



"THEY" SAY

"There is one thing I cannot understand," said Billie Brownie. "I'd like to find out about it, too." he added.

So all in Brownie land told Billie to ask Mother Nature about it, which he did at once, after having told the other Brownies what it was that was puzzling him.

"You see, Mother Nature," he explained, "as I wander about I often hear people speak of what other people have said, and yet they don't mention any names—nor do they seem to speak of these others as if they were very real.

"They are always saying, 'they say that it is not the thing to wear long sleeves on a dress that should have short sleeves.'"

"Yes, and all sorts of speeches like that."

"Oh yes," said Mother Nature, "I know the ones you mean, but they're not members of my family.

"I will see what I can do about it, though. I think perhaps if you went to see the Dream King he might send you in the right direction.

"Try him, and if you have no luck come back again and I'll have something else thought up by that time."

So Billie Brownie went to see the Dream King who was sitting on his favorite Sleepy Cloud armchair.

And the Dream King told Billie where he could find some of these strange creatures known as "they."

Billie followed the Dream King's directions and he went along a long, long winding road. It was a very, very long distance away. Billie really became quite tired out going so far and he wished he had brought along his airplane with him.

He had had no idea it would be so far.

And then at last he saw many mysterious looking creatures. None of them could be seen very clearly.

In the first place they all wore veils over their faces so you could not see them very clearly—and these veils were of different colors.

You couldn't quite make out who was who in this way. But they all seemed to have heard that Billie was coming for they gathered about him and said,

"Hello, Billie. Now when you go back among your friends you can just tell them that 'they' say it has come



They Gathered About Him.

to a pretty pass, the way the children of this day and age are acting. We are 'they,' you know.

"Of course the children of this day and age aren't a scrap worse—they're better if the truth were really known we do believe, but it would never do to say such a thing.

"That's why we wear these veils. We never really want to be seen.

"We make so many speeches but we're not seen and so we don't get into any trouble—and then it is very, very hard to really find us.

"You were allowed special permission to come here. Hardly any one receives it.

"We say all sorts of things. Some of us are busy saying just what styles there'll be and others of us are talking about people and saying mean, ugly things.

"Then we go about with our shadowy costumes and whisper these things into people's ears and they go about saying that 'they' say so and so.

"If you really want to know something, Billie Brownie, we have no use for these people who will talk like that. They are just as cowardly as we are—shielding themselves but saying mean things.

"Yes, we're not at all proud of them.

"But we must get back to work now. Excuse us, Billie Brownie."

None of them would talk to him any more. Not a single word could be had from one, as they knew that Billie Brownie was one who wouldn't work with them and who wouldn't say "they" say so and so.

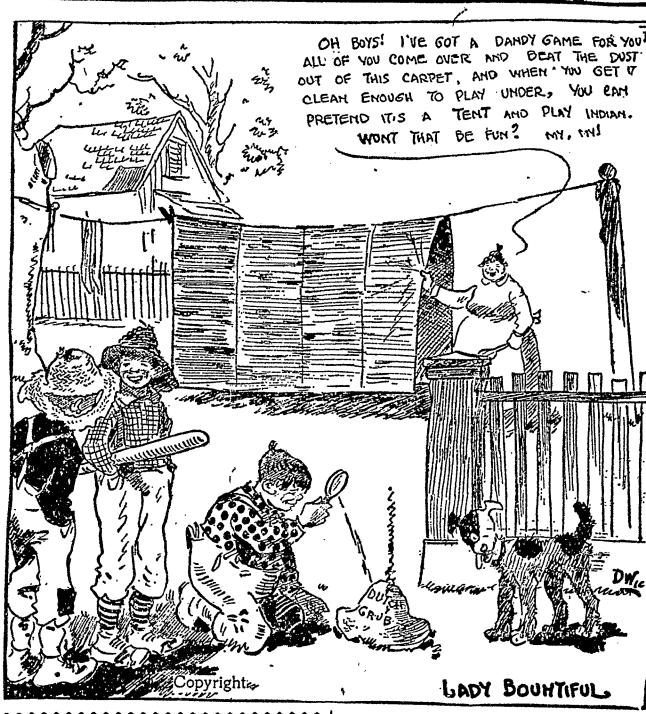
They really admired him for it but of course they wouldn't talk to him any more when he wouldn't help them. And he saw them all wandering around, with their colored veils and their shadowy costumes and they were whispering all sorts of little mean things into the air.

Horses Were Dressed

We were visiting at uncle's farm. The day we were returning Alice saw Uncle John lead the harnessed horses out of the barn and over to the buggy shed.

She called excitedly to her brother, "Come, Jim, and climb into the buggy quick. Uncle John has the horses dressed already."

SCHOOL DAYS



OH BOYS! I'VE GOT A DANDY GAME FOR YOU! ALL OF YOU COME OVER AND DEAT THE DUST OUT OF THIS CARPET, AND WHEN YOU GET IT CLEAN ENOUGH TO PLAY UNDER, YOU CAN PRETEND IT'S A TENT AND PLAY INDIAN. WONT THAT BE FUN? WY, WY!

LADY BOUNTIFUL

WHAT CAME FIRST

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

YOU do not need a lot of lore, Some book to read, or page to pore,

To find how men have lost or won, Have faltered then, or got things done.

For men have won or men have lost, Have faltered, son, or mountains crossed, Have failed the worst, or chasms passed.

By what came first and what came last.

Our course we choose like ships at sea, And win or lose the victory

According to our daily rule In all we do in shop or school.

Work, rest and play, we need them all; And yet someday we rise or fall—

Have failed the worst, or wealth amassed, By what came first and what came last.

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Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By HELEN ROWLAND

THERE is only one good reason why a man "can't find the time to call on you"—and that reason is always either a blond or a brunette.

No matter how intellectual, noble or dignified a man may be, nothing so thrills him as to have a woman call him a "fascinating devil!"

Somehow, a man spends his whole life in crowning a woman with something—either a halo, a new hat or a pair of horns.

Nothing wounds a man's vanity so deeply as to tell him that he would be "simply perfect, BUT—" or stabs a woman's vanity so cruelly as to tell her that she would be "perfectly beautiful, IF—" It is almost as fatal as sending the flowers with the bill attached.

A woman can't see why she should put her money in a bank when her dressmaker is so much sweeter about taking her checks and letting her have all the credit she wants.

(© by Helen Rowland.)

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says that at many of the girls' colleges the year is no longer divided into three terms but into two samovars.

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Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

YESTERDAY'S MISTAKES

THOSE horrible blunders which caused us so much humiliation and discomfort yesterday must not, if we desire to move among the victors, be repeated today.

We were blockheads yesterday, but as we march forth this cheery morning to shoulder our duties we are very wise and alert.

We learned something of value through our deplorable errors, and if we have within us the right spirit we shall see to it that we put our newly gained wisdom and vigilance to good account.

We shall do our best to avoid gruff words, the ugly explosives that made yesterday a wolfish blank and set us back in the proper fulfillment of our lofty ideals.

To prefer comfort and happiness to everything else among the treasures of earth is the basic wish of every worthy human being, but how many of us succeed in accomplishing this exalted purpose?

We lose our grip when sorely tried in the twinkling of an eye and away we go with a loose tongue spitting out our venomous emotions to the discomfort of those around us and to ourselves as well.

We become slack and selfish when we should be firm and magnanimous. The friction we cause in an unguarded moment of excitement may take days and weeks to overcome. Indeed, we may never be quite sufficient to counteract an exhibition of spleen that revealed to others our frailties and our incapacity to assume leadership in the vital affairs of life.

If we cannot turn our mistakes to good account, we are deficient somewhere in our moral and mental fiber, and shall always so remain unless we conquer our impulses and by our own strength rise to higher ground.

All that is exalted in life, all that makes existence here a thing of beauty worthy of emulation comes from the turning of our daily mistakes to good account and using them for stepping stones to a loftier sphere.

It is only by error that we learn to distinguish the real from the false. Having once learned our lesson we should profit by it, otherwise we cannot hope to advance or take our place among those who so regulate their lives that they dwell in content while constantly achieving and keeping step day by day with the conspicuously brave and unconquerable, writing their deeds on the eternal skies.

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MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. R. PEYSER

Has a man like this proposed to you?

Symptoms: His cigar is always tilted up in his mouth; whether lit or not, he loves it best, it seems, in the crowded subways and elevators. He is big, hearty, whole-souled, and you like him in spite of his fool manners—he knows everything but how to appeal gently to woman.

In fact: His bad manners are the only thing wrong with him. Prescription for the bride-to-be:

R: Gentle-unhurting administrations of etiquette will make others see his good points finally—and you will love him more.

About this: Manners are often but skin deep.

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Peanuts are used in making nine varieties of wood stains.

World's Largest Sapphire Is Valued at \$35,000

London.—Declared to be the largest sapphire in the world, a jewel, once used as a common paper weight, has been brought from India and is now being offered for exhibition in London.

The jewel is worth more than \$35,000, weighs 916 carats and is in the form of a plucked flower with a short stem. It was acquired by a government official in India, who, ignorant of its value, used it as a paper weight in one of the guard huts on the Indian frontier.

The discovery of the jewel was made by the director of Indian revenue when he visited the outpost. Its history has been traced to the Twelfth century when one of the Bellalla kings, while on a pilgrimage to Ceylon, was given the sapphire by a Buddhist monk. During the reign of this king the stone became the object of much veneration and was afterward captured by Malik Kaffur, the great general of Allandun. Later it came into the possession of a state official, but was lost about 1875.

Experts are of the opinion that the jewel was a hair ornament of an ancient deity, and there is, it is believed, a companion stone in existence.

Always Good Follows Evil

The bad luck of thirteen, in cases where it is definitely unlucky, has this redeeming feature: "That out of its evil, good always comes at last, and people look back on their adversity as a time that has taught them the best things they know. So it is not really a number to be frightened of. Of course the unknown is always alarming, and thirteen is particularly associated with the unknown. But from its clouds sunshine always emerges in the end.—Exchange.

SCHOOL TEACHER'S FRIENDS MADE GLAD

One of them had this to say yesterday. "We never thought that poor Ellen would ever recover, she had suffered so long from stomach and liver trouble and had lost more than 40 pounds in weight." She took a bottle of Mayr's Wonderful Remedy upon the advice of her aunt and has steadily improved from the first dose. We are all confident of her complete recovery." It removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract, and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded at all drug stores. Advertisement.

Uses for Old Corks

A place in the kitchen drawer should be reserved for odd corks, for there are many household uses to which they may be put. Should a door fit badly and clatter distractingly on windy days, a slice cut from a large cork, nailed onto the lintel and painted to match will effectually silence it without proving a disfigurement.

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