

# GATHERED SMILES

**THE LIMIT.**

"You say you would go through fire and water for me?"

"Yes, darling."

"Would you turn from all your people for my sake?"

"Yes, sweetheart. If you demanded it, I would deny them all for you."

"Would you renounce all your friends if I wished it?"

"My love, I would turn my back on each and all of them for you."

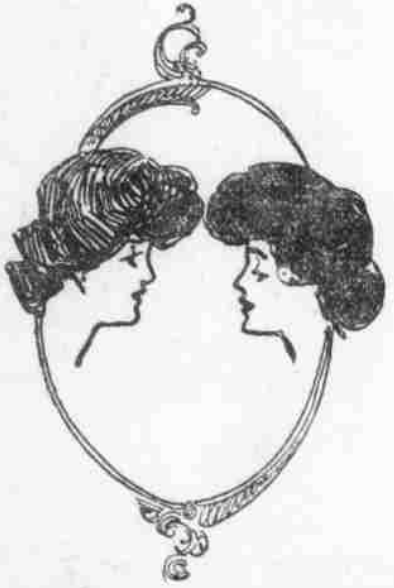
"Would you give up smoking for me?"

"Willingly—gladly, dearest."

"Would you let me have three cunning dogs, with real lace handkerchiefs in their cute little pockets, to act as my bridesmaids?"

"No! By heaven, I may be crazy, but there is a limit to my madness."

**MAN WANTED.**



Ella—There is an Arabian saying that "words are women; deeds are men."

Stella—Then my motto is "not words, but deeds."

**A Worm Turns.**

"I love to meet a vicious dog, and smash his ugly head; I've learned just how to do it now!"

The letter carrier said.

**Reason For It.**

"I like wide-awake men in the office and Jaggsby seems so stupid."

"Oh, Jaggsby is the most wide-awake man I know."

"I never thought he was enterprising."

"He isn't. That is not what makes him wide awake. He's got insomnia."

**Stung.**

"I guess she is sorry that she sued him for breach of promise."

"Why, did she lose?"

"No, not yet, but when she testified that he always kissed her good-night he explained that it was because she reminded him so forcibly of his mother."

**Plenty of Mind.**

"What did you say you were looking for, mister?"

"Local atmosphere."

"You hit the right place. We're right in the heart of the cyclone belt."

**HE WAS TRYING.**



Maud—I do so love soldiers. Oh, Tom, why are not you a son of Mars?"

Tom—Well, I'm doing my best to be her son-in-law, ain't it?

**Advice.**

We have no wish to harry your feelings, or to hurt. But if you are bow-legged, do not wear a hobble skirt.

**The Species.**

"Pop, will you tell me one thing?"

"What is it, my son?"

"When they have pets on shipboard, do they prefer old sea dogs to ocean greyhounds?"

**Winter Reading.**

"I see you have subscribed to a drug journal."

"I wanted something to read nights. I judge they won't print no football stories."

**A Sad Case.**

"Do you remember Riggles?"

"Yes."

"He was quite a popular boy at school."

"So he was."

"I'm darned if I ever thought he'd grow up to be a vegetarian."

**Lucky.**

"She's a fortunate girl."

"Why so?"

"That rich man she was nursing fell in love with her and lived just long enough to marry her."

**SAD RETROSPECTION.**

I used to know a married man. Who tolled from morn to night, And looked just like an also-ran, A poor, down-trodden wight.

He slaved and slaved and all he got He gave unto his wife, Who still complained about her lot And led him such a life.

It seemed to him a thousand years, A thousand and a day, Since he made love to pretty dears And threw his coin away.

**Cut Short.**

The late Sir Charles Hammond, who won a parliament seat at Newcastle in 1892, scored neatly off a heckler who ventured to interrupt his discourse. "Get yer 'air cut, Charlie," cried the interrupter. Sir Charles, who happened to be a magistrate, adjusted his glasses and, calmly scrutinizing his interrupter, remarked: "My friend, if I am not mistaken, I have been the means of having your hair cut before today."—London Globe.

**To Go With 'Em.**

"Have you got all the nuts and cakes and candies for Willie's birthday?"

"I think so."

"Then let's go home."

"There is something else I ought to get him that I would like to ask your advice about?"

"Well?"

"Which do you think he would like best, castoria or castor oil?"

**Helped Some.**

"Yes, I remember her perfectly. The year I left here she married the home-liest man in the county."

"That's so, so she did. He is not near so homey now, however."

"Made him patronize a beauty doctor, did she?"

"No, but he got kicked in the face by a mule shortly after they were married."

**HER REVENGE.**



Madge—At the Euchre club last night she trumped my ace, but I got my revenge on the next deal.

Morton—How?

Madge—She led an ace and I trumped it.

**For a Getaway.**

If I were King Alphonso Whose subjects loudly roar, I'd keep a trusty biplane Beside the palace door.

**An Effective Device.**

Ashley—Swalmson has invented an alarm clock that will waken the deafest man in the world.

Seymour—The clock must make a terrible noise, then.

Ashley—No, it doesn't make any noise.

Seymour—Doesn't make any noise—how can it waken the sleeper?

Ashley—It's constructed so as to drop on his face.

**A Confused Situation.**

"Who gave the real offense in this affair of honor?" asked one Parisian duelist.

"It's hard to decide," replied the other. "The duke undoubtedly insulted me, but he insists that for a person in my position to resent anything he says is an unpardonable impertinence."

**Professional Results.**

"The surgeon you introduced me to the other day has a very gruff and offensive manner. How do his patients take it?"

"As to his patients, they see. very much cut up."

**Woman's Economy.**

"Oh, Ethel, I just made \$4."

"Goodness! How on earth did you do it?"

"I bought a chicken for our Sunday dinner instead of a turkey."—Judge.

**Great Weakness.**

"Does he like to see his name in print?"

"I'll tell you something in the strictest confidence."

"Well?"

"He sent a marked copy of the city directory to a friend of his in the country."

**The Plain Thing.**

"Don't you think Bullitt's face has something of a Simian resemblance?"

"Oh, come off with your beauty talk! The man looks like a monkey."

# A Very Demure Young Lady

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

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It was a matter of wonder that such an ambitious, aggressive mother as Mrs. Kent should have such a demure daughter as Estelle. Yes, the mother was very aggressive, and the daughter was very, very demure. That was an opposite other mothers could not help but remark.

At seventeen Miss Estelle was sent to Vassar. She might have preferred another school, but her mother said Vassar, and that settled that. Mrs. Kent was a widow with an income none too large, but she had plans and schemes far ahead.

At eighteen and nineteen Miss Estelle was still acquiring knowledge, but at twenty she had finished. She had had vacations, of course, and there had been no change in her demureness. She was given three or four days in which to draw her breath after getting home for good, and then her mother called her to her side and said:

"Estelle, you are now twenty years old."

"Yes, mamma."

"You should be thinking of matrimony."

"I am, mamma."

"You have a handsome face and a good education, and you ought to marry well."

"So I should, mamma."

"But the trouble is," continued the mother, "that there are no eligible young men around here. That is, none who could support you in the style you deserve."

"Not one, mamma."

"But there is a gentleman, after all—a middle-aged gentleman—a man of wealth who has been attracted to you. He has seen you on various occasions during your vacations, and has become smitten. He was here the other day to ask the privilege of calling on you."

"Yes, mamma."

"And I granted it. Estelle, you at least know of Mr. Henderson—the gentleman who owns the Golden Brewery?"

"Yes, mamma."

"I have heard it said that he is all of forty-eight years old, and dyes his whiskers. Those innuendoes are always thrown out against the rich. He is a fat man and baldheaded, but



"Estelle, isn't he just splendid?"

"You don't think that counts against him, do you?"

"Of course not, mamma."

"Fat can be reduced and bald heads covered with wigs. Mr. Henderson may not be as well educated as some, but he's a thorough business man. I thought you might be prejudiced against him because he is a brewer."

"Oh, no, mamma."

"Of course he doesn't rinse out the kegs and bottles and refill them again, nor does he drive one of his wagons. He stays in the office and counts the cash."

"Yes, mamma," was the same demure and dutiful reply.

"Mr. Henderson will probably call within a day or two. He has purchased a beautiful auto, and as soon as he can find a chauffeur to run it we are to go for a ride. I knew you would think as I do about this matter, but still I want to praise you for your good common sense."

"Thanks, mamma."

Mrs. Kent smiled with satisfaction. She hugged herself in her complacency. She believed the match as good as made. Within a radius of ten miles of her were a hundred other mothers who could have told her that it was the demure young lady to have an eye on, but the caution would have done no good. That same evening a letter was mailed to somebody up the state which contained the following sentence:

"Come at once and hire to him as a chauffeur. You know how to run an auto. We'll plan the rest after you get here."

Miss Demure was planning a little scheme. It was "yes, mamma," to everything, and mamma thought a girl twenty years old—

Mr. Henderson called. Yes, he was short and fat and pudgy. He wore a

wig and looked his age, no matter what it was. No, he was not an educated man. He was just a millionaire, with a loving heart, and when he made this announcement he laid his hand on his right side, as if his heart had moved over. He had hired a chauffeur that day, and could invite mother and daughter to go out for a spin with him on the next. The chauffeur was fine-looking and would be a man to do credit to him. After his call had lasted an hour, and the brewer who didn't rinse his own bottles had rendered himself as agreeable as he could, he bowed himself out, and the mother turned to the daughter with:

"Estelle, isn't he just splendid?"

"He is, mamma," was the reply.

"Can you find anything to criticize?"

"Not a thing, mamma."

"Then let me give you a motherly kiss."

And just one hour after that motherly kiss had been implanted on her demure cheek Miss Estelle was walking and talking with the brewer's chauffeur in the reading room of the town library! They talked about something that both smiled and giggled over, and the demure young lady almost whistled the air of a topical song as she made her way homeward.

The "spin" was taken next afternoon. Truly, it was a fine auto, and truly it was a distinguished looking chauffeur. The ladies occupied the tonneau and the brewer sat beside the driver that he might show off his fat back and red neck. Ten—twenty—thirty miles an hour, and then a stop! The auto had gone dead. That

spoken to her.

"Most certainly."

"Many, many thanks. In case she makes me the happiest man on earth—"

Both happened to glance down the road at this instant, and both saw that the auto had disappeared. They ran to the first turn in the highway—no auto!

"Oh, what can have happened!" exclaimed the widow.

"I know—I know!" shouted the brewer. "They have eloped. Nothing allied that bobcrank. It was a put-up job. He is her lover!"

"Oh, no, no, no! It can't be!"

"But I say it is! The demure little cat has made a fool of me! By thunder—"

"Sir! Don't you swear in my presence!" warned the widow.

"Yes, she's a cat, and I believe you are either a scheming woman or—"

"You fat, bald-headed vulgarian, how dare you!"

It was three miles back to a farmhouse where the widow could hire a conveyance to take her home.

That night at ten o'clock, when the demure Estelle brought her new-made husband back and introduced him, the widow almost hugged him as she exclaimed:

"I'm glad of it! That keg washer of a brewer called me a dodo and my darling a—a cat!"

**Burned Out a Squirrel Family.**

C. H. Brown of Malden kindled a fire in a parlor stove that had not been used before this winter and as a result a family of squirrels was burned out of their home and the fire department made a hurried visit to the Brown residence. Near by there is heavily wooded land where squirrels abound. The squirrels' nest included a bushel of sticks, leaves and moss and the chimney was effectually blocked when Mr. Brown attempted to start the fire.

While the inmates of the house were wondering at the smoke that filled the rooms a passerby was surprised to find flames shooting from the chimney and he rang an alarm. No serious damage was occasioned and as no dead squirrels were found it is presumed that they escaped.—Boston Transcript.

**Part of the Role.**

"Shall we pose as millionaires, or as foreign dukes at the hotel?"

"As the latter, my boy. As millionaires, we might be expected to display some evidences of wealth. But as dukes, nobody can possibly take it amiss if we skip."

**Doing Him Justice.**

"He is hard-hearted; whenever he runs anyone down with his auto he speeds up and leaves them."

"That's because he's tender-hearted. It breaks his heart to hear their groans of pain."

# IMMEDIATE EFFECT OF GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY IS SOON REALIZED

According to my experience I do not consider there is anything to equal Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for kidney affection. Twice it relieved me when I was completely helpless.

The last time I was traveling in Texas, when my kidneys became affected, and for ten days I suffered excruciating pain, accompanied with severe chills. Several years previous, having been relieved of a similar attack, I naturally sought relief as before, from Swamp-Root.

After using four of the large size bottles, I was completely restored and went on my way rejoicing and praising Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. This was three years ago, and I have had no indication of the return of the affliction.

Yours very truly,  
J. C. SMITH, Jr.  
Jackson, Tenn.

State of Tennessee  
County of Madison  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of July, 1920.

P. C. STOVALL,  
Notary Public.

**Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You**

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty-cents and one-dollar.

**His Labor-Saving Device.**

"I have discovered a great labor-saving device."

"I always said you were a genius. What is it?"

"I'm going to marry Miss Bullion, the heiress."

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative three for cathartic.

Reforms come slowly because we all would rather wield the ax than bear the knife.

**PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS**

For druggists will refund money if PAIN EXHAUSTIVE fails to cure any case of Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Happiness grows at our own fire-side and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.—Douglas Jerrold.

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

Too often sermons have too much length and too little depth.—Judge.

Garfield Tea has brought good health to thousands! Unequaled for constipation.

An undertaker knows a lot of "dead ones" that he is unable to bury.

**Itch Cured in 30 Minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion.** Never fails. At druggists.

Some tombstone inscriptions are too good to be true.

Take Garfield Tea! Made of Herbs, it is pure, pleasant and health-giving.

Every hear of a pearl being found in a church fair oyster!

# Women Who Suffer

from woman's ailments are invited to write to the names and addresses here given, for positive proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does cure female ills.

- Organic Displacements.**
- Black Duck, Minn.—Mrs. Anna Anderson, Box 16.
- Wesleyville, Pa.—Mrs. Maggie Ester, R.F.D. 1.
- Trenton, Mo.—Mrs. W. T. Furnell, 307 Lincoln Avenue.
- Camden, N.J.—Mrs. Ella Johnston, 289 Liberty St.
- Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Wm. Tully, 2022 Ogden Avenue.
- Painful Periods.**
- Caladonia, Wis.—Mrs. Ph. Schatzner, R.R. 14, Box 54.
- Adrian, Mo.—Mrs. C. B. Mason, R.R. No. 2.
- N. Oxford, Mass.—Miss Amelia Duso, Box 14.
- Baltimore, Md.—Mrs. A. A. Balenger, R.F.D. 1.
- Negaunee, Mich.—Mrs. Mary Sedlock, Box 1278.
- Orville, Ohio.—Mrs. E. F. Wagner, Box 620.
- Atwater, Ohio.—Miss Minnie Muehlaupt.
- Fraireville, Wis.—Mrs. Julia Konischek, R. No. 1.
- Irregularity.**
- Buffalo, N.Y.—Mrs. Clara Darbrake, 17 Erie Street.
- Winchester, Ind.—Mrs. May Deal, R.R. No. 7.
- St. Regis Falls, N.Y.—Mrs. J. H. Breyer.
- Greenville, Ill.—Mrs. Jessie Schaar, Box 22.
- Hudson, Ohio.—Mrs. Geo. Strickler, R. No. 5, Box 32.
- Ovarian Trouble.**
- Murrayville, Ill.—Mrs. Chas. Moore, R.R. 3.
- Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. Chas. Boell, 2219 N. 4th St.
- Minneapolis, Minn.—Mrs. John G. Moldan, 2112 Second St., North.
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- Westwood, Md.—Mrs. John F. Richards.
- Benjamin, Mo.—Mrs. Julia Francis, R.F.D. 1.
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- Elmo, Mo.—Mrs. A. C. DeVault.
- Lawrence, Iowa.—Mrs. Julia A. Snow, R. No. 8.
- Utica, Ohio.—Mrs. Mary Earline, R. F. D. 3.
- Belleville, Ohio.—Mrs. Charley Chapman, R. F. D. No. 7.
- Elgin, Ill.—Mrs. Henry Leisberg, 743 Adams St.
- Schoenfortown, Pa.—Mrs. Cyrus Heirich.
- Cresson, Pa.—Mrs. Ella E. Alkey.
- Fairchance, Pa.—Mrs. Idella A. Danham, Box 122.
- Nervous Prostration.**
- Knorrville, Iowa.—Mrs. Clara Franks, R.F.D. 8.
- Oronogo, Mo.—Mrs. Mae McKnight.
- Camden, N.J.—Mrs. W. F. Valentine, 922 Lincoln Avenue.
- Muddy, Ill.—Mrs. May Nolan.
- Brookville, Ohio.—Mrs. R. Kinnison.
- Fitchville, Ohio.—Mrs. C. Cole.
- Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. Frank Clark, 2616 E. Allegheny Ave.
- These women are only a few of thousands of living witnesses of the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. Not one of these women ever received compensation in any form for the use of their names in this advertisement—but are willing that we should refer to them because of the good they may do other suffering women to prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a reliable and honest medicine, and that the statements made in our advertisements regarding its merit are the truth and nothing but the truth.