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**MISS NOBODY**

By TIFFANY WELLS

Published by Arrangement With First National Pictures, Inc.

(Continued)

Bravo was asleep under an apple tree in bloom. She put down her clay Venus and leaned over him. She had never before noticed that his hair was slightly pointed as if dyed back when such things were, a lady among his forebears had met in woodland the rover Pan.

"There ought to be vine leaves in his hair," she thought.

His face was mottled by flecks of sunlight which danced through the shade of young leaves and blossoms over him. She studied intently the expressions which the wavering patterns of light daubed on his peaceful countenance. She remarked the peculiar sensuous upcurl of mouth corners. It seemed that he smiled. And then, with a shift of the gentle breeze, it seemed that he was unutterably sorrowful.

"His face was mottled by flecks of sunlight which danced through the shade of young leaves and blossoms over him. She studied intently the expressions which the wavering patterns of light daubed on his peaceful countenance. She remarked the peculiar sensuous upcurl of mouth corners. It seemed that he smiled. And then, with a shift of the gentle breeze, it seemed that he was unutterably sorrowful.

**SMILES**



**WHY SHE IS HAPPY**

He: Well, I suppose she's happy now that she's gotten the man she wants.

She: Happy, yes; but because she's gotten the man two or three other girls want.



**TOO WONDERFUL FOR WORDS**

Admirer: Don't you think he plays too wonderfully for words?

Singer: Yes—I've never been able to sing to his playing yet.

She stood in her B. V. D.'s and a dazzling new striped shirt. In front of the little shop the tailor was pressing the blue tweed piece with the pin stripes. He muttered succulent Gallican curses beneath his breath, and glanced up ruefully at his sign:

"Suits pressed while you wait. 50 cents."

"Hi!" He spat viciously on the iron. "I ought to charge the loafer a dollar."

From the back room called Barbara:

"Snap into it, stiff! Is this a tailor shop or a flop joint?"

She uttered the coarse words with complacency. Of decent shame? Not a vestige! She was a post-graduate bo by now, an alumnus of the highroad, as she stood in her shirt-tails, a confounding argument for co-education. She thought the thoughts of the itinerants and their lingo knew her smooth lips.

"Yah!" grumbled the tailor. "I wanta yet I should hurry. I bet he must have slept in alleys for a year. All my dirt I never saw such a dirty garment."

Barbara waited impatiently.

"This is the day of the great adventure, Alley. We're going to be dudes for a day and play we're the idle rich."

She smoothed her sox and admired her knees in a tarnished mirror.

"And we're going to be mighty sensible about, this Bravo lad. It was nice of him, though, to offer to stake me to a new suit of clothes wasn't it, now?"

Alley rumbled.

"I was tempted to let him give me the money, Alley. I longed to go out and get some silk stockings and a frock and show him what he's missing—because he doesn't know why I didn't die. Alley, do I? I'd spoil everything. Understand that. Do you?"

"No you don't understand. You're too young. Food is all that interests you, Alley. Right now, pine in Pine Springs, it sort of interests me, too. Tonight we dine in splendour. No Mulligan. No greasy farm grub. No handouts. And I'm going to look pretty swell, too, when I'm pressed and barbered. If I could lay my hands on the cosmetics of my petticoat past—I feel the cosmetic urge. But I'm a man, Alley, and we men have no vanity."

The tailor came in, dropped Barbara's suit over a chair and shuffled out. His irons had done nobly by the blue pin stripe. They had looked like a renaissance in serge. It looked like a new garment. Barbara talked to the dull mirror, distorted image of an admired self.

"We're a knockout, kid. And we've fooled 'em all. All but Bleaches-and-Cream, who had special knowledge. We've had—"

She squinted at her reflection.

"We've had but one haircut since we put on pants."

"Hey!" she called to the tailor. "Where's the nearest barber shop?"

"Next block," she was told.

"I owe you four bits, eh?" He nodded morosely. "Well, here's a buck, and you keep the change if you'll do something for me."

"What?" He was suspicious.

"Mind my cat for me."

"Oh, sure"

Barbara entered the barber shop and made for the barber.

"Haircut," she said out of the side of her mouth.

The barber arranged the shroud. "How you like beem?" he asked. She was silent. "You brush beem up, or on the side?"

"Oh, yes," said Barbara. The answer traveled over the back of her neck. She relaxed keenly enjoying the soothing ministrations. Presently the barber held a mirror behind her.

"Awright?"

He stared. "Shave?"

"No," she gulped. "I shaved this afternoon."

He ran a thumb over her chin and wheedled: "Quite a stubble there. Just a once-over, eh?"

"Never shave twice in one day," squelched Barbara.

"He implored, 'Massage?'"

"Well—"

He interpreted acquiescence and slapped an unctuous grease on her face. His beefy fingers kneaded her cheeks, rubbed into her forehead, pinched her chin. It was rough and delicious.

(When that was over, "Hair toneek?")

"Why—"

"You go and see your girl, maybe? Then you wanna smell nice, eh?"

She snickered weakly and sur-rendered. He poured fragrant waters over her new haircut, and combed her until she shone.

The bill was \$2.25. Barbara tipped him fifty cents. The transaction left her less than five dollars. She must, she decided, make inquiry into the mysterious faculty exclusively the male's, of spending

bummed a song, and somewhere in the cool shade a wood thrush warbled joyously.

Barbara kicked a pebble.

"When we get to Pine Springs," she said spitefully, "I'm going to buy you a present. She studied the thrush would shut up. "Some sulphur and molasses!"

**REGAL FLOUR**

Here where the World's Finest Wheat is Grown

Makes Beautiful Loaves of Bread



CHICAGO, June 14.—The first Eucharist Congress of the Roman Catholic Church to be held in the United States, gathering here June 20-24, promises to become one of the greatest spectacles of modern times.

Confidently planning for a million visitors, Cardinal Mundelein and his assistants of the archdiocese of Chicago, have made elaborate preparations. Besides the vast numbers of laity expected, fifteen cardinals will attend and more than enough archbishops and bishops to celebrate opening day mass at each of the 357 Catholic churches in Chicago. Dispatches from Rome have made clear that Vatican circles regard the gathering as the most important manifestation of a religious character since the days of the crusades.

Only 3,500 can witness the official opening of the Congress in Holy Name cathedral, but the first outdoor mass in Soldiers Field Stadium on the morning of June 25th is expected to attract most of the million pilgrims. An altar 125 feet high, with thrones for the fifteen cardinals under cloth of gold canopies, and a sanctuary large enough for 500 archbishops and bishops, has been built.

From a similar altar at Mundelein, after the Eucharistic procession, Cardinal Bonzano, the papal delegate, will bestow the closing benediction of the Congress.

A bronze statue of the Madonna twenty-four feet high, replica of the Bernini statue in Rome, has been erected at Mundelein where the procession will start.

Among the choruses organized for the various meetings is one of 62,000 voices to accompany the huge outdoor pipe organ specially built for the occasion. One of the huge mass meetings is the special service for 200,000 men of the Holy Name Society in the evening of June 22nd.

Because of the number of visitors, most of the sessions will be held in separate auditoriums, grouped by nationalities.

**EUCCHARIST CONGRESS WILL BE GREAT EVENT**

Cardinal Mundelein and His Assistants Have Made Preparations for a Million Visitors.

(Associated Press)

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Drink it in the morning! ENO'S "Fruit Salt," sparkling, effervescent, refreshing, carries the poisons from the system, stimulates the liver, stomach and bowels to proper natural action—and gives a sense of inner cleanliness and well-being that leads to bounding health and mental clarity.

Do you take a 'dash' of ENO in the morning in a glass of water?

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TO BELFAST—GLASGOW

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June 16, July 14 ..... Melita  
June 30, July 28 ..... Minnedon

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**KICK HIM WHEN HE'S DOWN**

"No, sir, nobody can accuse me of hitting a man when he's down."

"That's the proper spirit, my boy."

"Sure it is—when he's down kick him."



**He: I met a little chicken in swimming this morning.**

She: Chickens can't swim. It was probably a little goose.



**THE LAST RESORT**

1st Germ: They've abolished the office towel, where will we go now?

2nd Germ: On a two dollar bill!

**RUN-DOWN AFTER BIRTH OF BABY**

Ottawa Woman Made Strong by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Ottawa, Ontario.—"I was terribly run-down after the birth of my third baby. I had awful bearing-down pains and was afraid I had serious trouble. I was tired all the time and had no appetite. My sister-in-law is taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and cannot praise it too highly and asked me to try it. I have had splendid results and feel fine all the time now. Any one who needs a thorough pick-me-up soon learns from me what to take." Mrs. E. B. EAGLE, 320 Cumberland Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

**Terrible Backache**

Hamilton, Ont.—"After my baby was born I had terrible backache and headaches. I could not do my work and felt tired from the first minute I got up. But worst of all were the pains in my sides when I moved about. I had to sit or lie down for a while after every step I took. I kept my house in order, but many things had to go undone at the time, because of my ailments. I was told by a neighbor to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as she said it would build me up. I was relieved before I had taken the first one bought and have not had any trouble like it since." Mrs. T. MARBLE, 115 Ferguson Avenue South, Hamilton, Ontario.

**Carding Carding**

Done at D. M. Johnstone's Mill, Long River. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wool left at the following stores will be carded for and delivered:—A. E. Doucette, Rustico; A. Peters, Oyster Brook; Everett Johnston, Brookfield; P. J. Noy & Co., Hunter River. Oil furnished at mill. 9814-615-81.

**Clearance AUCTION SALE**

OF STOCK, CROP AND IMPLEMENTS

I am authorized by Mr. James Moreside to sell on his farm, North River on Wednesday, June 23rd, commencing at 1.30 p. m., the following:

1 team truck wagon, 1 hay cutter, 1 spring tooth harrow, 1 hay rake, 1 plough (new), 1 wood sleigh, 1 driving sleigh, 1 scythe, 25 hens, 1 choice mare, quantity of hay and straw, work harness and traces. Other articles not mentioned.

BENJ. CARTER, Auctioneer.

**Love Will Find a Way**

"A woman is only a woman," quoted Bravo, "—but a good cigar is a smoke."

He showed back from the table, crossed his legs, and indicated a forlorn and disappointed satisfaction with the terms of existence. He blew rings of the smoke of a perfect and envied no seraph.

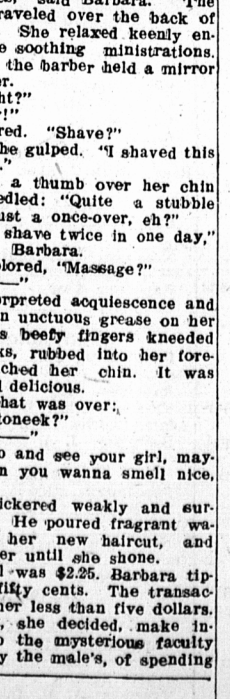
Barbara grunted him his soul's ease, which had so certainly followed the ease of repetition. As for herself, bliss ebbed abruptly at the diaphragm. Above that line a pessimistic brain refused to compromise with a lulled middle.

"A woman is only a woman," she parroted, with a snort. "What does that mean, if anything? I suppose no woman ever says, 'a man is only a man.'"

(To be continued)

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Good doctor, should live, and pay for this property in two years.

Apply "Physician" Guardian Office.

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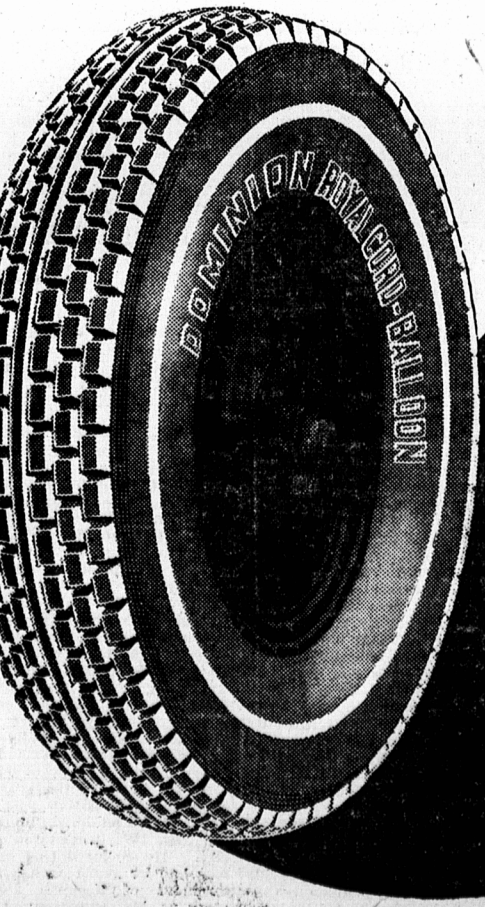
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