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may not know them they are presented  
as the best preparation on the market for  
disorders of the stomach.

Read Guide-Advocate Want Ads.

## Opportunity

By VINCENT G. PERRY

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure News-  
paper Syndicate.)

Harry was just like thousands of  
other young men scattered about the  
world—he was full of ambition and  
longings, with a whole lot of ability  
that every one save himself failed to  
recognize, and even he had no idea  
of its extent. The ambition to be an  
actor had grown on Harry from the  
day he had seen his first play. Start-  
ing out with schoolboy recitations and  
ending up with college dramatics he  
had cultivated the taste for stage life.  
But there he was in Bloomstead, a  
clerk in the drug store, his small sal-  
ary going every week for the neces-  
sities of life. There did not seem to  
be a chance in the world for him to  
get away from there, yet, somehow  
he did not give way to that thought.  
"I have just got to get on the stage,"  
he told himself more than once a day,  
"that's where I belong."

Of course, like every other helpless  
young man with such ambitions, he  
wrote to every play producer he ever  
heard of, and poured out his story.  
Some of them answered him, more of  
them did not. The answers were all  
about the same. "Forget it," was the  
underlying thought, though they went  
at it in a kindly fashion, enlarging on  
the discouragements the theatrical pro-  
fession offered to the novice. None of  
them did as he hoped; that is, write  
and say "Come right along. We will  
give you a chance to make good and  
we will pay you enough to keep you  
from starving and to buy your ticket  
home again if you don't suit." They  
looked on him as just a "moon-eyed  
rube." They forgot the days when  
they were longing for that chance,  
when a helping hand would have put  
them on their feet. That's what Harry  
thought, anyway.

However, Harry was not going to be  
denied all the pleasure of footlights  
and applause. Amateur dramatics of-  
fered a little soothing to his longings.  
As leading man and director of the  
Bloomstead Dramatic society he was  
filling in all his spare time. The sec-  
ond rehearsal of "The Romance of  
Lillian" was scheduled for that night  
at the town hall, and Harry was look-  
ing no time in getting there. He had  
big hopes for his play. It gave him an  
opportunity for some real acting in  
the last act, and there was a vague  
hope that some one of influence in the  
dramatic world might hear of his suc-  
cess in it.

But at the town hall disappointment  
was lurking. Clotene Colbert, the  
chosen leading lady, balked at the kiss-  
ing scene. "Papa says if I am to be  
kissed in this play I can't be in it,"  
Clotene told Harry with rural tart-  
ness.

"My mother thinks it would be awful  
to have kissing in it," one of the other  
girls in the case agreed. Right there  
an argument started that ended in  
Clotene's leaving in tears. The re-  
hearsal was upset for the evening, and  
further rehearsals were postponed  
until a new heroine could be secured.

Poor Harry! He had never been so  
disgusted as he was that night. What  
did these rubes know about art, any-  
way, he asked himself. The idea of  
Clotene balking at the kissing scene!  
As if a stage kiss meant anything!  
Where could he get another heroine?  
All the girls with any ability at all  
were in the cast already. But no!  
There was that new arrival, the young  
lady from the city who was visiting  
the minister's wife. Would she take  
the part? There was only one way  
to find out, and Harry started out to  
put that one way into operation.

Ruth Hedley listened to Harry's plea  
and smiled kindly. The ambition of  
the young man before her could not  
help making its impression.

"Let me read your play," she said  
when Harry had finished. The young  
leader of the dramatic society handed  
over the manuscript smilingly. As  
Ruth sat and read Harry watched her  
face. He had not noticed before how  
very beautiful she was. When she  
smiled she was simply glorious. Why,  
Clotene was not in it with her!

Ruth finished the manuscript. "Read  
that last act to me." She handed the  
play over to Harry for compliance.

Harry started to read, his voice and  
expression gathering strength as the  
act proceeded. It was not a strong  
play, but Harry certainly made the  
best of it.

"Splendid!" Ruth applauded when  
he had finished. "Mr. Thomas, you are  
a born actor."

At last some one had recognized his  
ability. Harry blushed radiantly and  
burled out his thanks. Somehow this  
charming young lady had left him be-  
reft of words.

"Why not get a stronger play—one

with more fire in it than this? You give  
you a chance to act?" Miss Hedley sug-  
gested. "I have the manuscript of one  
in my trunk that will be the very thing.  
I would be pleased to play the leading  
part in it."

"But it takes so long to write out  
the parts for the others," Harry mur-  
mured.

"I can have typed manuscripts here  
from the city in less than a week,"  
Ruth told him. "Are you on?"

"I sure am!" he declared. "We'll  
make the people sit up."

The people of Bloomstead certainly  
did sit up. Never had there been such  
a raffle in their midst as the Dramatic  
society made that fall. The rehears-  
als for the new play went off with rec-

ord success and the night for the per-  
formance arrived.

Behind the footlights in the town  
hall Harry was excited and his nerves  
were strung to the highest pitch. It  
was the first time he had been af-  
fected that way.

The many wonderful surprises were  
responsible for it, he thought.

To begin with, Ruth's presence and  
assistance with the directing had made  
the Dramatic society's "talent" come  
out to an amazing degree. Why, the  
coaching she had given Harry made  
him feel almost like a professional!  
There was one thing that puzzled him:  
She was a remarkable coach, but her  
own acting could be improved upon in  
many places, he thought. Sometimes  
she had showed some of the fire she  
instilled in the others, but on the whole  
she kept her talent, if she did  
possess any, in restraint. Then there  
had been the scenery—real city scenery  
that arrived in time for the last re-  
hearsal, a surprise arranged by Ruth.  
Harry there ever such a girl as she?  
Harry was quite convinced there never  
was.

They were into the first act almost  
before Harry realized it. After the  
first line or two he forgot himself en-  
tirely, forgot everything but the part  
he was playing and the people that  
were acting around him. The roar of  
applause that followed the fall of the  
curtain brought him to himself. Would  
the applause never cease?

"They are calling us before the cur-  
tain." It was Ruth, flushed and ex-  
cited. Then it all came over him. Ruth  
had been acting as he had never seen  
her act before. Together they had  
made a triumph.

But the first act was nothing to what  
followed. Curtain call after curtain  
call heralded their efforts a great suc-  
cess.

When it was all over, Harry found  
himself in his dressing room, dazed by  
the wonder of it all. A light laugh at  
the door, and Ruth's voice brought his  
nerves back in place. Ruth entered,  
followed by a portly gentleman.

"My manager, Mr. Cuthbertson,"  
Harry heard her say, as if it were in  
a dream. Suddenly it dawned upon  
him. Ruth was a real actress—a  
Broadway favorite, he could read it in  
her eyes.

Of course she was; Mr. Cuthbertson  
soon let that out.

"This play you both handled so won-  
derfully tonight is the one Miss Hed-  
ley is to open the season in next  
month," Cuthbertson said, "and we  
want you to play opposite her. I have  
a blank contract here for your signa-  
ture."

It was Harry's opportunity. A great  
blaze of light struck him between the  
temples, he felt himself wavering, and  
there was a choking sensation in his  
throat. Out into the air he rushed;  
he could not stand it any longer.

Ruth found him sitting in the open  
rear doorway, panting and deathly  
white.

"Can't you see what a glorious thing  
it is for you?" she said—"the success  
you have dreamed of, everything you  
want in the world."

"But it isn't," Harry had risen and  
was facing her with a sort of wild  
stare. "It is you that have meant more  
to me than anything, and now I see  
that I cannot live without you. I have  
learned to love you as just Ruth Hed-  
ley, the minister's wife's college chum.  
I would not dare to love so grand a  
person as Ruth Hedley, the Broadway  
star."

"And why not? Can't Broadway  
stars be loved? Can't they love in re-  
turn?" There was a light in Ruth's  
eyes that brought back Harry's cour-  
age.

His world had opened to him—most  
of it was in his arms.

No one need endure the agony of corns  
with Hollaway's Corn Cure at hand to re-  
move them.

Platinum deposits rich enough for  
their operation to be profitable have been  
discovered in Germany.

In maturing champagne there are  
about 200 operations, extending over a  
period of 24 years.

Removable jaws that also are rever-  
sible to hold wedge-shaped objects fea-  
ture a use invented in Europe.

As a vermifuge there is nothing so  
potent as Mother Graves' Worm Extermina-  
tor, and it can be given to the most  
delicate child without fear of injury to  
the constitution.

## STYLES IN HAIR DRESSING

Savages Have Some Really Remark-  
able Ways of Treating Their  
Kinky Head Covering.

Savages are fertile in the invention  
of hair contrivances. Moslems have  
been known to shave away all their  
hair save a small clump in the center,  
which they think will serve as a  
handle by which they may be lifted up  
to heaven. Natives of the New  
Hebrides twist their hair into as many  
as 600 whiplashes. The person who  
can show the greatest number of these  
thin-hair cords is regarded as one of  
importance, and is revered accord-  
ingly.

Papuans wear large bones entan-  
gled in their hair, but Maoris go one  
better and only allow sharks' teeth  
to be used. The Inokums, a savage  
West African tribe, train their hair  
into a crest rising not less than 12  
inches in height, and then let it fall  
backwards, fan shaped. In Samoa  
the women dress their hair to a shape  
somewhat resembling a gigantic royal  
crown. On the top of the crown,  
which is upheld by numerous thin  
bones or twigs, they place a wreath  
of garlands. A wealthy Kafir trains  
his hair into a cone, open at the top,  
and articles the American stows  
away in his trousers' pocket the cur-  
ious Kafir puts in his hair.

## Humane Protest.

"I want these ships to quit flyin'  
around my place!" exclaimed Farmer  
Cortmossel.

"Do they frighten the cattle?"  
"Not so much. But an aviator just  
lit in my pasture and the cattle gave  
him such a run that he won't get over  
bein' scared for a week."

## All Around Disappointment.

"Were you annoyed because I sharp-  
ened a pencil with your razor?"  
"Twice," replied the patient hus-  
band. "After I had given up trying  
to shave I tried to write with the  
pencil."

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## LACE IS DESIRABLE FABRIC

Decoration in Favor for Blouses, Eve-  
ning Gowns, Headgear and for  
the Face.

Lace is one of the most desired fab-  
rics of the year. Lace for blouses, for  
evening gowns under tulle or over it,  
to hide one's face and to cover hats is  
again the fashion. It's in, it's out, it's  
in again, is the way fashion counts  
when it plays hide and seek—which  
is very often. We only become habitu-  
ated to a mode when we are told we  
can wear it no longer. For the pre-  
sent we may wear lace. Flirt, threaded  
net, and the thinly-darned meshes are  
the most attractive used in blouses,  
and lace seems to have rather ousted  
chiffon and georgette, although for a  
tunic either one of these two latter  
fabrics are still shown in every shop  
and worn by most women—reasons to  
turn to lace it seems. Black lace with  
a jet edge and a ribbon belt of black  
and brown is a delightful combination  
for a blouse to wear with a dark brown  
coat and skirt. Because lace and fur  
seem so unsuited to one another must  
be a reason why designers sew them  
together.

## Face Lotion.

A soothing face lotion, good for gen-  
eral use, is made from three ounces of  
rosewater, one ounce of glycerin and  
half a tablespoonful of tincture of  
benzoin.

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some, tasty bread  
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and headaches. A  
friend called my  
attention to one of  
your newspaper  
advertisements and  
I immediately my  
husband bought  
three bottles of  
Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Com-  
pound for me.  
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bottles I felt fine  
and my troubles caused by that weak-

ness are a thing of the past. All women  
who suffer as I did should try Lydia E.  
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—  
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backache, headaches, nervousness of  
"the blues," should accept Mrs. Rohr-  
berg's suggestion and give Lydia E.  
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a  
thorough trial.

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