

Miss Agnes Ayres



This is a late picture of the charming "movie" star, Agnes Ayres, shown posing in evening togs. Miss Ayres is regarded as one of the most winsome women in motion pictures.

"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky food.

IMOGENE

NOT so frequent in usage, but none the less lovely and possessing of a good deal of poetic charm is Imogene. The name has no definite history and etymologists find it difficult to account for it, but the generally accepted theory is that it is another form of the Imagina.

There was Imogene of Limburg in 1400 and various other instances of the use of the name by German women. How England secured the name of Imogene is open to speculation. It is probable that Shakespeare's heroine established her vogue there, though etymologists contend that it was used by British ladies before the master playwright wrote his version of the old story of the deserted and betrayed wife, which he so strangely places at the court of the last independent British prince.

At any rate, Shakespeare called his heroine Imogene, thus establishing her vogue forever. The name is still a great favorite in England, but has never had widespread popularity here, due, perhaps, to its rather poetic associations. Also, it usually degenerates into "Gene." A few devoted admirers of Shakespeare (and others unwittingly) give the name to girl babies in baptism, probably ignorant of the fact that as Ygnone, the name was once bestowed on a daughter of Emperor Paganus of Greece, and the wife of Eratus, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth. She was mentioned in Anne of Brittany's funeral oration in 1514. Imogene's tallmantle stone is the jacinth. It was said to protect her from danger, especially of lightning. Worn when traveling, it will insure her a happy, successful journey. Wednesday is her lucky day, and 6 her lucky number.

(Copyright by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

WHY?

CAN'T WE SEE IN THE DARK

WHEN we state that we "see" an object we are accustomed to believe that we actually see the thing itself, whereas, as a matter of fact, all that our eye takes in is the light which is reflected from the object. This light, by reason of the varying shadows and intensities, gives us our impression of what the object looks like—which is the reason that the same thing will often appear to be different to a number of persons.

Because light is a necessary adjunct of "sight," it follows that the absence of light—or darkness—will nullify the sight and make the things which surround us totally invisible. Without light, our eyes are useless, and even the light itself is scarcely more necessary than reflection, as may be proved by looking into a mirror and then into a sheet of plain glass. The former, on account of the reflection obtained by the coating of mercury at the back, reflects the light. The latter reflects only a portion of it from its polished surface and the image which we see is in the nature of a vision, lacking the depth and the perspective attainable in the mirror. If anyone could invent a scientifically perfect black paint which would absorb all light and reflect none, he would solve the riddle of invisibility, for it would be impossible to see such objects even in the brightest of sunlight.

(Copyright by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

Heap Indian Springs. Colorado has upwards of 1,000 natural springs, equaling the celebrated Spa in Europe, and, according to such authorities as Solly, "equal the waters of Ems and are superior to Naubelm and Spa." Steamboat Springs is reputed to contain the largest and most varied group in the world, having 150 springs with 99 different kinds of water, known to the Indians.

A FLAPPER TALE

By FANNY RICHARDSON

Flop was so tired that she didn't care much what happened, which meant that nothing would happen, because one usually has to hop around a bit to keep the old world stirring. So she found a quiet corner sheltered behind a large palm leaf plant and through the chinks watched the dancers.

Dreamily she pictured herself sliding about on the floor, a vivacious little flapper with flaunting skirts and fly-away beaus hovering about her. "The life of the party" she had always been called. She sighed and unconsciously murmured out loud: "It's a great life if you don't weaken."

"It sure is." Flop turned her bobbed head in astonishment. It was evident that she was not alone behind the palm leaf plant. A young man, a tow-headed fellow she had never seen before, was sitting beside her, looking absently at the dancers.

She kept getting sleepier until, finally, she thought she was resting on a soft cloud.

The last of the dancers were leaving. Flop opened her sleepy eyes to find herself propped up in a rather cozy manner against the tow-headed boy. Flop managed a rather stupid "What?" and gazed at him, open mouthed. He turned and said in a matter-of-fact tone, "Shall we go, now?"

Flop's head was still soaring in pink clouds. She managed a "Yes." Then she stammered: "But Jim was going to take me home. He brought me. I hid . . . you see, I was so tired of it all."

"That's all right," said the young man. "I guess Jim has gone. There are only two couples left. He probably looked for you, but we are pretty well screened in here."

He disappeared to get her wraps. Flop sighed.

Almost immediately the young man returned with her wraps and they were soon briskly walking on the street. Flop said not a word for two blocks. Then suddenly she murmured: "It's rather late, isn't it?"

"Rather," said her companion.

Another block . . . silence.

"Don't you think this is rather improper?" she queried softly.

"Rather," was the answer.

Two blocks . . . silence.

"That is my house. The one with the slanting roof and the high fence."

"May I see you again?"

"Yes . . . but why?"

"I know . . . but . . . you're so different from the other girls . . . then flappers . . . so quiet and softlike . . . the others are too noisy . . . always on the go . . . never tired . . ."

At this juncture Flop's sleepiness disappeared.

As soon as she had climbed into her soft bed she knew the reason why. What had he said? He liked 'em tired and softlike . . . the others were too noisy . . . funny . . . and she had said Friday night. What would she do? He would find out Friday that she was noisy, always on the go, too. She buried her face in the pillows and sobbed.

It was seven o'clock Friday night. Flop was putting the finishing touches to her hair in front of her bedroom mirror. "Darn!" she said to the reflection. "I can't help it. I've tried everything. Walked almost all day in hob-nailed shoes on rough roads . . . spoiled my nails working in the garden all week . . . but I don't feel the least bit tired . . . I feel just as peppy as any flapper in the town, and he said he liked them soft and tiredlike. Ding!"

Suddenly she had an idea. Her eyes fell on a pair of small, pretty pumps lying under the bed. She would put them on because they made her feet pinch and her head ache.

At eight o'clock a rosy young lady answered the tinkle of the door bell. She was sorry she was tired, she explained to the young man on the doorstep. She had walked a long way that afternoon and her feet were sore and she had cut her finger on the bread-knife.

They went into the parlor and for an hour sat soberly talking. Of course she couldn't play with the sore finger, and dancing was out of the question. Finally she could stand it no longer. Murmuring an apology, she rushed out of the room with amazing swiftness for one with sore feet.

Two hours later, they were still dancing to the tune of the victrola. She had not been able to remove the bread cut . . . it was a natural occurrence, but she had changed her shoes. They seemed to laugh constantly together . . . and noisily.

"Say," he said suddenly, "do you mind if I tell you, but I thought you acted rather queer the first part of the evening . . . you were tired, weren't you?"

"Yes, rather."

He looked at her admiringly. "Say," he blurted out, "do you know what a peach you are? I like 'em noisy with lots of pep. And speaking of flappers, you're the nicest little flapper I know." Flop pulled his nose and laughed. Inwardly she said, "Aren't men peculiar?"

Important.

"I think you should have told me about your divorce before you married me."

"Why, she is out of my life dearie."

"Maybe so, but her alimony isn't."

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

HARD WORK

IT is easy to sit and watch others work. But we know of no employer who will pay you wages for doing it, unless you know how to do the work yourself, and are working hard at the job of supervising it.

It is easy to travel about the world on steamships and parlor cars, very pleasant and profitable to the man with an inquiring mind.

But that is a vacation occupation, and unless you have earned the money to do it by hard work, you will get little out of it.

It is easiest of all to feel sorry for yourself, and to think that you haven't had a fair chance in life, and that you hadn't met with so much injustice and bad treatment.

But that will get you only unhappiness, which is the least desirable thing in all the world.

There are many things in life that are well worth doing, but none of them are easy.

The first-class fiction writer takes delight in his job, but he also works at it, harder than any man who is not a first-class fiction writer ever dreams of doing.

The great tenor finds pleasure in his job, and incidentally in the money he gets from it.

But he works about six or seven hours a day at it now, and in earlier life he worked ten or twelve hours, receiving far less pay for exactly as good music.

If good jobs were to be had by little effort, practically everybody would have a good job. The reason that they are so few, and that so many of those few are not filled, is that all of them demand the hardest kind of hard work, not only to get but to keep them.

Genius, which is said to know how to do things before it is born, has to work just as hard as mediocrity to gain and keep success.

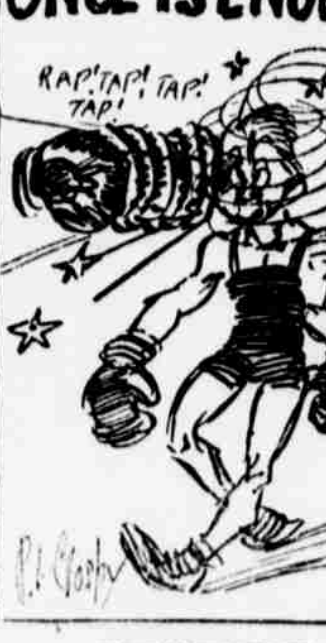
Nothing you can think of that brings real rewards can be accomplished without more work than most of us can contemplate without getting tired at the mere thought of it.

Yet people are doing it right along, and you seldom hear of any of them killing themselves in the effort.

If you have made up your mind to do something unusual or to be somebody of importance, learn how to work twice as hard as you ever did before. That is only a first step. The second is to think hard. If you can do both, and keep them up long enough, you may land, but remember you will have a lot of competition. Even hard work finds plenty of men to believe in and practice it, and most of them get what they are after.

(By John Blake.)

ONCE IS ENOUGH



Heartless Family.

"There had been a severe thunderstorm in the night," and old Mrs. Cocker had, for a wonder, slept through it. Usually she rose, lighted her room, dressed herself and sat down in a chair, whose legs were set in glass tumbler.

Instead of being grateful that she had not been aware of the storm, the old lady was filled with wrath when she heard of it the next morning.

"I declare, I should think I was boarding instead of living amongst my own folks!" she said. "Wasn't there one of my children or grandchildren that thought enough of me to wake me? There I might have been struck by lightning in my sleep and never known what killed me!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Eye to Business Early.

Millionaires will never be lacking if there are more children with the business sense displayed after a recent rainstorm by a boy at the entrance to Crotona park in the Bronx.

Directly off the steps is a sewer that became clogged. As a result the torrents remained to form a lake one block long and nearly a foot deep.

No sooner had the downpour ceased when a youngster was seen dragging through the water an old tin bathtub used for washing babies. Charging one cent a ride down the block in his non-sinkable "boat," he soon accumulated enough to pass himself and his brother into a nearby movie house.—New York Sun.

BEGAN GOLD RUSH

George W. Carmack Started Stampede Into the Klondike.

White Men Had Mined There Before Him, but Credit for the Great "Discovery" is His.

Gold dust worth \$135,000,000 has been taken from the creeks of the Klondike. Although twenty-five years have elapsed since the first discovery, that event is recalled by the death recently of George W. Carmack, who panned the first high-grade gravel from Bonanza creek. The details of the discovery are related by a writer in the Engineering and Mining Journal-Press of New York. Carmack was a fisherman, with an Indian squaw, and maintained a small trading post on the Yukon twenty miles above the Crossing. He was not the first to find gold in the valleys of the Klondike, for Robert Henderson preceded him, but he started the stampede that led to the development of the Yukon territory. At that time Carmack was fishing for salmon at the mouth of the Klondike, where it joins the Yukon and where Dawson now stands. Two miles up the valley the Klondike is joined by Bonanza creek. Carmack happened to be short of fresh meat so he went with three Indians, one of them a brother-in-law, on a hunting expedition. At that time Bonanza creek was known as a likely place for moose, therefore he went thither. He knew that Henderson and three other white men were mining on Gold Bottom, on the other side of the watershed, so he crossed the divide with his Indian companions to see what the others were doing and to sell them some of the fresh meat that he and the Indians had obtained.

Henderson and his partners were not getting much gold and Carmack soon returned to the camp on Bonanza creek. Having seen the mining done by the four men on Gold Bottom he was prompted to do a little prospecting himself, and almost at the first try found gold on the rim of the bedrock projecting above the water of Bonanza creek. This rich spot, recognized as "the discovery," proved later to be only a patch twenty feet square. Carmack recorded his claim and the three claims located in the names of his friends, Skookum Jim, Indian Pete and Tagish Charlie. A quiet "rush" began. David Mackay, Daniel McGillivray and Harry Waugh were the first to start. Each of them made a fortune. The information did not reach the "outside," meaning the states, until the best ground had been staked; those who came to Dawson with the stamped at the end of 1897 and in the spring of 1898 found that they were too late. They had to buy claims or work for wages. On July 14, 1897, the steamer Excelsior reached San Francisco with the tidings of a new Eldorado; in proof thereof she brought half a million dollars in gold. This was the first of many treasure ships to enter the Golden Gate like Spanish galleons of the olden days.

Woman Found Treasure Trove.

Buried treasure has been found in France by a New York woman. She is said to be the first person to discover important buried treasure in France since the war. When spading in the region of the devastated town of Hatton Chattel, which she is rebuilding, she turned up a pot containing 400 rare coins. Many of the coins in the pot dated before the discovery of America, most of them being from the Fourteenth and Fifteenth centuries. Some of them bear the effigy of the duke of Lorraine, who defended northern France before the Swedish invasion. All buried treasure belongs to the government, but the finder in this case will be given 10 per cent of its value, which it is understood she will donate to the Metropolitan museum of New York. The discovery is the most valuable find of its kind recorded in France.

More Light With Less Current.

The old subject of keeping electric lamps and reflectors clean is again brought to our attention by Ward Harrison and J. R. Colville, in a recent issue of Electrical Review and Industrial Engineer. Among the items discussed by these authorities are the extent and causes of lighting depreciation, value of light wasted, and systematic maintenance. Experience has shown that in many factories more than 30 per cent of the light paid for is allowed to go to waste. One-half to two-thirds is being thrown away through lack of attention to simple maintenance requirements. In a plant where the entire time of one man is required the cost of cleaning open reflectors should not exceed 3 cents each.

Facts and the Rainmaker.

M. Angot, director of the French meteorological office, has demonstrated that even in the extreme case of two equal masses of saturated air, one at 0 degrees C. and the other 20 degrees C., in order to produce a .04-inch fall of rain it would be necessary for the two masses to mix rapidly and thoroughly throughout an atmospheric layer of four miles in thickness; that dust particles and ions (the nuclei of raindrops) are not sufficient of themselves to cause precipitation without an accompanying reduction of temperature. The chance of man-made explosions causing rainfall is thus seen to be extremely small.—Scientific American.

COAL

We Sell

Niggerhead Maitland And Routt County Lump

We sell for cash that's why we sell cheaper.

FARMERS ELEVATOR

Fly Nets

Now is the time to buy fly nets and covers of all kinds at pre-war prices. Come in and see my line before buying. LEE WALKER Successor to J. O. Butler

AS IN THE DEAR DEAD PAST

Journalistic Amenities in Durango, Colo., Bring Back to Kansas Editor Memories of Days Gone By.

Time, which has been scooting forward for the last quarter of a century at a terrific pace, took a backward spring the other day, and in Durango, Colo., lifted the curtain that hides the dear and presumably dead past to show the world an old fashioned newspaper fight that ended in a killing.

What a long, long backward jump that Durango episode made! It is almost as though the dinosaur from the South American lake should actually come strolling down Fifth avenue harnessed to an auto. The editorial manslaughter, the journalistic quarrel, the old town row, the fighting editor, have gone with the old oaken bucket and the pony express. Yet once, the fighting editor was as common as the mincefinger. The fighting editor used to brandish his shooting irons on the village street, and his casual sallies into mayhem and criminal assault were incidents of a dull and idle hour in the town's history. Scurrilous language, obscene allusions, indefensible charges, rancor, bitterness and bloodshed in the middle of the last century were the common lot of the editor. And now we have fallen upon pale and pulling times. Schools of Journalism have long since dropped artillery practice from the curriculum, reporters are no longer "in armor clad." And the once loathed contemporary now is busily engaged in forming a combination with his hated competitor in violation of the Clayton act to keep up advertising rates.

But it was a great day, the elder day of blood and violence! Newspapers were respected when they were backed by the personal army and navy of the editor; they were not the byword and the hissing they have become since it is no longer editorial courtesy to shoot on sight. The Durango editors who injected a casualty list into pure reading matter have taken journalistic amenities for the moment back to the Guelphs and the Ghibellines.—William Allen White in Judge.

She Was for "Safety First."

A farmer and his wife were up before a justice of the peace for assault and battery. The complainant was their hired man. The farmer had been beating his wife, when the hired man interfered. The farmer had immediately turned on the hired man, and for a time the two had it nip and tuck.

Suddenly the farmer's wife had thrown herself on the hired man, kicking, clawing and shouting, "What do you mean by interferin'? Guess my o' man's got a right to beat me if he wants to!"

After hearing the testimony the judge said to the woman: "You must have great esteem and respect for your husband when you will help him beat up a man who has just prevented him from beating you up."

"Tain't that, judge," replied the woman, "but 'safety first' is my motto. So long as Jake was agettin' th' best of it I said nothin', but when I see that he was atirin' an' that my o' man was agoin' to lick him, I knowed that if I didn't stick up fer my ol' man I'd get a good lickin'." "Safety first" is my motto, judge.—Judge.

Yes, Garber's Is The Place!

To Buy Wall Paper, Paints, And Electrical Supplies. The best place for Picture Framing.

THE HUGHES WAY

Cleaners-Dyers-Tailors WE CLEAN HATS

The Margin of Safety

Is represented by the amount of insurance you carry. Don't lull yourself into a fancied security. Because fire has never touched you it doesn't follow that you're immune Tomorrow—no today, if you have time—and you better find time—come to the office and we'll write a policy on your house, furniture, store or merchandize. —LATER MAY BE TOO LATE— O. C. TEEL Reliable Insurance