

"Quotations"

Conceit can puff a man up, but can never prop him up.—Ruskin.
 Advice is seldom welcome. Those who need it most, like it least.—John D.
 Behavior is a mirror in which everyone displays his image.—Goethe.
 The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes, but in liking what one has to do.—Barrie.
 I think a little luck should be added to any formula for success.—Annie Earhart.
 Righteousness will not live without religion, as all human history shows.—Bishop William T. Manning.
 Even if we have chaos in our condition, we need not have chaos in our ideas.—G. K. Chesterton.

KEEP YOUR EYES Clean and Clear
 USE **MURINE** FOR YOUR EYES
 ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

Slow to Mature
 "Let us remember that in social structures as well as in organisms the most worthwhile are not those which grow and mature most rapidly." — Albert Einstein.

DON'T NEGLECT A COLD
MUSTEROLE
 BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Care in Reading
 It is not the reading of many books which makes a man a divine, but the reading a few of the best books often over, and with attention.—Bishop Watson.

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FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER

FLOYD GIBBONS
ADVENTURERS CLUB

Hello Everybody

"U-Boat 151"

By FLOYD GIBBONS.

HERE'S a lad with an amazing story. He is Thomas P. Carey of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the experience he had was one that has happened to mighty few people in the world. Tom—an American—had the rare thrill of cruising on a German submarine while it raided our shipping along the Atlantic coast.

That, of course, happened during the war. On May 22, 1918, Tom shipped as a seaman on the schooner Hattie Dunn, sailing out of Charleston, S. C., bound for New York with a cargo of cotton.

The third day out, off the Virginia Capes, a submarine broke the surface of the water and fired a shot across the Hattie Dunn's bow. The skipper heaved to and dropped the topsail. Tom says that all that happened so quickly that, standing there on the Hattie's deck, he hardly realized that anything exciting was happening. He little dreamed he was about to start out on a great adventure.

Blew the Hattie Up in a Hurry.

The submarine swung a boat over the side and an officer and four German sailors boarded the Hattie. Just then another schooner appeared on the horizon and bedlam broke loose. The sub's commander shouted across the water to the searching party. The searching party ordered the Hattie's crew into the lifeboats. Hurriedly a charge of TNT was set off in the Hattie's innards, and as the Hattie went down, her crew, in their boats, watched the submarine pursue and sink the second schooner.

The second schooner was the Hauppage, bound for Portland, Maine. When it was blown up, the sub came back. The crews of both schooners were herded aboard the undersea craft. Tom then learned that he was on the German submarine U-151, commanded by a skipper named von Nostitz.

There were 17 prisoners aboard, but Tom was the only one who could speak German. "So I went to the skipper," Tom says, "and pleaded with him to set us adrift in the small boats. He refused to do it because he didn't want it known that a submarine was present in American waters. He told me he had a task to complete. He said he had planted 70 mines in Chesapeake bay, and had 50 more to plant in the mouth of the Delaware."

Trying Time for the Poor Prisoners.

At that time there was room enough aboard to accommodate all the prisoners without crowding. The ship submerged, and that was an uneasy moment for a lot of captured sailors who had never been under



A Charge of TNT Was Set Off.

the water before. They hadn't been down long when the periscope watch sighted another schooner—the Edna, bound from Philadelphia to Santiago with a cargo of gasoline. That was captured and blown up and six more prisoners were taken aboard.

While Tom acted as interpreter, the commander questioned the newcomers. They assured him there was no news abroad of a submarine lurking in American waters. Tom says all of them gave Von Nostitz advice about the shore line. They knew only too well that their own lives depended on his navigation. It was a trying time for the prisoners, and their nerves were frayed to the breaking point. For in addition to the hazards of living on a submarine which might be sunk any moment by an American battleship, they were remembering things they'd read in the papers—tales of subs that had shelled life-boats full of helpless men—of prisoners tortured, killed—of men shot up through torpedo tubes and left to drown in the empty ocean.

Still, the German crew seemed friendly and hospitable. They shared their bunks with the prisoners and made them as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The U-151 was running toward Delaware bay, and at 9:15 that night the watch sighted Overfall lightship. Then, without warning the boat gave a terrific lurch.

Disabled by Striking Bottom.

The lurch took Tom completely off his feet. The boat bumped two or three times, then leaped toward the surface. There was general pandemonium aboard. The officers were yelling all kinds of orders. Some of the prisoners were praying, some yelling, while others were so stunned they couldn't move. The engineer cried, "She won't stay down. I can't control her." They had struck bottom and disabled the steering apparatus!

The ship was spinning around, helpless in an eddying current. Lights were looming up ahead, and any one of them might be an American patrol boat. A large steamer passed a few hundred feet away. Two more passed almost as closely. The current was pulling them toward the lightship. "We could hear its bell, and it sounded like a death knell to all of us," says Tom.

Down below, the crew was working with a fine frenzy. At last came the order to close the hatches and dive again. The break had been repaired.

They Cut Two Trans-Atlantic Cables.

The sub lay on the bottom for a few hours, then came up in a thick night fog to plant the remaining mines. At ten the next morning they were on the bottom again while the crew took a nap. That evening they set out for New York. On May 28, they were off Fire island, to cut the trans-Atlantic cables with a newly devised instrument. After two days' angling, they had cut two of them—one to South America and another to Europe.

From there the sub went back to Delaware bay, where it took the S. S. Winneconne and the schooner Isabel B. Wiley. The lifeboats of both ships were drawn alongside, and then it was that Commander von Nostitz told Tom the time had come for a friendly farewell. The prisoners put off in motor lifeboats, and landed at Lewes, Del., after eight days of captivity—eight days in which they witnessed—and lived through—a war-time epic of the sea.

We were all supposed to hate the Germans during the war, but Tom found it pretty hard to hate Commander von Nostitz. As a matter of fact, he and Tom parted the best of friends.

"The Man Who O-O"
 Tales and Traditions from American Political History
 BY FRANK E. HAGEN AND ELMO SCOTT WATSON

EMBLEMS

IF YOU live in a state where they still allow party emblems on the ballot, take a look at them as you mark yours. That eagle soaring above the clouds at the top of the Republican column should remind you of Gen. John C. Fremont, who was the first Republican candidate for President back in 1856. It may be reminiscent of the eagles which he saw when he was "The Pathfinder" in the West or it may mean that the Republicans have been in power so long during the last 80 years that they figure they have a better right than any other party to claim the national bird.

That lordly crowing rooster at the head of the Democratic column should remind you of Joseph Chapman of Indiana whose habit of crowing over Democratic victories a century ago resulted in this symbol for his party.

That rising sun, with its beams glinting over an ocean, as though foretelling the day when there will be "Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink" tells you that below it are the names of the candidates on the Prohibition ticket. Those hands clasped against a background of the earth tell of the Socialists' dream of greater equality for mankind all over the earth. That stout bare arm with the hammer in hand speaks for the Labor party and that sickle and hammer remind you that the Communists would have us follow the example of Soviet Russia.

There was once a time when a Bull Moose snorted defiance at the top of one column on the ballot. That was when Theodore Roosevelt was seeking a third term under the Progressive banner but since 1912 the Bull Moose has been an extinct political animal.

Of course, if you live in a state where they use voting machines the emblems may be slightly different.

The reason for these emblems on the ballot is a practical one, besides their symbolical significance. In the early days they were placed there to aid voters who had left their spectacles at home and who didn't want to vote for the wrong candidates by mistake. When the tides of immigration began pouring into the country millions of foreigners who were illiterate, even after naturalization, these emblems were helpful to them in their voting. As new parties arose the use of these symbols helped avoid confusion and even though many efforts have been made to do away with them, they are still in widespread use.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

IF EVER there was a case of "history repeats itself" in American politics it was illustrated in the careers of Henry Clay and James G. Blaine. Separated by half a century, those careers were almost exact duplicates of near achievement and ultimate disaster. There were other resemblances also.

Both men were magnetic in personality, eloquent in speech and idolized by their followers. Both were master politicians and dominated the councils of their parties but both fell victims to a political enemy whose fateful vengeance followed them all through their days of striving for the presidency. Andrew Jackson was Clay's Nemesis; Roscoe Conkling was Blaine's.

Early in his career Blaine recognized his similarity to Clay. When Grover Cleveland, then comparatively unknown, was nominated by the Democrats in 1884, Blaine had a premonition of defeat. "I am the Henry Clay of the Republican party," he declared to a friend. "Clay was defeated in two conventions when he could have been elected, and he was nominated for President when his competitor was elected. That competitor (Polk) was one who had not been publicly discussed as a presidential candidate before the meeting of the Baltimore convention in 1844. I was defeated in two conventions when I could have been elected. I am nominated now with a competitor alike obscure with the competitor of Clay."

Then he shook his head and murmured sadly, "1844—1884!"

His premonition of defeat was a true one. Cleveland, the unknown, beat him in 1884 just as Polk, the unknown, beat Clay in 1844. So among all the "also-rans" of American political history Henry Clay of Kentucky and James G. Blaine of Maine come down to us as the "really epic figures that stand out as tragic personifications of forlorn hopes."

The Greatest Prodigality

If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality, since lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough. Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity.—Franklin.

General Laws

All the knowledge we possess of eternal objects is founded upon experience, which furnishes facts; and the comparison of these facts establishes relations, from which induction the intuitive belief that like causes will produce like effects leads to general laws.—Mrs. Somerville.

USING EXAMPLES

A wise and good man will turn examples of all sorts to his own advantage. The good he will make his patterns, and strive to equal or excel them. The bad he will by all means avoid.—Thomas.

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