the latter influenced by this and a realization of the vast gulf between them, tried to root out the love that might bring only disappointment and sorrow. They had not seen one another for two weeks, when they came face to face in the office of Judge Marsh. Each acted as if their relations were strained. The judge was not in evidence, but they decided to wait for him. A quick tenderness permeated the sensitive heart of the sympathetic widow as she noticed that Wolcott looked thin and worried.

"You do not seem as well as when I last saw you, Mr. Wolcott," she said. "That is because I haven't seen so

DRINK HOT WATER IF YOU DESIRE A ROSY COMPLEXION

Says we can't help but look better and feel better after an inside bath.

To look one's best and feel one's best is to enjoy an inside bath each morning to flush from the system the previous day's waste, sour fermentations and poisonous toxins before it is absorbed into the blood. Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of combustible material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken each day leaves in the alimentary organs a certain amount of indigestible material, which if not eliminated, forms toxins and poisons which are then sucked into the blood through the very ducts which are intended to suck in only nourishment to sustain the body.

If you want to see the glow of healthy bloom in your cheeks, to see your skin get clearer and clearer, you are told to drink every morning upon arising, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, which is a harmless means of washing the waste material and toxins from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, before putting more food into the stomach.

Men and women with sallow skins, live spots, pimples or pallid complexion, are those who wake up with a coated tongue, bad taste, nasty breath, others who are bothered with headaches, bilious spells, acid stomach or constipation should begin this phosphated hot water drinking.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate costs very little at the drug store but is sufficient to demonstrate that just as soap and hot water cleanses, purifies and freshens the skin on the outside, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the inside organs.

much of you," replied Wolcott bluntly.

"Is not that your own fault?" softly intimated the blushing widow. "Surely you have been always welcome at my home."

"I have met with such kindly consideration," answered Wolcott in unsteady tones, "that I dared not continue my visits because I foresaw that it could end only in banishment."

"How strangely you speak," she fluttered.

"Mrs. Burrows, I am a plain man," said Wolcott seriously. "It will be no news to you to know that you are to me the one woman in the world I respect, admire and cherish. It is only recently that I learned of your prospects of fortune. A poor man, I dared not presume that you would look upon me as your equal."

"Why, Mr. Wolcott," exclaimed Mrs. Burrows, "who ever gave you such a ridiculous idea. A poor man? It was when I learned of your coming wealth that I felt that I could never hope—that is—"

"Poor man, poor woman," interrupted Judge Marsh, bursting into the room radiant. "Mr. Wolcott, you have said enough to divest the situation of any misconception. Mrs. Burrows, you are too sensible a woman to resent an old friend like myself saying that

there is no possible barrier of inequality, socially or as to wealth, between you two. I sent for both of you to report that the people at the other end of the lawsuit are willing to compromise for fifty thousand dollars, and that they have discovered gold at the mine and it promises a fortune. Be happy, my children," laughed the old jurist gleefully, and he waved himself from the room, and when he returned half an hour later the glowing faces of his clients told him that there would soon be a wedding.

Red Sails.

Violet seas under deep skies and dotted on the horizon from Quiberon to Belle Isle the red sails of the Brittany fishing boats. Along this stretch of the Atlantic coast red sails have been known immemorially. They existed in Caesar's time. In the "Commentaries" occurs the remark that the people of the coast made their sails of tanned skins sewn together. Either they had no flax or did not understand its use, but the more likely reason in Caesar's opinion was that they knew no ordinary sail would stand against the ocean winds, owing to the great weight of their boats. In time the Breton fisherman exchanged his heavy boat for a lighter one and then he

hoisted the canvas sail. Different in texture to when Caesar conquered Gaul, the sails of the Finisterre seas are of the same tawny hue. The Breton is the most conservative being in the world. The color of the sails of his forefathers must be the color of his sails, and of those of his son. On this point nobody will be found to disagree with him.

Lookouts Develop New Disease.

"Eye work is perhaps the biggest part of submarine hunting," writes William G. Shepherd, in Everybody's, "and it has its evils and penalties. Woe to the man on a destroyer who is gifted with that strange, unexplainable talent of being able to see by night. There he such. His is almost a 24-hour-a-day task. And he finally gets the 'periscope eye' and is sent ashore to get well, if he can. His eyes weep tears of pus by day and, after sleep, his lids are glued together with granulation. It is a new disease of this mad century."

"You keep looking through those high-powered binoculars like an old lady reading through her spectacles, one of the boys explained to me, until finally they seem to be pulling your eyes out of their sockets."

Cedar Rapids Republican: The more we reconstruct the more there seems to be that needs reconstruction.

NATURE'S WAY

Alcohol and dangerous sedatives are fast falling into disuse. When the body is debilitated the effectual means of restoring strength is

SCOTT'S EMULSION

which does what your regular food should do but all too often fails to do—*nourishes and strengthens the whole body.* It is the results that follow the use of *Scott's Emulsion* that have made its multitude of friends.

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IT'S UP TO YOU

The Sprague Tire and Rubber Company has made good. We have erected our factory and put it in operation. Although less than one year old, WE ARE MAKING MONEY. Our business so far in 1919 totals more than \$600,000. For next year, we have orders already amounting to more than this, for delivery during the first three months. Sprague salesmen, working in every state west of the Mississippi river, are rapidly establishing new dealers, and piling up new orders. At the present rate we should surely do

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Why not own an interest in this established, growing concern? There is still a chance if you act NOW. We have, under our Iowa issue, a limited amount of the best stock the Sprague Tire & Rubber Co. ever has or ever will offer—25 per cent preferred, cumulative, participating, full-voting stock. It assures you all the advantages of common stock, in addition to guaranteeing you 7% interest. This is the last participating stock to be offered by this concern. It is going rapidly at \$75 a share.

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