

# Cap'n Warren's Wards

By Joseph C. Lincoln

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## CAP'N WARREN DECIDES TO ACCEPT HIS BROTHER'S TRUST—SYLVESTER IS PLEASED IF SOME OTHERS ARE NOT.

**Synopsis.**—Atwood Graves, New York lawyer, goes to South Denboro, Cape Cod, to see Captain Elisha Warren. Caught in a terrific storm while on the way, he meets Cap'n Warren by accident and goes with the latter to his home. The lawyer informs Cap'n Warren that his brother, whom he had not seen for eighteen years, has died and named him as guardian of his two children, Caroline aged twenty, and Stephen, aged nineteen. The captain tells Graves he will go to New York and look over the situation before deciding whether he will accept the trust. The captain's arrival in New York causes consternation among his wards and their aristocratic friends. The captain makes friends with James Pearson, a reporter; then he consults with Sylvester, head of Graves' firm.

### CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"Ha, ha!" he crowed. "That's good! Then, from your questioning of the children, you've learned?"

"Not such an awful lot. I think I've learned that—hum! that a good guardian might be a handy thing to have in the house. A regular legal guardian, I mean. Otherwise?"

"Otherwise there might be too many interested volunteer substitutes for the job. Maybe I'm wrong, but I doubt it."

"Have you made up your mind to be that guardian?"

"Not yet. I haven't made up my mind to anything yet. Now, Mr. Sylvester, while we're waiting for what comes next—you've ordered enough grub to victual a ship—s'pose you just run over what your firm knows about Bijé—that is, if I ain't askin' too much."

"Not at all. That's what I'm here for. You have a right to know. But I warn you my information isn't worth much."

He went on briefly and with the conciseness of the legal mind to tell of A. Rodgers Warren, his business and his estate. He had been a broker with a seat on the Stock Exchange.

"That seat is worth considerable, ain't it?" interrupted the captain.

"Between eighty and one hundred thousand dollars."

"Yep. Well, it reminds me of a picture I saw once in one of the comic papers. An old feller from the backwoods somewheres—good deal like me he was and just about as green—was pictured standin' along with his city nephew in the gallery of the exchange. And the nephew says, 'Uncle, says he, 'do you realize that a seat down there with \$75,000?' 'Gosh,' says the old man, 'no wonder most of 'em are standin' up.' 'Ho, ho! Is that seat of Bijé's part of the \$500,000 you figger he's left?'"

"Yes; in a way it is. To be truthful, Captain Warren, we're not sure as to the amount of your brother's tangible assets. Graves made a hurried examination of the stocks, bonds and memoranda and estimated the total, that's all."

"I see. Well, heave ahead."

"What we propose, provided you decide to accept the trust, the executorship and the rest, is to get together—you and Graves if he is well enough, you and I if he is not—and begin a careful examination of the stocks, bonds, assets and debts of the estate. This must be done first of all."

"Graves hinted there wasn't any debt to amount to anything."

"So far as we can see there are none except a few trifling bills."

"Yes, yes. Hum!" Captain Elisha put down his coffee spoon and seemed to be thinking. He shook his head. "I was puzzled afore I left home, and I'm just as puzzled now."

"What puzzles you, if I may ask?"

"Everything. And, if you'll excuse my sayin' so, Mr. Sylvester, I guess it puzzles you too."

He returned his host's look. The latter pushed back his chair, preparatory to rising.

"It is all so perfectly simple on the face of it, Captain Warren," he said. "Your brother realized that he must die, that his children and their money must be taken care of; you were his nearest relative; his trust in your honesty and judgment caused him to overlook the estrangement between you. That's the case, isn't it?"

"Yes. That's the case, on the face of it, as you say. But you've forgot to mention one item."

"What's that?"

"Bijé himself. You knew him pretty well, I can see that. So did I. And I guess that's why we're both puzzled."

The big lounging room of the club, on the first floor, Fifth avenue side, was almost empty when they entered it. The lawyer drew two big chairs near the open fire, rang the bell and ordered cigars. After the cigars were lighted and the fragrant clouds of smoke were rising he reopened the conversation. And now, in an easy, diplomatic way, he took his turn at questioning.

Meanwhile the room had been filling up. Around each of the big windows overlooking the avenue were gathered groups of men, young and old, smoking, chatting and gazing idly out. Captain Elisha regarded them curiously.

"This ain't a holiday, is it?" he asked after awhile.

"No. Why?"

"I was just wondering if all those fellows hadn't any work to do, that's all."

"Who—that crowd?" The lawyer laughed. "Oh, they're doing their regular stunt. You'll find most of them here every afternoon about this time. Most of the younger set have rich fathers or have inherited money."

"I see. They let the old man do the worryin'. That's philosophy, anyhow. What are they so interested in outside—parade goin' by?"

"No. I imagine an unusually pretty girl passed just then."

"Is that so? Well, well! Say, Mr. Sylvester, the longer I stay in New York the more I see that the main difference between it and South Denboro is size. The billiard room gang acts just the same way when the downstairs schoolteacher goes past. Hello!"

"What is it?"

"That young chap by the mizzen window looks sort of familiar to me, the one that stood up to shake a day-day"



"Running over?" repeated the captain, aghast.

to whoever was passin'. Hum! He's made a hit, ain't he? I expect some unprotected female's heart broke at that signal. I callate I know him."

"Who? Which one? Oh, that's young Corcoran Dunn. He is a lady killer in his own estimation. How d'ye do, Dunn?"

"Hello, Sylvester," the young man hailed carelessly. "That was a peach. You should have seen her. What? Why, it's the admiral!"

"How d'ye do, Mr. Dunn?" said Captain Elisha.

"Have you two met before?" asked Sylvester in astonishment.

"Yes. I had the pleasure of assisting in the welcoming salute when our seafarin' friend come aboard. How was that, Captain? Some nautical class to that remark?"

"Yep. You done fast rate, considerin' how recent you shipped."

"Thanks. Overwhelmed, I'm sure. By the way, Sylvester, did you hear about my running over the Irishman this morning?"

"Running over?" repeated the captain, aghast. "You didn't run over nobody, I hope."

"Well, I came devilish near it. Ha, ha! You see, the old fellow was crossing St. Nicholas avenue with a big market basket full of provisions—the family dinner, I suppose. By Jove, the household appetites must be good ones. It was slippery as the mischief, I was running the car, and I tried to go between the fellow and the curb. It would have been a decent bit of steering if I'd made it. But—ha, ha!—by Jove, you know, I didn't. I skidded. The man himself managed to hop out of the way, but his foot slipped and down he went. Most ridiculous thing you ever saw. And the street! 'Pon my word it was paved with catables."

Sylvester, plainly annoyed, did not reply. But Captain Elisha's concern was evident.

"The poor critter!" he exclaimed. "What did you do?"

"The last I saw of him he was sitting in the mud, looking at the upset. I didn't linger. Peters took the wheel, and we beat it. Lucky the cop didn't spot the license number. Might have cost me fifty. They've had me up for speeding twice before. What are you and the admiral discussing Sylvester?"

"We were discussing a business matter," answered the lawyer, with significant emphasis.

"Business? Why, sure! I forgot that you were Graves' partner. Settling the family affairs, hey? Well, I won't butt in. Ta, ta! See you later, captain."

Captain Elisha's cigar had gone out. He did not attempt to relight it.

"Um. He's a sociable young feller, ain't he? Don't stand on any ceremony, hey? Caro and Steve think a lot of him and his mother."

"Yes, I remember hearing a rumor that the two families might be even closer connected."

"You mean—er—Caroline and—er—him?"

"There was such a rumor. Probably nothing in it. There is no engagement, I am very sure."

"Yes, yes, I see. Well, Mr. Sylvester, I must be trottin' on. I'll think the whole business over for another day or so, and I think I may take the job. Take it on trial, anyhow."

"Good! I'm glad of it."

"You are?"

"I certainly am. And I'm very glad indeed to have made your acquaintance, Captain Warren. Good afternoon. I shall hope to see you again soon."

Captain Elisha left the Central club in a surprised frame of mind. Mr. Graves had shown no such feeling. If he had heard Sylvester's report to Kuhn at the office next day he might have been even more surprised and pleased.

"He's a brick, Kuhn," declared the senior partner. "A countryman, of course, but a keen, able, honest man and, I think, a mighty good judge of character. If I was as sure of his ability to judge investments and financial affairs I should be certain the Warren children couldn't be in better hands. And no doubt we can help him when it comes to that. He'll probably handle the girl and boy in his own way, and his outside greenness may jar them a little. But it'll do them good to be jarred at their age. He's all right, and I hope he accepts the whole trust."

"Mr. Pearson," she said impulsively, "again I ask your pardon. I should have known. I am very sorry I spoke as I did. Will you forgive me?"

Pearson colored. His embarrassment was more evident than before.

"There is no occasion for apology, Miss Warren," he said. "I don't wonder you thought I had come in my former capacity as reporter."

"Yes, you do. You must have wondered. I am very glad you called to see my—guardian, and I hope you will continue to do so. Father used to speak so highly of you, and I'm sure he valued your friendship. Stephen and I wish to consider his friends ours."

Pearson's reply was brief.

"Thank you, Miss Warren," he said. "You are very kind. Good evening."

In the hall as they waited for the elevator Captain Elisha, happier than at any time since his arrival in New York, clapped his friend on the shoulder.

"Jim," he said, "I was beginnin' to doubt my judgment of things and folks. Now I feel better. That nice of mine has got the right stuff in her. After that invitation you will come and see us once in awhile. That makes it easier, hey?"

Pearson shook his head. "I'm not sure, captain," he observed slowly, "that it doesn't make it harder. I shall look for you at the boarding house very soon. Don't disappoint me. Good night."

The captain's last remark that evening was made to Edwards, whom he met just outside the door of his bedroom.

"Commodore," he said, "a barn full of rats is a nuisance, ain't it?"

"Why—why, yes, sir! I should think it might be, sir."

"Yep! Well, I know a worse one. It's a house full of mysteries. By, by, son. Pleasant dreams."

He sat up until late, meditating profoundly. Then, taking from its envelope the letter yet unopened, he had written to Miss Abigail Baker, he added this postscript:

"Eleven o'clock. I have decided, Abbie, to accept the guardianship and the rest of it for a spell anyhow. Shall notify the lawyers in the morning. Necessity is one thing, and pleasure is another. I doubt if I find the job pleasant, but I guess it is necessary. Anyhow, it looks that way to me."

Announcement of Captain Elisha's decision followed quickly. Sylvester, Kuhn & Graves received the telephone message stating it, and the senior partner was unqualifiedly delighted. Kuhn accepted his associate's opinion with some reservation. As for Mr. Graves, when the information was conveyed to him by messenger, he expressed disgust and dismay. "Ridiculous!"

Stephen also extended a hand.

"Sure!" he said. "Glad to see you again, Pearson. Haven't met you for an age. How are you?"

Pearson shook both the hands. He was embarrassed and hesitated in his reply.

"It has been some time since we met," he said. "This is an unexpected pleasure. Ah, Mr. Dunn, good evening."

"It is Mr. Pearson, the financial writer of the Planet, Malcolm," said Caroline. "You used to know him, I think."

"Don't remember, I'm sure. Yes, I do. Met you at the University club, didn't I?"

"Yes. I was formerly a member."

"And let me present you to Mrs. Corcoran Dunn," went on the girl. "Mr. Pearson used to know father well."

Mrs. Dunn inspected the visitor through her lorgnette and condescended to admit that she was "delighted."

"I'm very glad you called," continued Caroline. "We were just in time, weren't we? Do sit down."

"I'm afraid I can't wait, Miss Warren. I dropped in to see your uncle, at his invitation, and, as a matter of fact, I didn't know—"

"To see our uncle?" interrupted Stephen in amazement. "Who?"

"Your uncle, Captain Warren here," explained Pearson, surprised in his turn. "He and I made each other's acquaintance yesterday, and he asked me to call."

"You—you called to see him?" repeated Stephen. "Why, what in the world—"

"I took the liberty of askin' him, Caroline," observed Captain Elisha quietly, ignoring the last speaker. "I didn't know you knew him, and I used to sail along with his uncle, so he seemed almost like own folks."

"Oh!" Caroline's manner changed. "I presume it was a business call," she said slowly. "I beg pardon for interrupting. We had not seen you since

### CHAPTER VII.

"An Unexpected Pleasure."

DURING the next day Caroline Warren and her brother saw little of their uncle. Not that they complained of this or sought his society. The policy of avoidance and what Stephen called "freezing out" had begun, and the young people kept to themselves as much as possible. At breakfast Caroline was coldly polite and her brother cold, although his politeness was not overdone. However, Captain Elisha did not seem to notice.

In the evening he received a call from Pearson. When Pearson heard that A. Rodgers Warren was a brother of his host he expressed great surprise, and his astonishment was even greater when he was made aware that he was in the apartments of Miss Caroline Warren. He started to leave when from the hall came the clang of the elevator door and the sound of voices. Before the captain or his friend could move Caroline, Stephen, Mrs. Corcoran Dunn and Malcolm entered. Caroline was the first to reach the library.

"I beg your pardon," she began. "I did not know there was any one here."

"It's only a friend of mine, Caroline," explained her uncle quickly. "Just callin' on me, he was."

"Good evening, Miss Warren," said Pearson quietly.

"Why, Mr. Pearson!" she exclaimed. "I'm very glad to see you. You must excuse me for not recognizing you at once. Steve, you remember Mr. Pearson."

Stephen also extended a hand.

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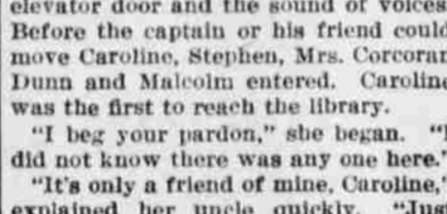
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"A barn full of rats is a nuisance, ain't it?"

"Doctor, I simply must be up and about within the next few days. It is necessary that a sane, conservative man be at the office. Far be it from me to say a word against Sylvester as a lawyer, but he is subject to impressions. I imagine this Cape Codder made him laugh, and, therefore, in his opinion, is all right. I'm glad I'm not a joker."

The captain forces Malcolm Dunn to act a man's part, and thereby increases the latter's antagonism toward him. Read about it in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

father's death, Mr. Pearson, assumed that you had called upon my brother and me. Excuse me. Mrs. Dunn, we will go into the drawing room."

She led the way toward the apartment. Captain Elisha was about to speak. Pearson, however, explained for him.

"Miss Warren," he said, "if by a business call you mean one in the interest of the Planet, I assure you that you are mistaken. I am no longer connected with any paper. I met Captain Warren under rather unusual circumstances. We discovered that we had mutual friends and mutual interests. He asked me to call on him, and I did so. I did not know until five minutes ago that he was your uncle or that you and your brother lived here. I beg you won't leave the room on my account. I was about to go when you came. Good evening."

He bowed and stepped toward the hall. Captain Elisha laid a hand on his arm and detained him.

"Just a minute," he said. "Caroline, I want you and Steve to know that what Mr. Pearson says is exactly true. I ain't the kind to talk to the newspapers about the private affairs of my relations, and if I'm any judge of character Mr. Pearson, knowin' you as it seems he does, wouldn't be the kind to listen. That's all. Now, Jim, if you must go."

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## CHANGE IN THE FARMER'S LIFE

### "Making a Living" Idea Has Developed into a "Money Making Fact."

A few years ago—and not so many at that—most farmers were satisfied if they saw ahead of them the opportunity to make a fair living, a reasonable competence in their falling years, and an assurance of an existence for their families. They worked hard, and tilled their acres with this end in view. Honest struggle, earnest effort and a true conception of upright manhood, together with the increasing knowledge that upon the fruits of their endeavor rested the structure of the world, whose people had to be fed and maintained. Economy in method, improved conditions of working, have added to the farmer's possibilities, and today instead of being a plodder for an existence, which his early training had bred into him, he has become the bulwark of the nation, and, as such, has become elevated to a position where his word and his work are recognized as the factors it was always intended they should be. He is now the man of business—of big business. He has forced an appreciation of his work, and the true value has been placed upon it. The big men of the country today are the farmers, who, with business acumen and forensic forethought are able to tell you—from their books—what it costs to produce a bushel of wheat or a pound of wool.

All of which is intended to prove that farming is a business, as much as banking or selling a suit of clothes. It is an industrial business, with more certain profits than accompany any other line of trade. It is a manufacturing enterprise, devoid of any of the dangers that the frills of fashion's follies and desires force upon ordinary pursuits. Food is something that all must have and the farmer produces it. The cheaper it can be produced the less will be the cost to the consumer. And this is one of the chief thoughts of the farmer. Within the memory of the ten-year-old boy there have been improvements in machinery, changes in methods, scientific discoveries of chemicals as adapted to agriculture, all of which has lessened cost of production and made possible the cultivation of increased acres. In some parts these things have brought about more intensified agriculture, growing heavier crops on less acres. Improved machinery and demand for greater production have led another class in search of larger areas, where their ability may cope with the growing of a greater number of bushels. That is one of the reasons why Western Canada lands have recently come into such demand. These, at from twenty to thirty dollars an acre, and producing the prodigious crops that are claimed for them, have attracted thousands of American settlers, while other thousands have gone out into the lands in the Western states. But, as to the Canada lands, there is this to say of them, today they are cheap, and if they will yield sufficient in one year to pay the cost of the entire purchase, why should not there be a demand. The country is well settled, and settlement is increasing. As evidence of the growth of the three Western Provinces into whose territories the Canadian Government invites settlers, recent reports show the following increases from 1913 to 1917 inclusive:

	1913	1917
Manitoba	\$64,557,000	\$137,470,550
Saskatchewan	129,376,000	340,488,200
Alberta	46,712,000	176,965,800
Total	\$240,645,000	\$663,924,550

The total value of field crops for 1917 was \$663,924,550, produced on less than 59,000,000 acres of land.

Further evidence of prosperity and progress is found in the Government estimate of the value of farm lands, and increase in value since 1908:

	1908	1916
Manitoba	27.30	32.03
Saskatchewan	20.40	23.07
Alberta	18.20	22.18

It will be observed that the average price of land has not kept pace with their producing value. It is therefore pointed out that the opportunities for the purchase of high-class land is still within the reach of those with limited means.

A good idea of advancement in a country's progress may be obtained by a knowledge of what has been done in the production of cattle, and when these figures are studied in connection with Western Canada, a country whose fame having been heralded as a grain-growing country, giving the idea that that was what it was mostly adapted to, it will be realized that there is there a vast storehouse of wealth awaiting those who choose to take advantage of it. In the three provinces in 1912 there were—horses, mule cows, other cattle, sheep and swine, four million head, while in 1917 the number was seven million.

In 1901 the entire population was 419,512; in 1916 1,698,220.

One marvels at the rapid progress of the United States during the nineteenth century. But America's opportunities for growth at the beginning of that century were nothing compared to the opportunities which are Canada's at the present time.

The fact that Canada has as its next door neighbor a nation of over 100,000,000—the richest nation in the world—is bound to have a stimulating effect

on its progress. Already one sees signs of it on every hand.

Canada not only has the largest area of unoccupied, but fertile, land of any country, but this land is already made available by a network of railways. Cost of production of grain is lower than elsewhere, while the prices are on a basis of those of the United States.—Advertisement.

**Burdened Down.**

"Great Scott! Does your wife make you do all the marketing downtown?"

"No. I'm just trying to carry home the soap, and the coffee and the tennypenny nails and the garden house and the dried beef that we don't need that I had to buy in order to get the pound of sugar that we absolutely had to have."

## LEMONS WHITEN THE COMPLEXION

### ANY WOMAN CAN MAKE UP THIS CREAMY BEAUTY LOTION FOR A FEW CENTS.

The juice of two fresh lemons strained into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white makes a whole quarter pint of the most remarkable lemon skin beautifier at about the cost one must pay for a small jar of the ordinary cold creams. Care should be taken to strain the lemon juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach a darkened skin and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan and is the ideal skin softener, whitener and beautifier.

Just try it! Get three ounces of orchard white at any drug store and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quarter pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands.—Adv.

**The Hoover Instinct.**

He was four years old and was sent to the grocery to get a can of beans for the Monday lunch. The youngster was fond of this dish and after the can was opened and the contents emptied into a dish took particular pains to place the beans near his plate. He soon had helped himself to a fair portion and just as soon had eaten it. He helped himself the second time and had just finished the third helping when his father, seeing what he was doing, suddenly said:

"Son, are you not going to eat anything with your beans?" And the lad quietly remarked: "Yes, pass the salt and pepper."

**Didn't Get It.**

As a result of a baby having been left on his front porch a few days ago, Homer D. Basset, druggist at 904 Massachusetts avenue, has been the brunt of many attempted jokes. Two young women of the neighborhood entered his store the other day, and hoping to have a little fun, smiled and said to Mr. Basset: "Well, how's the pop?"

"Five cents a bottle," was Mr. Basset's reply, after which the girls gave up.—Indianapolis News.

**Truth and Poetry.**

"Why do you object to spring poets?"

"They're such unreliable weather prophets!"

**Proof Enough.**

"Perfect imbecile, is he?"

"Why, if he married for money he'd get it."

## BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies, when Boschee's German Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Made in America and sold for more than half a century.—Adv.

**The Main Thing.**

"Sue married a man not of words but of deeds."

"Were they title deeds?"

An old bachelor says that some women marry for the purpose of obtaining a listener who can't get away.

## FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should have vanished entirely. It is lighter ones more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Once in a while a woman gets so angry at her husband that she refuses to talk back.

Scarcity of cyanide is restricting the production of silver, particularly in Mexico.

Occasionally the first to propose a reform is the last to accept it.

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