

BETTY'S SHIP

By SADIE M. STULL

"Nary a sign o' yer ship today, Miss Betty? Rough sailin' fer any craft, but then it don't allus take a sunny sky ter bring th' most precious cargo inter port."

Betty turned to the speaker with a rare smile. "I was not looking for my ship, Cap'n Andy. I was playing the game you chide me so much about—'make-believe.' I was just about to start on a journey of dreams—to the world beyond the harbor—the 'wonderland' that calls to me with the golden voice of Opportunity."

Cap'n Andy shook his grizzled head. "Avast, there, little shipmate! Ye must git sich notions o'er yer purty head! Mind, I'm not scoldin', dearie," he added in a gentler tone. "Once I felt th' same as ye do erbout this snug harbor. I was th' crazy ter see yer boasted 'wonderland' I run erway ter N'York an' signed with th' fust ship th' needed a cabin boy." A reminiscent gleam brightened the speaker's faded blue eyes. "She was a clipper, bar none, an' I got my fill o' adventure; but will ye believe me now, Miss Betty, it wasn't er bit like I'd pictured it?" The kindly old voice ended in a chuckle. "Ev'ry bloomin' air castle went up in smoke at th' fust port o' call, an' by th' time th' old ship tacked fer home th' lust o' my store o' day dreams hed gone by th' board."

They had been walking along the wind-swept beach. Now they turned into the lane leading to Betty's humble home.

As he opened the creaking gate the cap'n said: "Jist let th' old anchor hold ye a while longer, dearie. Yer ship is due soon—I feel it in my weather bones. No, I won't lay to fer mess, but tell yer grand'dad ter keep the forecas'tle light burnin'."

Betty watched the sturdy old figure out of sight ere she entered the weather-beaten cottage. As she passed the living room door she called a cheery greeting to her grandfather. Her steps lagged as she entered the kitchen. Then, recalling the cap'n's parting words, she blithely set about preparing the simple evening meal.

Such was the influence of the genial mariner's optimistic spirit. It had always been so, from the day he told the wide-eyed child, her idolized father would never come back from the "Banks."

The same sad day saw the birth of a series of wonderful sea yarns, more fascinating than any fairy tale. Spun to lighten the child's grief they made an unexpected and lasting impression. Some eight years later, Betty, on the threshold of beautiful womanhood, announced she had decided to become a writer and would specialize in Cap'n Andy's sea stories.

With the payment check for her first story, Betty bought a warm sweater for her ailing grandparent and a "high-liner" cargo for Cap'n Andy's pipe. Her own young heart craved roses, but her practical eye selected a hardy geranium.

Betty's glance turned now to that beloved plant—"Meow—meow—ow!" Through the open window shot a small furry object, which like an ebony streak, disappeared cellarward.

"Why, Tommy Black—what's the matter?"

What, indeed? The distant rumble which preceded the kitten's hasty entrance, became a roar, with a drumming accompaniment Betty had never heard with thunder.

She approached the window with bated breath. A sharp cry escaped her, as she beheld a huge flying monster cleaving the mist. Even as she looked, the great man-bird dove sideways—then down—to a shuddering stop in the wet sands.

Headless of wind and rain, Betty sped from the house.

To the helmeted and begoggled pilot who struggled from the wrecked machine she seemed a veritable water-sprite. As he removed his goggles Betty saw a thin stream of crimson oozing from his temple.

"It's nothing," he said with a crooked smile. "Just bumped an upright when the old girl smashed. Now, if there's a telephone station anywhere in this neck of sand—I'd like to call the nearest naval station."

"Come to the house and Cap'n Andy will send your message from the post-office." Her strong young arms guided him across the uneven sands to the welcome ease of her grandfather's sleepy-hollow chair. Then, with cool, deft fingers she bandaged the ugly cut. All the while her heart beat with a new rhythmic joy that almost frightened her.

She did not realize what a pretty picture she made in her simple gingham dress—her sole ornament a quaint shell necklace fashioned by Cap'n Andy. The young airman's keen eyes also noted the carefully tended geranium and he secretly vowed to wear that particular flower on his next flight. Would it not prove a sacred talisman if accompanied by the fair

donor's prayers?

He was interrupted in his romantic musings by the entrance of Cap'n Andy. The gravity with which the bluff old mariner received his instructions was belied by the twinkle in his eye.

And as he trudged through the mud to the postoffice his thoughts kept pace with his steps. "The little girl's ship hed come in—yes I knowed it would, but—" with an audible chuckle, "I'll be shanghaied if I ever thought it would come by air!" (Copyright, 1919, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The Scapegrace

By EMMELINE L. FORSTER

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They were orderly homespun people in and around Pebbelford, all but Larry—Larry Mathee. So wild and irrational were some of the freaks of this unique character that parents with well behaved sons wondered if after all a good deal was not due to Larry in the way of example of warning. He could upset the little settlement over night and appear so docile and penitent the next day that the sufferers through his mischief were ready to forgive and nearly everybody loved him.

It was when Larry went to the cross roads among a rough crowd that the bottled up vim and hilarity with which he overflowed was freely distributed upon returning to his native heath. He lived with an uncompanionable crotchety old grandfather, who allowed him to drift unrestrained for the present and neither thought of nor cared for his future.

Larry's freaks were more of the heedless school boy order than in any way vicious or criminal.

"You'll go just once too often down among that roystering set at the cross-roads," was the prophecy of the town marshal.

"Every man there is my particular friend and would lay down his life for me," asserted Larry staunchly.

"If you'd only keep respectable for a whole year at a time, instead of once in a while," sighed Dolly Prentice, the storekeeper's daughter.

"Yes, all right, what then, Dolly?" eagerly questioned Larry. "Say some word of promise and let me try the new tack," but Dolly shook her pretty head dolorously.

So Larry went his way and Dolly mourned, and one Saturday afternoon Larry, with his month's hard earned wages in his pocket, started jauntily in the direction of the crossroads. It was early Monday morning when Dolly Prentice gasped and trembled as the first customer of the day entered the store. "Oh, have you heard about Larry Mathee?" she questioned. "He's in, at last!"

"In—where?" asked Dolly, a quick catch in her voice.

"In jail. The marshal locked him up at midnight. It's robbery, they say—burglary and all that."

"Never!" cried Dolly indignantly. "Larry wouldn't touch a cent not his own!"

"He has, this time," persisted the customer. "A cent! Oh, my, not that, but thousands! Larry broke into the Waltham place last night and took everything in sight. They found the plunder on him and when he got his head clear this morning all he told the marshal was: 'Bring on the trial quick, and get through with it.'"

That was a bustling day for the town. Its jail comprised the office of the marshal with a barred room behind. A group gazed upon Larry, who was smiling, undaunted. The sages came with "I told you so," explanations. Ultra conscientious persons passed the gawsome prison with a shudder. But the children, the petted favorites of this audacious monster of crime—there were tears in the eyes of their hero and champion of the past as pitying faces gazed past the bars, and handed through them this one apple, that a doughnut, and one tiny ureclin a toothsome lunch put up by the mother who owed the child's life to the bravery of Larry in a runaway accident. And just at dusk Dolly tearfully appeared and broke down utterly.

"Don't cry, Dolly," said Larry; "I'm through."

"Yes, I see you are," sobbed Dolly; "all through, indeed!"

"I mean with idleness and the cross-roads. I've had my warning. Soon as I'm out I'll prove it to you."

"As soon as you're out—oh, Larry! will you ever be out again?"

"In a jiffy!" declared Larry brightly.

"Miss Waltham saw the robber and is coming tomorrow to identify me. Watch her! I wanted a day's time to fix things right for—a friend."

"He's not the man I saw through the screen from my garden," announced the rich old spinster.

"But your money and jewels were found in his possession," observed the

marshal.

"If you'll speak with me alone, Miss," said Larry, "I'll explain how that was."

She was the sole auditor of the story—how it was Ross Burdell who had committed the theft—Ross Burdell, who had become half demented by the loss of his wife and three children all within the space of a year. Unhinged by his great sorrow, eager to get away amid new scenes, had been driven to crime. Larry Mathee, but a friend, indeed, had come upon him just after the theft. He had shown him the frightful error he was committing. He had half of his salary left which he gave Burdell to take him to a distant point, promising to return the plunder.

"And he'll make a man of himself, trust me!" declared loyal Larry. "And that's my bent now, too."

The word of Miss Waltham was sufficient to sustain the innocent Larry. A year later when, a stranger to the crossroads forever, he married Dolly Prentice, people wondered at the splendid wedding present that came from the rich old spinster.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS. In Serbia.



As far back as the first winter of the war, the Red Cross sent to Serbia a sanitary commission that effectively checked the scourge of typhus, but after the United States entered the conflict, the Red Cross was able, in August, 1917, to send a full commission that carried on extensive relief operations among the suffering refugees of the tortured nation. Hospitals were established, the refugees fed, clothed and given medical attention, the army supplied with much needed dental treatment, farm machinery, and seeds provided to help the Serbs redeem their land to productivity, and, not least, measures undertaken for the succor of the children. The terrible condition into which these helpless victims of the war had fallen is well portrayed by this photograph of a little Serbian girl wearing the rags and expression of hopeless dismay that were all she possessed when the Red Cross came.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS. On German Soil.



In the City Square of Treves, Germany, headquarters of the allied military forces, an ancient cross surmounted monument marks the city's center of traffic. For this reason American Red Cross officials converted it, as shown by this picture, into a directory of all Red Cross activities in the city.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS. In Roumania.



Soon after the entrance of the United States in the war the successes of the Central Powers in Roumania had reduced that country to a most tragic condition and in the summer of 1917, the American Red Cross despatched its first Roumanian relief contingent. Two hospitals were at once taken over and operated by the Red Cross, a canteen for the starving refugees established and food and clothing distributed over a large area.

Transportation was one of the toughest problems with which the Red Cross workers in Roumania had to deal. Here is seen an oxcart used by the Red Cross to carry its relief supplies up into the mountains.

Storm Steps Hanging.

An eighteenth century execution on Kensington common was stopped for a time owing to a strange cause. On August 19, 1763, two days before the date of the execution, a heavy fog came over London, accompanied by thunder and lightning and torrents of rain.

These conditions lasted for nearly 48 hours, and many people believed that the last day had arrived. When the time fixed for the execution arrived the assembled crowd cried shame on the sheriff for hanging a man when

the world was coming to an end.

As he persisted in his preparations, they burst through the barriers and stopped the proceedings, shouting that the culprit might as well wait a few minutes, when the grand summons would come for all.

The sheriff had to obtain the assistance of a force of soldiers before the execution could be carried out.—London Chronicle.

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