

CARTON'S FIRST FARE

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For the third time a coachman called to Carton to move along that others might drive up to the curb, and with a muttered expression of disgust at the length of time it took Fred Howell to select a cigar Hugh Carton ran his automobile across the street and fell in line behind two other cars drawn up beside the square. He did not notice that the others belonged to a sight seeing company until a musical voice inquired what his terms were.

Carton looked down into the face of an exceedingly pretty girl and flashed a glance at the cars ahead. In an instant he comprehended the situation. "Dollars an hour," he said gruffly, touching his leather cap with what he congratulated himself was a good imitation of a chauffeur's salute.

"I shall wait you about three hours," she said simply and waited while he sprang down and opened the door in the back of the tonneau. In another moment they were speeding up the street.

From the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of Fred Howell standing on the hotel steps, and his conscience smote him. He had promised Howell a run, but still it was not his fault that it took his friend so long to pick out cigars while he remained outside to be tempted by the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

He could take Howell out at any time. This was his one chance with the pretty girl. Perhaps after awhile he could tell her that he was not a professional chauffeur. Before they had gone half a mile he had built an air castle in which his first fare was established as a chaperone, and then suddenly the fare wrecked his castle.

"Turn down the next street to 274," she ordered, and obediently Carton drew up. "I want to send my mother out for a drive," she said sweetly. "Give her a good view of the city and keep the rest for yourself."

She ran up the steps, while Carton stared blankly at the five dollar bill she had thrust into his hand. For a moment he was tempted to follow her up the steps, give the money to a servant and drive off. Then came the comforting reflection that perhaps it might be easier to establish himself with the mother than with the daughter, and he waited.

A few moments later he was sorry he had not done so, for down the steps came one of the most eccentric figures he had ever seen. Her clothes bore the stamp of seasons gone before, and a hideous blue veil screened a face sharp and angular.

She fixed herself comfortably in the seat, and with a querulous, "Don't go too fast, young man," they started.

It was torture to Hugh to skim through the residential district with this old figure in the tonneau, and more than one surprised glance followed the automobile and the oddly assorted pair. Even the hope of being able to win the old lady's favor vanished when, after several attempts to engage her in conversation, she leaned forward and in her high pitched voice said: "It's no use to talk to me, young man; I'm deaf, and I wish you would not turn round; you make me nervous, you can't see where you are going."

He heaved a sigh of relief when at last he deposited her before her own door and was free to escape. He did not even catch a glimpse of the girl who had lured him to his fate.

It was late when he entered the Howells' drawing room that evening. The butler was just announcing dinner, and there was barely time to make hurried greeting to his hostess and offer his arm to his companion.

Before each plate on the long table stood a characteristic favor, and the laughter was long and loud when he picked up the tiny silver and gilt cigarette holder fashioned in the form of an automobile that stood at his plate. The laughter became a shriek when, on lifting the lid, he discovered a five dollar bill in stage money.

As bravely as he could he faced the storm of laughter and jeering remarks, which followed, but not until he caught sight of Howell at the other end of the table, fairly convulsed with mirth, did he discover the secret of his undoing, for beside the joker, red and unsmiling, was his fare of the morning.

When they had all returned to the drawing room balm was poured upon his wounded feelings, for the girl came up to him.

"I want to apologize to you, Mr. Carton," she said bravely, "for my innocent complicity in the joke my cousin has played upon you."

"I am Mabel Norton, Fred's cousin, and it was he who pointed you out to me and recommended you as the most careful of the public drivers. I assure you that I had no idea that he was playing a joke upon me."

"It is all right," said Carton. "I was playing a joke upon you, you see? I had no business to do it, but—well," he went on lamely, "I thought that maybe—after awhile—I might be able to tell you that you were my guest and not my fare. Anyway—perhaps—well, I hope your mother enjoyed the ride."

After that things progressed famously. Following the first trip, Carton's automobile was at the door of 274 every pleasant afternoon. It was in the automobile, indeed, that she promised to become Mrs. Carton, and they have decided upon an automobile trip for the home moon. Fred Howell has already ordered a new twenty-four horsepower machine as a wedding present, but Mabel declares that she prefers the one in which her lover earned his first fare. Carton agrees with her, but he spells it F-A-R.

JAMES ANDERSON.

A SMOOTH YOUNG SKIN.

The Method by Which One Woman Preserves Her Complexion.

A professional model whose complexion is of the classic type has this to say about her smooth skin and its treatment:

"I suppose I ought to say that I owe my complexion to soap and water; but, to tell the actual truth, neither soap nor water agrees with my skin very well. I seldom wash my face, vulgar as this may sound.

"I am accustomed to taking a cold bath every day, which is a matter of habit. It is good for some people and bad for others, but it agrees perfectly with me. I feel invigorated by it.

"In the natural course of events my face gets its dash of cold water, but otherwise I do not wash it except for a light steaming which I get once in awhile, say once in ten days or so.

"At night I cover my face thickly with cold cream. I put it on in great layers. I let it remain on for a few minutes and then remove it with a soft cloth. I then apply another thick coating of cold cream, and this I leave on all night. It seems to sink into the pores and to supply the moisture which has been taken out of it during the day.

"You cannot expect to have a smooth young skin unless you use lots of cold cream on your face. You must experiment until you find the right kind of cold cream to use. If glycerin hurts your skin, do not use it. If you cannot stand rose water and alcohol, why, it is best to omit them. Discover the kind of cream you can use and stick to it. That is the way I did."—Brooklyn Eagle.

WOMEN ARCHITECTS.

Why They Are Better Adapted to the Work Than Men.

In America we are on the highroad to perfection in domestic architecture owing, possibly, to the acknowledged supremacy of our women. Where a woman reigns supreme it is the end and aim of her men to make her comfortable and happy. Now the American architect, being a man and belonging most likely to some woman, makes it his pride to provide for her—or her sex which she represents—the most comfortable, convenient and pretty house to adorn with her taste and her presence until she moves.

A woman is not wasteful in small things, but a man is. Who, then, is so adapted to utilize the small space which constitutes the average house? A house can be the visible expression of her cleverness, her economy, her taste and her common sense. It will give her an opportunity to be great in the minor aspirations.

When she builds a house she will put herself in the place of that other woman whose destiny it is to live there. She will warm that house comfortably because she herself hates to shiver. She will put in plenty of cupboards because without cupboards life is not worth living—to a woman. Her kitchen will be in just proportion to the size of the house and not a kind of baronial hall in which even the beetles look lonely.—Mrs. John Lane in London Outlook.

THE HANDS.

Don't cut the nails in points, but carefully arched.

Don't cut the cuticle or any part of the flesh around the nails.

Don't cut the nails without first holding them in wax to soften them.

Don't wear rings that are too small. The inevitable result is red and swollen hands and knuckles.

Don't wear bracelets tight enough to affect the circulation or so that they rub on the joints of the wrist.

Don't wear gloves every night or the hands will become yellow. Occasional use of gloves, however, is advisable.

Don't forget to pinch the ends of the fingers now and then. This will do a good deal toward making the fingers taper.

Don't dry the hands carelessly after washing. Use a soft damask towel or a silk handkerchief and dry thoroughly.

Accessory For the Closet.

The bottom part of a closet is often little more than a catch-all for boots and dust. A good way to utilize the wasted space is to have a carpenter fit the lower part with frames which will hold two or three dressmakers' boxes. These may be bought from a box factory or from one's modiste. They are of heavy cardboard, and the top of the lid is arranged so that it may be lifted without taking out the entire box from the shelf. These boxes may be covered with cretonne and fitted with brass or nickel handles, to be bought at a hardware shop. The shelves which the carpenter has made for them will then come into service, and one may keep one's boots in the lower drawer and other belongings in the upper one. The wooden framework may be painted white or a darker color to make the cretonne ground.

The "Anticipation Box."

A fad among young society people is the "anticipation box." This is really a revival of the old custom of our grandmothers of collecting things, useful and beautiful, for the wedding trousseau or for the new home which is also anticipated. Into this box various gifts that come to a girl from time to time and which will be appropriate at the time of her wedding. Pretty handkerchiefs, bits of rare lace, silver pieces, china, pictures, fine towels, table linen pieces of hand embroidery, pieces of pretty lingerie, drawn work, sofa pillow covers and a host of other things find their way into the "anticipation box." As all these things will doubtless come into use some day, this is really a sensible fad after all.

DRY FARMING.

"Dry farming" is a method of working the soil which is being applied with much success in the semiarid regions of Wyoming and Colorado. This is perhaps one of the most significant and far reaching things connected with agriculture at the present time. There are millions of acres of fertile land in the regions referred to which are not irrigable either for want of a water supply or because the topography of the country will not admit of it. This new method is an outgrowth of what is known as the Campbell system. The plan is to plow the soil very deep in the fall or late summer, making it a receptive and retentive bed for what small amount of moisture falls, giving a light surface cultivation following each rain to prevent evaporation. In the spring the crop is sown or planted as elsewhere, followed by surface cultivation of such crop to as great a degree as possible. The results are really remarkable, as much as thirty-five bushels of the finest wheat in the world being secured from land which was not long ago dedicated to the prairie dog and such scant grass growth that each "acrer" was given twenty-five acres to browse. It is found that the best results are obtained when the land is cropped only every other year, the interim being devoted to such treatment of the soil, as indicated above, as will store up the largest amount of moisture possible. It looks as though the great American desert was to be reclaimed after all.

WHY DOES HE WANT TO MAKE MORE MONEY?

We do not know. It would seem as though he had enough—far more than he can possibly use or enjoy—but he is just as fierce and eager to rake in some more dollars as though he had a mortgage coming due on his home and not enough money to pay it. He can't wear any more or better clothes; he can't eat any more or better food; more money will not give him any better reputation in his community than he now has—he has come to the point where money can do nothing at all for him save to gratify his lust for it and gratify that brutal sense of power over others which money gives. He might, of course, want more for the sake of using it for the benefit of other people, but he long since got himself divorced from any such foolish notions and now wants more just because the getting of it has become as much of a disease with him as a cancer or the consumption would be. He has so denied himself in years gone by in order to make money that all power of enjoying it is now gone. He will keep on just in the old way, and some day there will be a funeral, some probate proceedings, an obituary notice, and he will be forgotten just as so many of his kind have been before. You know him?

NO RACE SUICIDE AMONG BIRDS.

We are asked how many of our birds raise more than one brood of young in a season. The English sparrow, the most prolific of any of our common birds, will begin nesting in March and keep it up until July and sometimes even later. It is safe to say that they will hatch from two to four broods in a season. The quail will sometimes hatch two broods in a season, and many other birds, if they have their nests broken up or young destroyed, will incubate the second time; but, as a general rule, all our birds, with the exceptions noted, raise but one brood of young in a year. This is a wise provision of nature; otherwise birds would easily become one of the greatest plagues with which the farmer and fruit grower would have to contend.

REVERSION.

The different breeds of domestic animals which are generally known under the name of thoroughbreds are the result of many years' work, of careful selection and breeding to a type often very far removed from that of the original ancestry—are, in a way, purely artificial breeds and can only be maintained in their excellence by continued careful breeding and infusion of the best strains of like blood. Left alone, the law of reversion to original types soon gets in its work, and a very few generations take them back to the original scrub type. This applies not only to domestic animals, but to poultry and to quite an extent to grains and fruits. The best of a type is hard to create and still harder to maintain.

THE FARMER'S FOES.

The farmer has always and ever three things to contend with—weeds, insects and the freakishness of climate. Weeds, like original sin, are sure to crop out on his land and usurp its fertility if not fought and subdued, the plague of insect life lies in wait in some form or other for every crop which he may plant, while June and early September frosts, floods and droughts, cyclones and hailstorms, too much or too little heat, make up a combination which he is utterly powerless to control or even evade.

FINE FARMS IN CANADA.

It may interest you to get a map and find the Peace river country in northwestern Canada, latitude 58, and learn that this is a fine farming country, wheat, oats and barley growing to perfection and only six weeks during the winter in which it is necessary to feed stock. The extreme northern latitude is offset by the influence of the Japan current of the Pacific and the chinook winds.

Her Mind Easy.

"Do you expect Charley to catch anything on his fishing trip?" said young Mrs. Torkins' mother.

"No," was the reply. "He's been vaccinated and took ten grains of quinine before he started."—Washington Star.

The Hamburg Bourse.
Hamburg's first bourse, established in 1558-60, was a shelterless, paved meeting place, 112 feet long and 42 feet wide, supported toward the water front by means of bulwarks and having its three other sides surrounded by a low stone wall. In 1577 the bourse was enlarged by adding a cloth hall, supplied with a roof. The present bourse also differs in many respects considerably from American and other foreign exchanges. No membership exists here, but attendance and admittance to all privileges of the floor free of charge are permitted to every respectable male person.

Bonding For Roadways.

The sentiment in favor of issuing bonds for road and street improvement is steadily growing throughout the country. Wherever the bonding plan has been tried, so far as we know, it has been satisfactory and in many cases that have come under our observation the first issue of bonds has proved so popular that it has been followed by bond issues double and treble that of the first. The bonding plan is a good, sound business proposition, and we look for a very general extension of the idea during the present year.—Good Roads Magazine.

Saving Himself.

She—Well, then, if we must economize I might do the cooking myself. He (hastily)—Oh, no, it's cheaper to keep a servant girl in the house than a doctor.—Boston Herald.

A Jap Chap.

I know a little Jap, and he's a type of perfect Japan case. And when upon his Japan knees He holds his little Japan niece I'm envious of the chap, and he's My beau ideal of Japanese!—Cleveland Leader.

Ample Proof.

"But," protested the mere man, "I thought you hated her?" "So I do," answered the society woman. "Didn't you observe that I only kissed her twice?"

Natural Adjustment.

They say we're eating too much meat. But this, no doubt, will all come right. For when you think about the price It takes away your appetite.—Washington Star.

Of Another Kind.

Almon—He is a dealer in drawing materials. Jack—Crayons? Almon—No; mustard plasters.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Of Two Extremes.

The giggler's better than the man Who never laughs a bit. To laugh at nothing's better than To worry over it.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Peace and War.

"You don't favor seeking peace at any price?" "No," answered the Russian official, "our policy now is war regardless of expense."

Surprise.

How passing strange it seemed to me, I never shall forget, That day I went out in the rain And found that it was wet!—Lippincott's Magazine.

Willing to Apologize.

Skinner—I understand you told Hix that I wouldn't steal a red-hot stove. Biffbang—So I did, but if it isn't true I'm willing to apologize.—Detroit Tribune.

Up Against It.

My Uncle William feels right bad— Life has for him no bliss, For he can't think of when we had A wussier year than this.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fired Himself.

She—Kerosene oil has been known to rid a house of nuisances. He—Yes, we got rid of our cook through its agency.—Yonkers Statesman.

Sixty Miles an Hour.

Willie stood on the avenue; He didn't hear the car. They placed him in a pill box And sent him to his ma.—Life.

Under Certain Circumstances.

"Would you call Miss Peppers handsome?" "To her face, yes."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Tough.

He figured on the price of meat And sighed: "My coin they lay for. This steak, alas, is tough to eat And also tough to pay for!"—Detroit Free Press.

Natural Result.

Tom—I wonder why Fred's sweetheart gave him the mitten? Jack—Because he told her a lot of yarns, I believe.—Detroit Tribune.

The Broker's Wooling.

"But we have nothing in common!" She answered him, unsmiling. "Don't want it," said he quickly; "Trust nothing but 'preferred'!"—Brooklyn Life.

The Real Thing.

"He acts like a fool." "No. An actor could never come as close to nature as that."

The Surrender.

He led her to the altar. That was the fatal step. For there and then the man gave up All right to leadership.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Sufficient.

"Is his new auto a good one?" "Yes, it's a beautiful red."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Palmist and the Haarer.

"Life is real, life is earnest." Thus the palmist gravely spoke. Had he been a college haarer He'd have thought life was a joke.—Boston Transcript.

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