

Daddy, Alias Carrots

By Jane Osborn

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Bab was sitting darned socks in the mellow glow of the living-room table-light when Babbette appeared at the door. Bab in a gray frock with a white fichu, hair parted in the middle and spectacles on her little nose was demure. Babbette was resplendent, captivating. She made one breathe fast just to look at her, standing there with round, bare arms and round young body. Steve, reading his paper and sitting opposite to Bab at the table, swallowed hard and blinked.

"What's the matter, dear," Bab asked, taking off her glasses and looking at him anxiously. "Doesn't Babbette's dress look pretty? I copied it after one in a shop window on the avenue. We didn't think it looked home-made."

"Oh, that's all right—it's immense," Steve hurried. "That's not the trouble. I was trying to grasp the idea that, that—that girl there is my daughter."

Steve Nowell rose with his hands in his pockets and paced the room meditatively for a minute, while Bab busied herself fastening the buttons of Babbette's gloves, tucking in a lock of hair here and loosening a few there. Steve paused when he arrived before the mirror over the mantelpiece, peered in and then, striking a match which he took from his smoking-coat pocket, lighted one of Bab's candles—for ornament only—that stood in brass sticks on the mantelpiece shelf. He held this up to the side of his face and peered in. No, there was not a gray hair in the bushy shock of auburn, scarcely a wrinkle, unless one could call those few crows' feet—the sort that gather, Steve assured himself, even on the faces of young men who are accustomed to smiling with their eyes.

He blew out the candle and clenched his right-hand fingers into a fist and, with his left hand on his right biceps, felt his muscle. Then he straightened himself up to his full six feet, stood on the balls of his feet and inhaled as if to test his lung capacity.

"It can't be," he told himself. "I'm not ready to be that girl's father—I'm too young. I'm only a boy—and before many years I'll be a grandfather? He looked at Bab sitting so contentedly by the lamp. She had resumed her darning and Babbette was standing reading Steve's paper. Yes, Steve reflected, Bab was content to take a back seat. What was it to her that old age had been forced upon them and that for all their days and nights to come they must sit there reading papers and darned socks or, if they did go out, be mere spectators at a play or opera?"

"What on earth's the matter with you dad?" queried the eighteen-year-old daughter, glancing up from the paper, and then, not waiting for him to answer, "I wonder where Goggles can be? I was sure I'd be late and here he is keeping me waiting," she went on.

"Goggles, who's Goggles?" queried Steve.

Bab and Babbette looked up in surprise. "Why, Goggles is Babbette's new friend with the eight-cylinder. It makes it so nice for Babbette."

"Which—Goggles or the eight-cylinder?" queried Steve.

"Don't be silly, dad," said the resplendent young thing, as she folded her warm arms about Steve and kissed him on the chin in a thoroughly daughterly fashion. "I'm not a bit interested in Goggles—but anyone would dote on his motor."

Steve caught the faint perfume—intricatingly exotic—that clung to his daughter's evening frock. When he had courted Bab, he recalled, girls used some simple scent—violet or lily-of-the-valley. Those were simple days. What a thing it must be to be young, Steve thought, young when girls used perfume like that—redolent of strange Eastern romance, Persian gardens in the moonlight, Indian temples and tropical islands. Steve's impression was not distinct but it was none the less vivid. And Goggles, just because he had an eight-cylinder, could share the society of a goddess like Babbette. Steve rubbed his eyes as if to wipe the film of twenty years of married life from them. What a thing to be young again! he thought. Why, he was young. People often told him he didn't look thirty, and if it weren't for that lovely creature there calling him dad he might sometimes forget that he was nearer to the half century mark.

Bab had run off to the telephone bell, and came back with the color of her pink and white cheeks heightened with rage.

"Isn't it perfectly horrid?" she stormed. "It was Goggles and he's at Nellie Drew's and telephoned to say they'd stop for me. He says he was at Nellie's for dinner and Shorty Tucker, who was going to take Nellie telephoned he had been detained and couldn't bring Nellie, so said he would have to bring Nellie and they'd stop for me. Why didn't he tell me he was going to have dinner there? Nellie's an old cat—I oughtn't to say that of one of my own fraternity sisters. I know, but it was downright mean—Babbette stopped suddenly and a look

of inspiration flashed across her face. "Dad," she cried seizing him in her strong arm. "You don't look thirty and you're a lot better looking than any of the other boys. You take me and don't let them know you're my father. None of these boys know you and the lights won't be bright. I'll call you Carrots 'cause you've got auburn hair and it's a fad you know to call the boys some such name. Carrots Clay—that's a nice name. No, you don't have to dress—come just as you are and while you're putting on your hat and coat I'll just telephone in case Goggles and Nellie haven't started and tell them a friend of mine who happened to be having dinner with me is bringing me, and if they have started and do come, why, mammy, you tell them that I started on with a friend of mine, who was anxious to take me, and tell them you're so glad it happened just as it did because this friend of mine was anxious to take me. Dad, you're a peach. Mammy, don't be lonesome—there's a dear."

Carrots Clay—alias Bab's Daddy—alias just plain Steve Nowell—did as he was told, filled meanwhile with a thrilling consciousness that he was to be young again. He wondered why Bab hadn't asked him to don his evening togs—perhaps young men didn't dress for small dances in Babbette's set. At any rate he would dance with the girls and they would all be young and warm and glorious like Babbette. It would be a renewal of his youth, only a youth more youthful and thrilling than his own had been because these girls of the present generation were more magnetic, more primitive than girls had ever been before. Just for a night he would be young and then—he winced a little at the idea—he would come back and spend the rest of the nights beside the table with Bab in the gray dress with the caplike white hands.

Having no eight cylinder Carrots took Babbette to the house where the party was to take place in the street car and so fully was he taking the part thrust upon him, that when passengers in the car looked with unfeigned admiration at the beautiful creature beside him, it was with the pride of a youth for a maiden, and not with fatherly pride, that he received the attention.

"It's funny I didn't have to wear evening dress," Carrots remarked. "Don't they usually for dances?"

Then it was that Babbette explained that it wasn't to be a dance he was taking her. It was to be a fraternity meeting, and all Carrots and the other boys had to do was to sit in the downstairs reception room—they could smoke if they wanted to—while the girls had the meeting upstairs. It wouldn't be more than an hour or so and if there were any refreshments left they sometimes sent them down to the boys. The boys usually waited right there instead of going home in the interval, because sometimes the meetings adjourned later and sometimes earlier.

At half past nine that night Carrots had been sitting in a chilly, dimly lighted reception room for an hour. From above came the delicious, intoxicating peels of laughter and music from girls like Babbette. Beside him sat Goggles. In a straight-back chair across the room was Shorty, who had come late with the hope of taking Nellie home eventually in spite of Goggles. Other dejected young men sat on other straight-back chairs.

They had talked in monosyllables from time to time, but not to him. They seemed to regard him with suspicion and distrust. Eventually Goggles broke the ostracism. "You're new at this, aren't you?"

Carrots said he was.

"You get used to it," commented Goggles. "You got to do it—if you don't somebody else will. There's always somebody else waiting—just as you were tonight—to take your place, and that always makes you sore."

"It must have been nice," mused Shorty from across the room, "in the days when our fathers and mothers were young—before girls had fraternalities and things. This way, for every dance they let you go with them you have to sit out an evening like this. But you have to do it."

"Must be nice to be an old fellow and to have the girl you've been sitting around for all to yourself—sitting somewhere near you while you are home and comfortable." That was from Goggles.

"You bet," agreed Carrots.

An hour later Carrots and Babbette found Bab still sitting in the glow of the lamp. A neat pile of socks and Babbette's gay silk stockings were before her. Her eyes were heavy, but she smiled radiantly at their return. Steve pulled off his hat and before taking his coat off, rushed to her, lifted her to her feet and held her sleepy form to him. "Bab, you're the dearest and sweetest in the world. It's great to be forty-five."

Birds Help Farmers.
Birds are almost as busy as bees, and their work in increasing crop yields is highly important, says the Fireside. One of the cheapest and most effective ways to fight insect pests that annually take crop toll estimated at \$800,000,000 is to aid in the preservation of bird life. Such worms and bugs as infest our gardens are favorite food for bluebirds, robins and many other kinds of birds. Birds also eat thousands of weed seeds.

True Economy.
"Pa, what is a practical economist?"
"A man who can get a dollar's worth of anything for a dollar, my son."—Life.

POPE PLAYS JOKE ON ARTIST

Quotes Bible Verse to Verify Genuineness of Portrait of Himself Executed by an American Painter.

Pope Benedict is known to have a keen sense of humor. It has lately been expended upon an American resident in Rome who thinks himself a portrait painter, says a Rome correspondent.

This gentleman, with the best intentions, asked the pope for permission to paint his portrait, which would later grace the walls of the Vatican, alongside of the masterpieces of the universe.

The pope granted the request, but stipulated that he should give only one sitting, and that the portrait should be finished by help of photographs.

The portrait was finished recently. The artist found it so good that he longed to have it shown first in America, lest his fellow citizens should reproach him for hiding such a work of art in Italy, without giving them a chance of admiring his genius. To this the pope graciously agreed. But the artist went further.

As there are so many spurious portraits of the pope, would his holiness write a few lines to prove to skeptical Americans that the artist had really painted the masterpiece? The pope promised a few words in a few days.

They arrived. To the painter's astonishment—and chagrin—they proved to be from the Gospel of St. Matthew, chapter 14:27. They ran: "It is I; be not afraid."

PRICES DURING CIVIL WAR

Sugar \$58 a Barrel, Rice \$31.38 a Barrel, Tobacco, Tea and Coffee Much Higher Than Now.

High as prices are, it may be some consolation to know that they are still below the Civil War records: Sugar then sold for \$58 a barrel, rice at \$31.38 a barrel, tobacco at more than double the present price, and tea at over \$100 for a 25-pound chest as compared with the present price of about \$20. Coffee was then four times as high as it is at present, says Leslie's.

If the difficulty in getting hold of sugar makes the American people realize we are at war, and inspires in them a willingness to follow Mr. Hoover's suggestions as to economizing in the use of certain foods, it will have accomplished some good.

While complaining of food scarcity, it is well for our people to know how little food there have. The German ration contains .41 of a pound of body building protein as compared with 1.08 in the standard ration. The German ration is not sufficient to maintain bodily health and vigor, but the civil population in the occupied districts of France and Belgium have to exist on even less than this.

Funds for Liza Jane.

A long row of husbands sat in a mess hall and a sergeant was in the other side of the table with papers in front of him from which he from time to time read extracts, recites the New York Times.

"Are you married?"
"I was married, but I ain't now."
"Wife dead?"
"No, she ain't dead, but we had a mutual separation."
"Any divorce?"

"No, sir, I could not pay for a divorce, but it is all busted up 'tween us. Please don't put her name down." Her name did go down, and Liza Jane will be astonished when the next month rolls around and Uncle Sam hands her out \$15, with a little memorandum to the effect that this is an allotment from her husband, and a little extra thrown in to help her and the children, if she has any. That is not all. If he dies in battle, she gets \$4,500, or possibly more.

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MORTGAGE SALE
WHEREAS, default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated the 17th day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred sixteen, executed by Nicholas Sakwinski and Antoinette Sakwinski, his wife, of the City of Detroit, Michigan, to the City of Ann Arbor, Michigan, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the County of Shiawassee, Michigan, in Liber 126 of mortgages on page 382-3 on the 23rd day of August, 1916, at 8:15 o'clock a. m.

WHEREAS, the said mortgage has been duly assigned by the said Edwin P. Sherman to the State Bank of Byron, Michigan, by assignment bearing date August 21st, 1916, and recorded in the Register of Deeds of the County of Shiawassee, Michigan, on the 24th day of August, 1916 in Liber 117 of mortgages on page 333, and whereas the said mortgage was duly assigned by the said State Bank of Byron, Michigan, to the said Edwin P. Sherman by assignment bearing date the 29th day of September, 1916 and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of said Shiawassee County in Liber 117 of mortgages on page 336 on the 6th day of October, A. D. 1916, and whereas said mortgage was thereafter assigned on to-wit the 2nd day of October, A. D. 1916 by the said Edwin P. Sherman to James E. Blackwood of the City of Detroit, Michigan, said assignment bearing date the 2nd day of October, 1916 and being recorded in the Register of Deeds of said County of Shiawassee on the 23rd day of October, 1916 in Liber 100 of mortgages on page 454, and the same is now owned by him, and

WHEREAS the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage, at the date of this notice is the sum of Five Thousand Three Hundred and Twenty-one and 66/100 (\$5,321.66) Dollars is interest, and the further sum of Two-

ty-five (\$25.00) Dollars as an attorney fee stipulated for in said mortgage and which is the whole amount claimed to be unpaid on said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the amount above mentioned, and the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative.

AND WHEREAS in said mortgage it was provided that in the event of default by the mortgagor in the payment of any installment of principal maturing hereon, before the whole thereof becomes due, or of any installment of interest when the same becomes due and payable, when the same are payable as above provided, and should the same or any part thereof remain unpaid for the period of thirty days, then and from thenceforth the aforesaid principal sum, with all arrearages of interest shall at the option of said mortgagee, his legal representatives or assigns, become due and payable therefrom and thereafter although the same shall not then have expired, anything hereinbefore or in said note contained to the contrary thereof in anywise notwithstanding, and default having been made in the payment of the whole of the first and second semi-annual installments of interest upon said mortgage respectively and the same having become due and payable respectively as provided in said mortgage and more than thirty days having elapsed since said installments of interest, respectively, should become due and payable, and the whole of each still remaining in arrears and wholly unpaid, the said James E. Blackwood, the assignee of said mortgage, has elected, and he hereby elects and chooses that the whole principal sum named in said mortgage, with all arrearages of interest thereon shall be and now is and is hereby declared to be wholly due and payable at this time in the amount hereinbefore set forth.

NOW THEREFORE, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the said power of sale given by virtue of the fourth clause of said mortgage, default in the payment of interest as stipulated in said mortgage having continued for more than thirty (30) days and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided the said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of the premises therein described at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court House in Corunna, in the County of Shiawassee, Michigan, on the 15th day of March next at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, Central Standard Time, which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows:

The S. 1/2 of N. E. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 and the N. 1/2 of S. W. 1/4 of N. E. 1/4 and E. 1/2 of S. 1/2 of S. W. 1/4 of N. E. 1/4 and N. 32 1/2 acres of all that part of E. 1/2 of S. 1/2 of N. E. 1/4 of Highway and all that part of the E. 1/2 of S. E. 1/4 lying E. of the Highway running Southerly across said last description except piece in S. E. corner and piece in S. E. corner, all in Section 11, Town 5, North Range 3 East, all of W. 1/2 of S. W. 1/4 of Section 12, Range 5, North Range 3 East, except 22 Rods North and South by 12 Rods East and West in S. E. corner commencing at N. W. corner of S. W. 1/4 then S. W. in center of highway 21 Rods S. of Rods S. 23 Rods E. 33 Rods N. 78 Rods to quarter line, W. 80 Rods to beginning.

Dated Detroit, Michigan, December 7th, 1917.

JAMES E. BLACKWOOD,
Assignee of said mortgage.
CARL B. GRAWN,
Attorney for said assignee of said mortgage.
Business address, 1628 Dime Bank Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MORTGAGE SALE

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Ed. A. Benjamine and Ada Benjamine, his wife, to Northrop, Robinson and Carrier, a corporation, organized under Michigan laws, dated the 4th day of April, A. D. 1917, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Shiawassee, and State of Michigan, on the 11th day of April, A. D. 1917 in Liber 147 of mortgages, on page 426, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal and interest, the sum of Six thousand eighty (\$6880.00) dollars, and an Attorney's fee of twenty-five dollars, as provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statute in such case made and provided, on Monday the 11th day of March, A. D. 1918, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the undersigned will, at the front door of the County House in the City of Corunna, in Shiawassee County, Michigan, that being the place where the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee is held, sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount so as aforesaid due on said mortgage, with six per cent interest, and all legal costs together with said attorney's fee, to-wit:

The south eighty (80) acres of the southeast quarter of Section thirty-six (36) town six (6) north range one east (1), also lots ten, eleven and twelve in block four of the Village of Bennington, Shiawassee County, Michigan, according to plat thereof. A piece of land situated in the Township of Bennington, Shiawassee County, Michigan, commencing at the northeast corner of section eight (8) thence running west on the line of the highway nineteen (19) rods, thence south to the line of the Michigan Central Railroad right of way, thence Northwesterly along the line of the Michigan Central Railroad right of way to the place of beginning.

Also the land situated in the City of Owosso, Michigan, described as the north forty-four (44) feet of lot eleven (11) in block three (3) and lots seven (7), eight (8), eleven (11) and twelve (12) and the north forty-four feet four inches of lot ten, all in block two (2) of L. Strubler's Sub Division of out lots thirteen (13) and part of lot twelve (12) of Jennette's Addition to the City of Owosso, Michigan, according to the recorded plat thereof.

Northrop, Robinson and Carrier,
Mortgagee.
Warren Pierpont,
Attorney for Mortgagee.
Business Address, Owosso, Michigan.

Probate Order.

State of Michigan. The Probate Court for the County of Shiawassee.

At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the probate office in the City of Corunna, on the 11th day of December, A. D. 1917.

Present, Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate
In the matter of the estate of George Clauvery, deceased.
Frank B. Day, the Administrator of said estate having rendered a final account to this Court.

It is ordered, that the 4th day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at said Probate office be appointed for examining and allowing said account.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks, previous to the said day of hearing in the Owosso Times, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Shiawassee.

MATTHEW BUSH,
Judge of Probate.

By CLARIBEL GALLOWAY,
Probate Register.

Order of Publication.

The Probate Court for the County of Shiawassee.

At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate Office in the City of Corunna on Thursday, the 13th day of December in the year of one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

Present, Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Sarah Conley, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of Philip Conley, praying for license to sell real estate for distribution.

It is ordered that the 11th day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at said Probate office, be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks, previous to the said day of hearing, in the Owosso Times, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Shiawassee.

MATTHEW BUSH,
Judge of Probate.
By CLARIBEL GALLOWAY,
Probate Register.

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