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nake

To Mothers: Musterole is now made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. 35c and 65c, jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3.00.



Better than a mustard plaster

Bob, the **Beloved Fiddler**

By CLARISSA MACKIE

(©, 1924, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Gloom prevailed in Blue Lake camp. There was not to be a Saturday night dance at the hotel this week-the three-piece orchestra which usually played for the tent and cottage colony as well as for the guests of the hotel, had found a better field for their doubtful talents and had taken the early morning boat. Mr. Stokes, the obliging and perspiring host, had telegraphed wildly in several directions, only to meet with defeat; owners of phonographs found one excuse or another for not lending their machines, and the large tuneless one in the hotel parlor had blared itself to death apparently, for it had emitted one last agonizing screech, and refused to go on that very morning. Mr. Stokes, attired in spotless fiannels, and looking like a crimson peony, made a canvass of his scattered guests, pleading that someone with musical ability would play for the Saturday night dancers.

"What is a dance without music?" he had plaintively inquired for the twenty-fourth time when he reached Judge Randall's cottage at the edge of the lake. "Miss Betty, of course I know I would be court-martialed if the youngsters knew that I had persuaded you to leave the floor for the orchestra-" he paused with a pleading look in his bovine eyes.

Betty Randall looked thoughtful. She did love to dance!

"Isn't there anyone at all?" she asked, incredulously, at last. "What has become of old Nat, the black fiddler who played for us last year?"

"Died last winter, Miss Betty. You see, if Blue Lake wasn't so far off the beaten track it would be easier to find some one-to get a musician in a hurry-but tucked away off in the hills-"

"Very well, Mr. Stokes, there is no use in my spoiling everyone's pleasure--you can count on me to play the piano. I wish it was in tune," she said, with a whimsical little smile curving her charming mouth. "And turned at last." now, let me bring you some of our good lemonade, you look so warm."

When Mr. Stokes had departed, Betty stole a glance at her mother. Mrs. Randall was knitting placidly and lifted calm blue eyes as blue as her the public roads of Missouri, located through the daub of flour on her cheek. lovely daughter's. "Do you mind, on a gravel highway between Jefferson mother?" asked Betty.

"Not at all, dear. I am thinking of you-it will not be very agreeable for

"Pooh," said Betty, carelessly. "It will be novel—I will pretend that I'm a poor music teacher glad of the chance to earn money-no, I will not pretend, even to myself. I shall be just Betty Randall, playing for her friends to dance—heigho!" stretched her arms gracefully and turned her face to the blue lake. But the lake was a blue blur, for tears filled her eyes.

"Who is that man talking to Mr. Stokes?" suddenly inquired Mrs. Randall, pointing toward the pine woods. "Why, it's a-tramp-warning him

away, perhaps," replied Betty, absently. She went into the house to pick out some music-there was a book of jazz music that her younger brother treasured, and there was a dance folio of her own that contained many popular dances.

"I am glad there is not to be a violinist-I could not play with oneafter-Bob." Her little tearful whisper was strangled in a sob at the memory of her young lover who had gone away after the war. Bob Ferry had gone to the Northwest "to make a fortune" so that he could marry Betty, who was rich. The Randalls would have received him with open arms, poor as he was, for they already loved him | roads. as a son, but Bob had a certain stiff pride of his own. Month's had elapsed since his departure, and Betty believed that he had forgotten her. Her letters were returned by the Post Office department, undelivered.

So she had closed that door of her

"What are you going to wear tonight, Betty?" asked her mother at dinner that night. Dinner was served on the wide veranda overlooking the lake and the soft lapping of the blue waves against the piles was a pleasant accompaniment to the well-cooked,

perfectly served meal. "Wear?" repeated Betty; "the green

georgette, I think, mother." "Do wear the rose-colored one, dear," suggested Mrs. Randall, looking very radiant about something. "It will give

you some color." Why, I haven't worn pink sincefor ages," protested Betty.

"To please me-to please us all,

Betty smiled at her family. Her father, sun-browned and sleepy after a long day's fishing; Dicky, plainly excited, and her little sister sue. So Betty Randall wore pink that night to please her family.

She looked like a pink dream when she entered the ballroom at the small hotel. There was a valiant charge of dancing young men and a bass murmur of protest when she waved them temperature and heavy rainfall has' all away and mounted the little stair that led to the musicians' balcony. She edged onto the tiny balcony while Mr. Stokes panted up the stairs, paus-

ing with his head at the floor level. "Miss Betty," he wheezed. "You are an angel to help us out. Let me little girl who used to giggle so much? present to you our violinist for the B.—Yes. Jack evidently believes in the cooking in this place and you'd evening. Mr. Robert Perry. Good a short wife and a merry one.—Lonluck to von both!" The round, red | don Answers.

face vanished, and Betty, perched like a pink fairy on the piano bench, discovered that she was not alone; a tall form was leaning against the piano, a pair of very sun-bronzed hands were busied with the violin. A husky voice had murmured some conventional remark. Betty did not dare look higher than those slender hands; the hands searched through her music, placed something on the rack before her, and just as the great clock in the hall be low struck eight a trembling sob came from the violin and Betty's fingers crashed down on the opening chords of

What a wild waltz melody that was! Betty's trained fingers kept perfect time, but through it all was the tremolo of her agitated body and the throbbing of her heart, and weaving in and out was the crying voice of the stranger's violin. Old melodies stole from the mellowed wood of the instrument, and mingled with the rhythm of the waltz. On the floor below was the slip-slip of light feet on the polished boards, laughter and sometimes a humming accompaniment as the dancers went on and on. The slim brown hands left the violin for a moment, another page was turned on the plano rack, and then the stringed voice called Betty into the past, where she and Bob had met and loved and parted. Her eyes were heavy with unshed tears as she lifted them to his hands, so like Bob's-to the broad chest with its clean khaki shirt open at the brown throat, followed the satiny wood of the violin to the curve of lean jaw and the strong chin. Then, compelling brown eyes drew her look to their own.

It was Bob! Bob, the beloved fiddler -the unknown tramp!

Betty did what any other heart-sick woman would have done under the same circumstances. She fainted quietly away, looking like a fallen pink

The strong arms of the fiddler carried her down the winding stair to her father's arms, and they supported Mrs. Randall across the sands to the cottage. Then he waited alone on the veranda, fear in his eyes, until Betty came shyly down.

"I am no longer poor, Betty," he told her at last, after a long tale of a walking trip that had resulted in losing his comrades and tramping penniless with his violin.

"It doesn't matter-when I saw your hands I knew my poor fiddler had re-

Last of Toll Gates in Missouri Is Gone

road. Naturally the toll gate has no place anywhere in the great plan of road construction which is now being carried forward in this state. Such benefits as formerly were received by a single section from the establishment of a toll road are now provided for an entire state by a program of construction from which all derive benefit, and toward which all must contribute a reasonable amount in taxes. Perhaps, however, there are certain analogies between the toll gate and modern plans of road building.

The man who passed that way did not always pay toll cheerfully, but without this means or some other means of paying for road work and maintaining good roads he unconsciously paid a much greater toll to the obstacles in the way of travel. The same is true of the taxpayer today. He is, in a sense, paying toll, although for road improvement on a large scale, and without that payment he would pay in the long run a far heavier toll to timeconsuming and money-consuming mud

But where the toll gate helped to lift one district out of the mud the state and the entire country are now being lifted slowly out of the mud through state road building programs and the government aid that is offered for this purpose. We have progressed far beyond the toll gate stage. Communication should be free. Further progress should abolish existing toll bridges across the Mississippi.-St. Louis Globe-Democrat,

Acres of Skylights

In the great terminal station of the Pennsylvania lines in New York there are 80,000 square feet of skylights entering into the roof construction. Not a single grain of putty has been used to render it waterproof. Nearly every known shape of skylight was employed in its construction, and some idea may be gained of the care the work involved when it is considered that the specifications prohibited the use of curved glass, each light lying in a plane different from that of its adjoining light, involving the use of irregular shapes in surface and dimensions. These skylights are made from rolled steel bars, glass, copper and brass without the use of any packing or filling substances, and, although the system had never been used prior to its adoption by the architects, the decade of subjection to extremes of demonstrated its ability to withstand any weather conditions.

His Chance

A.-So Jack married that plump

******** INCINERATING HER APPLE PIE

By GLADYS DUNHAIME

****** (6, 1924, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A NYONE looking through the kitchen window of the lower apartment at 305 Winter street would have been amazed. Not at the window, for its glass was crystal clear-it had been polished only the day before. Not at the room, for neither it nor its furniture was remarkable in any way. He may have felt some surprise that the tiny, drooping geranium in the bracket on the wall could look so dejectedly sick and yet persist in living. If he had known Theresa better he would have known that it was because the corner was gloomy she had most carefully selected the brightest red geranium old Florist Dixon had, and had hung it there to lighten the surrounding gloom. Hard-hearted indeed he would have been if he had experienced no surprise, no flood of sympathetic concern, at the sight of Theresa sobbing in abandonment of grief.

She was kneeling before the gas stove, in the corner, her head buried in her arms on a kitchen chair, her shoulders shaking. From the open oven door came smoke and the unpleasant odor of burned foodstuff. On the projecting rack of the stove sat a black, charred circular object.

The close connection between Theresa's grief and the reeking ruin on the stove shelf would have been instantly apparent to anyone who had looked into the little kitchen a few hours earlier-old Mrs. Plummer, for instance, Theresa's landlady, who had the flat

Of the brides who had in succession occupied Mrs. Plummer's lower flat until their finances permitted larger quarters, or their increasing family made it necessary for them to transfer to larger quarters, Theresa was easily her favorite. Intrigued at first by her beauty, almost spectacular in its perfection, by the ebb and tide of the rich color in her cheeks, by the sweep of her feathery dark lashes, by the dimples that played in her cheeks, Mrs. Plummer was held in the thrall of friendship by the younger woman's loy-

alty, her sincerity, her courage. "Whatever on earth are you doing, child?" she had asked, as she came in about noon. And Theresa had gayly led her into the befloured pantry.

"I am literally immersed in making a pie, as you see," and the high color The only toll gate which remained on of her joyous excitement showed

"This is my pattern," she explained, City and Columbia, a distance of 14 gayly. "I bought it at the church food miles, is abolished. The road will be sale yesterday. I had all sorts of troutaken over by the state highway de- ble hiding it from Walter when we partment and no more tolls will be col- were coming home. Tell me, don't you lected. It was established in 1867 and | think he'll be surprised tonight? Can't the money taken in was used entirely you just hear him smack his lips? Oh, for maintaining and improving the I'm so glad I thought to get a really successful one to tear up and study. This one is really a masterpiece, and I'm trying hard to equal it.

"Apple pie is Walter's favorite. I did not realize until night before last how much he really liked pie. We were having supper at his mother's and I couldn't help envying her a little when he complimented her pie.

"I'm almost afraid one pie is not going to be enough. I started to make two, but decided it was better for the first time to concentrate on one. Don't you think so?" And Mrs. Plummer thought so.

Having watched the pathetically unskilled movements for a few minutes, the kind old soul had offered to finish the pie for her.

"No, thank you, dear Mrs. Plummer. I am quite determined to make it entirely alone. Thank you just the same." And the old lady had gone away, saying to her self as she climbed the stairs, "Too much excitement ain't good for nobody, and her expecting an

addition to the family." Later she could hear the piano below stairs and concluded from the joyous note in the music that the pie must be cooking satisfactorily. When a body can make music like the very angels' own, she can well be excused from making pies, she thought. Fortunately for her quick sympathies, she could not see the tragic denoument in the flat below. She could not see Theresa yield to the temptation of stretching her tired body out "just for a minute," and return to consciousness only when the fumes of the burning pie had awakened her.

Coming home later, Walter found the apartment strangely quiet and unusually malodorous. Hurrying through the living room and dining room, he rushed apprehensively into the kitchen and found Theresa fast asleep on the floor before the stove. She roused herself drowsily at the sound of his entrance, then consciousness of her swollen eyes and tousled appearance came over her, together with a vivid recollection of the pie's treachery.

"Why, dearest, are you sick-what's the matter?" solicitously.

"I made a wonderful pie for your supper and then fell asleep and incinerated it. Behold!" and the voice wavered very close to the tear zone.

"Oh, ho!" rang out Walter's big laugh, which, as she had so many times declared, always put the heart right back into her, "so that's the why of the doldrums. Now forget it. Tomorrow's another day, remember. You go and make yourself pretty-not that that's any task at all-while I get us a snack to eat. Oh, sure," at her openmouthed amazement. "I can get a first-class supper. You'll zee. I only wish I could sell real estate as well as I can cook, If I could, believe me, some one else would soon be doing all

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Customer-Oh, I thought perhaps you'd buy a cow.

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Moa

The moa was a wingless bird found in New Zealand, somewhat like an ostrich in appearance. It varied from the size of a turkey to birds 12 feet in height. They were edible and their extermination more than 500 years ago is probably due to that fact.

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sample bottle. When writing, be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement. Easy to Get Life, liberty and evasion of unhap-

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