ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Burton

RUBADUB'S VALENTINE

Mr. Stamps, the fairy postman, pushed back his cap and peered over Nick's shoulder.

"Oh, lookee!" cried Nick one day, as he was sorting letters in the hickory tree postoffice. "Here's a valentine for Mr. Rudadub and it looks like Mr. Crow's writing."

Mr. Stamps, the fairy postman, pushed back his cap and peered over Nick's shoulder. "Yes siree bob, it is that!" he declared. "Chris doesn't like Rubadub because he hates soap and water, and Rudadub's always trying to get a hold of Chris to give him a good scrubbing."

"No wonder,' laughed Nancy. "Chris is so black! I don't suppose the valentine has any lace and flowers on it, either. I'll bet it's as ugly as Chris knew how to make it."

"I'll bet you, too!" agreed Mr. Stamps. "But how are we ever going to find out? It's glued as tight as a can o' beans, besides it isn't honest to read other people's letters."

Suddenly Nick had an idea. "Nancy and I can take Mr. Rubadub's valentine to him in Scrub-Up Land where he lives," he suggested. "And maybe he'll read it to us. We have our Magic Shoes and we can wish ourselves there in a minute."

"The very thing!" exclaimed Mr. Stamps.

So Nancy wished and Nick wished, and soon they were whizzing off to Scrub-Up-Land where Mr. Rubadub lived, with the valentine tucked safely in Nick's pocket.

"Hello, there!" called the funny little fairyman. "I'm glad to see you. What's the news? A letter! My goodness! That's fine. What? A valentine! Better still. Maybe it's from Silver Wings or Star Bright or some of the other fairies."

He tore it open hastily, then suddenly he gave a yell. "Ho, ho, ho!" he roared. "Just listen to this:

"'Oh, Rubadub-dub,
If you like so to scrub,
Why don't you begin on yourself?
If you think you're a beauty,
Just make it your duty
To look in the glass on your shelf.'

"And just look at the awful picture!" laughed Rubadub. "I've a good notion to send Chris Crow one just to get even."

(To Be Continued)
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The Old Home Town By Stanley

AUNT SARAH PEABODY, LEADER OF THE SOCIETY FOR SUPPRESSION OF PIPE SMOKING, IS EXTENDING HER WORK AND, HEREAFTER, WILL INCLUDE ALL KINDS OF PROMISCUOUS SMOKING.

THE ONE-MAN WOMAN

ALICE'S STORY

By Ruth Agnes Abeling

SYNOPSIS

KATE WARD widow of DAN WARD, has a visitor. CHINATOWN ALICE who says Dan was father of her child. Kate is much perturbed. Wooed by JAMES LATHAM, of whom she is fond, yet filled with thoughts of Dan, she does not know what to say. Determined to learn more concerning her dead husband's past, she invites Alice to visit her. The latter tells something of her own life. Her father was a bandit and her mother a woman of fine family who eloped and married him.

"With all of the hardship and denial," Alice was speaking again, "Mother remained attractive, really lovely, until, one night, father staggered into the house and dropped dead at her feet—dead, with too many wounds on his body to count.

"He had been feared through all of that section," Alice continued, "and finally the men who feared him got him.

"Mother became an old woman during that last moment of father's life. She must have loved him and he must have loved her, in spite of his roughness and neglect, because, suffering intense agony, he raced with death to reach her and die near her.

"I like that memory," there was a thrill of pride in her voice. "I'd rather have that memory of him than to think of him as a successful business man content to live and die away from his home.

"I must have been about ten then. Mother stayed on in the little cabin. Nothing could have dragged her out of it. How she ever got food and clothing for the two of us I don't know. But she did it and not once did she complain of the struggle. She might have gone back to her father's home. But she didn't. They refused to recognize her when she married. After that she never expected anything from them, though I never heard her speak bitterly of her relatives.

Kate saw in the moonlight the glisten of tears.

"She died about five years ago," the words were barely audible. "She was found dead in the cabin by a hunting party. I hadn't seen her for two years. I, as she had been before me, was wilful, and had started my own career, leaving all of my family ties behind, as so many mountain girls do.

"The thing I remember most about Mother in her later years, is standing, slim-figured, slim-faced, in front of the picture of her outlaw husband and worshiping it. I don't suppose she had a new silk dress in all of the time she was married to him. I know he made no provision for her after his death—he left her only the bare little cabin we lived in and a few sticks for furniture—and she always said he'd been good to her.

"I didn't go back for the funeral," Alice added, "because I didn't know she was dead until they'd put her body away in the village cemetery."

"I wonder," said Kate, breaking the silence at length, "if it isn't always true that, like your mother, women love most the men who demand the greatest sacrifices and who give them the least."

"It does seem," said Alice, "that love is a thing begotten and developed by sacrifice."

The girl's voice was unsteady and when Kate turned to her, she saw, in the moonlight, the glisten of tears.

But you haven't told me yet, how you happen to be working in a Chinese laundry," it was half a question.

(To Be Continued.)
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Heinz Tomato Ketchup Week, February 12th to 17th. See page 9. —Adv.

U. S. ARMY NEEDS MORE LIEUTENANTS

A board of officers has been appointed at Fort DuPont for the purpose of conducting a preliminary examination for men desiring to obtain commissions as second lieutenants in the army. The final examination will be held during the week of June 25 to fill eighty-five vacancies in the infantry, cavalry, field artillery, coast artillery, engineers, signal corps, air service, quartermaster corps, ordnance department, chemical warfare service, and finance department. First Lieutenant A. T. W. Moore, who is on duty at the headquarters, Fort DuPont, has been designated to handle all inquiries, personal or otherwise, relative to this examination.

WANT TO BUY A HOME?
Let us loan you the money, which you can repay in small weekly convenient amounts. Come to our office and let us explain. Citizens' Savings and Loan Association, first floor, Ford Building.—Adv.

YOUR LAST NAME

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BY MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

IS IT PUMPELLY?

There are numerous ways of spelling this name, among them Pompille, Pompill, Pompalo, Pompilly, Pumpilly, Pumpley, Pumpilly and Pumpelly. The story goes that the family came originally from Rome, Italy, where they doubtless enjoyed a lineage of great antiquity. From there they went to Avignon, where the family became well established.

The American founder was one of their number who left France because of persecution of the Huguenots, whose cause he had espoused. The founder had a son Jean, who lived in Canada, and it was in Canada that John was born, coming to Massachusetts in 1720. He had a son John who was born in Danby, N. Y., in 1727, a sergeant in the French and India wars. He stood next to Wolff when that brave general was killed and was wounded himself at the time. On one occasion he saved the life of Gen. Isaac Putnam by rescuing him in a skirmish when he fell in a lake. John's wife was Hannah Bushnell, and their children were the Hon. James Pumpolly, the Hon. Chas., William and Harmon.

According to one record John Pumpelly, the father of the French and Indian war soldier, was a sea captain. Raphael Pumpelly a noted geologist who was born in 1837, was the son of William Pumpelly, a descendant of this John of French extraction. On his mother's side Raphael Pumpelly was descended from Sir Richard Empson, a minister to King Henry VII, Governor Thomas Welles, of Conn., and was connected with the Colonial New England families of Pynchon, Pitkin, Talcot, Treat and Jonathan Edwards.

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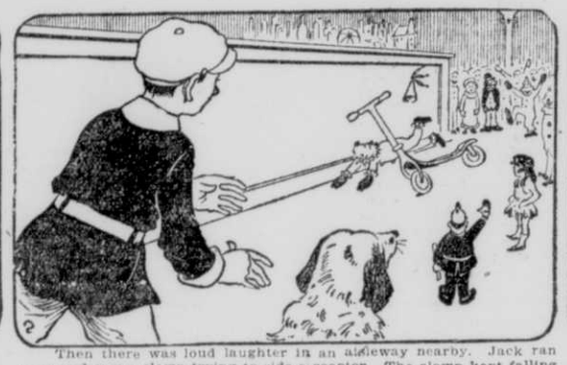
JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES BY ELTON

Jack was about to follow the policeman when he heard Flip growl. Looking back he saw that a big Teddy Bear was approaching. "That bear won't hurt you," said the policeman. "He is a play bear and is friendly with everybody." Jack told Flip to let the bear alone, and bruin was soon licking Jack's hand.



Then there was loud laughter in an alleway nearby. Jack ran over and saw a clown trying to ride a scooter. The clown kept falling off and all of the other doll toys were laughing. "Quiet, everybody," shouted Jack's friend, the policeman. "I want you all to meet Jack Daw and his dog, Flip."

All of the dolls bowed and several toy animals ran up to greet Flip. There were monkeys, dogs, cats and barnyard animals. Jack then offered to show them all how to ride the scooter and as he started down the aisle the dolls and animals scampered out of the way. Flip followed Jack, barking. (Continued.)

ALEMAN $AM — Sam Changes His Mind — BY SWAN

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS — A Little Disappointment — BY BLOSSER

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS — A Poor Demonstrator — BY ALLMAN

JUST A MOMENT

DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER
Compiled by John G. Quinlus (The Sunshine Man).

O gracious Father, keep me through Thy Holy Spirit; keep my heart soft and tender now in health and amidst the bustle of the world; keep the thought of Thyself present to me as my Father in Jesus Christ; and keep alive in me a spirit of love and meekness to all men, that I may be at once gentle and active and firm. O strengthen me to bear pain, or sickness, or danger, or whatever Thou shalt be pleased to lay upon me, as Christ's soldier and servant; and let my faith overcome the world daily. Perfect and bless the work of Thy Spirit in the hearts of all Thy people, and may Thy kingdom come, and Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. I pray for this, and for all that Thou seest me to need, for Jesus Christ's sake.—Amen.

Thomas Arnold.

Heinz Tomato Ketchup Week, February 12th to 17th. See page 9. —Adv.

Clerks, bookkeepers and stenographers will find good positions and better money if they will use the Want Ads.

CAPITOL JOKES

By SAMUEL E. WINSLOW
U. S. Representative From Massachusetts, Fourth District.

My favorite story is an old one, but it illustrates the extent to which some men hold domination over the imaginations of their followers.

When Wilfred Laurier was premier of Canada, two French-Canadians were discussing him.

"By gar," said one, "dat Wilfred Laurier, he one great man."

"Not so great like Napoleon," said the other.

"Wilfred Laurier greater dan Napoleon," insisted the first one.

"Wilfred Laurier greater dan George Washington.

"Well, Wilfred Laurier not so great like de Savior."

"Maybe not, but—" here the premier's admirer brightened, "Wilfred Laurier a young man yet."

BIBLE THOUGHT —FOR TODAY—

Bible Thoughts memorized, will prove a priceless heritage in after years.

PAY FOR THE GOSPEL:—
The Scripture saith, Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. And, The labourer is worthy of his reward.—Timothy 5:18.

ETERNAL PROTECTION:—
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.—Psalm 121:8.

QUESTIONS and Bible Answers

If Parents will encourage children to look up and memorize the Bible Answers, it will prove a priceless heritage to them in after years.

About what should we think? —Phillippians 4:8.

CORN STARCH PUDDING

4 tablespoons corn starch; 2 cups milk; 1-2 cup corn syrup; Few grains salt; 1-2 cup Sun-Maid seedless raisins.

Mix corn starch with 1-2 cup cold milk. Heat remaining milk and pour into first mixture, then add syrup and salt. Stir over flame until thick. Cook covered 20 minutes in double boiler. Add vanilla and raisins. Pour into molds. Cool and serve plain or with cream or fruit juice.