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R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

A Mental Transformation

By LILIAN HALL CROWLEY

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Mazie put the manuscript in her bag and started for the subway. She was a very happy young woman this pleasant March morning, for her hopes seemed well on the way to realization. She had been studying and working hard on her music during the past winter in New York. She had the creative faculty and had been encouraged by teachers and friends to try and publish her compositions. She had at last finished some of the manuscripts and was on her way downtown to see a publisher.

Smiling and light-hearted she was ushered into the office where sat the great man whose dictum either made or did not make the would-be artist. "Is this Mr. Granville?" "Uh-huh!"

He was a rather large man whose sedentary life had brought about a loose look to his figure. He wore spectacles and did not rise when Mazie introduced herself. A grunt emanated from his tightly closed lips—if a man of importance would do such a thing as grunt, Mazie decided her business. He did not ask her to sit down, and she began to feel indignant.

"We have lots of this kind of stuff," he fingered the manuscript disdainfully. "I don't suppose this is any better than the others that come in."

"But you haven't looked at it!" "I can imagine what it is," he growled, without looking at her.

By this time Mazie was very angry. She did not expect to be received by a man of business as if she were in



Fell to a Sitting Position on the Sidewalk.

his dressing room, but she had not counted on this. "Mr. Granville, this is a business house, is it not?" "Certainly," he answered in surprise.

"Well, then, I am submitting this

music to you as a business proposition. That is for what this business is organized. You do not know whether my music is suitable or not, because you haven't looked at it. If it is what you want, you have value received and you are not doing me a favor. I should think that courtesy would cost you nothing, either in time or money. You think because you are old it is your prerogative to be rude. Good-day!"

She took the manuscript from the desk and started for the elevator.

"Just a moment, Miss Jones." He arose from his chair. "If you will leave the music and your address with me, I will look it over."

"Very well! The address is inclosed." Mazie haughtily handed him the manuscript and walked out of the room without further look.

The city was suddenly thrust in the throes of a heavy snowstorm, and when the first thaw came the streets were a mass of slush and water.

Mazie, although a very pretty girl, knew that her chief beauty was her slender feet. Having a natural pride in their beauty, Mazie always wore the loveliest of lovely shoes; but on this particular day, when she had a number of errands which required walking, she put on her oldest and ugliest shoes and over them a hideous pair of storm rubbers. Returning at dusk, and when she was a block from her boarding place, her feet slipped from under her and she fell to a sitting position on the sidewalk, with both muddy rubbers sticking up as much as to say: "Look at me!"

And looked at they were by a man coming round the corner. For a moment he was surprised at the suddenness of the affair—then, looking from ugly rubbers to the face of the fallen one, he exclaimed:

"Why—why, Miss Jones!"

Mazie, humiliated to find herself in such a miserable plight, could only gasp: "Why—why, Mr. Granville!"

"Permit me to assist you." He helped the forlorn girl to her feet and, offering his arm, which she reluctantly took, he escorted her to her door. He was most solicitous about her accident, but Mazie assured him that she was not hurt at all and thanked him coldly for his assistance. He raised his hat as she went in the door.

Mazie was furious with herself. "To think of how dignified I thought I was that day I snubbed him, and then, of all men in New York, he should find me sitting in front of him in the mud!" She gazed ruefully at the rubbers. Then:

"Why should I care! Horrid old thing!"

About eight o'clock in the evening Mazie was surprised to find her rescuer on the telephone.

"Miss Jones," he said, "when I saw you home this evening I realized that you live next door to me, and I should like to run over now and talk to you about the music, if you have fully recovered from your fall. May I?"

"Why—yes—yes, indeed!" Mazie was confused.

She thought: Horrid old man, he wants to return my compositions so I won't bother him at the office again." Nevertheless she went to her room and powdered her nose before the mirror of her dressing room and felt sure that her gown was most becoming. She smiled as she glanced at the silver slippers which matched it. Then going back to the drawing room, she was ready to receive the ogre. "I shall be dignified to spite him," she thought.

The maid announced "Mr. Granville," and he followed immediately.

"Good evening, Miss Jones." He bowed most graciously, holding the music in his hand.

Mazie was stunned with surprise, for here was a very different person from the man in the office. He was tall and straight, had a pleasant smile and was without spectacles.

"Oh—oh—I thought you were an old man," she exclaimed.

"Well, I am rather—that is, I am

thirty-four, which is a great deal older than you."

"I am twenty-four," Mazie replied, "but I thought when I saw you in the office that you were as old as my father. You don't look at all old to-night, though."

"Perhaps I am more human than I was the other day."

"Perhaps," said Mazie, freely.

Seeing he was on dangerous ground he changed the subject.

Mazie stole a glance at him and was glad she had looked in her mirror.

"I find I like your music very much, but would like to suggest a few changes. May I show them to you? You see, this is from the standpoint of the market," he hastened to add.

"You are very kind. Yes, I should like to have your criticism."

"Well, hardly that," he replied, "but I think if you would change this it would go better," pointing to a place in the score.

Mazie saw at once that the changes he suggested were an improvement and they went on from that to discuss modern music in comparison with the old.

Tom Granville arose to go. "We haven't finished going over the music. May I come to-morrow night?"

"Oh, yes," Mazie answered. "I am so happy that you are going to publish it. One is so foolish about one's creations, you know."

The next night he took the music with him to have it published.

There were many things to be seen in the next few weeks which necessitated telephone calls and personal calls in the evening—many of them. Very soon they were calling each other Tom and Mazie.

Mazie loved the outdoors and she and Tom took long walks in Central Park and along Riverside drive; they drank in the delightfully cool air which swept over the Hudson. Tom's muscles began to harden and he soon lost the flabby slouch of the office. In fact he was very good looking and very happy.

Mazie had forgotten her first impressions and to her he seemed a great, big, splendid hero.

They found they were most congenial, for not only had they their music in common, but both loved pictures and visited the art galleries together whenever Tom could leave the office and Mazie her studies. These days were eagerly looked forward to and became a part of their lives.

At last the time drew near for Mazie to go back to her home in Ohio. Only one more afternoon for them to be together. They were very silent as they seated themselves on a bench near the big fountain in Central park.

"Will you marry me, Mazie? I have loved you from the moment you scolded me in the office."

"What if it should become a habit with me? You wouldn't like to be scolded again, would you?" she asked smiling roguishly at him.

"Yes, yes, by all means scold if I ever become such a boor again. I was settling into the worst form of old bachelorhood when you startled me out of my complacency. Please marry me and save me!"

Mazie's worshipful look was turned full upon his handsome face as she replied:

"I will marry you, but it will be because I love you!"

Historic Island.

The little island in the mouth of the Forth, which was the rendezvous for the German cruiser Konigsberg and the British fleet, has had previous associations with the Hungarians, if not with the Germans. It contains the ruins of a thirteenth century chapel dedicated to St. Adrian, who, with 6,000 other Hungarians, are said to have been killed by the Danes and buried on the island. In former times 15 fishermen, with their families, lived on the May, and at the end of the fishing season, the fishermen of the Ife coast used annually to hold a merry making on the island. The wreck and total loss of a boatful of women on its passage to the May brought the custom to a tragic end.

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Corns Come Off Like Banana Peel

"Gets-It" Leaves Toe Smooth As Your Palm. Never Fails.

Ever peel off a banana skin? Well, that's the way "Gets-It" peels off any corn or callus. It's a picnic. Nothing else in the world will do it.

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GAIN IN IMPORTS IS 200 PER CENT FOR LAST MONTH

PORT OF NEW ORLEANS BIG INCREASE FOR CORRESPONDING PERIOD IN 1918

September imports showed an increase of nearly 200 per cent over the corresponding period last year, according to figures issued Monday by Calhoun Fluker special deputy collector of the port of New Orleans.

Values of imports for the month totaled \$21,413,024, compared to \$7,709,286 during September, 1918, and \$4,305,802 in 1910. Coffee again heads the list of imports with a total of \$6,116,469 pounds, while importation of sugars showed an increase of 40,000,000, over that of the previous month.

Principal articles imported during the month were as follows: Coffee, \$6,116,469 pounds, valued at \$3,774,122; sugar, 93,250,113 pounds, valued at \$5,213,435; burlaps, 23,421,512 pounds, valued at \$3,262,677; sisal, 8128 tons, valued at \$2,433,420; twine, \$38,975 pounds, valued at \$50,847; bagging for cotton, 468,722 square yards, valued at \$65,711; bananas, 1,397,436 bunches, valued at \$558,181; coconuts 769,000, valued at \$44,070; hides, 207,984 pounds, valued at \$78,746; mineral oil, 29,618,400 gallons, valued at \$301,854; mahogany lumber, 597,000 feet, valued at \$59,682; olive oil, 24,618 gallons, valued at \$61,188; molasses, 93,250,113 gallons, valued at \$180,200.

The following is a comparative statement of imports for September, 1919, and nine previous years:

September, 1919	\$21,413,024
September, 1918	7,709,286
September, 1917	7,749,104
September, 1916	5,626,861
September, 1915	6,755,934
September, 1913	5,867,380
September, 1912	6,711,821
September, 1911	4,551,619
September, 1910	4,305,802

PUT THE WITNESS ON THE STAND

When the campaign first opened, Mr. Parker's supporters, practically ignored his political record and stressed the fact that he was successful business man.

But they are beginning to hear from the cross-roads now; from the men who live in the home of Democracy—North Louisiana and as a result, they are trying to show that Mr. Parker is a Democrat.

Our distinguished friend, Mr. Horace Wilkinson is out, in a recent statement to the effect that Mr. Parker is a democrat because some fourteen months have expired since he changed his party affiliation on the registration rolls from a Progressive to a Democrat.

The Democrats of Louisiana will not be misled by any such flimsy argument.

In the choice of a man as the head of the democratic party, they will demand something more than the mere shadow of a name; they want substance instead.

Let us call a few witnesses on this question: Mr. Parker's friends ought not to object to Governor Pleasant being called to witness stand.

He is now a supporter of Mr. Parker; may more than this, he has practically constituted Mr. Parker his proxy to exercise the appointive power which the constitution and the statutes vest in him and which his vote of office requires him to exercise alone.

On February 25, 1916, Governor Pleasant said: "By every artifice known to the shrewd, designing and unscrupulous politician, whether by bluff, braggadocio, false statement or otherwise, the Republicans with John M. Parker at their head, are trying to draw to their standard all of the odds and ends possible in Louisiana. In order that they may assert their ascendancy once more."

"Therefore, if the people of this state desire to aid the Republican-Progressive cause, both state and national and do not desire to support the Democratic cause, both state and national they should vote for John M. Parker."

We will now let the Hon. L. E. Thomas a member of the animated pay roll (in perpetuity) take the stand:

"Some of our misguided friends who still claim to be Democrats are saying that they feel, in supporting Mr. Parker, they are supporting a Democrat. I want to tear the mask off his erroneous statement and let them see the truth if they will. I shall not deal in ancient history. In this connection Mr. Parker's plea of ward bossism will fall on deaf ears. Why he would not be governor three months before he would have us in the Republican party."

We will now call the Hon. John Overton to the stand:

"Analyze the Parker campaign—boil it down—and it is based on his own ego, nothing else. Today we are appealed to by John M. Parker to desert Democracy and support him."

We could present many other witnesses but we will close our case with Mr. Parker himself:

On September 26th, 1915, when he was a candidate for the office of governor against the regular nominee of the democracy, he said:

"I am a progressive and that is the

We can understand why a man should hate to "break in" a new pair of shoes. But we can't understand why he should consider it necessary.

Come in and get fitted to your pair of RALSTONS—comfortable from the start.

BOSTON ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP
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