Some Fall Fishing

By C. B. LEWIS

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The doctor in the city had told Miss Gertie Ashford to stay in the country s long as she could, on account of the state of her throat, and that was why she was yet at her grandmoth-

er's when mid-September came. It hadn't been a very lively summer for the girl. She had taken long walks. She had fussed with the oldfashioned flowers; she had sought in vain to win the confidence of the chipmunks and rabbits which came bout, and she had hunted for quails' nests in the wheat fields. There was ae sport, however, she had not participated in. There was a creek meandering its way over the country and crossing the highway a few rods below the house, and in that creek were fish at least as long as her finger. She knew it, because she had seen them, and because a neighbor's boy twelve years old had told her:

"Why, of course there are fishslathers and slathers of 'em, and they are achin' to be cotched, jest as a cat aches for cream. Haven't hauled out more'n a lfundred this summer."

But I was taught in Sunday school that it was wicked to catch fish," was

"Humph! Would we have codfish cakes if folks didn't go a-fishin'?"

The boy rigged up a line and pole for her, and Miss Gertle went fishing. He stood on the bank with her for a while to advise:

"Now, lower your hook!" "Now, stop wobbling the pole!"

"Now, don't you dare breathe!" Now, shet you eyes and say your gayers, for there's a fish as long. as a rail comin' for your hook!"

Then half an hour had passed and fisher hadn't had a nibble yet, the wandered away in disgust. At theread of the second half-hour Miss Gertie said to herself:

know why I don't have any luck. It's because the fish can see me. I'll play a trick on them."

Thereupon she stuck the end of the pole into the bank and left the hook to do its own fishing while she retired to the house for a rest. Ferrers Yorke, the author and artist, was planning a new story. The opening chapters would tell of a meadow, a brook, a bridge and a pretty girl, and the girl would be fishing in that brook. The author was great on local color, and he had come out into the country to find the spot that another would have to imagine. He was quite sure that he could find all but the girl with a fishpole in her hands, and there was one chance in a thousand that he would and her. He had discovered three brooks, bridges and when his search brought him hows opposite to where Gertie stoc

young man would have of the bushes with a hello e of his hat, and waded the and asked how many fish had n caught, and how many had got ay. Mr. Yorke was not rash. He not betray his presence among the illows. Not that he was a spy by nature, but that, having found his heroine, he must study her a bit.

The heroine of a story must have auburn hair which the sunshine turns

She must have a neck like a swan,

though not as long She must have a Grecian nose—not the sort you see around the Greek restaurants of New York, but one made to order in Athens and sent on packed in pink cotton.

Her eyes must be like stars. The stars worn by constables are excluded from the contest.

Her form must be divine, which means it must not be molded on the lines of a sack of flour.

She must have twinkling feet. She should sing as she fished.

Told the girl across the creek from 'the artist fill the bill? Yes, and more. She was a sylph-a houri-an angel. With her for a heroine that story would go like buckwheat cakes on a winter's morning. Even when she became discouraged about the fish and turned away with a shrug of her shoulders, he was delighted with the

An artist and an author has two souls, as we all know. One is a dream soul, and can hear the whispers of the angels with every breeze that blows through a patch of bull-thistles-the other gives him a proper appetite for

a boiled dinner. When Mr. Yorke had looked upon Gertle with one soul, he laid it aside to look with the other. The girl went away, but she would return. She would confidently expect to find something on her hook. If there was not a victim she would be disappointed.

How a farmer's cast-off boot came tom lying on the farther bank in had madelight is a mystery to be exroads before other time. In days gone might have overtaken him that order, not and devoured everything bot. For the two-souled ar-

That them ake it fast to the fishbook miled demuck among the willows was the mail. hree minutes.

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boy who had left the spot an hour before. He was returning to see what luck Gertie had had. He came steathily, and he saw all, and he said to

"Gee, but don't I wish I was as big as a house, so that I could give that chap a licking!"

He waited in hiding to see what the girl would do when she returned. She came slowly. She thought she saw the fishpole quiver. She seized it and flung the "fish" on to the grass behind her. She had just discovered what it was, and was looking at it in wonder, when the small boy left his lair to

"I saw the guy when he done it!" "Did some one put this old boot on my hook?" she asked.

"He did, Miss, and he's right over there in the willers!"

Gertie walked down to the bridge and over it and up the bank to the clump of willows, where the twosouled artist crouched. He saw her coming, but there was no escape for him. He straightened up and raised

The girl looked him up and down with contempt, and he felt obliged to "-I did it as a joke!"

"Are you what is called a comic supplement to a Sunday paper?" was asked.

"I'm sorry I did it."

"Oh, don't apologize. There are men of all sorts of caliber, you know!"

But Gertle had turned her back on him and was walking away. When she rejoined the boy, the latter said:

"Say, that guy is stopping over at Farmer Turner's. Do you want me to go over there and lick him? You scious make his hair stand up."

"I guess he got enough," was the reply, and yet the girl did not congratulate herself upon her victory. Had it been such a great crime after

Wouldn't almost anyone else have taken it as a joke?

Couldn't she have taken it as a joke but for the small boy?

The "guy" was good-looking and a gentleman. A gentleman sometimes okes as well as other sorts of men. He had said he was sorry, and would have gone further if she had consented to listen. He had blushed and been confused, and had gone away as if looking for a hole to hide in.

Miss Gertie had a temper quick to flash and quick to cool off again, and by the next morning she had made easonable excuses for the joker. So it was with the small boy. His father had said it was a good joke, and his mother had smiled at it, and the lad had come to feel it a duty to go over to Turner's and tell the guy that he was sorry he had given him away. He was on his way to Turner's across the fields, when he caught sight of Gertle on the highway. She was in the old buggy and behind the old horse which her grandmother had owned for nearly twenty years. was headed for the village and the

A quarter of a mile beyond the girl as the "guy." He was running down the hill and waving his hat at her.

"Now, then, is that feller crazy?" asked the small boy of himself, as he mounted a stump to see the better. From the brow of the hill the artist

had seen a pair of horses and a wagon coming on the dead run. He had instantly realized that the driver of the lighter vehicle would not take the alarm until too late. He was within five rods of her when he recognized Gertie, and as he reached the head of the old horse he grasped the bridge and fairly dragged the outfit into the ditch. As it was, a wheel was taken off the old buggy and the girl thrown out. She was somewhat bruised and terribly scared, and, of course, Mr. Yorke had to assist her to the house. while the small boy remained on the spot to pick up the pieces and assure old Dobbin that he had had the escape of his life.

That evening the same small boy called on Gertie to see if she had any toes broken and to add:

"Did you give the guy any more

fits?" "Why, no," was replied.

"Do you think him nice?" "I-I think so."

"Is he a hero?" "He must be."

"Then you'll marry him, of course, and I'll be left high and dry! That's what a boy gets for showing a girl how to go a-fishing and catch an old

Revolutionizing Salmon Industry. Construction of power plants that will cost \$6,000,000 and that will revolutionize the salmon packing industry in the whole Columbia river basin, are forecasted by application of Mc-Gowan (Wash.) packers for power development sites on the Deschutes riv-

er in Oregon. Applications for 8,000 cubic feet of and plans have been prepared for two gigantic dams, one 118 feet high, 300 feet long at the bottom and 800 feet than in sense, who fired the first shot. long at the top, and the other 236 feet high, 90 feet long at the bottom and

420 feet at the top. Power generated by the water impounded behind these dams will be used to run salmon canneries and tinplate plants in which the cans will be

Some Philosophy.

"We don't know what we're fighting for," complained a Prussian private. "We wouldn't ever get it

The Newcomer

By LINCOLN ROTHBLUM

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspa Behind every blind on Maple square, pulled in the face of the warm afternoon sun, lingered eager eyes strain-

ing to see all that was to be seen as

the brawny teamsters unloaded the

newcomer's household belongings. Moving in Maple square, it must be understood, was an event. With the exception of the Santleys, who had left as mysteriously and precipitately as they had come (and the talk about which had not yet subsided, though it was two years past), goings and comings were rarities. In fact, the absence of "For Rent" signs had become a source of great pride to all the householders on the square, and it is little to be wondered that the slim girl who stood so resolutely on the bottom step of the former Santley home should cause such agitated interest. Mrs. Gregory, wrapper-clad, was already regretting that some married couple "with two or three children and likely to remain permanently" were

not taking the premises. As the piano was laboriously unloaded, each watcher came to the conclusion the newcomer was a piano teacher, come to turn Maple square into a workshop. The girl, unconof the hostile sentiment made his knees wobble, but I can aroused as if by a single connecting circuit, entered the house and could be seen through the large bay window making some effort to create order out of the chaotic jumble of chairs, boxes and barrels. As Grocer McCann's two boys mounted the steps, a dozen housewives decided their larders needed replenishing, and Grocer Mc-Cann, knowing his trade, did a halfhour's rushing business, his tongue only slowing up when he made change.

"Yes, Mrs. Gregory," he went on, weighing out a niggardly pound of dry limas, "she walks in here fround eleven this morning (seems as if she gives me a good-sized order; asks to have it delivered. I was for marking the bill C. O. D., but she up and pays me. That's what I'd call a business

"Shall I wrap up some of them prunes for you, Mrs. Gregory?" he broke off as he caught that unfortunate lady in the act of sampling one, just opened the box."

Mrs, Gregory nodded unwillingly. 'And are your two boys helping our new neighbor?" she asked.

The grocer walked over to the counter on which he exhibited his stock of cheeses. Raising the glass cover, he waited, knife in midair, "Yes," he finally answered, as the knife descended with unswerving accuracy on fifteen cents' worth, "she asked me if I knew a couple of fellows who'd help her set up the beds and get things sort of straightened out."

He paused to wipe the knife on his "She offered to pay well; 'n' Ed an' Ben 'll be needin' the extra money with school startin', so I sent them over. She's a right smart woman, and knows a deal about groceries -more as a great many of married

Mrs. Gregory tried to look haughtily offended. Cupping the bags of limas, prunes and cheese in the crook of her left arm, and gathering her skirts together with her right, she swept out McCann's Cash vowing never to set foot in there again; only on his special Tuesday sales, when, it must be admitted, he sold, without any qualms of conscience, nineteen-cent cans of peaches marked down to twenty-nine.

The weekly meeting of the Maple Square Ladies' club had an unusually large attendance, compelling Mrs. Gregory, at whose home the club convened that week, hastily to dispatch her small daughter via the back door for the loan of additional china with which to accommodate her guests.

Mrs. Chandler, president, and very rapped for order. Mrs. Chandler liked Men's Association, he understood par- body at sea. The court said: liamentary law and how such things should be conducted.

silk dress could hush the buzzing steamship been passing through the voices and shortly a very ruffled Mrs. harbor of New York and approaching Chandler announced the meeting ad- its dock, it could scarcely be said that journed. Mrs. Gregory, emerging from the defendant would be justified in the kitchen with the china hastily gar- casting the body into the water, from nered, commenced to distribute her whence it could not be reclaimed, stock supply of cream-cheese-and- thereby depriving the next kin of the nut-sandwiches, "so satisfying and easy solace of giving the body a decent water rights in all have been filed, to prepare," as she once confided in burial." an unguarded moment.

It was Miss Tucker, richer in dollars "We all forgot to suggest our new 1831, but the history of the country

her?"

Whet's the difference?" rejoined negative emphasis. "Since that Sant of France. All this flat country was " and she prused dre-

"I must agree with you." Mrs. Chandler assented. "I am particularly averse to unattached females at all times. Walt's last letter was all about some vampire who has him in her

Miss Tucker, forgetting she was included in the category of "unattached females," joined in the general laugh.
All knew Mrs. Chandler's husky son and his doting mother's war on luring

The cuckoo's four o'clock warning sent the Maple Square Ladies' club scurrying to their respective homes, where soups and stews boiled and stewed to a rapid demise.

Mrs. Chandler, obliged to pass the wcomer's home, had decided to walk past head up. She would have walked past nose up, but an unkind Providence had endowed her with a plebian nose, persistently downcast. Out of the corner of her eye she could see the unwelcomed neighbor rocking on the porch. She was aggravatingly pretty in white dimity as she rocked and crocheted, industriously whistling a catchy tune. It was a warbled trill, Mrs. Chandler afterwards was sure, which made her step on the orange peeling, and the run of notes was still in her ears as her pride and person fell. It all happened so quickly, she never could determine how she found herself, nightgowned and doctored, in the home of this "person." It was Dr. Nutting, himself, who was murmuring something about "absolutely not to be moved." Incoherent thoughts, sharply interrupted by ugly pains in the leg,

furrowed her brow. 'Now, don't let it worry you," a soft and very gentle voice was saying. "Doctor says it's a serious fracture, and you must not be moved; but you're ever so welcome." The bright smile and clear, blue eyes confirmed the words.

In the many weeks that followed. Mrs. Chandler came to love her pretty and competent nurse; she had no daughter of her own and experienced for the first time novel appreciation of little acts of tenderness and consider-

"Perhaps you've been wondering." she abruptly began one afternoon, "why none but my husband has come to visit me here. You see the folks 'round here don't take kindly to new people, and we were all so disappointed in the Santleys, who last rented this house, we felt we had to be careful about the next tenant.

"But," she added, vehemently, when I get on my feet again, I'm going to tell the Maple Square Ladies' club that you're better than all of them put together. Why, you're the first girl I've ever met that I'd want Walt to marry."

The girl blushed and her eyes glis-

"You know," Mrs. Chandler continued, proudly, "Walt's my boy-and I'm hoping you'll blush like that when he sees you. He's coming home soon."

Autumn had come to Maple square and found Mrs. Chandler well on the road to complete recovery. Propped up in a cozy armchair before the large bay window, she watched in excited anticipation the children shuffling through the fallen leaves swept into the gutter. She was thinking of her son, expected that day, and of the debt she owed this girl who had taken her into her home and heart. Truly she had learned goodness was more than living straight-it was loving gentleness and generous kindness,

"Look," she cried out, striving to rise from her armchair, "there comes Walt! Call to him before he passes by! Quick!"

And Mrs. Chandler was due to another shock as she saw her stalwart son enfold the newcomer in his arms -just as if he had done it many times

"Sure, mother," he was explaining once again, "didn't we know how you distrusted all girls? So we hit upon the plan of Little Sweetheart coming here first-for I knew she'd make you love her."

Mrs. Chandler smiled through her tears. "She's done more than that,

Must Bring Body to Port.

The first litigation over burial at sea has been decided, according to Case and Comment. The decision conscious of her new green silk dress, holds that a steamship company which embalms the body of a passenger who to rap for order. She felt the gavel dies on a voyage toward his home lent her dignity. The gavel had been country is bound to transport the body donated by Mr. Chandler on his wife's to port and deliver it to those entitled installation into office. Thrice elected to its possession for burial, and is lipresident of the Main Street Business able in damages in case it buries the

"At the time of the burial at sea the body could have been carried to port But today, neither gavel nor green without injurious effect. Had the

History of Belglum.

Modern Belgium dates only from neighbor for membership; a committee dates from the time of Julius Caesar, ought to be appointed to call on her." who in 51 B. C. finally conquered the Mrs. Chandler did not like the country inhabited by the Belgae. Belspinster-she had not liked her, in glum is the southern part of the Nethfact, ever since that lady had looked erlands. The northern part is now with too favorable eyes upon her only known as Holland. Belgium is also son Walter. "You live next door to the northern part of what was called our new neighbor," she commented, Flanders and two provinces of Belgium glancing up; "have you called on still bear the name, East and West Flanders. The southern part of old Miss Tucker wagged her head with Flanders is now the northwestern part mmonly called the Low Country. ern Belgium is a part of it.

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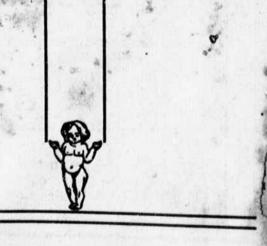
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