

# FIRST LOVIES

by FELIX RIESENBERG

## EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

"I'm getting ready to go back to the city. I don't know, it seems to me as if my life was to be there, doing something for the city, not just helping Pug pound money out of fat slob who come up here." John and Van Horn were then resting on a fence rail, under the shade of an oak, looking across the valley that separated them by a mile or more from Greenbough. They talked idly. Van Horn pulled out a burnt briar and filled it. He drew a few puffs of smoke.

"You've studied a lot." The older man had a very wholesome regard for John's extraordinary researches. "Well, yes. I have, Gil. But Pug tells me I'm off the road. He's right. But I want your slant on this. I'm going in for engineering. Mr. Rantoul has sort of set my mind that way, not by saying anything to me direct, but by the way he talks when he's up here. I never saw a more certain man in my life. He's a big man, Gil, as big as his bridges, and now he's going to swing another one over the river."

"A civil engineer?" Van Horn looked sidewise at John. "It's a stiff profession; if you go through the schools."

"I guess it's part of that fight; in the city."

"You've been thinking about this a long time?" It was a question.

"Off and on for a year, I guess. I've been worrying Gil. I'm not satisfied. I'd hate to say it, especially to Pug after all he's done for me."

"You've told me a lot about the Bowers, John, and a lot about the East Side. It's the river I'd like to hear about." Van Horn spoke, haltingly.

"Well, Gil, there's not much to tell. My mother was everything on the river. Now that I know more, I realize she was not able to help me. Gil, she was beautiful." John's eyes held a far-away look. "Her name was Harriet, Harriet Jones, of Harverstraw. I know, now, from what I can recall, from things I heard, Breen was not my father. John spoke slowly. He relit his pipe, and looked off over the darkening valley; it was late afternoon and cloudy.

Gilbert Van Horn looked off too, far away. He dared not look at John. Gilbert knew more than John Breen. "My mother was a good woman, Gil. I know that."

"Of course she was, and your father, John, he might be found," the older man still looked away, his voice was very low.

"If I found him, Gil—"

"Yes, John—" the words were expectant. The boy paused intense. "I'd kill him!" John Breen rose abruptly, his fists clenched, his face flaming.

Then the two men stepped off, at a brisk pace, down the hill toward Greenbough Farm. Van Horn walked a pace or so behind John; tears were in his eyes, he could not speak. The boy started to dogtrot ahead of him, but he did not follow as was their custom at the end of a hike.

"Hey, Jack." Pug pounded at John's door a few days later. "Charlie's brought up a letter from Van Horn. A special on it, for you." Pug burst into John's room.

"Well?" Pug was expectant, as full of curiosity as Eve.

"Read it, Pug."

"What that—say, John, I don't know. What's it about?"

"Here, let me read it. 'Dear John.' It's about a talk we had the other day before he left. 'Dear John, I have been thinking about what you said. I won a lot on you in those scraps, and have been trying to figure a way in which I could use the money. If you will enter Columbia, this fall, I'll see you through engineering. You can pass the entrance, perhaps with a few conditions. I'm placing a credit in Pug's name for five thousand, to pay the way. Don't hesitate to take this. You really earned every cent of it. Merely a little speculation of mine."

"I'm sailing on the St. Louis tomorrow. Will be at sea when you get the letter. Going abroad for a few months with my niece Josephine."

tough citizen rose suddenly to make a swipe at him as he ran out and down the corridor to the showers.

For several weeks following his admission to the schools of engineering, after his bout with the entrance examiners, John Breen moved in a strange, imponderable world.

Then came the great day of the flag rush between the freshmen and sophomores and Breen's great strength and superb physique, made him the hero of the school. John caught a glimpse of Gilbert Van Horn waving to him. He stood beside the golden statue. "Boys, let me down." John kicked free and ran across to Van Horn. A great many people stood about. John suddenly realized he was not on the gym floor at Greenbough, that his attire was not only scanty, but scandalous; he was practically in rags. One shoe had disappeared in the battle, he had not noticed it until his feet touched the stone steps.

"Josephine, this is John Breen. John, my ward, Josephine."

John stood speechless. He held the hand extended to him. Blue eyes, laughing eyes, smiled at his predicament. Miss Lambert was completely aware of the striking situation as she felt the tense grip of the hero of a college moment. Then freshmen rushed up to John and hoisted him clear of his embarrassment. He turned and waved at Josephine and Van Horn. They waved at him in return. The crowd was scattering as Gilbert Van Horn and his ward walked down the broad steps to the curb. Josephine looked at her white glove, soiled by the fingers of John Breen. They were silent on the ride home; Gilbert Van Horn looked out of the window of the car. Josephine still felt the tingling grip of the young man in rags. His smile, his tousled yellow hair and white teeth, and his confusion, and his superb arms and body, seemed to flit across her memory, a vivid picture. He was not at all like the John Breen she had expected to see.

That night Gilbert Van Horn sat in the library until long after midnight. Josephine had played for him that evening, she too was in a reflective mood, a romantic girl, a young woman of eighteen. He smoked and dreamed and planned. Gilbert Van Horn was determined upon a course of action in which every atom of cleverness he possessed would be required. At last he had achieved an absorbing occupation.

Gilbert Van Horn, wiser than most in some matters, left John very much to himself, except at holiday periods when the two friends met at Greenbough. As for his ward, he arranged things so she saw but little of John Breen. The boy was in training, so Van Horn argued, and to break training was nothing short of bad sportsmanship. Long trips, visits to Newport, the social activities of a select few in the great city—these occupied Josephine, and at times she pleased herself by a long look at the full length photograph of Fighting Breen, in ring togs, taken just before his battle with the Quaker. This stood on the dresser in Van Horn's room. But the John Breen of the cold eyes, looking straight ahead, his pompadour as stiff as a shoe brush, was of the past.

"Breen, you're looking stale." Harbord of the graduate schools dropped into the room of the studio. It was close to midnight and John bent over his work table, his tired eyes scanning a maze of formulae in the theoretical mechanics. "What are you digging at?"

"Usual stuff." John took off his eye shade, evidently with relief. He had plunged into the work of the schools with determined energy. Feeling himself grow stale, he pushed onward with the utmost vigor, actually working himself to destruction.

"I'd like to tell you something." Harbord drew a battered briar from his pocket and tamped down a half-smoked charge of tobacco. He lit this and puffed contentedly. "Four years—" Harbord rolled the words over his tongue—"leading to—"

"The degree of civil engineering," John sensed a question and supplied an answer.

"Leading to a complete ossification of the mind," Harbord continued, ignoring John's words. "I've watched you for some time, Breen," especially this last year. I'm studying or am trying to study the art of teaching. I came here from a small southern college, you and ninety-nine per cent of those here would not know the place if I mentioned it; one horse all the way through, and poor. Poor, my boy, in money." He smoked thoughtfully for a few minutes. "What's back of all this junk," he nodded at

the few books, sweeping his pipe over the litter, "what are you going to do?"

For a while the two friends sat in silence. John had tossed his eye shade aside and searched for a pipe. He had no particular answer for the question. He was going to get through, he was getting through, well, to do something, but just what he did not exactly know.

"Well, Breen, if the things you are doing are a fair example of the work of our schools of technology, our highest schools of industrial training, driving you at constant overload, I don't wonder at some of the things we see about us. You don't mind me saying this, do you?"

"No," John thought a moment. He had an intense admiration for a great many of his teachers, earnest hard-working men, just, and often woefully underpaid. "You said something about the things we see. What, for instance?"

"Well, if you wish, failure is what we see—the costliest failure in the world. We see prime youth dumped into a machine and sweated and ground and pounded until every original impulse and idea is packed down under a concentrated layer of stupidity. I've made a study of education and have practiced it on others with some results, but what I see here is a farce. The brain is intended for use, not for the stowage of freight. The structure of the mind needs development through action, in thought and reason. Why, dammit, man, they seem to be stuffing you with the accumulated facts of the ages regardless of how, or why they were discovered." Harbord paused, filled and relit his pipe while John sat in silence.

"The worst of the whole thing is the awful hopelessness after you are through here. You are sweated, you are driven and you survive. But what do you survive for? Well, in the course of time your strained technical brain has to do with the work of men."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

COIN DATED 799 A. D. UNINJURED BY FIRE

Corning, Iowa.—A coin 1,133 years old, dated A. D. 799, has been found here among the possessions of Jake Bittner. Mrs. Bittner's father was a coin collector, but when his home burned the coins were melted.

The metal was thrown in a trunk dug out recently, with an eye toward selling the silver metal, the mass revealed one coin imbedded in the silver. Made of copper, it had not melted.

Lost 20 Lbs. of Fat In Just 4 Weeks

Mrs. Mae West of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I'm only 28 years old and weighed 170 lbs. until taking one box of your Kruschen Salts just 4 weeks ago. I now weigh 150 lbs. I also have more energy and furthermore I've never had a hungry moment."

Fat folks should take on half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water in the morning before breakfast—its the SAFE, harmless way to reduce as tens of thousands of men and women know.

For your health's sake ask for and get Kruschen at Purcell's Drug Stores or any drug store—the cost for a bottle that lasts 4 weeks is but a trifle and if after the first bottle you are not joyfully satisfied with results—money back.

LOOK! It's the radiator that heats or leaks that causes your motor to run hot, sluggish or lose its power. Why allow this trouble to kill the pleasure of driving? Prepare for summer driving. We Clean, Repair and Recore all makes of radiators. We sell or trade new and second hand radiators.

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## CENTRAL ITEMS

Central Grange is giving a play at the Central School house on Wednesday night, August 24th at 8:00 o'clock. Entitled, "Go Slow Mary."

Characters: Billy Abbey—Carl Houch—A Young Man out of work. Mary Abbey—Rachel Cauble—His discontented wife. Mrs. Berdon—Mrs. H. H. Fraley. Mary's mother.

Sally Carter—Mollie Neel Barringer—Mary's Boson Friend. Harry Stevens—Carl Deal—Sally's Sweathart. Burt Childs—Walter Kepley—Billy's Friend.

Bobby Berdon—Douglas Houch—Mary's Nephew. Dolly Berdon—Evelyn Pateat—Mary's Niece. Katie—Mrs. H. W. Poteat—The Maid. Danny Grubb—Homes Safriet—Ice man. Murphy—Marvin Deal—A policeman.

Time—The present. Place—Suburb of Philadelphia, Pa. Admission: Adults, 10c. School children 5 cents. Welcome everybody! Come and bring your friends.

## GOLD HILL ITEMS

The revival meeting will begin at St. Paul's Holiness church on Saturday night, August 20th. Rev. Barger, of Kannapolis, will do the preaching. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Salvador, of Evansville, Ind., will assist in the singing during the meeting. Mr. Salvador is a noted Italian piano-accompanied player. There will be all day service on Sunday, August 21st, according to the pastor, Rev. T. R. York.

The St. Paul's parsonage is nearing completion and the pastor, Rev. York, is expecting to move his family in sometime this week. We are very glad to have them in our community.

Mr. D. A. Moss and family have moved back to his place, near St. Paul church. They did live at Mis-enheimer.

The County S. S. convention was held at Rockwell Reformed church on Tuesday and Wednesday. Miss Kate Morgan and H. L. Treece's family attended from this community.

Nine candidates for membership in Antioch Baptist church were baptized in the regular baptising lake near there last Sunday evening. The pastor, Rev. C. C. Honeycutt, conducted the meeting.

There will be preaching at Piney Woods E. L. church on Sunday, August 21st. Rev. J. L. Morgan will preach at 11 o'clock.

Mr. Baxter Miller visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Coy Miller, Sunday. He is a watch-tinker and is located at Burlington.

Nice showers of rain fell here Tuesday night, for which we are very grateful. Mr. Ralph Shaver has returned home from a trip to California.

NO QUICK WEALTH IN FEEDING HOGS

The general level of all farm prices in the United States is too low for North Carolina farmers to expect unusual profits from hog feeding but any person with hogs and corn should find it more advantageous to sell the corn as pork rather than as grain.

BROKEN ARCHES of the feet corrected by Osteopathy. DR. S. O. HOLLAND 410 Wallace Bldg. Phone 346

THE SMOKE SHOP Phone 9167 NEWSPAPERS MAGAZINES FOUNTAIN SERVICE 5c HAMBURGERS 5c 218 S. Main St. SALISBURY, N. C.

Take a Pinch of BLACK-DRAUGHT For Distress After Meals

He had suffered distress after meals, but by taking Theodor's Black-Draught he was relieved of this trouble, writes Mr. Jess Higgins, of Dawsonville, Ga.

"I had sour stomach and gas," Mr. Higgins explains, "and often I would have bilious spells. I read about Theodor's Black-Draught and began to take it. It relieved me of this trouble. I keep it all the time now. I consider it a fine medicine. I take a pinch of Black-Draught after meals when I need it. It helps to prevent sick headache and to keep the system in good order."

Now you can get Black-Draught in the form of a SYRUP, for CHILDREN.

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Round Trip Fare From SALISBURY, N. C.

Tickets on sale going trip, August 19th, good returning regular trains leaving Norfolk 7:00 P. M., August 21st, and 7:30 P. M., August 22nd.

7 Hours Cruise on Chesapeake Steamship Sunday, August 21st. Steamer leaves Southern Railway Docks, Foot Jackson Street, 9:00 A. M., Sunday morning, August 21st, Returning 4:00 P. M. same day. Round trip fare includes cruise on Chesapeake Bay. Don't miss this fine opportunity to enjoy the salt sea breezes sailing on the palatial Chesapeake Line steamer.

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A new type of rail and water outing offered by the Southern Railway System with the opportunity of visiting the seashore resorts around Norfolk, seeing Hampton Roads and many other historic points on Chesapeake Bay.

Reduced round trip pullman rates.

Lunch on steamer enroute at reasonable price. Accommodations on steamship are limited.

For tickets, schedule and pullman reservations, consult ticket agents. SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

## Mineral Compound Proves Sensation

Scores of Local People Report Amazing Results from New Scientific Food Vitalizer; Druggists Astounded at Tremendous Sales.

Probably never before in all the history of this county has any product been given such whole-hearted praise as the new, scientific formula known as LEE'S MINERAL COMPOUND. Men and women in all walks of life have put this remarkable Food Vitalizer to the test and proven its amazing powers. Literally thousands of people have made the now famous 10 day test and have proven that Nature's way is the right way to health.

So swift and sweeping has been the success of this new compound that in a few short weeks, it has become the talk of the country. Those who have used it tell astounding stories of what it has done for them, and were the facts not known and verified, it would be hard to believe that any single treatment could prove so effective in so many different cases.

It merely goes to prove the assertion of famous Scientists that the one sure way to maintain health is to supply the body with a balanced proportion of the essential Mineral elements and necessary Vitamins.

The one and only product of its kind, LEE'S MINERAL COMPOUND, contains eleven essential Minerals, splendidly combined with Vitamins and valuable tonic aids. It acts as a Food Vitalizer, feeding the system those vital elements that we fail to get in modern refined foods. It stimulates the organs of digestion and assimilation, creates a keen, hearty appetite, clears the system of dangerous impurities and waste material, soothes "ragged" nerves, enables one to sleep soundly, awake refreshed and filled with new vigor for the daily battles of life.

No wonder that those who have tried so many other treatments, with little or no benefit, have been quick to turn to this natural method of restoring health. No wonder the sales of "patent" medicines, harsh laxatives and dangerous "pain-killers" have fallen to the lowest mark in years. People today are more intelligent than they used to be and are quick to take advantage of the new and proven scientific discoveries. That accounts for the tremendous demand for this amazing compound that builds new health, strength and vigor in Nature's own way.

If you have tried many medicines and treatments that gave you little or no relief, do not be discouraged. The chances are 10 to 1 you'll find LEE'S MINERAL COMPOUND is just what your system needs to restore your health.

91% OF ALL DISEASE ORIGINATES IN THE STOMACH, IS CAUSED BY ACIDITY AND RESULTS FROM A LACK OF MINERALS AND VITAMINS

LEE'S MINERAL COMPOUND —With Vitamins—

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MAKE THIS 10 DAY TEST Convince Yourself!

Stop dosing yourself with "patent medicines," harsh purgatives, oils and cathartics for just 10 days. Go to your nearest Druggist and secure a bottle of LEE'S MINERAL COMPOUND. Take it regularly, and watch the results. You'll be amazed at the feeling of renewed strength and vigor that soon appears. No narcotics or alcohol to "boost you up" but a natural method of restoring health and energy.

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SALISBURY, N. C., and good druggists everywhere, or send \$1.25 to Lee's Laboratories, 167 Forsyth St. S. W., Atlanta, Ga., for large bottle postpaid.

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