

Matrimonial Adventures

The Pie and The Past

BY Joseph C. Lincoln

Author of "Fair Harbor," "Galasha the Magnificent," "Cap'n Eli," "My Whittaker's Place," "Kent Knives," "Cap'n's Daughter," "Quahog," "The Portygee," "Shavings," etc.

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JOSEPH C. LINCOLN, AMERICAN HUMORIST

It was some years ago that I first saw Joseph C. Lincoln. I did not meet him then, because at that time I was "small fry" on one of the leading magazines and had the pleasure only of catching glimpses of the big authors who came to see the fiction editor. Mr. Lincoln wasn't quite so big then as he is now, but the direction in which he was headed was more than evident. Joseph C. Lincoln was born on Cape Cod and started his career at an early age as an artist, but shortly discovered that his talents lay in the direction of writing. Among his first writings are his famous "Cape Cod Ballads." They not only were a success when they appeared, but the book has gained in popularity enormously throughout the years. He has sold stories, short and long, to all the prominent magazines in the country, and he has reached a very special place in the hearts of his admirers. He has the faculty not only of entertaining his readers, of putting the laugh in the kind place, but for subtle understanding of human nature and of people. It is this quality that makes him just plain "Joe Lincoln" to hundreds of thousands of his enthusiastic American friends. MARY STEWART CUTTING, JR.

Mrs. Lurella Ellis took the cranberry pie from the oven and set it on the back of the stove. It was a successful pie, if she said it as shouldn't; crisp, flaky brown crust; crimson, juicy filling; a very good pie indeed. But, good as it was, it was not too good for Obed. Nothing was too good for a husband like Obed Ellis.

They had been married a month. She had come from Cape Ann to Cape Cod to act as housekeeper and companion for old Mrs. Bailey at Trumet. On the first of September she had taken a day's holiday and, in common with at least one-half of Trumet's population, excursioned to the country fair at Ostable. There, lonely in all the great crowd, she had stopped before the booth where one might, for the small sum of five cents, toss three pegs on a rack of pegs. These pegs were numbered. If you were fortunate enough—or skillful enough—to ring a peg, one received a prize. The prizes were more or less valuable—principally less. A red-faced person with pink and white shirt sleeves made strenuous announcement.

"Here y' are, ladies and gents!" he bawled. "Here y' are! Toss 'em in and ring 'em out. A genuine guaranteed prize for each and every ringer. Look at 'em, ladies and gents, look at 'em! Australian solid nickel-silver golf pins! Genuine New Jersey ivory mapkin holders! Alaska diamond-studded hair combs for the ladies! Three chances for a nickel, five for a dime, five cents! Toss 'em in and ring 'em out!"

Lurella noticed that while many tossed them in, but few succeeded in ringing them out. Then a newcomer laid down a nickel and prepared to try his luck. He was, she thought, a striking looking man, thick set, broad-shouldered, unbrowned, wearing a blue uniform with brass buttons and a blue yachting cap. Like her, and therefore unlike the majority of the people on the fair grounds, he seemed to be quite alone. She had been on the point of moving on; now she stayed to watch him make the trial.

Two rings he tossed and each shot, although close, was a miss. "The third, however, fairly encircled a peg. The red-faced person lifted both pink and white shirtsleeves in the air.

"Look at that!" he bellowed. "Look at it! The gent rings number thirty-two, winnin' the genuine Alaska studded diamond lady's hair comb. He lays down five cents and he takes away a hundred dollars—more or less. There you are, sir! There's the genuine Alaska. Shall I hand it to you or will your wife put it on now and give the congregation a treat?"

Lurella was standing beside the winner of the prize. The red-faced person was dramatically offering her the comb. She blushed furiously. The lookers-on, divining the mistake, cheered and laughed. She hurried away. A moment later she felt a touch on her elbow. The broad-shouldered man in the blue uniform had followed her. His embarrassment seemed to be as great as hers.

"Ma'am, he stammered; "I—I wish you'd take it. I—I'd like you to have it first rate. I'm all alone and—and it ain't a bit of use to me, honest."

She drew herself up. Lurella was nothing if not proper. She had never flirted in all the thirty-five years of her life. Having read a great deal, she knew exactly what and how to reply.

"Sir!" she exclaimed. "Yes'm," said the man, removing the yachting cap. "I wish you would take it. That—that feller was a fool and if you say so I'll punch his nose. Shall I?"

She was, momentarily, startled out of her propriety.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "I will if you say so. He's a smart aleck and he'd ought to be licked. But—but, honest, I do wish you'd take this thing. 'Twould look nice on you and—and I ain't got nobody of my own to give it to. I'm a stranger here. Won't you take it, please? I—I don't mean it fresh nor nothin'."

Lurella looked at him. He was about her age, or a little older. He had an honest face, if she ever saw one. He was blushing and did not at all resemble the bold, bad lady-killers of whom she had read in her favorite romances.

She hesitated. Then . . . well, then her own romance began.

Before she returned to Trumet that evening she had learned much concerning the man in the blue uniform. His name was Obed Ellis. He was a bachelor, had been to sea in his younger days, had since worked hard at various employments on shore, and was now acting as watchman and caretaker in charge of the property of the big hotel at Orham. During the summer he was in command of the hotel pier and boats, but now, as the season was over, had more leisure. His wages, he informed her with satisfaction, "went on just the same, summer or winter." He was a Methodist, a Republican, and his life was insured for two thousand dollars. He was alone in the world, just as she was.

Together they inspected the poultry and live stock exhibits. He treated her to salt-water taffy, ice cream soda and a "shore dinner" in the refreshment tent. They saw the trotting races and the balloon ascension. Before bidding her good-by at the railroad station, he informed her that he owned an automobile, and, if she "hadn't no objection" he would kind of like to drive over one of these days and take her to ride.

The following Saturday afternoon he did drive over. The ride was delightful; the little car rattled and "skipped" but kept going. A week later he came again, and twice during the week following. A month later he proposed marriage. It was then that she told him of her other love affair. When she was eighteen she had been engaged to a man who kept a billiard saloon at Pigeon Cove. Later she broke the engagement.

"I found out," she said with a shudder, "that he was dissipated. He never told me, but once I saw him drunk—intoxicated, I mean. He had been drinkin' whiskey then, but when he couldn't get that he drank Jamaica ginger. He'd been arrested and in the lock-up two or three times. If he'd told me I might have forgiven him; I was a girl and I probably should have forgiven him and been sorry afterwards. But he'd never told me and I couldn't forgive that. That's why I'm telling you this now, Obed. The time to tell such things is before marriage, not afterwards. There musn't be secrets between husband and wife. I've read too many stories in books about folks with a past gettin' married, and nothin' but misery ever came 'of it. If you've got anything in your past life now is the time to tell me of it, Obed."

"Sure thing!" agreed Obed, promptly. "What do you say, Lurella? Will you marry me?" She said yes, and, six weeks later they were married and she came to Orham to live with him in the little cottage at the rear of the hotel property. Now, a very happy wife, she was making him a cranberry pie because he liked it better than any other kind.

The pie baked, and the table in the dining room set for dinner, she stepped to the kitchen door to see if he was in sight. He was not but someone else was, a disreputable male, who was sauntering toward her across the back yard. His clothes, his hat, his unshaven face, classified him in her judgment as a tramp. She was not afraid of tramps and asked him what he wanted.

"Ma'am, he said, "does anybody name of Ellis live here?"

"Mr. Obed Ellis lives here," she replied; "but he's out. I'm Mrs. Ellis."

The tramp nodded. "They told me this was his hang-out," he observed. "I thought I'd just stop in and see him. So you're his wife, eh? I didn't know he was married."

"Come in and sit down," she said. Then, another thing made me ashamed of it was on account of beln' fired. Politics, 'twas. Jim Leghorn, he was sheriff, and he give me my walkin' papers to make room for another Democrat, same as him. Only job I ever was discharged from, that jail job was. I'm sorry I never told you, Lurella, but . . . Eh? How did you come to know about it and—and that Dugan tramp?"

She did not answer. Instead, she hurried out into the kitchen, closing the door. The kitchen was empty, so were the plates and the teacup on the table. So was the chair where her recent visitor had been sitting. So, too, was the rack on the back of the stove where the cranberry pie had been put to keep it warm.

A moment later she entered the dining room. She leaned over her husband and put her arms about his neck. "Obed," she said, laughing and sobbing together, "I—I'm awfully sorry, but you won't have any cranberry pie this noon. I—"

Obed interrupted. "Cranberry pie" he repeated. "Who's talkin' about cranberry pie? I want to know why you—"

"Yes, yes, dear. Of course, you do. And I'm goin' to tell you. But first I want to tell you how bad I feel about that pie. I—I'll make two for supper, and you can eat them both, all of 'em, if you want to."

"Oh, over in the pen—the jail, I mean."

The teapot did not fall from her hand, but it came very near it.

"The jail!" she exclaimed. "Why—why, what jail?"

"The Ostable jail, of course. There ain't no other in these diggin's. One and me were in there at the same time."

"When was this?" she asked. "Eh? Oh, I dunno. Four years ago, maybe. How about comin' across with the butter?"

She put the butter-plate beside him. "You and—my husband were in—in the jail together four years ago?" she asked.

"Sure, Mike!" "What—why was he there?" "Eh? Oh, same thing that gets 'em all. Needed the coin, I guess. Didn't he never tell you?"

She wanted to cry, but instead she tried to laugh.

"Was—you in there for—for stealin'?" "Me? Not on your life! Rum was my ruin, same as it's been a whole lot of others. Eh? Haw, haw!"

"How long was—was Mr. Ellis there?" "I dunno. Year or so, maybe. I ain't seen him since. He got his discharge a week afore they let me loose."

A familiar step sounded on the walk by the side door. Lurella started.

"You—you stay right here," she commanded. "Don't you go away. And don't you speak or—move. My husband is comin'. We—we'll surprise him."

She hurried into the dining room, closing the kitchen door behind her. The familiar step came nearer. The side door, that from the walk to the dining room, opened. Obed came in. "Ship ahoy, old lady!" he hailed, jovially. "Dinner ready? Ain't late, I hope, am I? Why, what's the matter?"

She faced him, white and trembling, but firm.

"Obed," she said, "sit down. Dinner'll be ready in a minute. Sit down, I want to—to speak to you about somethin'."

He sat down, regarding her wonderingly.

"To speak to me?" he repeated. "For the land sakes, what's happened? Is the cow dead?"

"No. . . . Oh, don't laugh! . . . I don't feel funny just now. Obed, do you remember that time when you asked me to marry you?"

"Eh? . . . Well, say! Do you think I'd be liable to forget it? Luckiest day in my life that was. Why—"

"Hush! Obed, I asked you then if—if you had a past."

"A which?" "A past. Some secret in your life you hadn't told me. You said no. Now I ask you again. Have you?"

He stared at her. "Have you?" she repeated.

"What—? Say—I No, of course, I ain't."

"Obed—oh, don't lie to me! I couldn't—ever forgive your lyin' to me."

"Lie—to you? Who said I'd ever lied to you? I'll break the swab's everlasting neck!"

"Hush! Sit right down again in that chair. Obed, was you ever in the Ostable jail?"

He hesitated. Then he colored.

"Why—why, yes," he admitted. "But I didn't think—"

"Oh, hush! Be still! You were there—and you never told me!"

"Why—well, no, I didn't. You see, I was kind of ashamed, and—it didn't amount to nothin' much, anyhow."

"Didn't amount to anything? Oh, my soul, how can you talk so? Did you know a man there named—what was it—Dugan?"

"Dugan? Yes, certain. Tough lookin' critter, regular tramp. In there for beln' drunk and smashin' windows and raisin' hob generally. Yes, I know him. He was the only one I had to look after for one spell. We got to be kind of—well, chummy, as you might say. 'Twas lonesome beln' janitor and keeper and everything else in a place like that one-horse Ostable jail, and a feller has to talk to somebody. The sheriff, he only come around once in a while, so—"

"Wait! Oh, wait! You were—a keeper there—in the jail?"

"Sure! I suppose likely I had ought to have told you about it, Lurella; but, you see, I was kind of ashamed, same as I said. 'Twan't much of a job, but I took it 'cause mother was sick—'twas just afore she died—and the boat shop where I'd been workin' had shut down and I needed money. Then, another thing made me ashamed of it was on account of beln' fired. Politics, 'twas. Jim Leghorn, he was sheriff, and he give me my walkin' papers to make room for another Democrat, same as him. Only job I ever was discharged from, that jail job was. I'm sorry I never told you, Lurella, but . . . Eh? How did you come to know about it and—and that Dugan tramp?"

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The American Legion

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

LEGION IS NONPOLITICAL

National Commander Reiterates Statement That Organization Does Not Mix in Controversies.

Replying to an assertion that the American Legion was engaged in political activity in California, made in congress by Representative Goodykoontz of West Virginia, Alvin Owsley, Legion national commander, stated:

"The American Legion reiterates the statement that it is a nonpolitical, nonsectarian organization. It is not concerned whether its members are Republicans, Democrats or Socialists, Protestants, Catholics or Jews. It is the one all-inclusive American organization of ex-service men. The first qualification for membership must be that a man or woman served America in her great crisis. It follows then, naturally, that the man or woman is qualified to serve America in peace, now.

"The American Legion is not interested in the political destiny of any of the great parties. A distinguished congressman seems unable to read the difference between loyalty to political parties and loyalty to country. The American Legion looks beyond and above all consideration of party interest, and sees only the good of the country.

"Mr. Goodykoontz charges that the Legion in California appropriates and is undertaking to circulate a speech of William G. McArdle, delivered at Fullerton, Cal., last Armistice day, in which he discusses the adjusted compensation bill. I have no information that this is true. But if it is, I must also call the attention of the congressman to the fact that for more than a year the Legion has been circulating to its members and to the general public the addresses of Hon. Joseph W. Fordney, chairman of the ways and means committee of the house at the present time, and the author of the adjusted compensation bill. If the distinguished statesman from West Virginia will make a good speech favoring the adjusted compensation bill, the American Legion will, in all likelihood, give the largest circulation to his speech that he has ever had in all his life."

WILSON AND PADUCAH FIRST

Former President and Kentucky Post Prompt With Donations to Decorate Graves in Europe.

Woodrow Wilson, commander of the members of the American Legion during their World war days, was the first war notable to contribute to the permanent endowment fund of \$100,000 which the Legion will raise to provide for the permanent decoration of graves of war dead in Europe. The first Legion post to respond to the appeal for funds was the post at Paducah, which announced a contribution of \$25 within a few hours after the appeal was broadcast.

The Legion, in announcing the campaign, stresses the fact that the raising of a permanent fund will obviate the necessity of making yearly appeals for contributions. The fund will remain in the national treasury of the American Legion, subject to expenditure only for the purpose of decorating the graves of 32,100 war dead in Europe.

Many posts will raise their quotas for the fund by selling poppies during the week preceding Memorial day. Legion national headquarters has obtained a supply of 2,500,000 silk poppies and has urged all members and patriotic citizens to wear the flower in honor of those who lie in Flanders fields.

AH SING IS TO BE CHEMIST

Chinese-American Boy, Recent Americanism Essay Contest Winner, Has Chosen Profession.

Ah Sing Ching, thirteen-year-old Chinese-American boy, of Ewa, Oahu, Hawaii, who won first prize in the American Legion's national essay contest, was the guest of honor at a recent meeting of the Ad club of Honolulu.

After the luncheon, some one asked little Ah Sing Ching, who defeated 50,000 American-born school children in the contest, "What do you expect to study as you grow up and go to college?"

And he answered without hesitation, "chemistry."

The man who asked the question said afterward:

"That little Chinese-American boy has picked what to my mind is the great coming profession—that of chemist. The world today is being developed by chemistry, and the great industrial developments of the future will come through chemistry."

Ah Sing Ching will receive a scholarship of \$750 in any college or university, donated by Hanford MacNider, past national commander of the Legion.

Garland W. Powell, national Americanism director of the Legion, has announced that another essay contest for school children will be held this year.

WILL CONDUCT POPPY SALE

Auxiliary to Co-Operate With Legion in Campaign—All Urged to Wear Flower on Memorial Day.

"Wear a poppy on Memorial day." This is the message to all good Americans from Mrs. Edna M. Barcus of Indianapolis, Ind., chairman of the American Legion Auxiliary poppy campaign committee. The auxiliary has decided to co-operate with the Legion in the campaign which is to be conducted a few days prior to May 30.

The poppies—silk replicas of the real flower—bearing the official emblem of the American Legion, are to be sold in a public campaign opening a few days before Memorial day. Funds obtained from this source will be used by local posts of the American Legion for service work, erection of memorials, and for donations to the \$100,000 endowment fund providing annual decoration of graves of American dead in Europe. A certain portion of this fund which will accrue to national headquarters of the Legion will be devoted to their service work, in caring for the claims of disabled and troubled men, seeking relief through the agency of the Legion's national offices.



Mrs. Edna M. Barcus.

In a recent message to members of the 5,700 units of the auxiliary scattered throughout the United States, Mrs. Barcus said:

"I know that in your hearts you are anxious to show that you remember our glorious dead; that you are anxious to pay a tribute of respect and admiration for those who fought in the war. Let us on Memorial day unite in a spirit of splendid brotherhood and patriotism and in outward sign, in memory of those who, fulfilling the noblest traditions of their country, have written another beautiful chapter in American history. The poppy of Flanders is a fitting emblem to perpetually remind us and unfaithfully teach coming generations our debt to those who valiantly saved the light of liberty for us.

"The unselfish aim of this campaign should spur us to action. Wear a poppy Memorial day. See that every man, woman and child in your community and in America wears a poppy that day."

LEGION HOME FOR ORPHANS

Kansas Organization Is Offered 388 Acres and \$25,000 Cash Toward Proposed Institution.

As a memorial to his two sons, who died in the service of their country with the Thirty-fifth division, Daniel Dabney of Independence, Kan., has offered the American Legion of Kansas 388 acres of land and \$25,000 in cash as a start toward the erection of a Legion home for the orphans of ex-service men and women. Mr. Dabney is an oil man and has taken this method of expressing his belief in the Legion and of paying fitting tribute to his sons and their comrades-at-arms who gave their lives for their country.

"The Kansas department of the Legion is inspired by Mr. Dabney's gift," says Commander W. P. MacLean, "to renewed efforts in behalf of the children. It has long been a dream of the state," he says, "to undertake some constructive program for the establishment of an orphans' home, and this gift makes a realization of the dream seem imminently possible.

"Here is a chance," says MacLean, "to do something big for the Legion and for Kansas. The national headquarters of the Legion is already considering the proposition of establishing a national orphans' home. It has appointed an orphans' home committee of which a Kansas man is chairman. Kansas can get something that will focus the attention and hold the hearts of the Legion to Kansas to a vastly greater extent, and that is the home and training school for our Legion children. We can get it by taking advantage of this big start that has been offered to us by Mr. Dabney, and by going to work at once and establishing a school that will soon be recognized, taken over and supported by the national organization."

A citizens' committee at Independence has been organized and has offered its services in co-operation toward obtaining a fund to erect the first building on the site. The proposed orphanage would be composed of several cottages instead of one large building with the idea of making it a home rather than a formal institution, under the plans now being considered.

MOTHER OF LARGE FAMILY

Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Other Mothers

Windom, Minn.—"I was so run-down that I was just good for nothing. I was to become the mother of my ninth child, and I thought I did not have the strength to go through with it. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has surely done all I could ask it to do and I am telling all my friends about it. I have a nice big baby girl and am feeling fine. You may use this letter to help her sick mothers."—Mrs. C. A. MOEDE, Box 634, Windom, Minn.

My First Child

Glen Allen, Alabama.—"I have been greatly benefited by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for bearing-down feelings and pains. I was troubled in this way for nearly four years following the birth of my first child, and at times could hardly stand on my feet. A neighbor recommended the Vegetable Compound to me after I had taken doctor's medicines without much benefit. It has relieved my pains and given me strength. I recommend it and give you permission to use my testimonial letter."—Mrs. INA RYE, Glen Allen, Alabama.

WATCH THE BIG 4

Stomach-Kidneys-Heart-Liver Keep the vital organs healthy by regularly taking the world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—



The National Remedy of Holland for Centuries. At all druggists in three sizes. Guaranteed as represented.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

How Thermopylae Was Fought. In a class of Greek history at an Indianapolis school recently, a youth was asked to tell the story of the battle of Thermopylae.

The lad had unusual descriptive ability, and he proceeded into the story with great zest. Some of the detail was left out. The heroic stand was described as few others could do. "— and they fought and fought and fought," said the pupil. "They fought until they lost their arms. Then they used their hands."

Received by School Teachers. "Please excuse Mary for being funny. She's just got better of St. Fido's dance."

"Please excuse Willie for going home at recess. He got a pain in the boy's basement and couldn't get up the stairs."—Boston Transcript.

Applause is forbidden in Russian theaters.

Backache Is a Warning!

Those agonizing twinges across the small of the back, that dull, throbbing backache may mean serious kidney weakness—serious if neglected, for it may lead to gravel, stone in the kidneys, bladder inflammation, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. If you are suffering with a bad back, have dizzy spells, headaches, nervous, respondent attacks or disordered kidney action, heed Nature's warning. Get after the cause. Doan's Kidney Pills have helped thousands. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case

J. A. Beard, plasterer, Humboldt, Neb., says: "With the least move sharp, cutting pains shot through my back and kidneys. The kidney secretions passed several times at night and burned in passage. After using Doan's a short time the secretions cleared up. Three boxes of Doan's took the pains and lameness away and left my kidneys and back in a healthy condition."

Get Doan's at Any Store. 60c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Laxatives Replaced by the Use of Nujol

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus secures regular bowel movements by Nature's own method—lubrication. Try it today.

