

ASKS THE REASON FOR OLD CUSTOM

Service Plate Worries This Old Timer.

"I go about so little, and am so generally unsophisticated, that my knowledge of service plates, and the rules and regulations governing them, is pretty much of the hearsay kind," said Mr. Calo Nicotelli. "I think that I have compassed the where and when of them, but I am still extremely foggy about the why. Of practical utility, I have not been able to discover the slightest trace. The argument that the diner should not sit at table with nothing before him strikes me as fallacious, for nothing could possibly be simpler than a service plate. On the other hand, beauty, as we all know, is its own excuse for being, and many of the service plates have as high claims to beauty as anything that can be displayed on the prandial board.

"Whether beauty is appetizing depends, I suppose, on the temperament of the diner. Doubtless it makes some people hungry to start their dinner by gazing at an exquisite example of the ceramic art, but with most of us I am afraid that it is not a wholly effective substitute for the hors-d'oeuvre. I am still further hampered in my efforts to understand the situation by my extremely material mind with its strong trend in favor of labor saving and efficiency. The service plate has to be put on by somebody. Assuming that it is a decoration, as it undoubtedly is, it seems to me that it ought to be allowed to stay on the table and decorate instead of being removed at the expense of further labor. Not only is it removed, but—if hearsay has correctly informed me—it is returned to

its business of decorating; that of presenting something for the diner to look at other than the cloth. I can't find any reason why he should not look at the cloth, which in all probability also is beautiful, and in many cases is an exquisite example of the weaver's, the embroiderer's or the lacemaker's art, or perhaps a combination of all of them.

"Please understand that I am not offering any objection to, or making argument against, service plates. I'm merely trying to get their raison d'etre through my head. A custom that has been so widely adopted by so many people of the highest culture and intelligence must have other justification than mere imitation. All customs start with a reason of some kind, and some of them, in the course of time, may even get back to it; so I am not without hope that some day I shall find out what it is, for all things come to him who waits.

"As an eminent physician, Buck goes about a good deal more than I do, so it occurred to me to sound him on the subject.

"Buck," I said, "how do you regard service plates on a dinner table?"

"Apprehensively," he replied, "Whenever a meal starts with service plates it's a sure sign that I'll use the wrong fork before it is over."—Indianapolis News.

Even Better

"Now, for office we want a man we can trust."

"This candidate is a big butcher."

"Um. Maybe he'll trust us."

A woman can keep a secret if nobody cares whether she does or not.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 60 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

Some men make a specialty of posing as horrible examples.

THE FORBIDDEN YEARS

by WADSWORTH CAMP

Barbara looked steadily at Steve, but she reacted to a quickened nervous excitement. Esther had made it her business to find out all she could about the scandal in Barbara's life. Why, therefore, shouldn't Barbara make it her business to find out all she could about the scandal in Esther's? Quickly she went back to her first days with Mrs. Twining when she had struggled futilely in the public library on the trail of her own history. Certainly she hadn't glimpsed then the name of Helder in glaring headlines of crumbling newspapers; but, of course, the European journey had interrupted her exploration before she had got very far with it, and she had never taken it up again; but she could pump Steve, and would, as cautiously as possible.

"You never mean she's going to make a show of herself just to remind everybody? Think of Mrs. Helder!"

"I am," Steve said, "and of several others, including my shrinking self."

Barbara went slowly; she wanted to get it quite clear in her mind.

"Maybe she wasn't guilty. I can't imagine a guilty woman making a show of herself that way. What would be the point?"

Steve lifted his shoulders. "I've asked myself that. I've never thought of Essie as being particularly vicious, but I can fancy her being raging and vindictive after spending behind the bars, whether guilty or not, what should have been her most glittering years."

He pressed Barbara's hands. "Don't let's forget there are more pressing and present problems than poor old Essie's: the tangled puzzles of too impulsive youth."

"No use, Steve."

"There is, Barbara. Give me a chance to find a solution."

"I'm afraid," she said, "that you're going to have it, whether I want to give it to you or not."

"Good, good!"

He started to rise, but she held him back. Caution had no virtue now. She blurted it out.

"Do tell me before you go more about this Essie Helder that we're going to see make a show of herself to-night."

He sat back, a comprehending smile twitching his lips.

"The affection of you and Esther for each other is truly touching."

It makes no difference that he should so easily sound her curiosity.

"She found out all she could about me. Why shouldn't I want to know about her aunt?"

"In-law," Steve corrected, his smile lingering.

"Don't haggle, Steve. I never even knew Mr. Lyon Helder had a brother."

"Quite a dashing one, my dear; a brilliant, handsome devil who might have gone further than Lyon if Essie hadn't made him play his games rather too fast."

"Steve! Who was she?"

Steve's voice lowered, his eyes half closed, the tapping of his cane became uneven, restless.

"When I first remember her she was doing for Jacob Manvel's brother about what you did for Adelaide, except that she developed a real gift for making charity shows go. Before any of us realized it

she was in demand for private dinners and dances, because she made them go too; and she was pretty, Barbara. I'm almost tempted to say she was as pretty, in her blond way, in those days, as you are, in your darker fashion, in these troubled ones."

"I won't have your nonsense, Steve."

Steve's cane tapped harder. "There was no nonsense about the way men gravitated."

"Then why did she pick Mr. Helder?"

"You wouldn't ask," Steve said, "if you'd known dashing Bob. Besides, he'd brought as many pelts to New York as Lyon had; enough, Essie thought, to let her storm the town; and I must admit towards the end even Adelaide looked down with a smile. If it hadn't been for the smash she'd have got to the top."

Barbara looked at him with a dawning smile.

"Steve you—you admired her."

He answered softly: "In a general way. Everyone did. But even Bob with all his infatuation couldn't keep up with her."

"You mean she spent too much?"

He laughed.

"Why let your imagination falter? Bob and Essie had larger town and country houses than Lyon with all his wife's money back of him. She became an ardent collector of jewelry, and developed a taste for art which can't be vastly more expensive than any form of egotism I know; and they maintained a sizeable yacht. Everything else went to scale, including, unfortunately, Bob's operations downtown.

He was too crazy about her to deny her anything, and much too sensitive to let her suspect he was getting into difficulties. I needn't inform you, Barbara, that that type of blind passion almost invariably has its concomitant. Bob was as jealous as a one-woman Turk."

Barbara asked quickly: "Did he have cause?"

Steve made a vague movement with his hand.

"Honestly I don't know, probably not, but she was always surrounded by men, usually very rich men, and the worse Bob got involved the more unreasonable he became. Causelessly, I needn't say, at the last he even looked with green eyes on me."

"Did she kill him because he'd found out something about her?"

He spoke slowly, gropingly. "It isn't fun to talk about this, Barbara. I'm sure jealousy figured, but remember he was shot a few hours after he had found out that he was wiped out."

"Then," she added, "why couldn't he have killed himself?"

"Because, as a rule, people don't commit suicide with pistols found lying across a room, or without leaving powder burns. Besides the servants heard violent quarreling just before. The evidence pretty well established that she had got hold of his own pistol unknown to him, which brought re-mediation into the case. No. The verdict seemed rather merciful on the whole."

He looked at her understandingly.

"If I've satisfied your curiosity about Essie Helder it's

been to give you an example of how much damage jealousy can work."

Her head went up.

"I'm not jealous of Esther." "Aren't you? Then you'll leave Gray alone."

She challenged him triumphantly.

"If I did, do you imagine he'd leave me alone?"

At the short ringing of the doorbell she stood up.

"That's probably Harvey. I sent for him to tell him what I've told you, that you've all got to let Gray and me go our own way."

Steve glanced at her hurt arm, and asked dryly: "Was Masters here, too, last night?"

Without answering she opened the door. Harvey entered stiffly, his face lined, his eyes sleepless. Undoubtedly he had borne his share of suffering. Steve greeted him with a warmth that seemed to touch sympathy.

"Hello, Masters! Glad to a glimpse. I'm just off."

Barbara followed Steve to the hall.

"Don't fret about me, Steve. I'm taking the road to happiness."

"No matter where else it may lead?"

She answered proudly: "I'm not afraid. Gray's taught me never to be afraid of him again."

The elevator stopped, and he entered it helplessly, and she went back to Harvey in the darkening room. He stared moodily from the window at the uncommunicative windows across the court. She spoke to make him realize her return.

"Harvey!"

"Why did you telephone, Bobbie? Not to make me happier, not to forgive me?"

She glanced at her paining arm in its sling.

"I do forgive you. In a way I'm glad you did what you did, because it's made a change that you've got to face."

As last night, after he had hurt her, he lacked the assurance that had always been the most pronounced part of his personality. His hands moved restlessly.

"You mean a change between us, and I brought it about."

"You brought it about, Harvey."

He held out his hands, but she didn't move. He spoke huskily.

"Ever since, I've been able to think of nothing except that I hurt, and might have killed, what I love best in the world."

She did her best to keep emotion from her voice, for there was sorrow for her, too, in this necessary settlement with Harvey. He had, indeed, hurt her, but she had never wanted to hurt him.

"That's why I sent for you, to make you realize that you did kill it, for I think what you love best in the world isn't and never has been me, but your love for me."

He tried to deny it.

"It's always been you, Bobbie, even since I can remember."

She looked at him pityingly but without comprehension.

"No. If you had loved me you would have let me go as I asked you to long ago in Elmford; it was your conception of loving me that you couldn't give up. If you had truly cared for me, Harvey, you couldn't have watched everything I did when I begged you not to. You couldn't have come here last night when you knew I didn't want you. It was your love of your love of me that made you do these things. You didn't want that hurt."

She lifted her bandaged arm slightly.

"You hurt it yourself last night, so that it can't recover."

He bowed his head.

"You're punishing me."

"I'm sorry, but I want to be quite sure you understand what your punishment is."

"That I can't go on loving

you. You're using the knife this time, Bobbie."

"I ought to have used it long ago, but you never gave me a fair chance until last night."

For a little while they didn't speak, standing facing each other in the dusk, close, but not touching. Over his shoulder she saw lights begin to twinkle in the windows across the court, she watched shades drawn until her view was a murky blank marked here and there by an indeterminate, scarcely luminous glow. The bulk of Harvey, looming against it, suddenly swayed forward.

"You can't kill it, Bobbie. I won't let you. All I've done, all I've ever thought, has been for you."

She moved back, fearful of his passion, all at once out of his control.

"Not for me, for your love of me," she said, "and you've done for that yourself."

He came after her, was on the point of grasping her; she bent and snapped on the table lamp. Her pity dwindled as she faced him angrily.

"You see! That's how much you love me!"

Drenched by the unexpected illumination, he drew back, abashed, repentant.

"It makes you unhappy to have me touch you. I'm sorry." She leaned against the table, bracing herself with her good hand.

"Yes, yes, yes; and now you realize that can never change."

She sudden light appeared to have blinded him, for he fumbled about the table for his hat. When he had found it he walked to the door and placed his hand on the knob.

"Good-bye, Harvey."

He swung, his face distorted by his passion.

"You mean I'm never to see you again?"

"All you wish," she said, "as long as you don't interfere." He didn't threaten now; he had an air of mendicancy.

"How can I help interfering after what I heard last night?"

Sorry as she was for him, she didn't dare lose her advantage.

"You were a spy to hear anything."

"Just the same I heard enough to know he doesn't mean to marry you."

"If that is so," she said, "it's my fault, not his. Don't interfere again. If you've been watching me stop it, or I'll find means to make you. Harvey, I'm in earnest. You own no guardianship to me, and I owe no obedience to you. The cord was pretty weak, and you cut it yourself last night. Now I'm going my own way."

His shoulders squared. He opened the door.

"Good-bye, Barbara."

The door closed quietly after him. She sat on the sofa and stared at the slightly luminous wall opposite. Several times she reached for the telephone to call Gray, but each time she gave it up; because the room was too crowded with Harvey's response to her enforced discipline.

After a long time she stirred and prepared to go out. The theater, Hackey, Rulon and, yes the Bars and Stripes! Esther wasn't likely to share the noise of that inaugural. Oddly she took no pleasure in the thought that Esther was going to suffer, as she had done, beneath a vicarious shame.

Just before she left Gray called up, and she was glad, and took comfort from his anxiety.

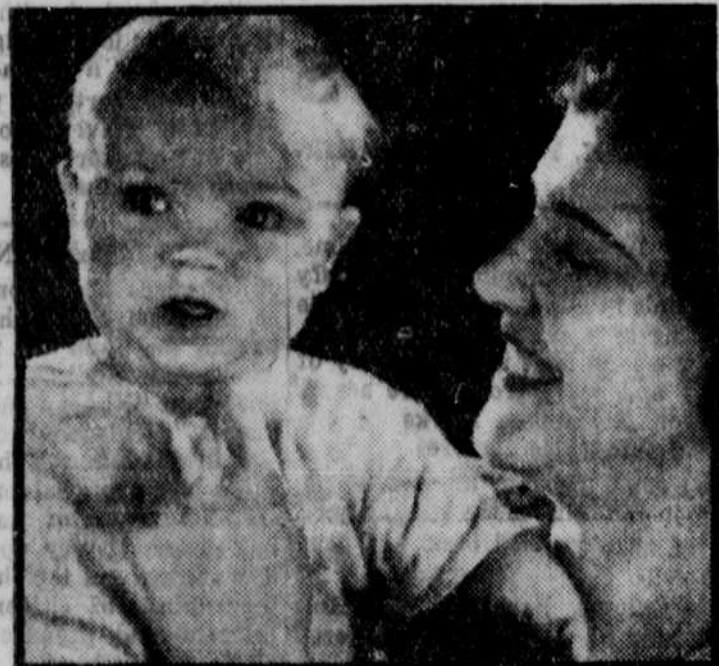
"I've just seen Morris to get a report on you. He said you hadn't been. You're not worse, my dearest?"

"I couldn't get away, Gray. You see I sent for Harvey and he left only a little while ago. I'll report to Dr. Morris in the morning."

"Have you got Masters in hand?" Gray asked.

(To be Continued)

A World's Record



MORE than three thousand births without a single loss of either mother or child! That is the official Platt County record of Dr. W. B. Caldwell, in fifty years' family practice in Illinois.

No wonder mothers have such entire confidence in giving little ones Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin!

If you have a baby, you have constant need of this wonderful preparation of pure pepsin, active senna, and fresh herbs. A child who gets this gentle stimulant for the stomach, liver and bowels is always healthier. It keeps children's delicate systems from clogging. It will overcome the most stubborn

condition of constipation. It builds them up, and is nothing like the strong cathartics that sap their strength and energy.

A coated tongue or bad breath is the signal for a spoonful of Syrup Pepsin. Children take it readily, for it is really delicious in flavor. Taste it! Take Syrup Pepsin yourself, when sluggish or bilious, or you are troubled with sick headaches and no appetite. Take some for several days when run-down, and see how it picks you up.

It is a prescription preparation which every drug store has ready; in big bottles, just ask anywhere for Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.

Discovers Meaning of Alaskan Totem Poles

Secretary of the Interior Wilbur has found out what the two brilliant Alaskan totem poles outside his office door mean.

So many people asked him about them when he first put them up that he wrote Governor Parks of Alaska. The governor called upon John Wallace, the Indian, who carved them, to explain his work.

The Indian advised Wilbur that one pole shows the raven, a good spirit. Below is the daughter of the Spirit of the Creek, then a bird, representing the Creek watchman; then the Spirit of the Creek, who has a

drog in his mouth (being eaten), and the Spirit of the Salmon in his ears.

The other pole is topped by the beautiful daughter of an Indian chief, riding on a bullhead fish. Below is her father wearing the sort of hat to be used in time of trouble. At the bottom is a whale killer who acted as messenger in finding the daughter after the bullhead had carried her away.—Washington Star.

A Trap

"Are you superstitious?" "Not a bit."

"Not afraid of the number 13?" "Of course not."

"Then lend me \$13."

Fools Them All

THEY never guess his age... miss it by ten years at least... always think he's younger. Besides, he has such a young, attractive wife who simply is devoted to him.

Why doesn't he ever feel run down and out of "pep"? The answer is Fellows' Syrup, the wonderful tonic which restores frayed nerves and tired bodies. You quickly feel the good which this medicine does to the entire system. Get a bottle at your druggist's, today. Remember, doctors recommend it.



FELLOWS' SYRUP

Advertising is as essential to business as is rain to growing crops.

It is the keystone in the arch of successful merchandising. Let us show you how to apply it to your business.

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

If new devices you deplore, Preferring antiquated, Then know you, by that simple fact, By others you are dated.

If you would rather sit and read, Than join the crowd, belated At night club-dance or ritzy show, Why, then you're double dated.

If two young lovers you spy And feel love's gold is plaited, Then Father Time has caught you up — And you are just out dated.

—Sam Page.

RIVER JETTY REPAIRED

Agoria, Ore.—(UP)—Sixty carloads of rock daily will be passing through Astoria for the next few months. Some 700,000 tons of huge basalt boulders, blasted out of a mountainside on the Columbia river, will be used to repair the south jetty at the river mouth. Ultimately this will be increased to 2 million tons, according to federal engineers' plans.

LOCKED UP WITH GUN

Houston, Miss.—(UP)—When W. M. Carter, gasoline service station proprietor here, caught a man rob-

a closet and locked the door. Then bing his office he chased him into he called officers. Before they arrived, he got another gun and called upon his prisoner, identified as George Hill, to come out of the temporary prison. Hill did, hands high in the air. He had not found the gun, and Turner turned him over to the officers.

Boarding House Grub

From The Pathfinder. Doctor: Have you been drinking 10 glasses of water every day as I told you? Patient: Yes. I have been drink-

ing six cups of coffee and four glasses of water.

"But coffee and water are not the same."

"They are where I eat."

Something to This.

From Tit Bits. "Well, George," said a country clerkman to an old man who sat by the wayside breaking stones. "That pile doesn't seem to get any smaller."