

HIS WOOD NYMPH

By AGNES G. BROGAN

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When Carson came to a clearing he dropped his gun among the thick leaves, and lighting his pipe, leaned lazily back against a tree-trunk. Game was scarce, but it was the autumn beauty of the woods, as well as the hunting which had called him. This day of warmth and sunshine seemed borrowed from the summer so lately passed.

"What a glorious spot it was!" His dark eyes took in the color scheme of gold and crimson. "Back to the days of chivalry, a wandering knight might meet in such romantic surroundings, a lady of wondrous charm and beauty—a wood nymph perhaps, with flowers entwined in her hair. But in this prosaic age of rust and reality, Carson smiled into the bowl of his pipe, 'the wonderful ladies consistently run their own cats about cat-pavements, or go off at a country club'."

Following his smile came a ruminative frown. "Why was he always doomed to find the companionship of the fair sex of such thriftpine sameness, was it because romance still lingered hopefully at the back of his capable business brain? A pouting, 'The Daughter of the Wood,' which hanging before his desk at home, had not consciously attracted his attention, because now pictured upon his mind. The girl's long rippling hair, the eyes of wide-startled wonder, the mischievous curl of lips as red as the berries in her hair. Then with a sense of human nearby presence, Carson turned to find the pictured spirit perched upon a mound of leaves behind him. This particular spirit laughed in frank delight at his evident astonishment.

"Well?" she asked sweetly. Still bewilderedly staring, he noted her round brown arms escaping from their ruffled covering, the wreath of mountain-ash berries crowning her shimmering hair; hair rippled far below the waist. Could it be girl or vision?
"That is what I must ask you," he replied. "Well?"
She laughed again. "You wonder how I came here," she questioned, "in this solitude, far from habitation?"
He nodded. "I fancied at first that I had conjured up your image. My mind was at the moment filled with such poetic imaginings."
"Who will then," the vision replied, "continue the fancy. I am, sir, a daughter of the wood." She pointed to his gun. "You, I fear, have been destroying my feathered friends, the cruelty must cease."

"It will, fair nymph, the man replied, joining whimsically in her pleasure. "With no habitation within many weary miles of walking, may I ask where is your abode?"
The girl pointed upward. "In the sturdy oak, sir, beneath which I sit."
"Asking pardon of a woodland daughter," Carson replied, "the tree beneath which you sit is a sturdy beech."
The girl's laughter went ringing through the silence. "What does it matter?" she said, "at night the tree makes a sheltered resting place and by day—" she arose hastily to her tiny sandaled feet—"by day I must be busy gathering nuts for the winter's store. Sir, I must leave you."
Carson arose also. The girl put forth a protesting hand.
"If you please," she begged, and left him looking after her retreating figure.

The episode filled his thoughts during days which followed. He smiled in happy reminiscence looking at the picture of the wood nymph above his desk. These pictured eyes were not half so beautiful, he thought, the curved lips not so alluring, as one other. And the remembered face would not be dismissed. Merrily he laughed at him from the crackling flames of his own fireplace, gravely he regarded him from shadowy corners. Carson knew that he must go back to the far wooded country where he had seen her. Now that romance had at last found him, he must claim it for his own.

He had reached this decision, when he passed a restless hour, he entered a motion-picture house. Absently he watched the changing scenes cast upon the screen. There was something vaguely familiar in the wooded, hilly country, then Carson sat up abruptly. Amusement and delight flitting across his features.
Down a narrow path, ever nearer ran a graceful girlish figure, her flowing hair crowned with a wreath of berries, her bare arms outstretched before her, a creature wild and free. She was, now pausing to laugh in his very face, now dropping upon a mound of leaves, mischievously hiding from the lover who pursued her—Carson knew the hero-lover well, his face was pictured in many magazines, but it was the girl who claimed his attention.

"Mollie Miller," he read the name upon the screen; and thereafter sat breathless until the last triumphant picture faded into nothingness. It was this very act no doubt that his wood-nymph had been rehearsing in her wooded setting. And when a few days later, Miss Mollie Miller received his card at the studio, she smiled her famous smile and went forth to meet him.
"So," she said, "you found me after all."
"As I should have found you," he answered earnestly, "at the other side of the world."

VOICES MUST BE PLEASANT

Hospital Nurses Undergo Course of Training in Some Institutions to Cultivate Refined Speech.

"If the success or failure of a physician is, in some cases as least, determined by his tongue, how much more important is this matter of speech to the nurse, who must be constantly with the patient, and whose every look and gesture are watched—targets for criticism, silent or open," writes Dr. Irving W. Voorhees in the Nurse. "It is said that in some hospitals this question of refined, pleasing speech has become a part of the nurse's course of training, and that she is demerited for disregard of the principles as set forth by her teachers. Although I have no personal knowledge of these hospitals, it is certainly a commendable development to be wished that every one who comes into the sick room should know how to speak softly and agreeably."

Doctor Voorhees says European nations realize the importance of the nurse's voice and insist upon it far more than we do. And any woman who plans to become a hospital nurse and has not a pleasing voice already should start at once to cultivate one. The sick are very sensitive to voices; the blind are especially affected by harsh voices, so much so that some wealthy blind men will not permit a person whose voice is not pleasant to come near them.

AN OFFICIAL STORY TELLER

Libraries in Canada Find Special Feature for the Entertainment of Children is Worth While.

In several of the public libraries of Canada story telling to children has for some years been a special feature, says an exchange. Each Saturday morning from fifty to one hundred children assemble at the library in a room set apart for the purpose and called the "Children's Room." The ages of the children vary from six to fourteen years.

At St. John, New Brunswick, story telling has been continued now for three years. This year it has been found advisable to divide the children according to age and, to hold two classes of half an hour each. The work has steadily grown in interest, and the demand for books of a less trivial type justifies the work of the committee in charge. During the summer, when opportunity offers, and a story-teller of note is a guest of the city, notice is given to the library, and it is often possible to have a special session.

Arrivals and Departures. "Arrivals" and "departures" have a definite place in French French society. When the American troops first entered the trenches their French comrades were very anxious to have them distinguished accurately between the noise of "arrivals" and "departures." "I thought they were talking harbor clearances at first," said one Yankee. "Then I heard a low, whining sound and a shell exploded behind us." "I'm arrive," said my companion. He signified that it was a present from the Germans. Soon there was a louder, sharper sound. It was a responsive cheer from our own batteries. "On depart" he said with great satisfaction. "You'll" we had it. The exchange of artillery fire is, after all, a matter of "arrivals" and "departures." Needless to say, the "departures" enjoy the wider popularity.

Pencils in Japan. An unthought-of result of the war has been the creation of a lead-pencil industry in Japan. In 1911 Japan imported 65,000,000 pencils, most of which came from America and Germany. But with the opening of the European conflict German sources of supply were cut off and native manufacturers, who had been producing only in comparatively small quantities, seized their opportunity and made the most of it. In 1914 Japan exported over nine million pencils and in 1916 the number had increased to 168,000,000. There is strong indication, observes a writer, that many of the pencils won by the Orientals will be held by them after the war, for they have the advantage of very cheap labor. Most of the lead which they use is imported from India and this country.

Woman Horse Nurse. In London Messrs. MacNamara, who employ about forty woman drivers, have put their horse hospital entirely in charge of women. Mrs. Pary, the superintendent, says they have thirty to forty patients a day. She and three assistants do all cleaning, grooming, feeding and administering of medicines prescribed by the veterinary surgeon. The animals, she says, are all well, now pausing to laugh in his very face, now dropping upon a mound of leaves, mischievously hiding from the lover who pursued her—Carson knew the hero-lover well, his face was pictured in many magazines, but it was the girl who claimed his attention.

Why Not Wear a Sign? Pat, being on his holidays, was one day strolling through the streets of New York, when he saw the figure of a man standing before a shop. There was a card pinned to the man's coat on which was written, "Reduced to 30 cents."
Pat somewhat carelessly approached the figure and exclaimed: "Begorra, sir, you're safe enough! I'm reduced to 30 cents."



ON THE FUNNY SIDE

Of Course. "There's one thing I'd like to know," said Mrs. Dubwalle. "Well, my dear?" replied Mr. Dubwalle. "Why is it that when you leave the house for your office in the morning, you get there in about twenty minutes, but when you leave the office at night, to come home it takes you anywhere from forty-five minutes to three hours to get here?"
"Why—er—that's easily explained. Toward the close of day obstacles accumulate."

Time to Concentrate. "Why I fell in love with first one and then another before I got married," said the susceptible young man, "I scattered my affections all over the map."
"That is all right, son," replied the elderly philosopher. "Nobody will object to what you did then, just so you broke yourself of the scattering habit on your wedding day."

A Parallell. "I cannot imagine women fighting like men. Try as I may, I cannot picture to myself the Russian women they tell about on the field, fighting like demons and working havoc right and left."
"Well, I'll call you over some night when our cook is fighting mad."

MORE CLASSY



Lovely sunset tonight, Mrs. De Swell?
"Mercy, I never look at an American sunset! They're so much more classy over in Italy, don't you know?"

The Stay-at-Home. You feel, when things ain't goin' right, An' all the world's a flurry, It's better to get out an' fight Than stay at home an' worry

Slips of Language. "Funny, isn't it?" "What's funny?" "Jaggs and I met Snaggs yesterday wheeling the baby carriage and Jaggs wheeled he was a man with no push about him."

Everybody Cured. "What became of Flubbub?" "Oh, he quit. His business ran out years ago."
"What was his business?" "He used to peddle a cure for bashfulness."

The Advantages. "Smith told me he had just installed a dumb waiter in his house."
"That's a good idea. Now he can eat at table without having all his family affairs and quarrels repeated to the neighbors' servants."

Elegance. "Are Mrs. Flimgilt's diamonds genuine?" "I don't know anything about her diamonds," replied Miss Cayenne. "But I understand her family has genuine butter for breakfast every day."

The Remedy. "I don't know what was the matter with Elsie last night. When I spoke to her her eyes dropped and her face fell."
"Then I should think what the girl needed was a pick-me-up."
Slightly. "Had that school play a mixed success?" "I didn't know what was going on."



Feels Quite Well. Reagent N. Dak., August, 1916. I am using Father Koening's Nerve Tonic since about a year, and had only 4 attacks of epileptic fits since at the beginning I had from 20 to 30 every 2 or 3 months. I feel quite well and am having a light spell of epileptic every 3 or 4 weeks, which only lasts for a few seconds. J. A. Greenwood. Miss C. L. Brown of Clay City, Ind., writes: I had been in hospital for about 15 years and was getting worse. I then tried Father Koening's Nerve Tonic, which helped me right away. I continued to take it and after a bottle or two I consider it the best I ever tried and I have tried many before. Now I feel much better in every way. Mr. O. Walker of Stratton Pa., suffered from nervousness, sleeplessness, and general debility. After using Father Koening's Nerve Tonic he is well pleased with the effect.

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Lying is in the East an art more than a vice.

Germany is trying a new style of locomotive capable of a speed of 68 miles an hour. It is to be used for heavy passenger service on the Breslau-Dresden and Breslau-Berlin lines.

The bureau of standards has found that better glass moldings can be made of glass found in the United States than the glass imported from Germany, heretofore considered necessary.

House movers rolled Max Brodow's dwelling out in the street in Minneapolis, Minn., and struck for more money. Brodow appealed for police protection until the movers came back to work.

A market for electric light plants could be developed in South China if American products can be sold as reasonably and give as great satisfaction as British plants, which have been recently installed.

Francis Jones, New York negro subway porter, threw a bucket of water on what he thought was burning paper and went back to work. When he discovered it was a bomb he fell down a flight of stairs.

To remain beautiful eat an onion, half a pound of cabbage or spinach, half a grated turnip and a handful of cranberries daily. Mrs. Anna Peterson, domestic science lecturer, told club women in St. Paul, Minn.

WITH THE SAGES

Pythagoras desired to be called—not wise, like those who preceded him, but a lover of wisdom.—Quintilian.

Put oil on the wound and it will heal; be meek and the anger of thy brother will abate.—Parson Bannerjee, 1798.

Born for a very brief space of time, we regard this life as an inn which we are soon to quit that it may be ready for the coming guest.—Seneca.

Old age is the consummation of life, just as of a play from the fatigue of which we ought to escape, especially when satiety is super-added.—Aceros.

The days are ever divine. They come and go like muffled and veiled figures; but they say nothing; and if we do not use the gifts they bring they carry them as silently away.—Emerson.

Obstinacy is will asserting itself without being able to justify itself. It is persistence without a reasonable motive. It is the tenacity of self-love substituted for that of reason and conscience.—Ametel.

WORDS OF WISE MEN

There is a vast difference between information and ideas, and the man of information may be useful like a dictionary, but may never be a force in the community.

Great men not only know their business, but they usually know that they know it, and are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them.

If you desire not to be too poor, desire not to be too rich. He is rich, not who possesses much, but who covets no more, and he is poor, not who enjoys little, but who he wants too much.

He who thinks that he can find within his own breast that which may enable him to dispense with the whole world is much mistaken, but he who thinks that the world cannot do without him is still more mistaken.



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