

THE COBBLER

By GERTRUDE BURNHAM.

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Sylvia's little foot tapped the station floor nervously. She was aware of the disquieting fact that there was a hole in the sole of her right pump. It particularly foisted her to wear that really old pair just because they matched her dress. A hole in one's shoe was a calamity at any time, but doubly so today. Why, Breck might even carry out his mad scheme, so often proposed.

At this point in her reflections Miss Sylvia sighed and flushed. It was such a pity that Daddy Allen could not understand what a dear Breck was.

Just then Breck himself dashed in, tossed his overcoat on the seat beside Sylvia and joined the waiting line before the ticket window. He stopped a second to impart some information to her.

"Everything is top hole, angel child. We're going to remember today, and no mistake," he chuckled.

As she cast about despairingly for some speedy remedy she glimpsed a piece of paper lying on the floor near Breck's coat. Further inspection proved it to be stiff and heavy, needing only judicious folding to make it fit in the slipper. At any rate, it would do temporarily.

On the train the masterful Breck revealed his startling plan.

"Now that I have the contract which really establishes the business, I want you, too. There's a license in my pocket which has been there quite long enough. When we get to Harville we'll visit a certain nice old justice."

So in the course of an hour Sylvia allowed herself to be passively guided up a flight of dingy stairs and into an equally dingy office. A kindly faced, stout old gentleman came forward to greet them, seeming to understand their errand without explanation. The phenomenon of an eloping couple no longer caused him a thrill.

"Half a second and I'll have a witness in." He summoned an office boy from some other region, deliberately adjusted his spectacles and then remarked: "Now for the license. We'll be sure that is O. K. first."

Without the slightest hesitation Breck confidently reached his hand in his pocket and drew it forth—empty!

There ensued a profound silence, broken by an, irrefragable chuckle from the office boy. Poor Sylvia, whose courage had been rapidly ebullient, wished herself a thousand miles away.

Further frenzied search failed to produce the missing document, and the young couple was finally forced to retreat, proffering apologies and crimson with embarrassment. The attorney bowed them out with a slight trace of weariness.

Later in the afternoon Sylvia and Breck parted. He was tremendously disappointed and chagrined, but Sylvia felt a thrill of wicked relief, for her idea of a wedding was vastly different. Besides, who ever heard of a girl being married with a hole in her shoe? She giggled at the thought.

At dinner Sylvia slid into her place, dreading the keen scrutiny and questioning of her father. He, however, was unusually amiable this evening, and when she ventured to mention the fact that she had been with Breck that afternoon did not protest acutely.

"So you think that you would be happier with that young whippersnapper, Breck Merrill, than you are with your old father?" he queried dryly.

"I never put it that way," retorted Sylvia spiritedly. "You know that I think the world of you, daddy, but I am going to marry Breck, just the same."

"Well," her father went on, a twinkle in his eye, "I see that he has just secured a contract I've been trying to get myself. He's a clever fellow, so I guess you can have him if you find him necessary to your happiness. I presume you will want the usual fripperies, so here's a check as a starter."

When the full import of this astounding announcement on the part of her parent broke upon the slightly dazed Sylvia, she made swift and rapid acknowledgment, then fled upstairs. In the seclusion of her room she pinched and kicked one small slipper high in the air.

It was the one with the hole in it, and the temporary sole fell out. Sylvia smiled reminiscently and picked it up. Some writing on the fold attracted her attention, and she opened the soiled paper.

So intensely interesting did she find it that she sat cross-legged on the floor and read it through with wrinkled brows, then laughed until the tears came. Growing somewhat calmer she jumped up, and still clutching the cause of her merriment dashed downstairs, skipping steps recklessly, one shoe off.

Mr. Allen, enjoying his cigar and newspaper in the library, wondered why what Sylvia found so amusing in her telephone conversation. Had he listened intently he would have heard these mystifying sentences badly mixed up with gurgles of laughter: "Breck! Yes, just as soon as you possibly can. Yes, father's home. He'll be delighted to see you. Honestly, what? No, I'm not fooling. You'll never guess where I found it. Hustle over and I'll tell you everything."

The receiver clicked and Sylvia, still holding a badly damaged marriage license, sat down and laughed some more.

How to Live

Common Sense Comments on Health, Happiness and Longevity

By GEORGE F. BUTLER, A. M., M. D.

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EATING TOO MUCH.

While certain classes, owing to the stress of poverty, cannot obtain the nutrition they really need, the majority of people eat too much. Fortunately a moderate degree of over-eating does not appear to be markedly injurious. The digestive apparatus, though compelled to do more work than is really necessary, proves equal to the demand made upon it, and does not break down or get seriously out of order. This is but one illustration of many that might be given, showing how the marvelous mechanism of the human body adapts itself to conditions more or less abnormal. It is lucky for the average man that physiological laws are not of Mediaeval inflexibility. He can violate them to a limited extent without incurring the penalty, though he finds that, if he goes beyond that point the punishment is swift and sure. Careful investigations prove that the daily "detractive metabolism," or, in plain English, the inevitable waste and wear of the body, which is the measure of the work it does, varies but little for different occupations. A diet of from 12 to 14 ounces of chemically dry food, if the ingredients are in proper proportion and readily digestible, is sufficient to keep the average worker in good health. One part of nitrogen to seven or eight parts of non-nitrogenous food is found to be a fair combination.

A very small addition of stimulants appear to increase the amount of possible work; but moderately free drinking diminishes it. Women eat less than men, after making allowances for differences in weight and work. Where a man eats 19 ounces a woman of the same weight and equally active habits eats only 14 or 15 ounces. This latter allowance, as will be seen from the figures above, is more than enough for a hard working man, even when all meat is excluded from the diet. It is no uncommon thing, however, for a man of average size and activity to eat double this amount, or from 25 to 27 ounces of chemically dry food in a day. In fact, I do not hesitate to say that the majority of people eat literally twice as much as they need.

If we do not "live to eat" we are very far from making it the law of our diet to "eat to live." The palate is tempted to intemperance by appetizing dishes when it would be fully satisfied with a normal amount of plain and wholesome food. Probably there are few people who will not have to confess that often the appearance of the pudding or pies revivifies the appetite which had been completely appeased by the meat and its concomitants in the preceding course at dinner. We feel that we have had enough, but the new and savory appeal to our love for the good things of the table is too much for us. We have been eating because we enjoy doing it. It is not necessary but it is "nice." Let us congratulate ourselves that, though gluttony and intemperance are heinous sins and cannot escape their punishment, moderate over-indulgence in eating is, as I have said, apparently a venial offense against the laws of health; but let us beware of presuming too much upon the mercy with which nature tempers justice in the enforcement of these laws.

The high cost of beef has revived the question: "Do we eat too much meat for our own good?" and incidentally do we eat too much food of all kinds? We are in the habit of smiling benignly when we speak of our friend the vegetarian, but scientific investigation and experiment is coming to his rescue and demonstrating that while possibly it may not be wise for all persons to eat meat out of their diet it unquestionably would be a great benefit to the race, physically, if the quantity of meat consumed should be materially decreased, and, too, if considerably less food of all kinds were taken into the stomach. It is quite surprising to those who have never tried it before how well they can get along without flesh food. Nature never intended us to live as we do. She has provided simple food, in the shape of cereals, fruits, vegetables, and if we conform ourselves more closely to her established order of diet we should be a happier and harder race.

LEARN HOW TO LIVE.

It is almost inconceivable that today, in our civilized nation there are still so many otherwise sensible women who are willing to maim and cripple their feet and suffer pain for the sake of wearing shoes just a little too small, or which are, as they imagine falsely, prettier or more fashionable.

Many diet reformers make the almost fatal mistake of overloading the stomach. Dilated stomach is due quite largely to overeating.

If your digestion is not strong confine yourself to a single kind of fruit at a meal. You can make the changes from one meal to another.

Avoid the use of rich foods, pastries, sweets and food-prepared with special reference to gratifying the appetite.

PLEASURE HAD SAD ENDING

Four in a Tub, With Soiled Clothing, Too Much for the Patience of Mother.

My young brother Billie was mischievous, and had to be watched carefully. Mother was busy making a birthday gift one afternoon, and Johnny and I were playing near her, with our dog Jim.

Suddenly mother said: "Where's Billie?" We said we didn't know, so were sent to find him. I looked everywhere. When I came to the bathroom, there was Billie in the tub which he'd filled with water, and he had his clothes on. "C'm in," he said, and I scrambled in too.

We were enjoying ourselves immensely when I came Johnny, dragging the dog Jim. He managed to get Jim and himself in the tub, and we all had a fine time splashing. Suddenly mother entered. "Out of that tub," she ordered. We got out. "Undress and go to bed at once." We went, supperless.—Exchange.

COUNTRY'S FIRST CORN MILL

Recent Discoveries Establish Its Site at a Point on the St. Croix River, Eastport Me.

The site of what undoubtedly was the first flour-water mill on the American continent has been discovered at Red Beach, Me., where Lewis Brook empties into the St. Croix river at a point nearly opposite the southern end of Doche's island, where De Monts and his men settled in the year 1604, three years before the settlement of Jamestown. In excavating for a fish pond near his summer home, R. S. McCarter of Cambridge, Mass., unearthed the unmistakable remains of an ancient dam of stone and timbers. Comparing the site with the original map of the island, authorities agreed that it must have been the site of the water mill mentioned in the old records as employed by Sieur De Monts and his men to grind their corn, being the largest stream within an area of several miles on either side of the river.

One Explanation.

The teacher was explaining things to the boys in his class.

"For instance, I want to introduce water into my house. I turn it on. The pipes and every convenience are in order, but I get no water. Can any of you tell me why?"

He expected the children to see that it was because he had not made a connection with the main in the street. The boys looked perplexed. They could not see why the water should refuse to run into his premises after such faultless plumbing.

"Can no one tell me what I have neglected?" retorted the good man, looking at the many wondering faces bowed down by the weight of the problem.

"I know," squeaked one boy at last; "you don't pay up!"

A Chastened Statesman.

"You made a great many promises before you were elected to office."

"That's true," said the Hon. Thomas Jefferson Waples.

"Some of your constituents say you haven't kept a single one of your pre-election pledges."

"It's this way. When I went to Washington as a member of congress I thought the eyes of the nation were upon me and I could put through some constructive legislation that would hand my name down to posterity. I've been there four years now and half the honoraria artists in a barber shop I patronize every day don't know who I am!"—Birmingham Age Herald.

Still Ambiguous.

Miss Engstrom, one of the history teachers in a Terre Haute high school, is much inclined to be exact. One day her class was studying the life of Columbus. She asked one of the pupils, "How many voyages did Columbus make?"

"Three," was his answer.

"No, he made four," she corrected.

"But I don't know a thing about that fourth voyage," protested the boy.

"I don't even know where he went."

"I don't either," she agreed.

"He died just a few days after he started out from port!"

Credit to the Profession.

"Who are the principals in this breach of promise suit?" asked Mr. Dubwaite.

"A telephone girl and a millionaire," answered Lawyer Bagles. "If you will pardon the slang, she seems to have his number."

"Ah! And how long did it take her to get his number?"

"About two years."

"She's a telephone girl, all right!"—Birmingham Age Herald.

She Dislikes the Language.

Ethel is fine and very active. She insisted one Sunday on accompanying her parents to hear Dr. Odell, of whose church her parents are members. Being reminded of how filigree she became the Sunday before, she said: "Yes, I did get tired last Sunday, but there was just too much French to suit me."—Indianapolis News.

No Favoritism Allowed.

"How much are the life guards paid at this bathing-resort?"

"From \$40 to \$60 a week, I understand."

"A soft job, eh?"

"Not especially. They have to show as much alacrity in saving a fat man or elderly spinster as they would a beauty in distress."

Last Night's Dreams

—What They Mean

DO YOU DREAM OF SWIMMING?

SOME of the scientists go so far as to attribute dreams of swimming to an atavistic reminiscence of the days "when you were a tadpole and I was a fish." It is a generally accepted theory that all life on this planet began in the primeval sea from which the continent afterwards emerged; and scientists declare that rudimentary gill-slits are not uncommonly found in man, physical vestiges of our fish state. So they say, as these gill-slits linger in our physical structure in our mental structure there may linger "some faint atavistic echo from the primal sea."

Freud states that in dreams of swimming as in those of falling, hovering and flying—a general statement cannot be made as to their significance—they signify something different in each case. But he holds it as a truth that these dreams represent impressions from our earliest childhood which are seized upon and made use of by the dream thought. These dreams of swimming are, as a rule, very pleasant ones and are classed by the scientists as among the "typical" dreams.

The mystics account a dream of swimming to be a most favorable omen, especially if the water of the sea of dreams is clear and you seem to swim easily. To dream of swimming yourself or even seeing someone else swimming, prognosticates a reconciliation with a friend with whom you are now at odds. If you swim along easily with your head well out of water you will be successful in love and business; if you are a sailor a profitable voyage is before you. But if in your dreams you swim along with your head under water you will shortly be called upon to face many hard struggles. You will win out in them, however, by keeping "a stiff upper lip."

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The Woods

CONTRAST.

Nature loves neither silences nor noise. She has her silence and she has her sound. Yet all the melody that she employs But serves to make her silence more profound.

The sweeping desert, yellow, bare and mute, Seems doleful for a wheeling vulture's scream. The single quaver of a lonely lute But makes the night seem hearer to a dream.

The sea is silent far from shores unseen, Save where a ripple tumbles to abyss; As whitened water makes the green more green, The day is calmer for the bubble's hiss.

From such as these I learn the forest's charm— 'Tis not its silence, silent though it be; It is its sound unpoisoned with alarm, Its whisper like the whisper of the sea.

Silencing nor silence, neither enters here— Only the melody of far-off things. A drifting cloud makes skies more fair appear, The wood is stiller for the whirr of wings.

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Careless With Money

Few men are careless with actual cash, but many men do not stop to think that the checks and notes they give out represent money and that fraudulent alteration of a check may mean a serious loss. Protect yourself by using paper that betrays alteration—

Paper. We can tell you more about it and show you how we can protect your cash, your checks, notes, drafts, and receipts.

JEWELS USED IN WATCHES

Hard Substance is Needed to Withstand the Constant Friction Which Wears Away Moving Parts.

The principal reason for the deterioration of any piece of machinery is because the constant friction wears away the moving parts and interferes with the regularity of the mechanism. A watch, being a machine in which absolute uniformity of speed is essential, it is necessary to reduce this friction to a minimum—either through constant oiling, the use of ball bearings or some very hard material which will withstand the wear and tear of constant friction. The first two of these methods are not feasible in so small a piece of machinery as a watch, so certain very hard jewels are placed at various points to counteract the rubbing caused by the moving parts.

Watches are generally equipped with 7, 15, 17, 19, 21 or 23 jewels, the 15 and 17-jewel types being the most popular. Intrinsically, the jewels used in the manufacture of watches are of little value, but from the standpoint of service and the specific purpose which they serve they are invaluable. The jewels usually used in watchmaking are the hardest of the precious stones, diamonds, sapphires and rubies, and of these the most generally used is the sapphire, which combines hardness with comparatively reasonable price.

POWER IN RADIUM WATCH

Owner of Radiolite Timepiece is Also Possessor of Vast Power Plant.

The possessor of a radiolite watch or one having a radium dial by which the time can be detected at night, is also the possessor of a vast power plant of no mean proportions, according to a writer in the Electrical Experimenter. There is sufficient radium on your watch to haul your train home if it could be properly applied, says this author.

As the matter stands, the innocent-looking radium dial does not seem to possess any extraordinary amount of concentrated energy, but this is only apparently the case, and not actually so, for the reason that while the amount of activity manifested by the radium paint on the dial is small, this effect will keep up for 2,500 years, provided the zinc-sulphide, with which the radium is mixed so as to produce a glow, holds out that long. The zinc sulphide in most cases gives out in about eight to ten years.

Now, if we could but find a way to make the radium release all its energy in a few hours, instead of spending it over 2,500 years, it would not be difficult to make a motor that would utilize this energy.

Seeing Through Other's Eyes.

We all have our natural tendency toward a bias of one sort or another. When we see through other's eyes we also add their bias to our own. There is a possibility that one bias will counteract the other. If so it is well. It is also possible that one bias will add very greatly to another. Then what an unfair verdict you must render. Poor judgment is sure to follow and shame will lay at your door before you dream it possible. Yet most of us are to more or less extent guilty of the habit. It's so easy to take our start from where others leave off. We are compromised to the extent that we lean on their judgments. It isn't fair and often leads to sorrow.

Don't make too much fun of the other fellow's glasses. He may be badly biased, but then you have no means of knowing how you look in his eyes. We are all more or less influenced by our heredity and environment. So the wise thing is to get all the facts possible before we pass judgment.

Unique Moccasins.

Braves of the Passamaquoddy Indians at the Pleasant Point (Me.) reservation do a thriving business among summer visitors by the sale of moccasins made from the feet of seals. Seals are prolific in Passamaquoddy bay. The Indians kill many of them each year. The hides are tanned and used for various purposes and the feet are worked up into footwear both for their own use and for commerce. The fact that there is always a claw, or nail, left for each of the five toes makes these articles of footwear unique and gives them an appeal to the tourists who visit the reservation.

Virtues of Bare Feet.

Eve was reputedly barefoot, and Nausicaa played ball all the better because she went unshod.

Helen of Troy at the most wore sandals, and the sandal is the compromise between the shoeless and the shod. It is easier to make sandals than to make boots.

In Ireland and Scotland the children have run barefoot for many a day, and the wit of the one and the enterprise of the other show that there is nothing really demoralizing in going without shoes and stockings.—London Chronicle.

A Slight Omission.

Bertie—Good heavens! What a sight you are!

Reggie—Just as I was leaving the house to come to the club my wife pelted me with flowers.

"But that doesn't account for your bruised and battered appearance."

"No, you see, she forgot to take them out of the pots!"—From the Edinburgh Scotsman.

FLOATING CHIPS

A cripple may catch a hare.

A crafty knave needs no broker.

A man of cruelty is God's enemy.

Confidence cannot be won in a day.

A good character is a business asset.

The bulldog is a typical open-faced watch.

Would you be strong, conquer yourself.

Men are born to succeed, not to fail.—Thoreau.

Crosses, though not pleasant, are wholesome.

One can bear grief, but it takes two to be glad.

A bill poster knows his place and there sticks.

Women who wear tight shoes have narrow soles.

Mistakes are opportunities for learning.—Emerson.

All places are distant from heaven, alike.—Burton.

A crooked log makes a good fire.—French Proverb.

The cup that cheers was a noisy piece of property.

The man with horse sense knows when to say nay.

The loss of a friend adds one to the list of enemies.

It is usually the blunt man who says the sharpest things.

It is never too late to break yourself of a bad habit.

Virtue and riches seldom settle on one man.—Machiavelli.

The home rule party in this country consists of women.

It takes a pretty sharp man to cut a slow man to the quick.

Successful theatrical managers should thank their stars.

The flirt of today will be the old maid of tomorrow, maybe.

A crow is never whitened by often washing.—Danish Proverb.

A man full of himself is as disagreeable as a man full of whisky.

There is more action in an ounce of kitten than a ton of elephant.

The best glue in the world is that made from the skins of fish.

Some surgeons manage to carve out large fortunes for themselves.

Look out for dark days when the weather man predicts light rains.

Promises may make friends, but it takes performances to keep them.

Some of our oldest colleges are still in full possession of their faculties.

A wise man hopes only for the things that are possible and probable.

Refresh is said to cause 25 out of every 100 cases of insanity in Egypt.

The man who can't stand prosperity will find it harder to stand adversity.

A wise man never boasts of his wisdom. He leaves that to his press agent.

Approximately one-half of all the people in the world live in China and India.

One glance at a political orator proves that all are not geysers that sput.

Necessity is not only the mother of invention but the divorced wife of plenty.

He who does not mix with the crowd knows nothing.—Spanish Proverb.

No one ever heard a pretty girl say anything about her beauty's being only skin deep.

To succeed one must be patient. The penitentiaries are full of people who were impatient.

The empire of Morocco is the most important country that is absolutely without a newspaper.

A man's politeness isn't all on the surface when he gives up his seat to a lady on the elevated.

It isn't necessary to spend money in advertising your troubles; simply tell them to a gossip.

Some women's ideas of happiness consist in supposing themselves the envy of all their friends.

Imagination is a magnifying glass that makes our troubles appear much greater than they are.