

THE WOODEN MAN

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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The Oakes place was on the edge of the town—a large mansion on the crest of sloping lawns and surrounded by noble trees. Harley Oakes lived there alone, now that all of his people had gone on before, and he was often very lonely. Perhaps it was his rather awkward gait and his stern, taciturn ways that gained for him the nickname of the "Wooden Man."

The town jokers grinned when they explained to strangers that the "Wooden Man" was in the lumber business and that his name was Oakes. No breath of this gossip ever reached Harley, as he went soberly about his business and spending long, dull evenings in the great house.

Down in the office of his big lumber mills he was very popular with all of his employees, even the new stenographer, a shy little mouse of a girl, thought he was a wonderful man.

"The old man's a queer old bird," said a smart young bookkeeper one day as he lit a cigarette in the office.

Marion Clews looked distressed. "Please don't smoke in here, Mr. Finney," she pleaded. "You know it is against the rule—Mr. Oakes—"

Finney laughed. "What has the Wooden Man preached about now?" he scoffed.

"No lights about the place—no smoking," said the girl soberly. "And I don't like to hear you speak of Mr. Oakes in that manner—when you have been here longer—"

"Hear—hear!" he laughed flippantly. "The mouse defends the lion! There, I'll be good, Miss Clews—see, I've thrown my cigarette away!"

He tossed it from the window and turned to her.

"How about the movies tonight? There's a good show at the Star."

"No, thank you—I've promised to work tonight—Mr. Browns is getting out his balance and I shall stay."

"Foolish child—well, so long—don't work yourself to death!"

He wandered out of the office, pausing in the yard to light another of his endless cigarettes. The door of Mr. Oakes' private office opened and he emerged, tall, gravely pleasant.

"You are late tonight, Miss Clews," he said.

"I have brought some supper with me—Mr. Browns asked me to help in the balance."

"Don't stop too late," he advised. Harley Oakes returned to his lonely house and his solitary meal. Afterward he read the evening paper and wrote some personal letters. At half past eight he finished and went into the garden for a last smoke before going to bed.

The wind was blowing from the south, and with it came an acid smell of smoke—his eyes hardened and he rapped on his pipe against the sundial. He looked keenly in the direction of his lumber mill, near the water, and though he could see no sign of smoke, there suddenly burst upon the evening calm the wild clamor of the fire bell and the fire whistle attached to his own mill.

The mills were on fire.

He dashed down the avenue bare-headed and flew down the village street like a man pursued. Forgotten muscles came into play and he felt a thrill of youth as the blood coursed more rapidly in his veins.

"I have been petrifying," he thought as he ran. "I don't wonder the boys laugh at me—"

Now the office building was sending up spirals of smoke while the fire engine was extinguishing the flames on a pile of lumber near by. Hastily formed bucket brigades were saving the other building yet untouched by the conflagration.

The office building was a small structure and—his thoughts overlapped his feet—the bookkeeper there and little Miss Clews—he thought of her soft eyes, her sweet smile, and his heart contracted.

He thought of Finney and his endless cigarettes, and then forgot everything else save the human lives in the building as he plunged into the burning structure.

"Brems!" he called.

"Here, sir," said the bookkeeper, staggered out with his arms full of the books he had been working on.

"Miss Clews—where is she?" gasped Oakes, for the smoke was choking him.

"She went upstairs to get the plans of the new mill—I told her not to go—I thought she had come down—don't go, Mr. Oakes, you haven't a chance—she's gone!"

Brems staggered out into the yard while a crowd gazed at the upper windows where John Oakes stood holding the limp body of Marion Clews.

A ladder was placed against the wall and in a moment he was on the ground. His hands were burned and his shoulder, for his coat was wrapped about the unconscious girl.

"I saved her, boys," he shouted joyfully, and people said it was the first time they had ever seen him look really happy.

Months afterwards, when he was married to Marion Clews and the mill had been rebuilt, some one who had been absent came back to the village once more. "What became of the 'Wooden Man'?" he asked.

"There isn't any 'Wooden Man' now," laughed the postmaster. "They call him 'Smiling Harley Oakes now, since he's been married.'"

Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

IN THE SWIM

KEEPING up with the crowd is an attempt to stretch a \$2,000 income over a \$5,000 expense account.

One of the first things a young married man encounters is a stern refusal on the part of his weekly salary to lap around the monthly bills and have anything left for gasoline. This is because anybody who has muscular strength enough to sign a relay of pink promissory notes can own an automobile and throw dust in the eyes of neighbors who did not buy until they could see where the money for an extra tire on the rim was coming from.

One of the best tests of pluck and endurance a young married couple can have is to mingle in a crowd of plutocratic companions without wanting to pawn all of the wedding presents in order to keep up. The greatest treasure on earth is a wife who has social ambitions, but who does not find it necessary to dress like a style show model in order to get invited out. High society recognizes money, but there is a brand which would rather have a few brains than it does diamond tiaras and chiffon velvet wraps.

Keeping up with the crowd in a small town is just as difficult as it is in a larger one, for in each case the crowd is split up into minute crowds.

"At a church supper one night this man cut the corner of his lip with his knife. All searched their pocketbooks, but nobody had any court-plaster. What was to be done? The cut was bleeding."

"Finally the parson produced a two-cent stamp and said: 'Put this on the cut, square. It will stop the hemorrhage. I believe.'"

"Thank you," said the squire gratefully, and taking out his wallet, he placed the two-cent stamp in it, extracting at the same time a one-cent stamp of his own, which he proceeded to stick on the cut.

"Thank you, parson," he repeated. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Let's, ranging from champagne suppers to the peanut sandwich spread. The trouble is that few people are satisfied with the crowd nature and their income designed them for, but are eternally trying to move up a step or two and get into the wire-wheeled limousine class.

On the other hand, thousands of people who were born with nothing but a set of plain features and a few layers of horse sense are living in a state of unbroken peace without a solitary top hat or evening gown. As a rule, it will be found that these people can borrow money at the bank without having their collateral pawed over by the board of directors. When a man is unhappy because he is not leading the procession in a two-six which will not be paid for before Mexico is pacified, it shows that the inside of his head needs upholstering with some different material.

It is all right to keep up with the crowd when you don't have to borrow short-time money in order to get by.

Concentrating.

"I see where a woman had her hand held in court for kissing her 300 times a day."

"Some women are hard to please."

"Sure."

"It's evident this chap wasn't scattering his affections around the neighborhood."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Negligible Quantity.

"If we plant a bomb in this crowded thoroughfare we may kill some of our own sympathizers," said the first anarchist.

"Fear not," answered the leader of the reds. "We haven't enough actual sympathizers in the whole world to make such a chance worth considering."

Agreed With Him There.

As a party of tourists were climbing to the top of a half-ruined tower, one of the party remarked:

"This is a perfect specimen of the spiral staircase."

"Yes—perspiral. In fact!" replied the heaviest man of the party as he mopped his brow.

A Difference.

"I went into a florist's shop to order some plants sent to a friend at a distance, and the florist boxed my ears."

"What on earth did he do that for?"

"Because they were elephant's ears."

Worth Trying.

"Opportunity knocks once at every man's door."

"But you can raud him up every day by advertising in the newspapers."

The Fact.

"The rare feat you mention was also paradoxical one."

"How so?"

"It was also well done."

PAID HIM TO KEEP QUIET

Incident of Wall Street That We Publish Without Any Affidavit as to Its Truth.

There was a man in Wall street, employed as thirty-second assistant cashier in a bank. It took the bank directors several weeks to discover who was talking to the financial reporters about certain things, supposed to be known only to insiders.

Upon learning his identity the directors immediately advanced him to cashier, on the theory that his new responsibilities would preclude his conversing with outsiders on important matters. But it didn't work. The cashier was in a more favorable position to relay important things to the financial scribbles. He was promoted to a vice presidency. He talked louder and more frequently.

In desperation the bank directors made him president of the institution. It worked wonders. He stopped talking. Thereafter he spoke only through prepared statements, and while they were long and what they revealed nothing disturbing.—From Life.

HAD FAITH IN OLD ADAGE

John D. Rockefeller Enters Mean Man He Once Knew in the Championship Stakes.

John D. Rockefeller once said to a New York reporter:

"The poorest way to wealth is the mean way. In Richmond, where I was born, we had a mean man, a very mean man; yet the fortune he left was a small—you might say a mean one."

"At a church supper one night this man cut the corner of his lip with his knife. All searched their pocketbooks, but nobody had any court-plaster. What was to be done? The cut was bleeding."

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LEAD WORLD IN TELEPHONES

Americans, With Their Business Instinct, Have Naturally Taken Kindly to the Instrument

The telephone is an American invention, and we Americans have learned to use it better than any other people. Four-fifths of the world's telephones are in the United States. No other country has the exchange system developed to give such convenient service. In some of the most progressive European countries the exchange system is so cumbersome that it usually requires ten or fifteen minutes to get a connection.

The telephone in this country has expedited the transaction of business. Without our efficient telephone service, the work of most of our great industries would be slowed up and made more expensive. No other country has a rural system that compares with ours. The telephone has definitely altered and molded our business methods and our social and domestic life.—Alfred Westfall, Colorado Agricultural College

Question of Time.

"Public schools are democratic places," said a prominent educator at a banquet the other night: "Surprisingly so at times."

"The daughter of a veteran prison warden was having an argument with one of her schoolmates."

"I'm not going to play with you any more," said the warden's daughter; "your father is no good."

"He's better than yours" came back from the other child.

"He is not!"

"He is too! Your father has been in the prison for ten years—and my father's only in for six months!"

Brought It on Himself.

"I can't imagine what Mildred sees in that Smith boy," remarked Mildred's mother. "He hasn't brains enough to fill a thimble."

"O, well, I dare say your mother said the same thing about me when I came courting you," replied the girl's father, indignantly.

But he suddenly lost his complacent smile when his wife retorted: "She certainly did, and I was just as big a fool as Mildred is now. I wouldn't listen to the advice of my elders."—Houston Post.

Well-Known Remedies.

Mr. B was ill with a cold, and the doctor who was summoned prescribed old-fashioned remedies, "colomel and quinine internally and antiphistine to be applied externally."

It proved very effective and the maid boasted of his quick recovery to one of the neighbors. "And Mrs. B didn't do hardly anything to cure him," she added. "She gave him quinine and calomel and covered his chest with alabastine."

Correct.

A few days ago the public library gave an examination to the young women who wished to enter a library class. Among the questions concerning current events was, "Who is Babe Ruth?" One of the girls exclaimed, "Well, at least I know the answer to that one," and wrote, "Babe Ruth is a race horse."—Indianapolis News.

The Woods

LEISURE.

I thank the Lord that I have time For things that pay no dividends, For song and book and sunset gleam And sweet companionship of friends, The song may be some simple theme, The book some poet's dreamy rime, For those who dare to pause and dream— I thank the Lord that I have time.

I thank the Lord that I have time To stop a moment by the way To kiss the scented lips of dowers And hear the voice of song birds gay.

The lark announces morning hours, Around my door the roses climb, And Nature lures me to her bowers— I thank the Lord that I have time.

I thank the Lord that I have time To pause beside some other soul Who falters by my poor abode Upon the path to greater goal, If I can help him on his road, Can aid his weary feet to climb, If I can ease him of his load, I thank the Lord that I have time.

I thank the Lord that I have time For humbler joys and humbler things, I thank the Lord for lips that smile, I thank the Lord for heart that sings.

If I in life's uncertain while With word or song or cheery rime Can light some pilgrim's dreamy mile, I thank the Lord that I have time. (Copyright)

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"CAMOUFLAGE."

THOUGH comparatively new in English, the word "camouflage" has struggled along in French for several centuries during which time it has been surrounded as used in connection with the French with a number of meanings, most of them of a slang or colloquial nature. The term, as used in connection with the French later, signified "makeup" and it was the same painter of the Parisian stage that carried it with them into the war and planted it in military slang. The British Tommy soon adopted the term and, almost overnight, added its use as an adjective and also as a verb—applying it to all kinds of concealment, whether mental, moral, spiritual or physical.

While the word itself is new to the English language, and comparatively modern even in French, the use of descriptive devices to fool the enemy dates back to the dawn of history. In the Bible, for example, we find the use of which Gideon, with only 300 men, defeated a force of 30,000 Midianites by giving each of his men a pitcher containing a light. So, when the Midianites saw 300 lights approaching them from various directions, they naturally thought they were being attacked by a large force, broke and fled. The use of branches of trees as a screen for Malcolin's men is mentioned in "Machob" while the American Indian has long been an adept in painting his body so that it would blend in with the surrounding country—an adaptation of nature's principle of "protective coloration," the oldest camouflage of all. (Copyright)

EVIDENTLY NOT AN EXPERT

Visiting Minister Asking Blessing at Table Was Completely Outclassed by Little Isabel.

To eight-year-old Isabel ever since she has been able to lip has fallen the honor in her family of saying the blessing at meals. Consequently she was indignant the other night when at supper her father transferred this privilege to a clergyman who was a dinner guest.

Isabel had already clasped her hands and was bowing her head preparatory to starting the prayer when her father took the fatal step:

"Mr. Funderkin," he said, "will you say the blessing?"

Isabel shot a baleful look at the guest, but a warning expression of her mother's face silenced the protest. Apparently submitting, Isabel bowed her head and her lips moved swiftly as Mr. Funderkin murmured the blessing. The prayer completed, Isabel lifted her head beaming triumphantly.

"I said the blessing six times while you were saying it once," she told Mr. Funderkin.—New York Evening Sun.

Lawyer—You went in the house while the prisoner was disputing with his wife whom he accuses of aggravating him into the assault. How did she strike you?

Witness—I think the frying pan was the first thing which came handy.

Unvarying Disapproval.

"You say you have always objected to the use of money in politics?"

"Always," answered Senator Sorghum; "especially when a fellow has more of it to use than I have."

Three Sisters Observe

Their Golden Jubilee

Three members of the Order of St. Joseph, Sisters Justina Carroll, Cecelia Meehan and Adelaide Carberry, on Tuesday, Nov. 2nd, observed the 50th or golden anniversary of their sisterhood. In their honor a jubilee mass was celebrated in the chapel of Nazareth Normal School the Rev. Arthur A. Hughes, pastor of Holy Rosary Church, being the celebrant; the Rev. J. Emil Gefell, Ph. D., pastor of SS. Peter's and Paul's Church, deacon and the Rev. J. Francis O'Hern, pastor of the Cathedral, sub-deacon. In the sanctuary were the Revs. William P. Ryan and Francis Luddy of Rochester and the Rev. Thomas Timmons of Buffalo.

The convent choir sang and an address of congratulation was delivered by Father Ryan.

Sister Justina was for over a quarter of a century in charge of St. Mary's Boy's Orphan Asylum where she was devotedly loved and revered for her motherly care of the orphans. Sister Cecelia directed the work at St. Patrick's Girl's Asylum with splendid efficiency for 15 years. The high character of Sister Adelaide's service as directress of Nazareth Academy and in the parochial schools of Auburn and Rochester is widely attested.

Catholic Women's Club

To Hold Xmas Bazaar

At the November meeting of the Catholic Women's Club held Wednesday evening in Immaculate Conception Hall, December 4th was chosen as the date for the Christmas sale which will take place in the clubrooms at 47 Clinton avenue north. Dolls, toys and a large variety of articles suitable for holiday giving will be on sale and any donations may be sent to the clubrooms in care of Miss Amanda Englert, who will act as chairman. Miss Englert will conduct a shower to obtain articles for the sale on Thursday evening, November 11, at the club rooms.

Next Monday afternoon there will be a meeting of all the hostesses of the Catholic Women's Club at 4 o'clock and all who are interested are invited to be present.

Twins.

From an acron knoll, into life aspring.

Nature o'er the scene, a garb of beauty flinging.

Twin rivalets, through their prison walls have broken,

For their future plans, words been left unspoken;

With murmuring thanks, in opposite ways they go,

Diffusing life and gathering strength, as on they flow,

Through paradise vales, in roundabout ways to the sea.

Their identity lost in the broad expanse, the Allegheny and Genesee.

From the healthy mind aspring, thoughts which purifies the soul,

The mind diseased aspring, the opposite of all that's good the goal.

Their paths with roses and thorns astraying, thus through life they sow,

Assimilating in the straight and narrow furrow, Heaven on earth here below.

Life's problems they'll easily solve, shoulder to shoulder at the wheel,

Deserving minds the Creator inspiring, new examples to us He'll reveal,

If we leave imprisoned in the mind, prejudice and jealousy,

In Heaven's expanse with the good amingling, like the Allegheny and Genesee.

Michael W. Scanlan.

Election Is Over.

Everybody will now settle down to work. Are you prepared for a good position? If not, you should call up the R. B. I. at once and learn about the courses which prepare young people for responsible positions in business. Rochester Business Institute, 172 Clinton avenue south.—Adv.

In a Quandary.

A young newspaper man of Kokomo wrote a short story and sent it to a magazine. In due time there came back to him one of those gloom distributors' cited rejection slips. It ran somewhat like this:

"We have read your story and are sorry to say it is not suited to our needs. Red Book, Blue Book, Green Book."

The young newspaper man looked at the slip and then at his story.

"Well," he said, "I don't know what color to play now."

ST. BONIFACE CLUB NEWS

A most successful halloween party was held Wednesday evening, Nov. 3rd, at St. Boniface club. A series of Social affairs for club members and friends is planned for the coming months and judging from the first affair, the season will be most successful in providing wholesome amusements for the young people. Much credit is due Albert Isler and his committee, who have worked hard to please the large number of guests of the party.

President Joseph Frank has opened the club charter for new club members until Dec. 15, 1920. All who wish to enjoy the many benefits of the club may now do so by taking advantage of the open charter, which practically admits members without the usual initiation charge.

Loew's Star Theatre.

"Behold My Wife" the big George Melford production, will begin its second week at Loew's Star Theatre on Sunday. The photoplay has been given enthusiastic praise by both critics and public. The picture has been given a notable cast that includes Elliott Dexter, Milton Sills and Mabel Julienne Scott, and has provided some picturesque and elaborate settings for the scenes. On the same programme is Buster Keaton in "Convict 13," another hilarious comedy, and many other pictures of educational value.

Nature's Greatest Remedy

Wonderful Discovery by Father Mollinger 50 Years Ago is the Medical Sensation of Today.

FAMOUS HERB TEA.

Sick People Everywhere Are Sending for the Herbs as Prescribed by the Priest Physician Many Years Ago.

Father Mollinger wrote this wonderful herb medicine prescription 50 years ago. It has brought happiness to thousands of homes where it was given to old and young.

FATHER MOLLINGER, a noted physician, WAS VISITED IN HIS LIFETIME BY OVER 100,000 SICK PEOPLE. No man in America had opportunity to study disease and ailments as he.

That is why his herbs, tea, etc., is the greatest herb medicine in the world.

FATHER MOLLINGER'S FAMOUS HERB TEA WILL add vigor to the entire body. It will build the blood and restore the bloom of health to pale, thin cheeks.

IT IS A Wonderful medicine for all stomach disorders, gas on stomach, sour stomach, ache in stomach, bloated and sickly feeling.

IT WILL enable you to enjoy your meals, give you refreshing sleep, and will clear the complexion and remove pimples and other blemishes.

FATHER MOLLINGER'S FAMOUS HERB TEA RELIEVES AND PREVENTS CONSTIPATION. MOST OF THE FATAL DISEASES ARE INDEED DUE TO THIS CONDITION. KEEP THE BOWELS OPEN AND YOU WILL WARD OFF DISEASE AND SICKNESS.

FATHER MOLLINGER'S FAMOUS HERB TEA WILL RELIEVE SICK AND NERVOUS HEADACHES. Its benefits to the human system are so numerous that no man or woman should be without a box. If you are raising a family and want to keep them healthy this tea should be given to the old and young at least twice a week. It will save you money a doctor's bills.

TO ALL sick, weak, pale and tired readers we recommend Father Mollinger's FAMOUS HERB TEA, because the ingredients provide for the blood, liver, stomach, kidneys, bowels and bladder. Keep the internal organs healthy and watch external results.

If you are suffering from a cold take a hot cupful of Father Mollinger's Famous Herb Tea before retiring and next morning you will note a vast improvement. The person who keeps in condition with Father Mollinger's Famous Herb Tea has very small chances of contracting colds or pneumonia.

ORDER YOUR BOX TODAY. A BIG FAMILY SIZE PACKAGE COSTS 50c. WE ARE SENDING IT EVERYWHERE BY PARCEL POST. We mail out thousands of these packages and all our customers receive prompt delivery. If you do not order this medicine had this advertisement to some sick friend or neighbor.

Note—If inconvenient to make Father Mollinger's Famous Herb Tea, you can send for Father Mollinger's Famous Herb Tablets. Tens of thousands of users would not be without these wonderful health restorers, by mail 50c. Address all communications to MOLLINGER MEDICINE COMPANY, 93 Mollinger Building, East Park Way, N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

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