

MILDRED IN VENICE

Did Things Not Strictly in Accordance With Mater's General Principles.

BY IZOLA FORRESTER.

"I don't see why it would be wrong," began Mildred.

"I don't say it was wrong to do it. I said it would be decidedly out. Otherwise not in accordance to the mater's general principles, and you mustn't do it."

Mildred turned from the lofty embowered window with a sudden distaste for the Grand canal, and its businesslike gondolas. They had been in Venice two weeks, and already her very heart strings twanged a song of home longing. Seth regarded her placidly. The family knew that only Seth could adequately take care of Mildred in Venice. He was plump and normal, and thoroughly indolent. It was as if some one had tied an anchor to a gay little aeroplane, and after two weeks, the anchor was surely dragging. Even Seth realized that much.

"When will mother get here?" She did not wait for the answer. "Not until next Thursday, you know she won't. Seth Turner. And tomorrow's Thanksgiving. Do you suppose that I am going to sit around this decayed, moldy, miserable, dismal old palace with you and eat oily Italian messes on Thanksgiving day. Well, I won't, do you understand. I won't do it."

"He won't have any turkey, child," murmured Seth, kindly. "He's only a poor devil of an architect trying to swallow all of Europe on about fifty per."

"I'd rather be than doing Europe as a girl bodyguard."

"Strike!" grinned Seth, sitting up. "Why not? Lord knows you need a bodyguard. Anyone who wants my job can have it."

"Seth! I think brothers are awfully fussy."

"They're the down-trodden of the earth."

"Won't you go over now and call on him? His blinds are up."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for watching his blinds. I'm not going."

"Don't. I'll invite him myself, then, but I'm going to eat the nearest approach to turkey I can find tomorrow, and have Carl Devereaux for dinner, and if you don't like it, you may go and stuff table d'hote trash with the spencers."

"Here goes me," groaned Seth. "What'll I tell him?"

"Tell him we are Americans, and lonely, and we want him to come over and talk home things."

The door closed noisily after Seth. Mildred waited a moment, holding her breath at her own temerity; then laughed and returned to the window overlooking the canal. It was sunset. Half way down the old palace where they had secured rooms, was Carl Devereaux's studio. The blinds were up. And while she stood there, he came to the window, and lounged up on the broad sill, smoking, and watching the bank of red and purple clouds piled up behind the somber old skyline out towards the islands.

Seth's gondola was near there. Suddenly Mildred saw a figure of a man outlined for a moment behind Devereaux. The next instant the body of the architect pitched downward from the window into the waters of the canal. Her clear shriek clipped the air like a bullet, but Seth, lazy, easy going Seth, was already on his feet, his coat half off. He slipped into the water like a seal.

"He didn't rise because there are stone steps there, and at high tide they're covered. The devil knew it, too, and figured on his head striking them." Seth spoke in a low tone. On the couch in his room lay Devereaux, two English doctors working over him. "We'll keep him here, if you don't mind, Millie. American, you know, and all that. I'm going to stand by."

"And how you scolded an hour ago. You old dear thing. Did they get the fellow?"

Seth shook his head.

"They'll get him at the wharf. He's a Sicilian. He cheated Devereaux yesterday in a deal over boat fare, and got punched. They don't understand a punch here. He was getting even, that's all. The doctors say he'll be laid up for a couple of weeks, and I'm going to see him through. He's one of my frat men. Beat me out of Harvard by four years. Seems a nice sort."

Seth was frowning, and talking in a deep voice, as he always did when he was covering any of his own delinquencies. But Mildred smiled, looking over at the head on the couch pillow. It meant something to this stranger to have Seth Turner for a "frat" pal. The doctors were leaving. While Seth talked to them in the vestibule, she leaned over the face on the pillow. He had turned in falling from the window, and had struck the stone steps on his shoulder, throwing it out of joint, and bruising his whole body badly, but his head was unhurt, and he was conscious.

"What did they do with the boy?" His voice was low and rather husky. "He hasn't been taken yet."

"Hope he gets away. He only followed his own instinct the same as I did in punching him yesterday. I won't enter a charge."

"Seth has, though."

He closed his eyes at the swift pain that ran like liquid fire along his nerves.

"You're both good to me."

"Because you're one of our own. Seth was on his way to see you when it happened."

"Why?" A little crooked smile curved his lips. "I am not a celebrity in Venice. Travelers do not usually pay me calls of ceremony."

"Well, to be perfectly frank," Mildred sat down beside him, her chin on one palm, the toe of her slipper swinging. "I wanted Seth to go over and invite you to Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow, hoping that you'd know where we could get a turkey."

He opened his eyes and looked at her.

"I have watched for you at your window every day since you came here. You'd head makes a spot of red gold against the old wall casement. Did you know that your hair is like Titan and Da Vinci put on their women?"

Mildred laughed. "I know what Seth will say if I let you talk, and your temperature runs up."

"Why do you drop red roses down in the canal?"

"Ships of empires, outward bound. Anybody'd guess that. I freight them with hopes, and let them sail due south."

Seth took possession of the patient, and far into the night, there sat a little, lonely figure at the great old stone casement, looking down at the gayly lighted canal, and the rooms that were dark where Devereaux had lived. She dropped no red roses into the water that night.

Two weeks later Carl found her out on the balcony. Behind them, Seth and her mother, who had joined them from Paris, entertained American friends.

"I followed you on purpose," he said. "I haven't had a chance to speak to you the whole evening until little Kreppels left you to play his cello solo."

"Don't you love that?" She lifted her face, eyes half closed, to catch the first thrilling cadences of Chopin's "Nocturne in E Flat." Devereaux plunged hardly, gathering both her hands to his lips.

"I love—you," he breathed. "I am going back home with you next week. Do you know why?"

"But you mustn't. You have two years more to study here. Oh, Carl—the name came before she could check it. "Don't be foolish. Don't throw it all up, just to follow me home to the states. Don't you know—"

"Know what?"

"Don't you know a girl wants a man to be a winner?" Her eyes, clear dark eyes that never wavered, searched him. "If you really care for me, stay and fight."

"I can come back and finish up afterwards."

"After—"

"We are married." She was silent. He drew her nearer until his cheek rested against hers. "Do you care that much, dear?"

Presently Seth pulled aside the heavy curtains at the window.

"You two are missing everything," he called.

"Directly, Seth, directly," retorted Devereaux, cheerfully. "Mildred was just deciding on Venice for the wedding."

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TWAIN HAD HIS REVENGE

How Great American Humorist Got Back at Chum Who Said He Was Lazy.

When the great man "arrives" the associates of his boyhood days, who used to laugh at the idea of his ever "amounting to anything," retire unobtrusively to the background. But when the opportunity arises to make an example of some such skeptical old friend, surely no one could rise to the occasion more effectively than did Mark Twain on the occasion described by Albert Bigelow Paine.

He came to Keokuk to visit, and was offered five dollars a week and board to remain. He accepted. In the same building was a book store, in which a young man named Edward Brownell clerked. He and Sam Clemens became great chums.

Sam read at odd moments at night in bed, voluminously, until very late sometimes. One night Ed Brownell, passing upstairs to his room on the fourth floor, poked his head in at the door.

"What are you reading, Sam?" he asked.

"O, nothing much—a so-called funny book. One of these days I'll write a funnier book than that myself."

Brownell laughed. "No, you won't, Sam," he said. "You are too lazy ever to write a book."

A good many years later, when the name "Mark Twain" had begun to stand for American humor, the owner of it gave his "Spanish Islands" lecture in Keokuk. Speaking of the unreliability of the islanders, he said: "The king is, I believe, the greatest liar on the face of the earth, except one; and I am sorry to locate that one right here in the city of Keokuk in the person of Ed Brownell.—Youth's Companion.

A Hope.

"I ain't got any sympathy for Turkey; I hope she gets wiped off the map."

"Why?"

"If our boy can't get no more Turkish cigarettes maybe he will stop the habit."

Cause of It.

"My dear Mrs. Jones, why do you look so worried?"

"The coal is all out and my husband is all in."

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 8

THE CHILD IN THE MIDST.

LESSON TEXT.—Matthew 18:1-4. GOLDEN TEXT.—"In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."—Matthew 18:10 R. V.

Like two mighty mountain peaks there stand before us in this lesson two tremendously vital lessons. The first and the foremost is that of discipleship as suggested by the question in verse one, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom?" And the second lesson is that of Christ's attitude towards children. Jesus again reveals himself as the world's greatest teacher. He teaches by example—setting a child before them, and by exhortation, "Except ye become as children," by contrast, etc.

The very form of the disciples' question revealed their coarse ambition for power and clearly indicated that they were as yet far from comprehending the principles of his kingdom. One of the most insidious temptations that comes to the Christian worker is the ambitious desire for place and power. It is hard to reconcile church politics with the principles of the kingdom of God.

Jesus answers their question by the use of objective teaching that always has such an advantage over the purely metaphysical method of an answer such a question. Placing a child in their midst he answered in the words found in verse two of the lesson.

What He Meant.

The word "verily" is tremendous with emphasis. "I say," again reveals his authority to answer. "Except ye turn," what does he mean? To become childish? No, but to be like a child; there is a vast deal of difference. There the child stands trustful, obedient, submissive, unselfish, pure, potential, imperfect, ready to receive impressions as wax and as tenacious to retain those impressions as granite. Pride, self-confidence, disobedience, selfishness, impurity assumed perfectness, and an unwillingness to learn will effectually keep us out of the kingdom of heaven.

What a rebuke his answer implied, viz., not who is greatest but rather "are you sure you are really in the kingdom?" The true disciple who really comprehends the essence of Christ's teaching is far less concerned with his rank in the kingdom than he is to "know him" and thus make sure of a place in the kingdom. Ever after this, when wrong ambitions arose, these disciples must have recalled that sweet child and Jesus saying, "be like that."

Does this lesson then teach us that all children are by nature children of the kingdom? Hardly, though we certainly do not believe that a child dying in infancy is lost. Rather we incline to the belief that they have that spirit of teachableness and trust that fits them to "enter" (v. 3) the kingdom (see John 3:6). Therefore the added significance of verse six. The responsibility of parents and teachers to lead them into the kingdom at this early age when their trustfulness has not been destroyed.

Let us look at some of the conditions whereby we enter the kingdom John 10:9, "I am the door, by me shall ye enter." John 3:3, "Except ye be born again." Heb. 3:19, "They could not enter because of unbelief." Read also 2 Peter 1:5-11.

How to Become Great.

Having thus struck at the primary question involved, Jesus then tells them how, once being in the kingdom to become great, "whoso humbly himself, etc." To humble yourself is voluntarily to choose the humble, the lowly, place for yourself; that place removed from the admiration and the adulation of men. Paul learned this lesson and constantly refers to himself as the "bond slave" and wishes that he might be accused for the sake of his brethren Israel. Moses found this place when he pleaded with God to blot him out of the book of his remembrance but to save the children of Israel. Jesus is himself the greatest illustration of this principle (See Phil. 3:6-11.)

Jesus goes on to teach by contrast what is to be our attitude to ward those who are in the kingdom. There is an incidental illumination of the attitude of little children to Jesus. They were never afraid of him. It is true that he might have meant here humble men who have childlike hearts, but we are inclined to feel that it was real children of which he is speaking. Our treatment of them is our treatment of him, for he completely identifies himself with them.

Jesus pictures for us the heavenly glory that rests upon children and yet we in our folly too often fail to receive them, neglect our God-given opportunity, or, worse still, cause them to stumble, and bring upon ourselves, upon our homes and our nation a penalty even worse than that of being drowned in the midst of the sea. Such is the greatness of childhood. If we are to make sure of entering the kingdom it must be as we get back to childhood, get back to the principles of trustfulness, of humility, of service and of purity. It is then we enter into fellowship with God.

MADE HIM SOMEWHAT TIRED

Mose Had Good Excuse for Wishing to Be Rid of the Company of Sam Jackson.

"Twan't all account o' dat yaller gal, Saliny," explained Mose, talking with difficulty through the bandages that swathed his face.

"I goes out walking wid her and along comes dat Sam Jackson, what she's been keeping company with. Without saying a word dat man comes over and busts me in da mouth. No sooner did I get up dan, bam! He hands on my leg' year and over I goes again."

"After that he hit me in this year and then in the other one; and stomped on me while I was down. When I got up and began to run he followed, kicking me every yuther step."

"I never got so tired of a cullud man in all my life!"

HAIR CAME OUT IN BUNCHES

512 E. Second St., Muncie, Ind.—"My little girl had a bad breaking out on the scalp. It was little white lumps. The pimples would break out as large as a common pinhead all over her head. They would break and run yellow matter. She suffered nearly a year with itching and burning. It was sore and itched all the time. The matter that ran from her head was very thick. I did not comb her hair very often, her head was too sore to comb it, and when I did comb, it came out in bunches. Some nights her head itched so bad she could not sleep."

"I tried several different soaps and ointments, also patent medicine, but nothing could I get to stop it. I began using Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment this summer after I sent for the free samples. I used them and they did so much good I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and some Cuticura Ointment. I washed her head with Cuticura Soap and rubbed the Cuticura Ointment in the scalp every two weeks. A week after I had washed her head three times you could not tell she ever had a breaking out on her head. Cuticura Soap and Ointment also made the hair grow beautifully." (Signed) Mrs. Emma Patterson, Dec. 22, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32 p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Retort Discourteous.

Stranger (locking at the taximeter)—Nine dollars and fifty cents! I told you I wanted to come in the most direct way, and I think you've been driving me round about.

Cabby—Round about, eh? You ought to have hired an aeroplane.—Judge.

Excess of Riches.

"He has nine tons of coal in his cellar."

"That's nothing. I've got only one in, but it's paid for."—Detroit Free Press.

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Cole's Carbolic Soap stops itching and makes the skin smooth. All druggists. 25 and 50c. Adv.

Especially where flirting is concerned a little learning is a dangerous thing.

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

She is indeed a clever woman if she is too clever to show it.

Life is a grind, but it at least sharpens a man's wit.

Every invalid woman is invited to consult our Staff of Physicians, Surgeons and Specialists, at the Invalid's Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., by letter or personally at my expense.—R. V. PIERCE, M. D.

I Invite Suffering Women

There is every reason why women should not trust their delicate constitutions in the hands of unskilled persons. It requires a thorough medical education to appreciate and understand the delicate female organism. There is every reason why she should write or personally consult an experienced specialist.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For "run-down," debilitated women of all occupations.

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

is unequalled as a restorative tonic. As a soothing and strengthening nerve "Favorite Prescription" allays and subdues nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, and other distressing symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the feminine organs. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is devised and put up by a physician of vast experience in the treatment of women's maladies. Its ingredients have the indorsement of leading physicians in all schools of practice.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorates the stomach, liver and bowels. One to three a dose. Easy to take as candy.

Send 31 one-cent stamps to pay cost of wrapping and mailing only on a free copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, cloth-bound. Invalid's Hotel and Surgical Institute, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

"It Helped Me So Much." Mrs. F. W. WEAVER, of Bolinas, Pa., says: "Your Favorite Prescription has done me a wonderful lot of good. Seven years ago when our first child was born I was left miserable. I doctored with two physicians without any relief. I then went to see one of the best doctors in Williamsport. He said I must have an operation at once and that I should quit work, but that was something I could not do. I then began taking your Favorite Prescription and it helped me so much. I always suffered an unquiet bed and I got along nicely. I shall never go through it again without your medicine. Will close by wishing you much success in future."

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WOMEN SHOULD NEVER USE HARSH PHYSICS

Women are especially susceptible to constipation and their more delicate organisms rebel at the violence of cathartics and purgatives. Drastic medicines like salts, mineral waters, pills and powders may afford temporary relief, but their violent action on the stomach and bowels tends to upset the entire system.

A mild laxative is far preferable and more effective. The combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin prescribed by Dr. W. B. Caldwell, and sold in drug stores under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is ideal for women, being gentle in action, positive in effect and pleasant to the taste. A spoonful of Syrup Pepsin at night will bring natural relief next morning and, used regularly for a brief period, will so strengthen and tone the muscles of the stomach and bowels that there will be little, if any, further need for medicine.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin can be procured in any drug store. Your name and address on a postal to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 203 West St., Monticello, Ill., will bring a free trial bottle by return mail. Adv.

Demands of Trade.

"It would seem a flagrantly clear case," said the magistrate, adding, to the burglar who had been haled before him, "What have you to say for yourself?"

"Not much, your honor. But I hope you can give me a short sentence. This is my busy season."—Judge.

As a general thing the kind of man who wears a watch on his wrist doesn't need all his pockets to carry his money in.

Lots of men tire themselves to death looking for an easy place.

Mamma Says It's Safe for Children. CONTAINS NO OPIATES.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR For Coughs and Colds.

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LEWIS'S SINGLE BINDER THE BEST QUALITY SINGLE'S CIGAR ALWAYS RELIABLE.

The Real Problem.

"Well, dear," said the young husband to his bride, "I'll make out of your deposit slip in your name and all you have to do is to take it to the bank."

"Yes," she responded, "but suppose I want to draw out some money some day, how will they know which is my money?"—Harper's Bazar.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

What Are Her Thoughts. "Glady's has a far away look." "I don't understand that. Her fiancé lives just around the corner."

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