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The Coffee Pot assumes a new place in our estimation when it is filled with the Delicious
SEAL & SANBORN'S
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We wish to announce that the New 1918 Paige and Oakland Cars have just arrived, and we ask you to call and look them over. Your time that you spend in looking over these cars will be well spent if you think of buying a car, as there are no comparisons for less than $2,000.00 the New Paige model Essex Six 55.

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and guarantee the work to be satisfactory or money refunded. Do as so many have done get yourself a Six Cylinder Paige or Oakland that any lady can drive with ease or comfort. If you need tires or accessories call to see us.

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Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Hello! Farmer!



"GADIGARD"

A Percheron Stallion, imported from France, in April, 1909, by the Hartman Stock Farm, Columbus, Ohio, weighs 1900 pounds and 17 hands high, is kind and gentle and a sure foal getter and produces fine colts. He is recorded by the Percheron Society of America and has a record number of 60079. In color he is a handsome black and was foaled in April 14, 1906.

Gadigard will make the season at the home of the owner, William E. McCarrey, about 2 miles from Westminster, on the Sullivan Road, on the farm known as the Joseph L. O'Farrell farm.

TERMS will be $15 to insure in foal. Anyone parting with mare before she is known to be in foal will pay the insurance. Will not be responsible for accidents, but the best of care will be taken.

WILLIAM E. McCAFFREY
3 22 4t Owner.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Some of these emissaries that come around the war plants talking about the pitiful condition of the workingman, should be requested to help out the workingman with some of the stuff they get from Berlin.

WIT AT BREAKFAST TABLE

Thin Boarder, as Usual, Is There With New and Wonderfully Brilliant Conundrum.

"Got a new one this morning?" said the blond typewriter to the thin boarder as he took his accustomed place at the breakfast table.

"Sure thing," answered the young man as he reached for his paper napkin. "What is the difference between a successful poet and a prenologist?"

"Did you say 'successful poet'?" interrogated the pessimistic newspaper man.

"That'sh what I said," was skinny's utterance.

"Well, there ain't no such animal," said the scribe.

"Sure there is. Now, what's the difference between him and the phrenologist?"

"One makes his money in lumps and the other in bumps," ventured the brunette bookkeeper, with a giggle.

"Wrong," came from the thin man. "One deals with poetical feet and the other with prosaic heads," suggested the bank clerk, with the red tie.

"Wrong as usual," replied skinny.

"One feels with his heart and the other feels with his hands," put in the sentimental lady with the wrist watch.

"Not at all," was skinny's rejoinder.

"Well, shoot it!" came the chorus of boarders.

"I will. Listen: The poet makes money from his own head and the phrenologist from the heads of others."—Yonkers Statesman.

Only Singular Number.

Lucinda was testing the devotion of Erastus.

"S'pose it is night and we are in a deep, black woods. There comes a boa constricter a-wriggling through the grass; and a wildcat a-boundin' through the bushes; an' a lion roarin' an' makin' for us a mile a minute. What are we a-gonna do?"

"There ain't gonna be no we."—Christian Register.

Junk Dealers Agree to Help.

Dealers in waste material who handle annually an output of $1,000,000,000 have pledged their co-operation with Uncle Sam in utilizing the country's by-products for military purposes. The metals division of the National Association of Waste Materials Dealers, at a meeting held in New York recently, named a special committee to confer with the war industries board at Washington on the subject.

The Girl on the Cover

By VINCENT G. PERRY

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Herbert Nichol waited nervously at the telephone. Would she never answer? The operator was not ringing nearly loud enough. If there was no one else in the house and Agnes was in her own rooms, she could not possibly hear it. Ah! She had answered it at last!

"Hello, dear!" His tone was eager.

"How do you do." The answer was stiff, but in his eagerness he did not notice it.

"Have you seen your favorite magazine for this month, Agnes?" he asked in the same eager tone.

"Yes, I have, Mr. Nichol, and I was never so insulted in my life. When I sat for you to paint my portrait I thought the painting was for yourself, not for a magazine cover. I thought your interest in me was a friendly one, not a commercial one. I am sending back your ring today. Good-by, Mr. Nichol. I was just going out." He heard the receiver go down.

It was some time before Herbert could realize what it all meant. He had thought she would be delighted to see her picture on a magazine cover, or he would not have submitted it. How was he to know that she would think it distasteful? Surely, if she was as anxious as she was to go into moving pictures, a magazine illustration of herself could not be so terrible. It was the best portrait he had ever painted, and to have one of the leading magazines use it for a cover—his name would be worth something and he would never again have to wonder where the next meal was coming from. It was for her he had persevered with his art, and swallowed discouragement more often than square meals. How was she to know that, though? He had never told her he was so poor, and she thought him more successful than he was. She had money, more than was good for her, and could not know what it was to be poor.



"That Will Settle Her."

He would never paint another picture, he resolved. He could never get the inspiration again, after this. In every mark of the brush he would see something to remind him of her, and every face he painted would radiate her loveliness. No, he could never paint again. He would have to go to work—real work, that would take his mind off the girl he had wronged. Yes, he had wronged her, he could see that the more he thought it over. A girl so well known in society to be classed as an artist's model! He should have thought of that before.

So Herbert put aside his brushes and looked for work. He had never done manual labor in his life, and when he secured a position in the shipping room of a large manufacturing concern he found it harder than he had expected. He began to like the work, but at times he felt almost unbearably restless. The men about him interested him. They seemed to get much more enjoyment out of life than he had ever got, and he wondered how it was.

The head shipper seemed more thoughtful than the rest. Herbert asked him one day why it was the men seemed so happy and contented.

The shipper scratched his head, and after thinking it over replied: "I do not know, Herb, unless it's because they fit in here. A man's made for something, and unless he finds that something he'll never be satisfied. You, for instance, ain't cut out to be doin' this work, and no matter how long you stay at it you ain't going to like it or feel satisfied. You'll be restless until you strike the other thing you're made for, though perhaps now you don't just know what it is."

"I think I do know what it is," Herbert replied, as he felt in his pocket for a crumpled letter that was nearly two months old. It was an offer of a steady position in the art department of the magazine that had used his portrait of Agnes. He had received it in the same mail with the returned engagement ring and had never answered it.

When he went the next day to the magazine he found that the position had been filled, but when he explained who he was room was made for him.

"We can't let you go," the manager said. "Your last work received more commendation than any other cover we ever used. We have been trying ever since to get in touch with you. We can use all the covers you can turn out."

Herbert was not as delighted over the praise of his portrait as the manager had expected. He said, "Thank you very much," but he did not seem to mean it.

"By the way, do you mind telling us who the model for that picture was?" the manager said, as Herbert was leaving. "We have had a number of inquiries. I can get her steady work at the highest rate."

"I cannot tell you her name," Herbert replied, and the manager noticed the sad look that came over his face. "She is not a professional model, and would never pose for me or anyone else again."

The months that followed found Herbert very busy. The wound in his heart healed much more quickly than he had expected, and the quality of his work showed that he was wrong when he thought inspiration had fled with Agnes' love. There were plenty of other beautiful girls in the world, he found, and most of them were not ashamed to have their pictures appear on magazine covers. His work did not go unheeded by the public. Every day he was forced to decline invitations to paint famous society women or equally famous actresses. There were plenty of professional models to choose from, without running the chance of offending outsiders by using their portraits "commercially," he decided.

One moving picture actress, Jean Fener, was particularly anxious to have her portrait painted by him, and on an average of once a week he received a letter from her company's press agent asking to have him paint her. He had sent a curt note stating that he did not do outside work, but as the letters kept coming they interested him. He would see if he could not end her persistency, he concluded, and wrote the press agent and said:

"Although I have never had the pleasure of seeing Miss Fener, I like her persistence. If she can prove to me that she is as beautiful as any model I have ever painted, I will be pleased to do her portrait without charge."

"That will settle her," Herbert laughed, as he showed one of his fellow artists the letter. "My models are all well-known beauties, and if she is as beautiful as any one of them she would not be an obscure movie actress."

The next evening, while he was reading in his library, his telephone rang. He answered it.

"This is Jeanette Fener speaking." The voice sounded strangely familiar to him. "I have taken your offer, and am going to prove to you I am more beautiful than any of your models, save your first one, Agnes Fuller. Will you count her out?"

"How do you know Agnes Fuller was my first model?" he gasped.

"Don't you know my voice, Herbert?"

"Agnes!" he said eagerly. He was sure it was her voice, and the little silvery laugh at the other end of the line made him doubly sure.

"Yes, Herbert, Agnes. I have been trying to see you for so long, but you wouldn't see me. I am Jeanette Fener, the movie actress, and I signed a contract today that will make me a star. It is all through your magazine cover of me, too. You secured me the chance I have always longed for, and I love you for it. I am coming up tonight to take back all those nasty things I said over the telephone to you that night. Will you be in, Herbert?"

"I will always be in to you, Agnes, you know that!" he answered.

He heard the silvery laugh again and the receiver hang up. It reminded him of their last talk, but it was so different now.

For half an hour Herbert rummaged through his desk in search of something. He heard the bell ring and heard the servant answer the door just as he found it.

"Thank goodness, the ring!" he exclaimed. Then he hurriedly took it from his pocket, smoothed his hair before a mirror, and went to meet Agnes.

Story of a Big Nose.

A certain Missouri preacher had become quite sensitive to any reference made to his unusually large nose.

On being taken home to dinner one day with his friend, the judge, the host went immediately into the kitchen and reminded his wife that she must caution the children about making any remarks about their guest's nose or gazing at him intently.

The mother, a sympathetic and tender-hearted soul, instructed the children carefully. When they were seated at dinner, and a blessing said, the mother asked solicitously as she poured the coffee, "Brother So and So, do you take sugar with your nose?"—Kansas City Star.

Yes; Why Not?

Just as Bill Sikes, professional cracksman, was creeping from the dining room window of our puzzle editor's private house, the owner grasped his ankle.

"Kamerad!" squeaked Sikes.

"I only desire to put a question to you," said the puzzle editor, who was suffering from insomnia. "What I want to know is this: If a thief is busily engaged plying his trade up in our attic, could he be truthfully said to be above doing wrong actions?"

Reichstag Has Little Power.

Of the 397 members of the reichstag Prussia sends 236. The body can be dissolved at any time by the bundesrat with the consent of the emperor. This power has been used effectively three times to break down the resistance of the reichstag—In 1878, when it refused to pass the bill to suppress the socialists; in 1887, when it would not agree to fix the size of the army for seven years, and in 1893, when it declined to change the military system. In each case the new body did what the government demanded. Since the principal financial arrangements are matters of standing law, if the reichstag refuses to pass a new budget increasing allowances, or passes one reducing them, the government can be carried on on the old basis without any action on the part of parliament.

DEMOCRACY VS. FINE WRITING

The Latter Is, Beyond All Question, Dependent Upon the Respect of the Former.

I do not agree with the pessimists who think that a democratic civilization is necessarily an enemy to fine writing for the public, Henry Seidel writes in the Century. Such critics underrate the challenge which these millions of minds to be reached and souls to be touched must possess that writers, like actors, are inspired by a crowded house.

But the thought and the labor and the pain that lie behind good writing are doubly difficult in an atmosphere of easy tolerance and good natured condescension on the part of the readers of the completed work.

The novel is the test case for democratic literature. We cannot afford to pay its practitioners with cash merely, for cash discriminates in quantity and little more. Saul and David were judged by the numbers of their thousands slain; but the test was a crude one for them and cruder still in fiction. We cannot afford to patronize these novelists as our ancestors did before us. Not prizes or endowments or coterie worship or, certainly, more advertising is what the American novelist requires, but a greater respect for his craft.

The Elizabethan playwright was frequently despised of the learned world, and, if a favorite, not always a respected one of the vulgar. Strange that learned and vulgar alike should repeat the fallacy in dispraising the pre-eminently popular art of our own times! To Sir Francis Bacon "Hamlet" was presumably only a play actor's play. If the great American story should arrive at last, would we not call it "only a novel"?

BREEDING SHEEP FOR FUR

Production of "Persian Lamb" May Be Added to the Industries of the United States.

In far-away Bokhara, a town and district in Asiatic Russia that has a half-mystical sound to American ears, "Persian" lambs have been grown for ages for the tightly curled, lustrous black fleeces that constitute the warm cover of the natives. And so the fashion of wearing Persian lamb and astrakhan has come down from the ages until women in all civilized lands where the winters are cold seek their warmth, and fashion's decree has made them so popular that the cost of Persian lamb has gone up 142 per cent in 15 years.

It must have been instinct—it could not have been foreknowledge that a world war would curtail commerce—that made an American decide a few years ago to try breeding the sort of sheep that bear the highly prized fleeces, on his 1,900-acre ranch near Cottonwood Falls, Kan. He reasoned that if they could be bred in Asia, they could be bred in Kansas, and so thoroughly did he believe in the proposition that he invested $35,000 in karakul sheep from Bokhara. These he crossed with native Lincoln-bred sheep, and the lambs of this cross bear the valuable pelts that hitherto have been imported almost exclusively from Russia.—Robert H. Moulton in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Clear Roads for Dispatch Bearer.

After grazing upon the auto truck cover of a recent issue a saddened and cynical reader wrote to Collier's Weekly:

"You have made a great mistake. You have placed all the army trucks on the side of the road, leaving ample room for trucks going in the opposite direction to travel without going down in the ditch. My experience with army motor trucks is that they always travel on the crown of the road, and when you see one on the side of the road you can figure that it is broken down."

Collier's replied: "Be this observation true or not, there is one being before whom even the ruthless and disdainful truck driver quails—the dispatch rider. There is no more soul-satisfying sight for a harassed pedestrian in the French war zone than that of a dispatch motorcycle shooting down a road at 80 miles an hour, with a two-mile line of motor trucks and staff cars scuttling hastily into the ditches to get out of the way."

Crude Booths Take Place of Diners.

Dining cars being unknown on certain railroads along the west coast of Mexico, crude booths are provided on various station platforms, where food is served. They consist of loose pieces of canvas supported by poles, beneath which are tables and chairs. The trains wait while the passengers eat the none-too-appetizing fare.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

ALL SECRETS SAFE WITH HER

Little Danger That This Particular Young Lady Would Give Aid and Comfort to Enemy.

A few days ago, the high school boys out at Glenville were told to find out what had become of the historic frigate Constitution. There was a rumor that "Old Ironsides" had been junked in order to obtain the copper.

One of the boys tried the public library and every other source of probable information that he could think of, but without results. Then he bethought himself of a desperate chance and called up the Dorothea armory. He got the secretary (a young woman) on the line.

"I am anxious to get some information about the ship Constitution—'Old Ironsides,' you know," he said. "It has been in the Boston navy yard for some time. Is it true that it has been destroyed?"

"Why, my dear sir," cried the secretary, with official indignation and in tones of one with whom military secrets were ever safe, "even if we had such information we would not be allowed to give it out!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The aircraft work is badly boggled, says Investigator Borglum.

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