

**Homesick.**

I want to go back to the orchard—  
The orchard that used to be mine;  
The apples are reddening and filling  
The air with their wine.

I want to wake up in the morning  
To the chirp of the birds in the eaves;  
I want the warm blue of September  
Fields—  
The rustle of the leaves.

I want the old song of the river.  
The little, low laugh of the hills;  
I want the warm blue of September  
Again on the hills.

I want to lie down in the woodland,  
Where the feathery clematis shines,  
God's blue sky above, and about me  
The peace of the pines.

I want to run on through the pasture  
And let down the dusty old bars;  
I want to find you there still waiting,  
Your eyes like twin stars.

O nights, you are weary and dreary,  
And, days, there is something you lack,  
To the farm in the little, old valley  
I want to go back.  
—Alice E. Allen in Lippincott's.

## THE GLARE OF THE FOOTLIGHTS

By ELMER BERNARD.

(Copyright, 1922, by DAILY STORY PUBLISHING COMPANY.)

"So begone dull care,  
Return to your lair,  
For the world is bright and gay;  
And life is too brief  
To entertain grief.  
So let joy rule night and day."

And with a knowing wink, a suggestive smirk and a wicked twirl of that nimble toe the singer swung himself into the wings amid a hurricane of applause. There was no song and dance man on the vaudeville stage who set the people so wild as Billy Pepsin and many times did he have to come back and repeat the refrain of his latest song before the audience would permit the next act to be put on. The song seemed particularly to fit the singer. Of all the light hearted apostles of careless gaiety, Billy Pepsin was easily the most single hearted and the great audience which sought the theaters where he performed fairly revealed in his reckless merriment and thorough abandon.

And on this night even more than usual he threw himself into the very spirit of his part and with the new song which was as foolish as it was adaptable to Billy's peculiar atmosphere, he sent the audience fairly into hysterics. They applauded until they were tired from the very physical exercise and agreed to a man that there never had been anything so funny since the dawn of time and that such a stunt could come only from a man who knew no care and never had no more serious responsibility than to ascertain how he could get a light for his cigarette.

Ah, could that wildly cheering and laughter-convulsed crowd have stepped into Giacomo's Place an hour after the performance closed they would have seen a very different side of the picture. Giacomo (last name forever lost to history) was a smart little Italian possessed of indefatigable persistence and a wife who could cook with that divine touch which is given only now and then to the daughters of Eve. It was a shabby little place off an alley, never too clean and almost impassable in wet weather. Almost, I say advisedly, because it never was impassable to the stage people of the middle type who formed the principal support of Giacomo. This partly because the cooking and the wines were so good—and cheap, for your actor of any class knows what is good and wants it, and perforce his purse-strings forbid Sherry's or Rector's as a steady diet. And then the place was always open—at least until the last straggler was ready to retire. The lights never went out before dawn and many a morn did Giacomo doze behind the little bar and his fat wife in a chair in the cramped kitchen until full time to open again for the day's business.

Of course the actors did not make up the whole of the patronage of Giacomo's Place. Many of the countrymen of the proprietor, of the more prosperous class, found their way there and reveled in the spaghetti



"Billy."

and the pure wine of the land of their nativity, also, during the still watches of the night did many newspaper men through with their protracted grind, pick their way through the grimy alley for their early morning repast. And the place was not without a certain reputation to the more prosperous portion of mankind and often came parties, with a keen desire to behold Bohemia—parties who looked not at

the prices on the bill of fare at all but dined and wined and went back into society.

Well, on the night of which we spoke in opening this sketch an hour after the performance closed at the Lyceum, any one strolling into Giacomo's might have seen nearly the entire party of actors and actresses who had entertained them so hilariously, eating and drinking and quarreling and gossiping before the bar or at the uncluttered tables.

And apart from all at an obscure little table in a corner sat the one of all the troupe who had inspired the greatest laughter and displayed the greatest abandon—Billy Pepsin. His face was heavy with gloom and the expres-



"Billy," she said, softly, her voice trembling.

sive eyes which had flashed so significantly and so wickedly at the audience were dull and introspective. He was eating his chops alone and moodily washing them down from a mug of ale at his elbow. He paid no attention to the sallies of the others who now and then sought to arouse him from the cloud that seemed to envelop him, but sat on alone puffing his pipe after his simple repast was finished. And so he had sat and so acted for many months—months which had now grown into years, as was recalled by Alphonse Ginaud, who did the wonderful acrobatic act, and who had been associated with Billy for many years off and on.

"Too bad, ain't it," said he tossing a finger toward the solitary figure, "I'd like to see a woman who could do it to me. He never has smiled off the stage since Sally left him, I'll bet the drinks. Anyway, I never saw him."

"What's the story?" inquired a stranger in dress suit who was doing the town and had drifted into Giacomo's Place with his party, as he ordered drinks for all at the bar.

Alphonse feeling the importance of the situation, slipped his wine thoughtfully and replied:

"Well I guess there's no harm in it; everybody knows—and there ain't much to it, anyway. Billy Pepsin, the funniest man in the biz, got dead stuck on a little soubrette, Sally Waters, and married her. She was a pretty little piece and fresh from the country. Well, sir, you never saw such lolly-gagging as happened for a year or too. Billy was clean daft and when the little girl came we all thought he would go bug-house. They fixed up a little flat and Billy refused all offers to go out of town—preferred to take half as much and be home.

"Well, you know the ways of women—she tired of it and skipped out one day with a Jew manager, who had always had a roll as big as your leg and wore diamonds that put your eyes out. That's all there is to it only that Billy has never been known to smile since. He's got the kid in an expensive school and is saving every cent he lays hold of—so she won't have to be an actress, he says. Had a chance to kill the Jew once, but didn't raise his hand. Said he reckoned Sally knew best what she wanted. Too bad—spilling of the best fellow that ever happened. My, but how it would surprise the guys who laugh at him every night to get a glimpse of that mug off the stage."

The glasses rattled and jingled and the conversation passed to pleasanter

themes. While the jollity was at the height the door opened and a slip of a woman sidled in. She was scantily clad and shivering from the dampness of the drizzling rain outside. Unnoticed she glanced about and timidly made her way across the room to the corner where Billy sat.

"She'll find little game there," carelessly remarked one of the party at the bar.

At his elbow she reached out a shaking hand and touched the actor on the shoulder.

"Billy," she said softly, her voice trembling.

At the sound of the voice the man leaped to his feet as though shocked with a battery. Before he could speak she resumed:

"Please, Billy, don't hurt me—I am so cold and weak. I won't bother you much. I don't ask for forgiveness. Only I just had to see you once more before—before—the end," and she flung her hand in the direction of the river. "And Billy, please, please, I want to see little Sally once more. Take me to her. I won't speak to her. Just let me look at her in her sleep—and kiss her. She needn't know. I—I am so cold and lonesome and I've suffered so much—and I'm going out there into the blackness—all alone—and I'm afraid—and so wicked—it seems to me it would be easier if I could see her—and if you could tell me that you forgive me, Billy. I know I don't deserve it, but—"

She got no further. The man who had been standing as in a trance had gathered her in his arms.

"And you're coming back to us, Sally—of your own free will—that's it, Sally?" and he held his breath as he awaited her answer.

"Oh, Billy, I ain't fit. I have been so wicked. But I want to; oh, how I want to, Billy and I will try and make so far as I can."

The lanky figure straightened up and there was a smile on his face, such as it is seldom given mortals to see. He held her close to him regardless of the stares of the onlookers.

"We'll go back to the flat. I have kept it all these years just as it was. I knew you'd come back. And tomorrow we will send for the kid—and, by jove, to-night we'll have one of those rarebits you used to make, won't we Sally?"

And they passed through the door and the darkness outside seemed illuminated.

"Well, I'll be d—d," remarked Alphonse, breaking a long silence of the entire party, and everybody laughed hysterically—whereas, there was no call at all to laugh. And Giacomo for the first and last time in the history of the place said:

"Eveva boda coma up and have a drink on the house."

And everybody did.

### The Man Who Clipped.

I saw him take the paper, and Turn to the Household Page. Then scan the columns up and down, As one who all would gauge.

"Aha!" he muttered to himself, "Here's 'How to Make Rice Fritters,' And 'How to Utilize Cold Beef,' And 'Home-made Stomach Bitters.'"

Then from his pocket forth he took A pair of scissors, small, And severed from the printed page The helpful hints and all.

He clipped "The Way to Scramble Eggs," And "How to Make Peach Butter," As well as half a dozen more, "That's all"—again his mutter.

"A thoughtful man," at once I mused, "A man who cares for things; Who loves the calm, contented song The home teakettle sings."

"Do you," I asked, "preserve those notes 'So that your wife may eye them?'" "Not much," he growled, "I cut them out 'So she won't get to try them.'"

### His Witticism Was Costly.

Magistrate Brann is an Irishman, and intensely proud of his lineage. It is one point upon which it is not safe to chaff him. Recently a number of boys who had been arrested for some petty offense were taken before his honor. Among them was one whose speech and general appearance stamped him as Italian. Somebody had told the boy to give an Irish name and tell his honor he was Irish.

The magistrate questioned the boys until he came to the young Italian.

"What's your name?" he asked. "Mickey da Casey," replied the youngster, amid a roar of laughter. "I'm Irish."

"Oh, it's Irish you are, are you?" smilingly replied his honor. "Well, so am I, and I'll just fine you \$10 for insulting an honorable race.—New York Times.

### Made Friends With Menelek.

William Fitzhugh Whitehouse, who went with Lord Hindlip on an exploration trip to the Upper Nile, has returned to New York. He was accompanied by his father, Fitzhugh Whitehouse. When in Abyssinia Mr. Whitehouse and Lord Hindlip were detained three days as prisoners, as the local officials refused to recognize Emperor Menelek's letter. When their release had been obtained the emperor invited the travelers to Adis Ababa, treated them with great cordiality and permitted them to shoot over his private preserves, to which no white man had previously been admitted. The emperor also entertained them at a banquet.

### "Editress" Complimented.

There has been no deterioration in the Emporia Gazette since William Allen White went to Idaho and left Mrs. White to get out the paper.—Kansas City Star.

### Best Methods of Cooking.

Boiling meat is less wasteful than baking and baking less wasteful than roasting.

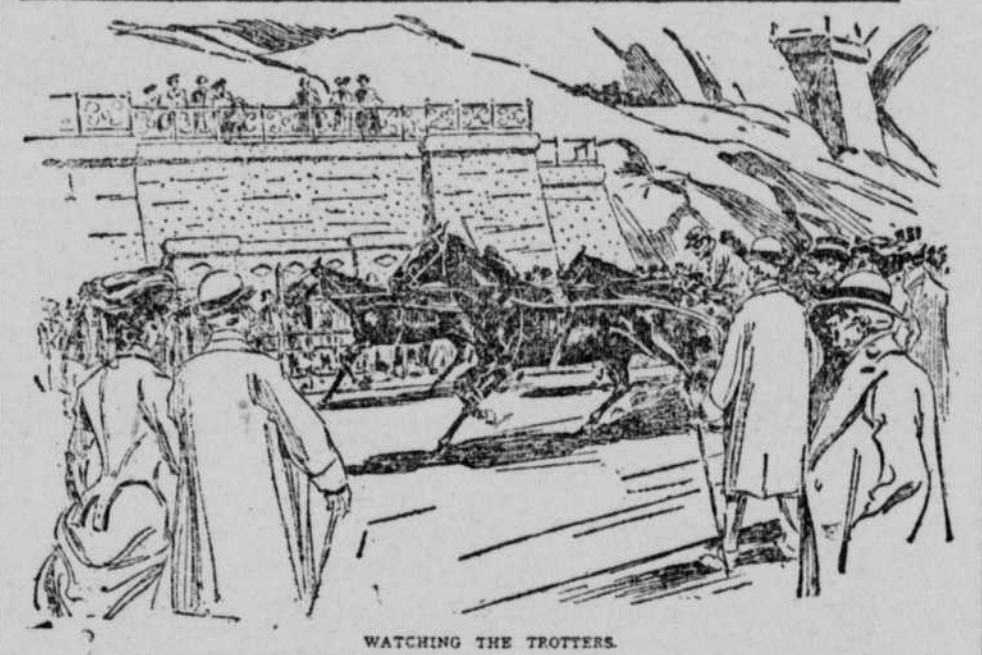
## Speedway Sights on Sunday

A Great Free Show Weekly for New York People.

Imperial Rome gave its populace bread and circuses; New York town, more than imperial, as yet provides only the circuses. But it is a question if Rome ever spent as much upon its amphitheaters as New York has put into the Speedway and its approaches.

Certainly the Speedway at its best helps to put one in love with life and things. For instance, on a fine autumn Sunday morning, when blotches of red and yellow have sown themselves lightly through the overhanging foliage of Washington Heights, High Bridge and Washington Bridge, springing alleys from the bold ramp of the heights, span the green, clear breadth of the valley and etch themselves on the wind-blown hue of the sky.

At least half the onlookers are women, tricked out in holiday bravery. Children likewise abound, the most part in gay coats, some few in somber black ones. But even the black coats have redeeming fripperies of lace and color in head and neckgear.



WATCHING THE TROTTERS.

Momentarily some star of the Speedway flashes down the line. Murmurs go all about.

"Nathan Straus has Cobwebs out this morning. Pshaw! I was sure he'd drive Alives instead."

"There comes Claus Bohling! Now look out, somebody. He told my cousin's uncle yesterday he had the heels of everything likely to show to-day!"

"Albert Bostwick's trainer has got knee boots on Johnnie Again. Yes, Bostwick is automobile crazy. Still he has not quite given up horses."

A lean, brownish bay, with fair head, good legs and light middle piece flashes past. One spectator grins at the sight, saying sagely:

"David B. looks as though he'd run just about to match his namesake this morning."

Instantly somebody retorts: "Wait till you see him finish! It's my belief he's never been quite all out here—no more than the man he's named for."

"Maybe so," says a judicial third person, "but, say, did you hear about old Cobwebs? One day while back Straus got two friends to hold watches on the old fellow while he stepped a quarter after he got going for all he was worth, and he made it in 29 seconds flat. What do you think of that? A 1:56 gait for a horse 13 years old—and a faster quarter than ever Cresceus ever trotted in a race."

"He's a wonder—no mistake," say the onlookers; then huddle to the curb, saying all together in a breath: "And here he comes now! Hurrah! He's having it out with Dave Lamar and Sally Simpson."

Down course two little dust clouds have resolved themselves into flying harness racers, with drivers sitting low and close behind. The wagons look cobwebby—hardly stout enough to endure the impact of rapid air. But nobody thinks of that; all hang breathless on the race.

The man in front has a strong face, bearded, shrewd-eyed, kindly. The lips are set, the eyes tense, the whole pose full of power. The whip is held upright, the reins tightly clutched; now and again he speaks a low word, too low to be heard by the sidewalk throng, though evidently reaching the ears of his horse.

Cobwebs may know intuitively what his master asks. He goes, goes, with the mighty stroke of a machine. His stride is low, his ears are flat against his beautiful chestnut head, his eyeballs flare, but not with temper—he has the stay and the spirit which, joined with speed, make the horse which does or dies.

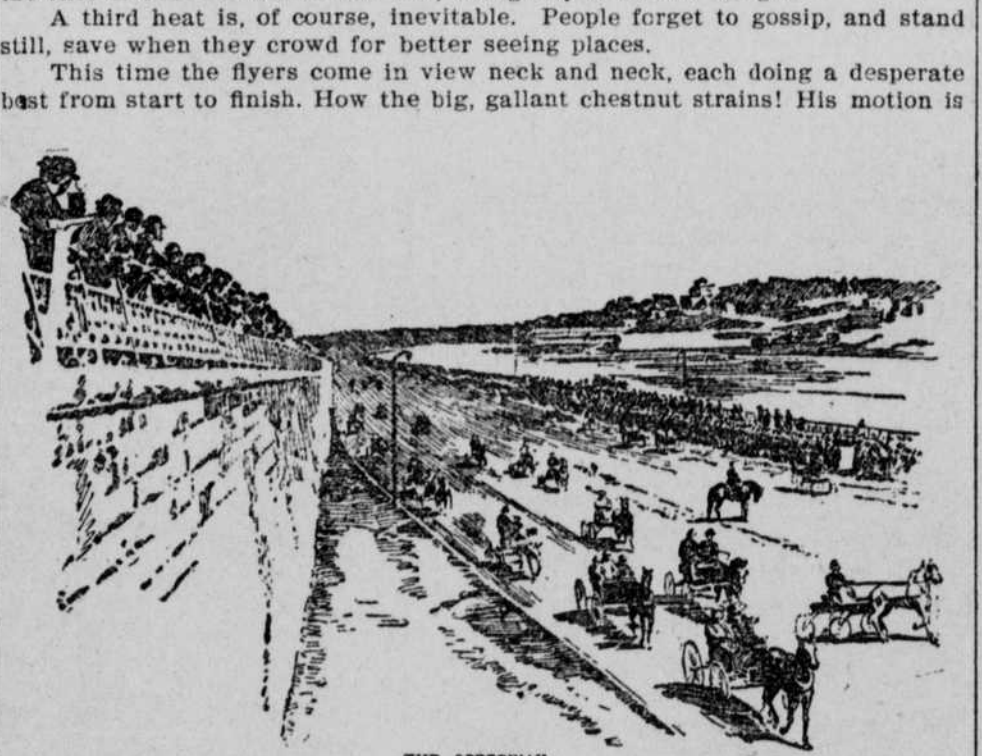
On, on, he thunders, his head nodding the least bit in fine, faultless rhythm, his quickening hoof beats sounding a march of triumph as his white nose goes past the post half a length to the good.

The battle is not won. Dave Lamar wheels as soon as he can pull up, asks a question mainly with his eyes, is answered with a nod, then, almost wing and wing, the pair race away to the back stretch, and again set sail.

This time the mare lies at Cobweb's wheel—in the first brush she fought for each foot of the way. She is a bay, big and shiny, in the very pink of condition, a credit alike to her trainer and her sire, the world-famous Electioneer. She goes high, so high it almost seems she scorns the earth, but her reaching plunges devour space. A casual onlooker would say the horse went ten yards to her line, and covered ground with much more ease to himself. But do what he will, stretch, strain, quicken, he cannot shake her off. She hangs like a bulldog till fifty yards from the wire; then the man in the white hat, who has been sitting statue-like, leans far forward, swishes his whip mightily, calls in shrill, whistling tones, lets out the least bit of a wrap, and the race is over—Cobwebs has lost, though by a narrow margin.

A third heat is, of course, inevitable. People forget to gossip, and stand still, save when they crowd for better seeing places.

This time the flyers come in view neck and neck, each doing a desperate best from start to finish. How the big, gallant chestnut strains! His motion is



THE SPEEDWAY.

so swift no eye can follow it; the sulky wheels show only as motionless, shining rims magically impelled along the course.

And gamely the bay mare keeps at his throat latch, lurching so high she seems to be fencing all the way. Neck and neck, stride and stride, they keep it up until the very last; but the bay will not be denied; she gets her nose in front by at least six inches.

Not a few horse owners have stables close at hand. E. H. Harriman, who owns the famous John R. Gentry, for example, has, right at the Speedway gates, what is said to be the best appointed stable of harness horses anywhere in the world. A dozen others might be named.

Indeed, no man can hope for fame upon the Speedway without a considerable string which includes both blood and speed. A few of them keep only trotters; the most part have at least one pacer, and in not a few instances the pacers are the true stars.

Possibly the most picturesque and certainly the most interesting Speedway personality is Frank Work, the sole survivor of the old-time road brigade that included Robert Bonner, W. H. Vanderbilt and their compers. Although living as far down as Madison Square, Mr. Work keeps five flyers—Peter Stirling, Mahalla, Pilot Boy, Merle Moore and Sea Girl.—Martha McCulloch-Williams in New York Sun.

### THE TEST OF TIME.

Mrs. Clara J. Sherbourne, professional nurse, of 257 Cumberland street, Portland, Maine, says:

"I heartily wish those who suffer from some disturbed action of the kidneys would try Doan's Kidney Pills. They would, like me, be more than surprised. My back annoyed me for years. Physicians who diagnosed my case said it arose from my kidneys. When the grip was epidemic I was worn out with constant nursing, and when I contracted it myself it left me in a very serious condition. I could not straighten nor do the most trivial act without being in torture. The kidneys were too active or the secretions were too copious, and I knew what was wrong, but how to right it was a mystery. It seems odd for a professional nurse, who has had a great deal of experience with medicines, to read advertisements about Doan's Kidney Pills in the newspapers, and it may appear more singular for me to go to H. H. Hay & Son's drug store for a box. But I did, however; and had anybody told me before that it was possible to get relief as quickly as I did I would have been loth to believe it. You can send anyone who wishes more minute particulars about my case to me, and I will be only too glad to tell them personally. As long as I live I will be a firm advocate of Doan's Kidney Pills."

**Cure Confirmed—5 Years Later.**  
"Lapse of time has strengthened my good opinion of Doan's Kidney Pills, first expressed in the spring of 1896. I said then that had anybody told me that it was possible to get relief as quickly as I did I would have been loth to believe it. Years have passed and my continued freedom from kidney complaint has strengthened my opinion of Doan's Kidney Pills and given me a much higher appreciation of their merits."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Sherbourne will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

"Light Refreshments Were Served."

At the feast following the funeral of a centenarian at Vamoshara, Hungary, the guests ate two oxen, two pigs, seven lambs and a ton of cakes, while the liquor consumed included 400 gallons of wine, six barrels of beer and thirty gallons of brandy.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors professed to cure it with local remedies, and by constantly falling to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars, testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A man may do worse than read poetry. He may attempt to write it.

Iowa Farms \$4 Per Acre Cash, balance 1/2 crop till paid. MULHALL, Sioux City, Ia.

Avarice is always poor, but poor by its own fault.

THOSE WHO HAVE TRIED IT will use no other. Defiance Cold Water Starch has no equal in Quantity or Quality—16 oz. for 19 cents. Other brands contain only 12 oz.

Justice holds equal scales for outsiders as well for insiders.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A man of high birth is one who occupies an "upper" in a sleeping car.

The little folks love Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Pleasant to take, perfectly harmless. Positive cure for coughs, colds, croup, asthma.

Men are not nearly so wise as women let them think they are.

INSIST ON GETTING IT.

Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch because they have a stock in hand of 12 oz. brands, which they know cannot be sold to a customer who has once used the 16 oz. pkg. Defiance Starch for same money.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire," but unfortunately worthiness is not always a winner.

IF YOU USE BALL BLUE. Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the best Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

Women don't idealize men, for they never have a chance to.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The gangway seems to be the path that leads to political glory.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cures Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, moves and regulates the Bowels and Destroys Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Lefroy, N. Y.

No one wants to put out the female who is ablaze with diamonds.

You can do your dyeing in half an hour with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

If a man is a failure he is sure it is some woman's fault.

Superior quality and extra quantity must win. This is why Defiance Starch is taking the place of all others.

Dress does not make the woman, but it often breaks the husband.

A household necessity. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Heals burns, cuts, wounds of any sort; cures sore throat, croup, catarrh, asthma; never fails.

If all men were wise all women would be sensible.

Try me just once and I am sure to come again. Defiance Starch.