

The TWICE AMERICAN

By ELEANOR M. INGRAM

"Oh," she faltered. "Oh!"
All the way there, Noel had been planning with desperate anxiety what he would say to her when she was found. What words he would choose to hold her while he made his plea for pardon and another trial. He had not forgotten his two dismissals. Now he met her frightened gaze and was beside her with a movement as unpremeditated as a drawn breath. To her he went, catching both her small fair hands and resting his tired eyes against their cool softness.

"Rosalind," he said, "it is the beggar again! Princess, be kind to a shivering heart!"

Anitra slipped to the floor between them. Her wax eyelids fell shut as if to close out the ingratitude of these two human beings brought together through her agency alone.

"Yes," said Rosalind, quite innocently. "Yes, since you came first to me. If you had gone first to Constance—never, never, never!"

By which speech the embittered Anitra might have judged the princess safe from too arid perfection.

After a time Rosalind grew serious once more. She put both hands on Noel's breast to hold him sufficiently away from her to permit coherent intercourse.

"I knew you, David, before I spoke to you at the hotel window. Are you quite sure that you understand? I never would have gone to that dance with you, no, never—if I had not known that you were you. Not even though I wanted the doll with all my heart! You do not think lightly of me for that, now? You never will?"

"Have I not been punished enough by your leaving me, Rosalind, without that question?"

"Oh, but I did not really leave you! I only moved us all across the hall, because I had to know whether you truly wanted me myself."

"I want nothing else in all the world."

"But I must tell you. Your name was written, David, on the box that held the turquoise ring you gave me so long ago. Had you forgotten? Papa knew all about you when we were children. Perhaps he even helped me a little to remember you,

at first. He always declared that he had seen the spirit of all the great lovers of the world in your poor, thin face and hollow eyes. And then—Corey wrote to me. Oh, a girl who knew nothing else of you must have loved you from his letters! After that why, you are a very distinguished personage! Papa and I have read all the things printed about you. Magnificent things, my Twice American! We read in the newspapers when you arrived in New York, and I saw your picture. And—perhaps I wondered if you still remembered the little girl who had the outrageous rudeness to kiss."

"You know that my life has been one memory," he answered, undisturbed by happiness.

"Very well, sir! Now you may know that when I presented you to my father, that first evening, he remembered you so well that I was afraid every moment he would betray me to the superb gentleman who did not want the dancing girl at all."

"Will he forgive me, too? My dear, my dear, will you come with me to your own house? You and he, forever?"

"And Abel? You do not know Abel yet—how he was loyal and good to my father when all the brilliant friends and flatterers drifted away. When my father was a very young man, he saved Abel from a terrible massacre; and he never forgot. Abel shall come with us?"

"If he will so far honor our home, it is his. By and by Bruce shall come there to you, also. Rosalind, I have been so long alone; tell me again that I am to have you."

She lifted to his gaze the clear beauty of her face.

"Did I not tell you that the woman whom you loved so long and well must feel your thoughts like a strong river rushing about her; must have vague dreams by night which shut her away from other men by day? Oh, David, I only told you what I had felt and known, from the day I gave you the shoes until now. And all the time you thought of Constance!"

"Not of Constance," denied David Noel, stooping his face to hers, "but of you my constant princess!"

THE END.

Makes Them Hysterical.

From the Milwaukee Journal.
A Chicago republican organ declares that Mr. Hoover is popular with woman voters, but declares his weakness will be with the soldiers. Can anyone guess why the soldiers should boycott Mr. Hoover? Wouldn't you think that a man whose genius for organization resulted in increased production of food, in hitherto unheard of saving of food for the sustenance of our armies and the armies of our allies would commend himself to our soldiers?

But the Chicago newspaper says no. It says that Hoover will be weak in the soldiers because "he was not in the fighting forces and he was not in the service of supply which encountered danger and met hardships." And then follows more about Hoover's having comfortable quarters when the soldier had a shell hole and Hoover's riding in a comfortable railway coach when the soldier had to go on his feet and so ad nauseam. Mr. Hoover no doubt should have insisted on upsetting the railroads by riding in a box car and should have slept in the mud. But since no candidate did these things, this newspaper's objection must be not that Mr. Hoover did not do them, but that he did not help win the war.

One is amazed that anybody could imagine the American soldier so great a fool as either to think of such things or to be taken in by them. Of course, if Hoover can be attacked in this way, every single civilian concerned in the winning of the war at home, every member of congress, every department head can be so attacked. The soldier is hardly such an easy mark for insinuation as the politicians are questioning. But in the newspaper in question really so afraid of Hoover that it loses its balance in an attempt to hurt him?

Shopkeeper Talks.
"Merchants everywhere are disposed to sell out," said a London shopkeeper, "and of course the very large shops are anxious to acquire neighborhood branches. But the merchant, whose success has been founded on the loyalty and cheapness of his clerks, no longer has heart to stay in business. The division between employers and employees has been made acute. The employee is a part of the trade union machine and the employer is aligned with other employers. I think it must have been this mingling together of employers which started to break down the competitive spirit in British trade."

"There is no longer any fight left in business. Merchants are no longer bitter enemies. They are more like members of a club. Goods are bought at the lowest prices and to the original cost is scientifically added the selling expense plus the usual percentage of profit. It is all cold and mathematical."

All Fixed for Rain.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
"Why don't you provide something for a rainy day?"
"Ain't I got everything! Nonskid tires and chains."

Modern Circuit Riders.
Seven Pullman chapel cars, built at an average cost of \$20,000 each, are solving the transportation problem of the present day circuit rider of the Northern Baptist convention. The cars are operated over railroad lines that have opened up new sections of the country where churches, auditoriums and schools are conspicuous by their absence. In connection with the chapel cars the church also maintains three steam yachts, 18 prairie schooners and 16 colportage automobiles. They carry the gospel to people who can be reached in no other way.

LESS MEAT IF BACK AND KIDNEYS HURT

Take a Glass of Salts to Flush Kidneys if Bladder Bothers You.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.—Adv.

Beginner's Luck.

"Stranger," said Plute Pete, "you've won quite a little money since we began to teach you this game known as draw poker."

"I've had what might be called beginner's luck."

"You sure have. And me and Three-Finger Sam here has decided it's about time to change the entertainment to some kind of a game that you know and we don't."

100% PEP!

If Constipated, Bilious or Headachy, take "Cascarets."

Feel lousy! Be efficient! Don't stay sick, bilious, headachy, constipated. Remove the liver and bowel poison which is keeping your head dizzy, your tongue coated, your breath bad and stomach sour. Why not spend a few cents for a box of Cascarets and enjoy the nicest, gentlest laxative-cathartic you ever experienced? Cascarets never gripe, sicken or inconvenience one like Salts, Oil, Calomel or harsh Pills. They work while you sleep.—Adv.

High-Priced Language.

"Hey, Bill!"
"What is it?"
"Your doctor's out here with a fat fire."

"Diagnose the case as flatulency of the perimeter and charge him accordingly," ordered the garage man. "That's the way he does biz."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

RUB RHEUMATISM OR SORE, ACHING JOINTS

Rub Pain Right Out With Small Trial Bottle of Old "St. Jacobs Oil."

Rheumatism is "pain" only. Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Stop drugging. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right into your sore, stiff, aching joints and muscles, and relief comes instantly. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and cannot burn the skin. Limber up! Quit complaining! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, and in just a moment you'll be free from rheumatic pain, soreness, stiffness and swelling. Don't suffer! Relief awaits you. "St. Jacobs Oil" has cured millions of rheumatism sufferers in the last half century, and is just as good for sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, backache, sprains.—Adv.

Extreme Economist.

"Are the locomotives going to ring bells and blow whistles when their engineers' wages are raised?"
"I don't know," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, cautiously, "whether we can afford to use up all that steam and manpower."

\$100 Reward, \$100

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$100 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists 25c. Testimonials free. P. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

The Retort Courteous.

He—Don't you try to make a fool of me.
She—Not after your boasts of being a self-made man and doing the job much better than I could.

Youth doesn't value its youth, and even a million in later years has its disappointment.

Says an amateur poultry fancier: "The only money in chickens is what they swallow."

THE ROSE-GARDEN HUSBAND

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

The Liberry teacher lifted her eyes from a half made catalog card, eyed the relentlessly slow clock and checked a long wriggle of purest, frankness. Then she gave a furtive glance around to see if the children had noticed she was off guard; for if they had she knew the whole crowd might take more liberties than they ought to, and have to be spoken to by the janitor. He could do a great deal with them, because he understood their attitude to life, but that wasn't good for Liberry teacher's record.

It was four o'clock of a stickily wet Saturday. As long as it is anything from Monday to Friday the average library attendant goes around thanking her stars she isn't a school teacher; but the last day of the week, when the rest of the world is having its relaxing Saturday off and coming to gloat over you as it acquires its Sunday reading best seller, if you work in a library you begin just at noon to wish devoutly that you'd taken up scrubbing by the day, or hack driving, or porch climbing or anything on earth that gave you a weekly half holiday!

So the Liberry teacher braced herself severely and put on her reading glasses with a view to looking older and more firm. "Liberry teacher," it might be well to explain was not her official title. Her description on the pay roll ran "Assistant for the Children's Department, Greenway Branch, City Public Library." Grown up people, when she happened to run across them, called her Miss Braithwaite. But "Liberry Teacher" was the only name the children ever used, and she saw scarcely anybody but the children, six days a week, 51 weeks a year. As for her real name, that nobody ever called her by, that was Phyllis Narcissa.

She was quite willing to have such a name as that buried out of sight. She had a sense of fitness; and such a name belonged back in an old New England parsonage garden full of pink roses and nice green caterpillars and girl dreams, and the days before she was 18; not in a smutty city library, attached to a 25-year-old young woman with reading glasses and fine discipline and a woolen shirtwaist!

It wasn't that the Liberry Teacher didn't like her position. She not only liked it, but she had a great deal of admiration for it, because it had been exceedingly hard to get. She had held it firmly now for a whole year. Before that she had been in the cataloging, where your eyes hurt and you got a little pain between your shoulders, but you sit down and cantalk to other girls; and before that in the circulation, where it hurts your feet and you get ink on your fingers, but you see lots of funny things happening. She had started at 18 years old, at \$30 a month. Now she was 25, and she got all of \$50, so she ought to have been a very happy Liberry Teacher indeed, and generally she was. When the children wanted to specify her particularly they described her as "the pretty one that laughs." But at four o'clock of a wet Saturday afternoon, in a badly ventilated, badly lighted room full of damp little unwashed foreign children, even the most sunny hearted Liberry Teacher may be excused for having thoughts that are a little tired and cross and restless.

She flung herself back in her desk chair and watched, with brazen indifference, Giovanni and Liberata Bruno stickily pawing the colored Bird Book that was supposed to be looked at only under supervision; she ignored the fact that three little Caechs were fighting over the walling library cat; and the sounds of conflict caused by Jimmy Hoolan's desire to get the last surviving Alger book away from John Zanowski moved her not a white. The Liberry Teacher had stopped, for five minutes, being grown up and responsible and she was wishing—wishing hard and vengefully. This is always a risky thing to do, because you never know when the destinies may overhear you and take you at your exact word. With the detailed and careful accuracy one acquires in library work she was wishing for a sum of money, a garden, and a husband—but principally a husband. This is why:

That day as she was returning from her long deferred twenty minute dairy lunch, she had charged, umbrella down, almost full into a pretty lady getting out of a shiny gray limousine. Such an unnecessarily pretty lady, all furs and fluffles and veils and perfumes and waved hair! Her cheeks were pink and her expression was placid, and each of her white gloved hands held tight to a pretty picture book child who was wriggling with wild excitement. One had yellow frilly hair and one had brown bobbed hair, and both were quaintly, immaculately, expensively kissable. They were the kind of children every girl wishes she could have a set like, and hugs when she gets a chance. Mother and children were making their way, under an awning that crossed the street, to the matinee of a fairy play.

The Liberry Teacher smiled at the children with more than her accustomed good will, and lowered her umbrella quickly to let them pass. The mother smiled back, a smile that changed, as the Liberry Teacher passed, to puzzled remembrance. The gay little family went on into the theater and Phyllis Braithwaite hurried on back to her work, trying to think who the pretty lady could have been, to have seemed to almost remember her. Somebody who took books out of the library, doubtless. Still the pretty lady's face did not seem to fit that conjecture, though it still worried her by its vague familiarity. Finally the solution came, just as Phyllis was pulling off her raincoat in the dark little cloakroom. She nearly dropped the coat.

"Eva Atkinson!" she said.

Eva Atkinson! . . . If it had been anybody else but Eva!

You see, back in long ago, in the little leisurely windblown New England town where Phyllis Braithwaite had lived till she was almost 18, there had been a principal grocer. And Eva Atkinson had been his daughter, not so very pretty, and not so very pleasant, not so very clever, and about 6 years older than Phyllis. Phyllis, as she tried vainly to make her damp, straight hair go back the way it should, remembered hearing that Eva had married and come to this city to live. She had never heard where. And this had been Eva—Eva, by the grace of gold, radiantly complexioned, wonderfully groomed, beautifully gowned, and looking 24, perhaps, at most; with a car and a placid expression and heaps of money and pretty, clean children! The Liberry Teacher, severely work garbed and weather dragged, jerked herself away from the small greenish cloak room mirror that was unkind to you at your best.

She dashed down to the basement, hurried by her usual panic stricken twenty minutes late feeling. She had only taken one glance at herself in the wiggy mirror, but that one had been enough for her peace of mind, supposing her to have had any left before. She felt as if she wanted to break all the mirrors in the world, like the wicked queen in the French fairy tale.

Most people rather liked the face Phyllis saw in the mirror; but to her own eyes, fresh from the dazzling vision of that Eva Atkinson who had been dowdy and stupid in the far back time when 17-year-old Phyllis was "growing up as pretty as a picture," the tired, 25-year-old, workaday face in the green glass was dreadful. What made her feel worst—and she entertained the thought with a whimsical consciousness of its impertinent vanity—was that she'd had so much more raw material than Eva! And the world had given Eva a chance because her father was rich. And she, Phyllis, was condemned to be tidy and accurate, and no more, just because she had to earn her living. That face in the greenish glass, looking tiredly back at her! She gave a little out loud cry of vexation now as she thought of it, two hours later.

"I must have looked to Eva like a battered bisque doll—no wonder she couldn't place me!" she muttered crossly.

(To be Continued Next Week.)

Upside Down.

From the Atlanta Journal.
Indulgent Mother—You must be awfully careful, dear; the doctor says your system is all upset.
Little Vivian—I guess it is, mamma, cause my foot's asleep, and people must be terribly upset when they go to sleep at the wrong end.

The New Order.

From the Current Opinion.
Some one has said that in this year of grace and prohibition the old line Wine, Women and Song should read Ginger Ale Wives and Community Singing.

Mother and Daughters ALL TESTIFY TO RELIEF

Mankato, Minn.—"I have three daughters who are all strong and healthy today, due, I am sure, to the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When they were in their teens they were all very delicate. I always gave them this medicine and it never failed to give relief."

"I have had, in years past, three operations for wens, my blood was in bad condition. I also would suffer with pains all through my flesh at different times. Could not seem to get anything to help this condition until I began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and the 'Pleasant Pellets' and they gave me wonderful relief. I know of no better medicines than Dr. Pierce's."—Mrs. Mary Goodrich, 218 W. Rock St.

AFTER MOTHERHOOD

Des Moines, Iowa.—"I was ailing and dragged out. It was after motherhood and I did not get my strength back. My husband got Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription at the drug store and I used two bottles. It brought back my strength and helped me overcome my troubles. I have been well ever since."—Mrs. Ambrose Stein, 922 W. 3rd St.

A Dusty Worm.
"Why don't you marry him?"
"He has such freakish ideas. Says he's a worm of the dust."
"But as long as he is a worm with the dust, what do you care?"—Boston Transcript.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Swabbing Yarns!
Slob—You have to keep things neat on shipboard?
Gob—Betcha! Scrubulously clean. —Cartoons Magazine.

"O Happy Day" sang the laundress as she hung the snowy wash on the line. It was a "happy day" because she used Red Cross Ball Blue.

Count your blessings every morning. It should make you an optimist till noon, anyway.

Lots of people come to grief by meeting trouble half way.

One ton of water may be colored by a single grain of indigo.

Sure Relief



6 BELL-ANS Hot Water Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELCHING Caused by Acid-Stomach

Let EATONIC, the wonderful modern stomach remedy, give you quick relief from disgusting belching, food-repelling, indigestion, bloated, gassy stomach, dyspepsia, heartburn and other stomach ills. They are all caused by Acid-Stomach from which about nine people out of ten suffer in one way or another. One writes as follows: "Before I used EATONIC, I could not eat a bite without belching it right up, sour and bitter. I have not had a bit of trouble since the first tablet."
Millions are victims of Acid-Stomach without knowing it. They are weak and ailing, have poor digestion, bodies improperly nourished although they may eat heartily. Give your stomach a healthy chance if an acid-stomach is neglected. Cirrhosis of the liver, intestinal constipation, gastritis, catarrh of the stomach—these are only a few of the many ailments often caused by Acid-Stomach.
A sufferer from Catarrh of the Stomach of 11 years standing writes: "I had catarrh of the stomach for 11 long years and I never found anything to do me any good—just temporary relief—until I used EATONIC. It is a wonderful remedy and I do not want to be without it."
If you are not feeling quite right—lack energy and enthusiasm and don't know just where to locate the trouble—try EATONIC and see how much better you will feel in every way.
At all drug stores—a big box for 50c and your money back if you are not satisfied.

EATONIC (FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

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