

CAROL HOLLOWAY



Charming Carol Holloway, the winsome "movie" star, high school and academy trained, went to New York to go on the stage. She was promptly acquired by a leading picture producing firm, and now is regarded as Screenland's premier equestrienne.

Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

PRETTY TEETH

TOO much emphasis cannot be laid upon the fact that the teeth must be given daily brushings and must be looked after by a good dentist once every half year. Poor teeth will spoil the best shaped mouth, will ruin a smile. Teeth neglected so that they have to be pulled, cause hollows in the cheeks, and lips around the mouth, where the hollow gums shrink. Teeth that grow in wrong, or were neglected when young, often cause badly shaped chins. Children and babies who are allowed to suck their fingers usually grow up with protruding lips, badly formed jawbones, and receding chins. The receding chin and protruding teeth combination give a look of stupidity to the face that takes away any other good looks. A good dentist can remedy this, frequently, by gradually spacing the teeth so they grow straight instead of outward. In other cases, where the jaw is badly formed and the teeth are jagged, small wedges are put between, spacing the teeth away from each other, and so giving them room to grow properly. A few old-fashioned dentists still use cold



The Charm of the Mouth Depends Upon the Teeth.

wires and screws for this, but this form of discomfort is done away with by more modern practitioners. These use soft wedges, taking them out and replacing them frequently. For general care of the teeth, two daily brushings should be the rule. Teeth decay and yellow because food particles collect, sour, form gases and eat into the enamel. Diseases of the gum result from neglect. Gum shrinking can be avoided in most cases if the teeth are brushed up and down as well as crosswise.

(Copyright.) Most of the products of Hawaii are raised by irrigation.

What the Sphinx Says.

By Newton Newkirk.



"FAILURE is SUCCESS to those who understand—the world's successes have first been failures—those who never TRIED have never been anything, and never will."

A PAIR OF SHOES

By LINCOLN ROTHBLUM

(© 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Dolly Copley, just twenty and pretty as a waxen doll, breezed into her home, closely followed by the protecting and admiring Jim Reardon. Dolly's mother, her gray hairs beaming the youth and laughter in her eyes, glanced up from the bit of embroidery in her hands and noted a foreboding pout on her daughter's face, wondering as her gaze wandered to the flushed countenance of her future son-in-law. Mrs. Copley did not like the looks of the situation.

"Children, what is the matter now?" the "now" indicating that similar incidents had occurred before. Accustomed as Mrs. Copley had become to the petty quarrels of the young lovers, any new cause of disagreement evoked uneasiness lest in their childish tempers they invited much unhappiness.

"Well, who said what?" she added by way of an initial conciliatory step. "Oh, Jim's trying to act silly," said Dolly.

"You mean, Dolly won't be sensible," corrected Jim.

"First one and then the other," patiently chided Mrs. Copley, laying aside her embroidery. "Now, Dolly, we'll hear from you, and," anticipating a long recital, "be brief."

Dolly, with cheeks prettily flushed, removed a large leghorn hat, its creamy whiteness enhanced by a blood-red poppy stitched to its side. She seated herself on a low bench before an open grate fire and placed the hat upon knees cocked up boy fashion.

"Really, mother," came the answer in tones of insulted dignity, "it is well I find it all out now. Jim wants a slave, not a wife." This with a withering glance at her prospective master, or husband, who sat twiddling the cigarette his impatience would not permit him to smoke.

"Careful, Dolly, careful," cautioned Mrs. Copley, but Dolly pretended not to hear.

"The play at the theater tonight was all about that man who wanted his

staked from the house. And Dolly cried.

The night lengthened into a week and the week into a month, and the month into double and treble that number of days. And time, proverbial healer of discord and inharmonious, rendered impossible a concession of pride from either side. Dolly's interest in life ceased to center about gowns, teas and shows, and dwindled to reading the daily news with its disquieting announcements.

It was well into the fourth month since the unfortunate attendance at that performance, whose very moral, intended for them, failed to drive home the lesson. Jim Reardon moped down the town's busy street, dark shadows beneath listless eyes testifying to the gnawing canker of heart-sickness within.

For distraction he joined the onlookers before a shop window where an up-to-date business-getter had stationed his machine to secure the passing trade. "Rubber heels put on while U wait," read the legend in brilliantly silvered letters across the pane. The advertising psychology of the repairman was good. Jim glanced at his shoes, thought of rubber-heeled comfort and saw the excellent work being performed within the shop. He entered.

"Rubber heels, please," he courteously said to the gum-chewing clerk as he removed and handed him his shoes. He inserted his feet and twiddled his stockings toes within the spacious confines of carpet slippers, as vacantly he watched the minute hand of the clock on the wall make monotonous progress. The whirr of the electric machinery was peculiarly soothing to his distraught mood.

A boy entered, and not receiving the immediate attention the majesty of his youth demanded, flopped a coin on the counter and, grabbing up a pair of shoes, made hasty exit just as the clerk advanced.

Jim took out his watch and confirmed the time of the wall clock. He had been there 30 minutes. He called to the clerk.

"Will you please see if my shoes are ready? I am anxious to get away."

The gum-chewing clerk glanced over the repaired work on hand and puzzled, walked over to the cobbler and inspected the work yet to be performed.

"Can't seem to find your shoes," was the laconic information. "Do you think that kid took 'em?"

Jim tried to look as dignified as his carpeted feet would permit. "Pray, how will it help me to know that?" came the acid rejoinder.

The ironic sarcasm was wasted. "Maybe he'll come back," Jim fretted and fumed and waited—ten minutes, 20 minutes, another half hour. The embarrassing suspense was terrible. His collar wilted beneath the strain. If he could only arise and pace the floor. But one cannot pace the floor in carpet slippers. They slumphy will not stay on.

And then there blew into the shop a hurricane of tempestuous indignation, brandishing Jim's shoes in her hand—Dolly's hand. "What do you mean by sending me a pair of man's shoes?" she cried, advancing like a tumult of avenging wrath.

And then she saw Jim. With shoes in hand, she involuntarily made a step toward him. Jim shuffled to his feet. Four months of separation were nothing. They were together now!

"I've been a brute," Jim contritely apologized. The clerk giggled as he looked from Jim's feet to the shoes dangling from the girl's wrist by knotted shoe strings. "Don't ever say it, Dolly, don't ever say it."

But the "it" Dolly would say. Handing him his property, there came in gentle monotone, "Here, dear, are your shoes."



Jim's Shoes in Her Hand.

sweetheart to repeat the silly words. "Thank goodness, the table is set," and she wouldn't do it (which I am convinced was perfectly proper). So she gave him back his ring. And that's just what I'm going to do because Jim thought he could make me say, 'Here, dear, are your shoes.'"

"I didn't say that," retorted Jim defensively. "I said—"

"Just a moment, please," pleaded Mrs. Copley, placatingly. "Are you through with your side of the story, Dolly?" A blond head nodded in the affirmative. "All right, then, we'll hear what you have to say," continued the arbitrator, turning to Jim.

"Aw, after the show all I said was if I should ask her to bring me my shoes, if she would hand them to me kindly or would she be stubborn like the girl in the play. And Dolly said, 'Oh, I might and I mightn't.' I didn't like that very well, and I said, 'Dolly, let me hear you say, 'Here, dear, are your shoes.'"

Then Dolly said, "Don't be silly, Jim." And I said, "Please, Dolly, say, 'Here, dear, are your shoes.' Well, the long and short of it is, Dolly won't say it, and I want her to say it."

And having delivered himself of this oration, Jim Reardon set his arms akimbo, spread out his legs and defied the world.

BYRON EXTOLLED IN PRESS

Two Tributes to the Memory of the Great Poet Have Been Paid for Many Years.

This is the anniversary of the death of Byron, observes the New York Evening Sun of April 19. If the reader were in London today and should visit the statue of the famous poet in that secluded and exclusive part of Hyde Park called Hamilton gardens, he would find the monument decorated with a single yellow wreath. And if he had brought with him a copy of the Times and would turn to the obituary column he would find there a notice of Byron's death and a proclamation of his fame.

These two tributes have been rendered annually to the memory of Byron for many years. They are paid for each year with the income of a sum bequeathed for that purpose by a woman admirer of the poet. The legend connected with the tributes runs that they are to be continued annually until the name of Byron is inscribed in the poets' corner of Westminster abbey. Byron died in Greece on April 19, 1824, in his thirty-seventh year.

All in the Wedding Cake.

The ring in the wedding cake means that the person who draws the piece containing it will be the first to be wed of those present. The thimble brings disappointment, an old maid's fate is wished upon the finger of the one who gets the thimble; the tiny wish bone, of silver or gold or whatever it may be, another popular ingredient in wedding cakes, allows the one who draws it to make a wish upon it which will come true. Then there is the penny or dime promising riches to its lucky finder. The button foretelling bachelorhood for the one whose plate it falls upon.



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