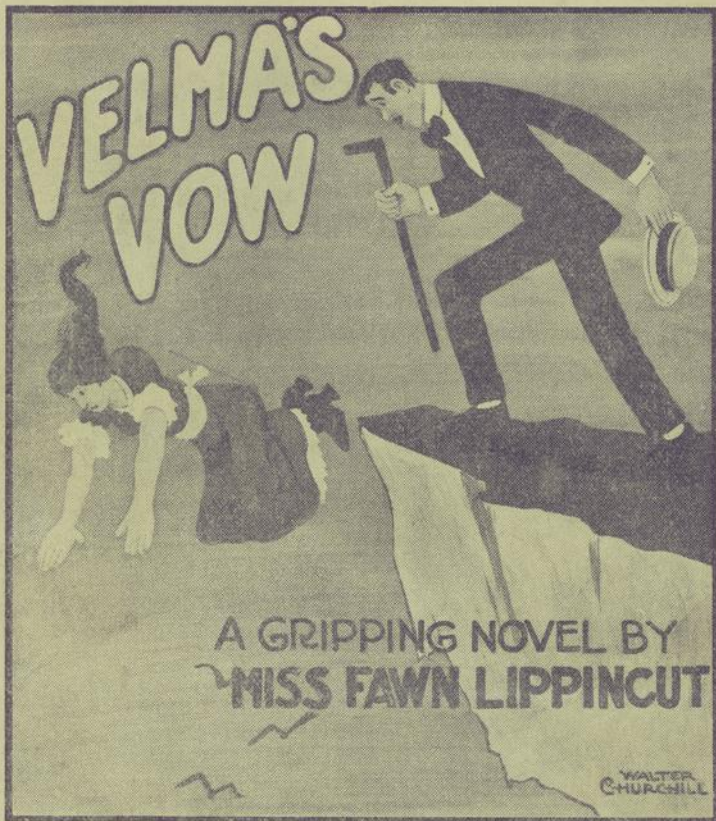


# ABE MARTIN'S SAYINGS AND



A VOLUME OF AMERICAN HUMOR

# New Sayings

By Abe Martin

AND

# Velma's Vow

A Gripping Love Tale by

Miss Fawn Lippincut

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Abe Martin and Miss Fawn Lippincut belong to Kin Hubbard's colony of Brown County, Indiana, characters, and, along with Tipton Bud, Constable Newt Plum, Pinky Kerr, Miss Tawney Apple and others, are well known to newspaper readers of the United States and Canada.

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# New Sayings



By Abe Martin

# NEW SAYINGS

Some folks are allus doin' ther best t' bring about th' worst.



Mrs. Tilford Moots intended t' buy an electric t'day, but she had t' stay home an' scrub.



Constable Newt Plum has ordered all clocks set an hour ahead durin' th' croquet season.



Speakin' o' preparedness, we could use a few more big guns in Congress.



Mr. Lemmie Peters, whose graduatin' essay, "This is the Golden Age o' Opportunity," is still fresh in the memory of our people (although it is considerably over a year since he delivered it) has decided t' accept th' position as general sales manager fer th' Nifty Combination Belt an' Razor Strop.

# By ABE MARTIN

Miss Fawn Lippincut went t' th' city  
t'day t' match a gold fish.



Trouble is jest about as hard t' find  
as a bass drum.



It seems like hard earned money has  
th' best wings.



It's a good thing ther haint no seven-  
passenger canoes.



Some fellers' idea o' bein' a sport is  
smokin' a nickel cigar in a cafe.



Movie actors don't have t' work—  
they jest go thro' th' motions.



Goin' out o' your way t' help others is  
often a short cut t' th' poor farm.

# NEW SAYINGS

Who kin recall th' ole time teetotaler who used t' say, "I never take an enemy int' my stomach t' steal my brains away?"



Who kin recall th' fine ole days when we had 7-cent bacon, 6-cent eggs, 20-cent corn an' th' feller who bathed wuz a dude?



Suppose one does become an expert tennis player, then what?



Times are so good th' grocery bread box lids are wearin' a dull finish.



Another good thing about th' auto is it don't draw flies.



Fortune smiles on some folks an' jest seems t' elope with others.

## B y   A B E   M A R T I N

Miss Tawney Apple, treasuress o' th' Fairy Grotto, took in an artificial quarter t'day.



Of all th' sink or swim propositions th' U-boat takes th' cake.



It takes a feller quite a while t' act natural in a auto, but his women folks sink int' th' cushions like they wuz born an' raised in a car.



Be careful where you place your confidence an' your pocketbook 'll take care of itself.



Th' June bride business wuz light this year, owin' t' th' good times we reckon.



What's become o' th' feller who used t' wear shoulder braces?

# NEW SAYINGS

Tell Binkley says corn on th' cob is all right, but beans on th' string is th' limit.



If th' rich spent as much as those who run in debt we couldn' take care o' th' business.



Th' best way out of it is not t' be in it.



Bedford 'll continue t' git along without stationary saloons, th' "drys" havin' won yisterday.



Lots o' folks git credit fer knowin' what they're talkin' about when they only remember what they've read.



Our people have grown so callous readin' war casualties that you can't git enough folks interested in a funeral t' give a pe-rade.

# By ABE MARTIN

Idle talk gits in its work.



Miss Tawney Apple is gettin' so pop'lar that she's had t' set her wrist watch three hours fast.



Th' feller who says, "I won't go if I have t' wear a dress suit," means if he has t' borrow one.



Miss Mame Moon addressed th' Shakespeare Club t'day on "Th' Effect o' Refrigerator Car Seepin's on Iron Railroad Bridges."



Ever'thing is t' be velvet this winter—but not fer father.



Another good thing about th' auto—after it's worked all week you don't hate t' drive it on Sunday.

# NEW SAYINGS

You can't beat th' women—skirts are t' be too short this season instead o' too narrow.



A new kit o' gold fish has been received at th' Palace Bazar.



Anybuddy 'll agree with you if you've been eatin' onions.



It must be tryin' t' come out of a warm nickel the-ater an' go int' a cold home.



T' git along well a feller ought t' be at least a head taller than his troubles.



If ther's anything worse'n a young spendthrift it's a miserly ole man.



We all second th' motion—picture.



## By A B E M A R T I N

Tell Binkley's brother is visitin' him.  
He's one o' them progressive farmers  
that owns an automobile an' buys his  
milk.



Th' bashful tightwad is right at home  
in a nickel the-ater.



Think twice before you speak, an  
about a week before you write.



If you pay cash th' days won't roll by  
so fast.



Th' night school of experience is over-  
crowded.



Many a husband has gone broke bein'  
fer peace at any price.



Popularity should begin at home.

# NEW SAYINGS

Th' feller who wears a sport shirt is jest as likely t' lose by a neck as he is t' win.



A straw hat never recovers from its first rain.



Lafe Bud says th' honeymoon is over when a wife asks her husband if he wants coffee fer breakfast when she knows perfectly well that he does.



Th' feller that's pleased with ever' thing either don't cut any ice or he has some-thin' up his sleeve.



When a feller says, "It hain't th' money but th' principle o' th' thing," its th' money.



Some folks kin live out o' office but they don't thrive.

## B y   A B E   M A R T I N

Who remembers when our Presidents were rarely ever in Washington?



Stew Nugent says next t' pickin' flowers off a century plant th' easiest snap is bein' a boss canvasman fer an evangelist.



Who remembers th' ole time reversible cuffs?



Miss Fawn Lippincut says that if she could live some period of her life over again she'd select th' five years she wuz eighteen.



Who remembers th' ole anti-rattler cuff buttons?



Who remembers when we used t' press th' creases out o' ready-made trousers?

# NEW SAYINGS

A farewell party wuz given t'day fer Miss Tawney Apple, who has been asked t' take a canoe ride t'morrow.



Never git in a automobile without a thorough understandin' with th' driver that he is not t' cross a railroad without a two-thirds vote o' other passengers in th' car.



Tell Binkley has bought a runabout as it cost too much fer sody an' cigars t' run his tourin' car.



Nothin retards digestion like hatin' somebuddy.



"Next t' pickin' up a smooth dime with a furnace glove on ther hain't nothin' harder than publishin' a four-page paper in a one-page town," said Editur Fluhart, t'day.

## B y   A B E   M A R T I N

Th' consumers are full o' grievances,  
but ther'll be no strike.



One drawback about bein' a loafer is  
that when th' weather gits insufferably  
hot you've got t' keep on loafin' jest th'  
same.



Some fellers start down a roastin'  
ear like ther wuz a valuable prize waitin'  
'em at th' other end.



Two kin live cheaper'n one, but very  
few girls want t' live that cheap.



Knowin' when t' quit talkin' is a fine  
thing, but knowin' when t' leave is still  
finer.



A woman with a few children allus has  
an alibi.

# NEW SAYINGS

Miss Tawney Apple has a cousin who's so handsome his father has t' support him.



Ther' wuz quite a scare here this mornin' when it wuz learned that a rejected suitor wuz in town.



We'd never know some fellers' middle names if ther wives didn' get in th' society column.



Mr. Ning Trumbull, o' th' Star grocery, which recently went int' th' hands of a receiver, announces that he'll open a nickel the-ater an' pay dollar fer dollar.



Lots o' fellers that walk along with bowed heads these days, git credit fer bein' dejected when they're only lookin' at th' girls' feet.

# B y   A B E   M A R T I N

"How Codfish Are Dried" delighted another large an' intelligent audience at th' Nickelodean last night.



It seems like nothin' ever gits t' goin' good till ther's a few resignations.



Any fool kin git in th' limelight, but it takes a general t' stay there.



Pony Mopps is home from a barbers' college smellin' like a potted hyacinth.



You can't be a gentleman these days without folks thinkin' you're up t' some-thin'.



Oscar Moots, th' trusted treasurer o' Th' Lily Dell nickel the-ater, violated his neutrality yisterday by takin' French leave.

# NEW SAYINGS

Some folks are jest like trained seals—you've got t' keep handin' 'em somethin'.



You kin tell from a car window that most farmers are agin' preparedness.



Th' leadin' mystery in ever' neighborhood is how some folks git in th' newspapers so much.



Miss Tawney Apple, ticket seller at th' Fairy Grotto, is layin' off t'day while her rings are bein' cleaned.



Talk about hungry Democrats, th' Republicans even et th' smilax at a "git t'gether banquet" at Melodeon hall last night.



An onion a day keeps your friends at bay.



## By ABE MARTIN

Who remembers when ther used t' be a  
haunted house in ever' neighborhood?



What's become o' th' girl who used t'  
stay t' home 'cause she didn' have hardly  
a thing t' wear?



Miss Birdie Tanger has been ap-  
proached t' wait table at th' New Palace  
hut-tel, but she has no bracelet.



Mrs. Tilford Moots has a niece that  
neither smokes or drinks.



When a feller begins t' complain o' th'  
immodesty o' women he's gettin' purty  
well along in years.



I reckon ther wouldn' be enough  
flowers sold t' bother with a Fathers'  
Day.

# NEW SAYINGS

Some folks are saddest when they sing  
an' some are maddest when others sing.



One-half the world don't know how  
th' other half dodges taxes.



Give some folks enough rope an'  
they'll rope you in.



In ever' town ther's a feller who never  
works a lick, 'cept t' run a popcorn an'  
candy stand on a big day.



What's become o' th' donation parties  
fer preachers that used t' be all th' rage?



Prosperity knockers are th' latest.



I reckon cabaret singers have t' live,  
but they're mighty hard on sober people.

## By ABE MARTIN

Some folks are like a skyrocket. They make a noisy git away, bust an' are never heard of agin.



Ther's allus a tinge o' sadness about th' passin' of a pair o' comfortable shoes, but jest wait till a faithful tire collapses.



Work is so plentiful these days that it's almost impossible t' dodge it.



Some folks git ole before they know it an' others never seem t' git on to it.



Some girls' idea o' business is resignin' a twelve-dollar job t' marry a seven-dollar husband.



Miss Fawn Lippincut says she wouldn' marry th' best man on earth, but we supposed she wuz much younger.

# N E W   S A Y I N G S

You'd think some o' th' candidates wuz after th' woodpecker vote by th' way they tack ther cards on th' telephone poles.



A trainin' camp fer th' patriot that fights with his mouth would be a good thing.



Ther's nothing like a good front, either in war or in th' resturint business.



Miss Tawney Apple spent Sunday at home on account o' th' car shortage.



Marry t' suit your parents an' repent at leisure.



Our folks wuz greatly surprised t' hear o' th' weddin' o' Ainslee Moots, as he wuz supposed t' be doin' well.

## By A B E M A R T I N

Tipton Bud bought a reg'lar nickel cigar this mornin' an' now its rumored he's writin' scenarios or makin' munitions.



Ther haint nothin' that makes a bigger hit with a feller than havin' his wife crawl out early an' smilin'ly cook him a good breakfast.



Mr. Lemmie Peters, whose graduation essay, "This Is Th' Age o' Opportunity," caused so much favorable comment a year ago, almost took th' agency fer th' Eclipse Fly Swatter yisterday.



What's become o' th' ole time friendly acquaintance that used t' ask, "Are you travelin' or goin' somewhere?"



You have t' be mighty careful what you say in these days o' rubber heels.

# NEW SAYINGS

Among other little things that'll allus remain a mystery t' th' average layman is how a feller kin resign a ten thousand dollar job.



"If I only had the cigarette concession fer th' European war I'd certainly go some," said Lafe Bud, t'day, in apologizin' fer not havin' any cloth-top shoes.



Ther haint much peace where you haint got th' price.



Lemmie Peters, who graduated with such high honors in June, is assistin' at th' O. K. livery barn durin' rush hours.



Stew Nugent's mother has received word from th' authorities of an Illinoy city sayin' he is takin' th' winter short course in broom makin'.

# B y   A B E   M A R T I N

Ther's no longer any excuse fer marry-in' a bow-legged girl without knowin' it.



Miss Tawney Apple's uncle is confined t' his home t'day. An', although he is prominent an' well-to-do, th' doctor wont operate.



Mrs. Lafe Bud has sued for separate peace.



When a girl falls in love th' hair dresser gits hers.



Runnin' fer office so you can't notice it is one o' th' latest novelties in politics.



Constable Newt Plum, actin' manager o' Melodeon hall, talks some o' closin' th' historical ole playhouse, 'cause you kin see so much on th' street fer nothin.'

# NEW SAYINGS

Miss Fawn Lippincut went t' see th' Dghffihjkzk Rushy ballet, an' says it was th' limit, but well done.



A warnin' is all th' average American needs t' make him take a chance.



Some folks are too shiftless t' collect ther own thoughts.



Th' wife who kin properly brown fried mush is in no immediate danger o' losin' her job.



Miss Fawn Lippincut says that after she gits her new high shoes laced she's too tired t' go any place.



"One good thing about th' modern dances is that you kin win in a walk," said Miss Tawney Apple t'day.



## By ABE MARTIN

Ther hain't much difference between th' average layman an' th' average drayman when it comes t' understandin' things.



Soot, mixed with jest enough turpentine t' make it pasty, is an excellent mustache dye in th' absence o' shoe blackin'. A pinch o' floor wax will add lustre.



It's gittin' so you can't tell by th' show bills whether a star is comin' t' town on th' hoof, or on a reel.



Th' whole country seems t' be in a constant attitude o' waitin' t' see what women are goin' t' wear next.



A chicken thief entered th' home o' Tipton Bud, last night, an' took his remainin' daughter, Ellyn.

# NEW SAYINGS

Remember when you used t' have t'  
take th' bed ticks t' th' livery stable t'  
have 'em filled?



Th' trouble with walkin' in a pe-rade  
is that life seems so dull an' colorless  
afterward.



Owin' t' th' price o' shoe leather it's  
an imposition t' ask a girl t' take a walk  
unless you're serious.



Linn Sap has resigned at th' saw mill  
an' is follerin' th' war news.



When some fellers take a vacation  
ever'buddy gits a rest.



It's a mighty ole fashioned girl that  
haint in th' "pink" o' condition these  
days.

## By A B E M A R T I N

“My pen is poor, my ink is pale, but my love fer you shall never fail”—who remembers when autograph albums wuz all th’ rage?



If it didn’ rain once in a while farmers wouldn’ have any time t’ pick out autos.



When Ez Pash told ole Niles Turner that ther wuz more money in circulation than ever before, he said, “I knowed ther wuz a scarcity of it, but I didn’ know wher it wuz.”



It’s a waste o’ money t’ build a sleepin’ porch if you’ve got a guilty conscience.



Stew Nugent dropped in on his mother t’day. He says work is so plentiful out over th’ country that he may remain indefinitely.

# NEW SAYINGS

Sayin' you're fer "reasonable" preparedness is only dodgin' th' issue.



What's become o' th' ole time blush we could see come an' go?



Many a feller would be up an' around t'day if he'd written a note instead o' goin' off half cocked.



After a feller gits out o' th' school o' experience it's too late t' git t' th' front.



Mexico, which has been purty bad fer eighty years, is about th' same t'day.



Kindergartens fer little tots in th' winter, an trainin' camps fer 'em in th' summer, makes us naturally wonder what's become o' th' old time mother.

# B y   A B E   M A R T I N

Tell Binkley has quit readin' war news  
an' 'll wait fer th' unbiased historian.



A few grouches are necessary t' hold  
down th' enthusiasts.



Jeff Moots drove t' town t'day fer th'  
border news.



As a rule th' feller who's stuck on  
himself don't bother anybuddy else.



Ther's a growin' tendency among tour-  
in' car builders t' push th' owner's nose  
closer t' th' windshield an' provide all  
th' luxury fer th' nonproducers in th'  
back seat.



Lafe Bud's uncle an' two cousins wuz  
killed in a auto, yisterday, by a train  
which refused t' change its course.

# NEW SAYINGS

Th' time t' start an argument with your wife is jest before you have t' go down town.



If Uncle Sam buys th' Danish West Indies it'll be a dandy place fer our clarinet players t' practice.



Nobuddy kin write as purty a letter as th' feller who's "sorry, but can't be with you."



Mrs. Tipton Bud's uncle met with a serious auto accident t'day, owin' t' a near-sighted windshield.



Envy an' malice tell on you quicker'n runnin' a farm single-handed.



Folks who look th' worst complain th' least.

## By A B E M A R T I N

Mr. Lemmie Peters, who graduated with such high honors last June, offers his services as a rug beater an' solicits a share o' th' public patronage.



Mrs. Tipton Bud has been asked t' join th' Colonial Bridge Club, but she has no fireless cooker.



One o' th' best kinds o' preparedness is makin' friends.



Mr. an' Mrs. Leslie Moon have returned from their weddin' trip an' joined th' survivors o' Niagary Falls.



A censor fer underwear advertisements would help some.



Some folks might as well be in th' soup as th' way they eat it.

# NEW SAYINGS

We're never so positive about anything as we are about somethin' we're wrong about.



Constable Newt Plum has a brother who's so poor he has three dogs.



Some folks die with ther boots on, an' others nearly die with ther shoes on.



Mr. Dwight Moon, whose marriage t' Miss Aroma Moots wuz a social event long t' be remembered, has joined th' army, th' separation comin' as a great surprise t' th' many friends o' th' young couple.



Some folks pride 'emselves on bein' agreeable when ther only silly.



Nonproducers make th' severest critics.



## B y   A B E   M A R T I N

"I've been a war bride all my life," said Mrs. Lafe Bud as she bought some witch hazel, this mornin'.



Who kin recall when it never even occurred t' a medical student t' begin practice without a thick, mossy beard?



Th' Mexicans couldn' be worse neighbors if they kept a phonergraf.



What's become o' th' girl who used t' be nifty about her hats an' sloppy about her feet?



Some folks go t' a fortune teller an' others go t' work an' take chances.



A woman allus smiles when she says she's awfully sorry.

# NEW SAYINGS

An amateur show is good if it's bad  
an' awful if it's good.



It's a wonder that more people are  
not run down by automobiles when we  
consider th' way th' girls are dressin'.



There'll be a free fer all trot at Melo-  
deon hall t'night.



Lemmie Peters, who graduated with  
such high honors in June, is lookin' fer  
somethin' light an' remunerative.



Who remembers when only th' leadin'  
saloon keeper got shaved ever' day an'  
wore a diamond?



Miss Fawn Lippincut has been asked  
t' recite fer nothin' at a social t'night.  
Such is fame.

## B y    A B E    M A R T I N

It's a lucky girl that's got a little sister's clothes t' fall back on these days.



A lamp exploded at th' home o' Tipton Bud, last evenin' jest as th' family was splittin' up fer th' various nickel theaters.



Practice may make perfect, but jest th' same th' feller who hardly ever shoots off his mouth allus hits th' mark.



Nobuddy ever says anything about a 8-hour day fer President Wilson.



"Of all th' earthly disappointments ther hain't nothin' as crushin' as waitin' around home all day fer an altered garment t' be delivered, and then find it hain't been altered," says Miss Fawn Lippincut.

# N E W   S A Y I N G S

Lafe Bud talks some o' opening a garage fer vacuum cleaners.



We all git what's comin' t' us whether we wait or keep movin'.



If it wuzn' fer th' fellers who are born with silver spoons in ther mouths, where would we git all our house t' house canvassers?



Some folks pay ther respects like it wuz takin' their last cent.



Th' free list has been suspended fer th' comin' weddin' o' Miss Plump Bud an Oscar Pash.



Some people are so sensitive that they feel snubbed if an epidemic overlooks 'em.

## B y   A B E   M A R T I N

Th' more money folks have th' greater  
somethin' fer nothin' appeals t' 'em.



A new broom sweeps clean, but a  
new dress don't any more.



Th' hoss may be replaced, but hoss  
radish never.



Melodean hall is to be equipped with  
steam heat fer classic dancers.



Fellers who look like Bryan are hardly  
noticed any more.



It's th' good loser that finally loses out.



Joe Lark, long mourned as dead, called  
at Republican headquarters t'day an' give  
himself up.

# NEW SAYINGS

Girls' shins 'll be allowed t' roam again this winter.



Spring in winter is never up t' any good.



Mr. Lemuel Akers, rated as th' wealthiest man in th' county a few years ago, died a grocer here yisterday.



"I'd rather break in a mustang pony than a new hair cut," said Pinky Kerr, t'day.



Th' feller who wears eyeglasses allus gits credit fer knowin' twice as much as he really does.



Wherever ther's a social gatherin' you'll allus hear, "I wonder what she sees in him?"

## By A B E M A R T I N

What's become o' th' ole time mother who let her boy wear curls till he wuz ten years ole? An' what became o' th' boy?



We often wonder how ex-President Taft would have stood th' confinement if he had been re-elected.



No matter how late spring is, it allus catches our livers off th' job.



Strawberry short cake is another thing that's designed especially fer smooth faced people.



Th' most ardent advocate o' anything is th' feller who can't lose.



It's all right t' be a party worker, but it's often hard on th' party you work.

# NEW SAYINGS

Who remembers when a feller used t' give up at fifty an' raise a nice beard an' settle down?



Th' feller who raises a garden, like th' feller who marries fer money, never figures in his labor.



"Carranza may be all right, but he looks too much like an authority on bee culture t' suit me," said ole Niles Turner t'day.



Tipton Bud is goin' t' give his wife a new electric jest as soon as we catch Villa.



Ambrose Spry, orator, lawyer, author, philosopher, one time owner o' one o' th' most complete general libraries in th' state an' ardent cigar butt collector, wuz taken t' th' poor farm t'day.



# Velma's Vow

By Miss Fawn Lippincut

## To the Reader.

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There is a popular belief that novel writing is very difficult. It is not. Very few problems come up during the writing of a novel that cannot be readily mastered. There are certain things about trees and flowers which have to be looked up, and there are peculiarities about certain sections of our country (and perhaps other countries) that one should have a general knowledge of in order to be a strong, forceful novelist. Some very excellent novels are ruined through too little attention being given to seemingly trivial things. The same may be said of plays. I have in mind a certain play in particular wherein a character in a very effective scene is



## V E L M A ' S     V O W

made to say, "Ah, nature has been teaching us a lesson. See, a pretty meadow lark has built her nest in the mouth of this rusty cannon!" As a matter of fact, a meadow lark was never known to build its nest anywhere except flat on the ground. In "Velma's Vow" I have tried to have everything blooming at the right time, and I am sure that none of the stirring situations which show the trials and tribulations which beset my heroine at every turn in her path to happiness is overdrawn. Indeed life itself is too melodramatic to need any embellishment from us novel writers. I have penned this simple tale, dear reader, with the hope that it will be the means of bringing many to realize that riches and grand surroundings are no match for fate, and that only the truest love can batter down the forces that all too often obstruct the road to real happiness.

MISS FAWN LIPPINCUT.

# By MISS FAWN LIPPINCUT

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## CHAPTER I.

### VELMA DALE'S VOW

It is June and she is bending beneath her weight of roses, which ornament the halls and bowers which summer has hung with green. In June we think of Herrick's Sappho, and how the roses were always white until they tried to rival her fair complexion, and, blushing for shame because they were vanquished, have ever since been red. Like splashes of fire the wild roses blaze through the shadowy green of the underwood, as if to throw a light on the lesser flowers that grow about their feet. As Wilfred Deming and Velma Dale walked along they came to a gray old stile that had stood the bleaching summer suns and cold, white winters for many years. They sat down to rest after a long walk through the sylvan wood. Soon darkness was upon them, and only the low murmurings of the two lovers broke the sombre silence.

## V E L M A ' S      V O W

Back of them was the cool, deep forest, while between them and the faint flickering lights of the town was a wide sweep of rolling velvety alfalfa. The heavens were studded with stars.

"Is Saturn out tonight, my love?" asked Wilfred Deming, of the girlish form by his side.

"I hain't saw her," she answered in a low, musical, dreamy voice.

Wilfred Deming and Velma Dale had been lovers since first they met—a year ago, when Velma had been brought from her Southern home to become the ward of Colonel Mount Severn, and the mistress of his palatial home. She was a pronounced blonde of singular beauty, graceful and willowy, and combined with her wonderful charms was a sweet intellectual saneness incredible as it may seem. Her mother, who had passed on at her birth, had been a famous Creole beauty, while her father was a sprout of a proud old Virginia family, and long identified

## By MISS FAWN LIPPINCUT

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with the diplomatic service of his country, so it had been said. Wilfred Deming was a handsome, romantic looking youth whose classic features and shinola hair stamped him at once as an ideal lover. He had made his way by hanging paper in the summer and studying in the winter, and was, at the beginning of this tale, a distinguished member of the bar, and occasionally spoken of as a possible candidate for prosecuting attorney of his county. He was to make Velma Dale his wife at eight o'clock on the following night, and as they walked home through the wet alfalfa, he said, pressing her gently to his heart and kissing her passionately, "Oh, Velma, if anything should happen to part us now I do not believe I could continue the practice of law."

"Silly boy, dismiss such horrid thoughts from your darling mind. Standing here in this dew laden alfalfa I vow that nothing, not even fate, shall ever part us," said Velma, looking far into Wil-

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fred's soft, dark eyes. It was indeed an impressive moment in the lives of these two young, handsome and arduous lovers—two hearts with but a single thought, and that thought love—long, sweet, enduring love. How little they knew of the pitfalls of love. Presently they passed the tanyard and veered to the right and eventually stood in the beautiful marble rotunda of Colonel Mount Severn's mansion, where they parted in the usual manner.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MYSTERIOUS BLONDE STRANGER

The shades of evening were gathering and Wilfred Deming was as busy as an east-bound tramp. In two short hours he was to become the husband of Velma Dale, and as he paused in front of his mirror he said to himself, "Surely I should be the happiest of men. I am handsome and have health and a good law practice, and to crown it all, fate

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has decreed that I am to marry the dearest girl in all the world in two hours." Seizing a hand-mirror he was about to take a parting glance at his profile when a dreadful fear came o'er him and his face grew deathly white. Dropping the mirror he drew back as if stung. "What—what if something terrible should happen, even now, to ruin my dream of happiness?" Then Velma Dale's vow, "Nothing shall ever part us, not even fate," came back t' him and the old happy light returned to his perfect eyes. As he turned about a marvelously beautiful blonde stranger dashed into the room breathless and excited and stood before him. "Tell me—tell me," he fairly commanded between his even, pearly teeth, "are you Wilfred Deming and are you to marry a girl tonight who calls herself Velma Dale?"

"Who are you, and by what right——," Wilfed Deming got no further, for the Apollo like figure before him exclaimed



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half triumphantly, "Ah, I knew I was right. Thank God I have arrived in time to save you from the cunning trap Colonel Mount Severn and this girl has set for you. Velma Dale is my wife!!"

Before Wilfred Deming could recover his senses the dashing stranger bounded through the open window with the agility of a panther. Stunned and weak he gathered himself together and tried to think. It was now but an hour till he would be due to lead Velma Dale to the altar. Suddenly he recalled that she had once told him that her life before coming to the home of Colonel Mount Severn had been filled with sadness. He remembered, too, that every reference to her life in the south clouded her beautiful face with sadness. "Ah," said Wilfred Deming, half addressing himself, "she has been hiding some ugly secret from me." Almost unconsciously he tore his wedding raiment from his body and jumped into a sack suit. Then almost

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absent-mindedly he chucked a few belongings into his black all-leather traveling bag and stood as if in deep thought. "She has fooled me," he hissed. Then he hurriedly wrote a note and dispatched it to Velma with all haste. Then he ordered his powerful extra noisy twelve-cylinder runabout, with full floating rear axle, and soon he had left Velma Dale and all far behind him. "Velma Dale and all" is right, for Wilfred Deming belonged to that little coterie of men who love but once and deep, and for whom, when tricked or foiled in affairs of the heart, life holds no further charms. So, out into the world dashed Wilfred Deming a broken and aimless wanderer.

### CHAPTER III.

#### FATE INTERVENES

Velma Dale had quite tired of looking at herself and arose from her exquisite mahogany dressing table of rare design.

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Her boudoir was indeed a picture of loveliness with its rich decorations, beautiful furniture, and priceless bric-a-brac. "How I wish that every girl in the world could be as happy as I am at this moment," she said to herself, with a pretty arched expression, for there was not a selfish hair in Velma Dale's shapely head, although she was beautiful.

She had asked to be alone for the last hour of her single life for a little mental reflection. She knew that unless her great full-length French mirror had played her false she was indeed beautiful—that her carmine lips were brilliant and full, the color of her oval face wonderful, her form divine, and her beautiful deep violet eyes all that had been claimed for them. These facts hardly satisfied Velma, so she had made a thorough search of her innermost soul to see if there could be lodged therein one single unworthy thought. In this she had not been successful and she gloried in the

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consciousness of knowing that she was in every way worthy of one so grand as Wilfred Deming, the one man in all the world she loved with a love so deep and pure that nothing short of death itself could destroy. As she stood wrapped in ecstasy she could hear the merry chatter of the guests in the wide marble halls beneath her—the swish of fluttering bridesmaids, the happy laughter of the ring bearers, the rumble of ice cream trucks, and all the noises incident to a fashionable wedding. She still had twenty minutes before it would be time for Wilfred to call for her, and as she turned again to the mirror she heard a faint rap at her door.

“Open it yourself, I have my white gloves on,” she called lightly.

The door opened and Nanette, her maid, handed her a letter and withdrew. Something seemed to tell Velma to prepare for the worst. As she braced herself against the wall and studied the

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handwriting a deathly pallor enveloped her beautiful face. "Why be so foolish?" she asked herself, with a laugh which was musical enough, but noticeably shy on many of the elements of the genuine. Then tearing the letter she gazed upon it only for an instant, then staring wildly into space her beautiful eyes slowly closed, and she seemed to melt into the rich and costly rug at her feet. At that very moment Colonel Mount Severn entered and stood aghast at the spectacle that met his eyes. Rushing forward he gathered Velma in his arms and tenderly placed her on a carved divan. "Oh, my pretty one, the fairest flower of all Christendom, what has happened?" Poor Velma's eyes opened slowly and as she gazed into Colonel Mount Severn's kindly face she said feebly, "Let me die." In a hurried search of Velma's boudoir for a possible assailant Colonel Mount Severn's eyes fell upon the crumpled letter which had fallen from her

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hand. Grabbing it up like a hungry wolf he read:

“Velma——

Farewell,

From your crushed and  
broken Wilfred.”

All was plain now to Colonel Mount Severn, who said to himself, “The scoundrel, he has gotten cold feet!” Quietly he summoned his housekeeper and bade her dismiss the guests, adding, in tones scarcely audible, “There will be no wedding. Fate has intervened.”

### CHAPTER IV.

#### VELMA IS PROMISED A CHANGE OF SCENE

It was a full fortnight before poor Velma Dale had sufficient strength to resume her old place before her mirror. The awful shock caused by Wilfred Deming's cruel and strange behavior had transformed her into a wan and trembling

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shadow of her former self. When she noted the changes her mirror revealed she at once crawled from her boudoir to a vine covered balcony which overlooked the cool fountain in the gorgeous tropical garden below and wearily climbed into a wicker chair. Presently Colonel Mount Severn, who was taking his usual morning stroll along the pebbly walk which wound among a profusion of rare and fragrant blooms, attracted her and she feebly called to him. He was soon at her side and, gently fondling her white wasted hands, he looked into her great sad eyes and said, "My darling child, aren't you taking long chances in disobeying your doctor's orders by leaving your room so soon?" Colonel Mount Severn was by no means an old man in the general acceptance of the term, but he had reached that age when a word from his physician was all that was necessary.

"Oh, please, Colonel Mount Severn, if you ever cared for my poor dead father

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take me away from this hateful place or I shall die," said Velma, in great anguish.

"Oh, my darling child, you are not strong enough to travel. You must be patient until you grow stronger. Try for my sake to dismiss Wilfred Deming from your mind. He is unworthy of even a thought from one so good and beautiful—."

"Stop, Colonel Mount Severn! I love Wilfred Deming with all my heart, but I will die if you do not take me away from here—here where I have known so many happy hours. Everything about the place seems to stare at me in scorn. The very sunflowers seem to nod, 'We told you so.' I can't bear it, so take me away, do take me away!" poor Velma sobbed.

Colonel Mount Severn now realized that it was useless to plead with his sorrowing ward. "Ah, sweet child," he said soothingly, at the same time caressing her gently, "we shall set about at



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once to find some quiet retreat with the hope that a change of scene will restore you to health and happiness."

It was the servants' faces and the old trysting places where she and Wilfred had spent so many happy hours that Velma wished never to see again. As for health and happiness they were to be her's no more.

"Ah, I have it," said Colonel Mount Severn, who had stood for some moments in a ponder, "We shall go to The Craggs, my country home by the sea. I had quite forgotten such a place existed. I shall dispatch a message at once to Wiggins to have all preparations made for our coming. I know that the grand old trees, the romantic rocks, wooded retreats and the healing breezes from the sea will soon bring the roses back to the cheeks of my little girl."

So Velma was to go to The Craggs, but not with the hope of regaining her strength and color, and certainly not

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with the hope that the wild and classic beauty of the retreat would heal her bleeding heart. "That," said she, "is broken beyond repair."

### CHAPTER V.

#### VELMA'S LIFE STORY

It was a sad little party which was rolling along to The Crag—Velma, Nanette, her maid, and Colonel Mount Severn. Oakdale, the nearest station to The Crag, was perhaps an hour away when Velma took Colonel Mount Severn's hands in her own and looked into his kindly face and said, "Please tell me something of my life before you brought me to my home in the North. Tell me how I passed the long blank days that followed my fall from papa's touring car."

"My pretty child, your mother died at your birth, and your father, who was my nearest and dearest friend, sold his

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fine old estate near New Orleans and took you to live with him in the family of a dear acquaintance in the city. It was at this juncture in your life that I first met your father. As you know you were educated by private tutors until you reached the age of fourteen, when you were placed in a fashionable academy for girls. One day, after you had spent two years in this academy, you received word that your father, who had been abroad on a diplomatic errand, was to return and you journeyed to New Orleans to meet him. As you know it was during your visit to your father that you were thrown from his automobile. As a result of that accident your mind was shattered—your memory became a blank for two whole years. During that period you were placed in the Magnolia Sanatorium, a most exclusive retreat, and attended by the world's most skilled specialists. Your poor father did not live to see you restored

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to perfect health again. He died of fever a few weeks before I took you from the sanatorium. Your father was my best friend and his dying wish was that I assume his place and ever watch over his only daughter and safeguard her happiness and the fortune he left her. Ah, Velma, no girl can boast of finer parentage—no child was ever better born than you. But let us not think of the past, for now only the future concerns us,” said Colonel Mount Severn.

“How did the awful automobile accident happen?” asked Velma, dreamily.

“The real facts, I fear, my darling, will never be known. Your father was driving at the rate of eight miles an hour, and, in turning out to spare the life of a little child which had crawled into the roadway, it is presumed that either the brakes did not work, or that he put his foot on the accelerator by mistake.”

\* \* \* \* \*

But there was one adventure in the life

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of the pale, sad beauty beside him to which Colonel Mount Severn did not refer. One day after Velma had been at the Magnolia Sanatorium something over a year, a dashing young interne, who was madly in love with her despite her mental condition, stole her from the institution and drove rapidly to the home of a minister, where a marriage ceremony was performed. Her nurse gave the alarm and the pursuing party overtook the fugitives just as they were leaving the minister's home. Dazed and listless Velma was returned to the sanatorium, while the handsome young scamp who had spirited her away was turned over to the law and later sent to prison. The marriage, of course, was hastily annulled, since the condition of Velma's mind made it illegal. This is one chapter of Velma Dale's life which Colonel Mount Severn was determined should ever remain closed to her.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### WILFRED DEMING'S MAD FLIGHT

After whizzing for many miles through a gauntlet of fiery azalias, Wilfred Deming had stopped his car in the cool shade of a moss-draped woods to drink in the fragrance of the tangled jassamine vines and give his engine a much needed rest. It had been over two weeks since the blow fell which promised to shatter his whole future life. Many times he had been on the verge of turning his great car around and dashing back to Velma Dale, the only girl he could ever love. But each time he recalled the dark, troubled shadows which fell across her wonderful face when her early life was mentioned, and he would say to himself, "No, the beautiful creature is false. Her life holds some dreadful secret," and then he would throw his powerful machine wide open and push ahead all the faster, whither he knew not. He was now in

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the Southland, and sometimes, when he passed through some particularly romantic and restful hamlet, the thought would come to him that he might stop and begin the practice of law among new faces and new surroundings. But the face of Velma Dale ever haunted him, and her false vow in the wet alfalfa, "Not even fate shall part us," rang in his ears. No, there was to be no rest for Wilfred Deming's troubled heart this side of eternity and he knew it, so he pressed the accelerator all the harder and, unmindful of all speed laws and human life, on he dashed o'er hill and dale.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CRAGS

As Velma and Colonel Mount Severn, followed by faithful Nanette, alighted at Oakdale they were met by Wiggins and escorted to a light car of popular brand. As they started up the wide white road

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leading to The Crag a blonde youth of striking beauty caught Velma's eye and she uttered a low cry. Nanette noticed it but said nothing. As they moved along the beautiful angling road Colonel Mount Severn tried to interest Velma in the surpassing beauty of the scenery, the great rocks and trees. Occasionally they would catch a glimpse of the sea. Indeed the country about The Crag was the most beautiful upon the continent and anyone less gentle than Colonel Mount Severn would have grown impatient at Velma's indifference. Only once did she reveal the least interest in the charming scenes that met the eye at every turn. They were passing through a deep, cool valley, through which a sparkling stream gurgled merrily as if in happy anticipation of eventually lending it's tiny help to swell the roaring sea beyond. "Oh, how cool and restful," said Velma, half to herself. But Colonel Mount Severn caught her words and an



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expression of great satisfaction lighted up his splendid face. "Ah, my darling child, you shall indeed find rest in the hills and valleys about The Craggs," said he. But little did Colonel Mount Severn know of the trials and tribulations that awaited his fair ward in the quiet seclusion of his grand old estate.

Soon the party alighted before the great steps leading to the huge pile of rock and mortar that looked more like a convention hall for bats than the country home of a rich and cultured gentleman. The awful gloom of the wide entrance hall palled on Velma, while the almost creepy appearance of the bent and gnarled wife of the aged keeper caused her to draw back with fear.

"Ah, rather a gloomy prospect," said Colonel Mount Severn, "but wait, my dear, the rooms are beautifully furnished and overlook scenes that for beauty and ruggedness cannot be duplicated anywhere else in all the world."

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But Velma said to herself, as she climbed the wide easy stairs, "It hain't scenery I want, I want my Wilfred, without whose love the world will always be a desert waste to me."

The room Velma was to occupy was indeed beautiful and adorned in the richest fashion. Going to one of the wide low windows she looked to the ground below, and with a low cry she withdrew and threw herself across a rich rug. Colonel Mount Severn thought it only a fit of melancholy and Velma was tenderly placed on a low, soft bed and left to herself. Melancholy, indeed! As Velma looked from the window the same handsome young blonde that caught her eye at the Oakdale station and affected her so strangely was standing just below. She feared it was only a feverish apparition and mentioned it to no one, not even to cheery Nanette. But now Velma was glad to be far, far away from the town house of Colonel Mount Severn.

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In her new environment she promised herself that she would try to live till Wilfred Deming would repent and reoffer her his love on bended knees.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### COLONEL MOUNT SEVERN'S GREAT SORROW

Velma Dale had been at The Craggs for two months but the fine air and restful quiet of the place had made little if any improvement in her health. Each day Colonel Mount Severn had taken her for long rides through the hills with the hope that the old color would return to her cheeks. Some miles from The Craggs there lived a charming elderly lady, a Mrs. Moreland, whose beautiful, sad face bore every mark of refinement and culture. Colonel Mount Severn and Velma had made her acquaintance, and many were the visits they made to her pretty cottage, which was a veritable bower of lovely blooms. "How I would love to know

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her past," remarked Velma one day to Colonel Mount Severn, after a visit to their friend.

"Perhaps some great sorrow has come to her in the past the same as great sorrows come to all of us, Velma," said Colonel Mount Severn, with some emotion, "but we must try to forget them—try to be happy and live for the future. I fear, my dear, that you still grieve for the unworthy young scoundrel—"

"Please don't, Colonel Mount Severn! I still love Wilfred Deming. I am afraid you do not understand what it is to love someone with all your heart and soul," said Velma, weeping freely.

"Ah, my precious child, you do not know the great sorrow of my life. I have had much to forget—much to live down—though I alone was to blame. Thirty years ago I loved and married a beautiful creature. The few weeks we lived together were very happy. My business at that time required that I make

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long and perilous expeditions into the interior of South America. The dangers and hardships of such trips made it impossible for my wife to accompany me—so I left her behind. Once, after being absent a few weeks, I got lost in the jungles and was later seized with fever. Cut off from all communication with my darling, I was a helpless invalid for three years. When I returned home—she—she was gone—gone forever. I have searched the world for her, but in vain.”

Neither Velma or Colonel Mount Severn spoke another word during the remainder of their ride. How Velma sympathized with him! Yet it did her soul good to know that someone else beside herself had been up against it.

## CHAPTER IX.

### VELMA ENCOUNTERS THE MYSTERIOUS BLONDE

The next morning Velma was up bright and early. Presently she was strolling

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along a favorite path which led to a huge rock overlooking the sea. She had no fear, and as she walked along she mused over Colonel Mount Severn's great sorrow. Then she thought of the day and how beautiful it was. She wondered what Wilfred Deming could be doing, and how he could possibly reconcile his conscience after his shameful treatment of her. Soon she was sitting on the great rock. The soft sea breezes moved her beautiful tresses. Her dainty feet were crossed and she was studying her poor hands, once so dimpled and pretty. Hearing a slight rustle she looked around and beheld the same handsome, romantic, blonde youth she had first seen on her arrival at Oakdale station, and later about The Crag. Poor Velma was terror stricken. "Pardon me, are you Velma Dale?" asked the strikingly beautiful intruder. Velma had partially recovered her senses and said, tremblingly,

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"Who and what are you, sir, to thus intrude on one so miserable as I?"

"Speak! Are you Velma Dale? Don't you know me? Do you want to know the whereabouts of the brute who deserted you on your wedding eve? Speak! Don't you know me?" hissed the blonde mystery, his wonderful eyes first flashing fire and then melting into an irresistible softness.

"Begone sir, or I shall scream!" said Velma. But no sooner had the words escaped her lips until the mysterious stranger rushed forward and attempted to grasp her. As he did so Velma drew back—back into the sea two thousand feet below.

"What a muss I've made of things," said the wonderfully handsome b'onde. Then lighting a cigarette he stood for an instant rolling the situation over in his mind. Then he leisurely fled from the scene.

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## CHAPTER X.

### SORROW AT THE CRAGS

There was great consternation at The Craggs when Velma failed to return. Colonel Mount Severn scoured the hills and valleys. Finally the keenest of metropolitan detectives were brought to The Craggs and made conversant with every fact relating to Velma's life which might help them in solving her strange disappearance, but day after day passed—long weary days—and still no trace of her could be found. Finally Colonel Mount Severn despaired of ever seeing his beautiful ward again, and he presented a sad spectacle indeed as he moped about his great estate a changed and broken man.

## CHAPTER XI.

### WILFRED DEMING'S FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE

Wilfred Deming had about abandoned the idea that he would ever be able to



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forget Velma Dale, false or true. His long, aimless trips about the country in his twelve cylinder car were eating into his savings at a high rate of speed. He did not know what to do, and often went in the ditch while wrapt in deep thought. One bright morning while he was spinning along at forty-five miles an hour on a perfect road bordering a magnificent country estate the despair which held him in its torturing embrace made him desperate and he decided to increase his speed. Blowing a tire, he halted directly in front of a picturesque chapel house which stood near the road. When he was ready to resume his journey five great automobiles whizzed up containing a wedding party. For some unaccountable reason a strange desire seized him to remain awhile and see the ceremony. As he watched the gay party enter the chapel he suddenly drew back and assumed an ashy pallor. Could he be mistaken? Did his eyes deceive him? Was

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the handsome lithe blonde who leaned attentively on the arm of the queenly bride the mysterious stranger who warned him against Velma Dale on the evening he was to marry her? In an instant he confronted the pair and exclaimed, "Stop sir," addressing the insipid, though really handsome blonde. "Don't you know me? I am Wilfred Deming. Have you forgotten the night you came to my chamber to warn me against marrying Velma Dale, saying that she was your wife? Now, I find you about to wed this trusting girl. Explain, before I train you!!"

"It's a lie, I swear it! What damnable scheme is this to ruin me? Quick, friends, the man is crazy!" roared the light complexioned snip, with a voice out of all keeping with his frail though attractive physique. The wedding party had withdrawn to a far corner of the chapel, and before Wilfred Deming could deliver the well-aimed blow he had in

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mind, the blonde felled him to the floor with a heavy cane.

"What does this mean, you adventurer? You thought to steal my daughter, you bigamist! Fool that I was for not inquiring into your past life! Away with you!" said the irate father of the bride-to-be, who now realized that his daughter had been tricked. The young blonde stood as if stunned. Then, realizing that his scheme had failed, he started to leave the chapel, gazing as he did so on the apparently lifeless form of Wilfred Deming. "My God," said he, "have I added another murder to my long list of crimes?" Then, directing a scornful look which took in the whole party, he hissed, "My curses on you all!" and hurriedly jumped into Wilfred Deming's powerful roadster. Soon a curtain of dust hid him from the amazed wedding party.

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## **CHAPTER XII.**

### **THE MYSTERIOUS BLONDE AGAIN**

The next morning after Wilfred Deming's costly interference at the chapel, Wiggins, the keeper of The Crag, was driving to Oakdale when he came upon a badly wrecked, but erstwhile powerful roadster, by the wayside, from underneath which protruded the neatly booted foot of a man. After extricating the fellow from the tangled mass of iron and Spanish leather he placed him in his own car of light and popular brand and hurriedly returned to The Crag. There was still a spark of life in the bruised and bleeding body of the young man, and Colonel Mount Severn ordered that everything possible be done to save his life. After some days he regained consciousness and was soon able to sit up. One day as he was sitting propped up in an easy chair on the balcony basking in the

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sunlight, Colonel Mount Severn, attracted by his golden hair and wonderful beauty, approached him and said, placing his hand on his shoulder in a kindly fashion, "Now, my young man, maybe you feel strong enough to tell us something of yourself—who you are—that we may communicate to those near and dear to you who are doubtless anxiously searching for you." Turning feebly about and riveting his marvelous eyes on Colonel Mount Severn, the young blonde said, "My kind sir, I have no friend in all the world. Pray let me remain until I am able to leave." Colonel Mount Severn said no more, and later instructed his housekeeper to show the young invalid every attention until he should decide to leave of his own free will. Colonel Mount Severn was too thoroughly saturated with grief over Velma's mysterious disappearance to give much concern to a wounded stranger, so he retired to his study to smoke and brood.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### VELMA RETURNS TO THE CRAGS ONLY TO BE DRIVEN FORTH.

After Velma Dale recovered from the delirium of weeks and weeks she found herself in the home of Pat O'Toole, a fisherman, whose rosy wife had tenderly watched over her for many weary days and nights. Slowly her dreadful encounter with the blonde stranger at the great rock came back to her. The fisherman's good wife then told her how her husband and his companions were mending a net near the sea one fine morning when one of the party looked up and saw something filmy and fluffy descending directly over them. Quick as a flash they had spread their net and broken the fall of a lovely girl.

"How I wish I had missed the net," wearily sighed Velma.

"There, now, me darlint, let me see ye smoile wid 'em foine eyes ye be havin'," said Mrs. O'Toole.

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"How long have I been here?" asked Velma, who could not repress a faint smile, so contagious were the twinkling eyes of Mrs. O'Toole.

"Now, thin, don't ye be worryin', me purty colleen. It's nearly well ye be, an' soon we'll be takin' ye back to your frinds, if they be still aloive after all these minny weeks widout ye," pleaded Mrs. O'Toole.

"My home is at The Craggs, and my name is Velma Dale. I am the ward of Colonel Mount Severn," said Velma.

"Bless me heart, The Craggs is a foine place, but we'll have to go minny miles around the coast to git ye there," and Mrs. O'Toole set about to prepare some gruel to appease Velma's returning appetite.

When Velma Dale was returned to The Craggs by the Irish fisherman and his rollicking wife, Colonel Mount Severn could hardly contain himself, and Pat O'Toole and his comrades, and Mrs.

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O'Toole, who had nursed Velma so tenderly, were each lavishly rewarded out of his ample means. Colonel Mount Severn demanded that the story of Velma's fall and her miraculous escape be told to him over and over again. "Surely a kind providence is watching over you, my dear," said he to Velma. A week later he presented her with a brand new croquet set, and said, "Velma, my beautiful ward, everything must be done to make your life at The Crag light and gay. Come to my study with me, I have some things I wish to show you." As they walked slowly up the great stairway, Colonel Mount Severn said, "My child, I will not always be here to protect you, and I feel that you should know the hiding place of many valuable papers and precious trinkets which I keep at The Crag." Stopping before a panel in his study Colonel Mount Severn drew a key from his pocket and disclosed a secret vault in the wall. "Here I keep



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everything of value in the way of documents and jewels. This key will always be found in my pocket. Note its peculiar design," and the two soon parted and repaired to their respective rooms for the night. Velma had not been told of the young blonde's presence at The Crag, as Colonel Mount Severn feared that it might distress her. Sometime in the night Velma awakened with a start, and there before her, clearly outlined in the pale moonlight which poured through her window, stood the blond spectre. With the agility of a cat Velma rushed from her bed and grabbed the gleaming dagger from the upraised hand of the intruder and ran with great speed to the apartment of Colonel Mount Severn, where she fell prostrate and insensible from fright across his bed.

"Help!! Murder!!" rang through the halls of the old mansion, and when the servants arrived on the scene they found Colonel Mount Severn standing over the

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apparently lifeless body of Velma and cursing her roundly. "Away with the treacherous creature! Out of my sight with the murderess! After all that I have done for her she seeks my life in the dead of night. What a fool I was to intrust her with the secret of the hidden vault! Hustle her out of here!!" he fairly roared. Velma was quickly removed to her room and finally regained consciousness, but no amount of explaining could alter Colonel Mount Severn's belief that she had had evil designs on him. "She must leave The Crag at once," said he, and leave The Crag she did, her and Nanette, just as the grey of morning appeared. Quite by chance they selected the roadway leading to Mrs. Moreland's cottage, and it is well that they did, for Velma, in her weakened condition and with the curses of Colonel Mount Severn still ringing in her ears, could have traveled no further.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE MAD MASTER OF THE CRAGS

Try as he might, Colonel Mount Severn could not bring himself to believe that Velma was innocent of any wrongdoing when she stole into his chamber with dagger in hand. Had he not told her of the ample provision he had made for her in his will? Had he not shown her the precious documents and priceless jewels which reposed in the secret vault? Was she not soon to become of legal age, and would it not be the most natural thing in the world for her to want to be rich and free from restraint? Colonel Mount Severn congratulated himself that his knowledge of human nature enabled him to see clearly at this time. "You can't never tell about a woman," he said to his chiffonier, as he paced the floor of his study and chewed violently at a fragrant Havana.

There could be but one explanation

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for such farfetched reasoning on the part of Colonel Mount Severn. He was growing nutty. He knew full well that Velma would soon come into vast sums left to her by her father. He knew, too, that life held very little for Velma since Wilfred Deming had played her false. Why Colonel Mount Severn did not consider these facts furnish a splendid basis for the assumption that he was nutty. But nothing could change his mind. There was no one about The Crag who dared to cross him—no one whose opinion would be worth anything even though they did cross him. So the once handsome and courtly master of The Crag prowled about the dark halls and recesses of the crumbling old castle and cursed, and cursed and cursed.

Mrs. Moreland had sent word to him that she had taken Velma and Nanette into her home, and that Velma was dangerously ill with fever. She implored him to relent—to forgive her and take

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her back. But Colonel Mount Severn was not to be moved, and he lost no time in forbidding Mrs. Moreland to disturb him any further.

## CHAPTER XV.

### WILFRED DETERMINES TO FIND VELMA

After Wilfred Deming's frightful experience at the chapel, when he tore the mask from the handsome face of the lying scoundrel who had been the means of separating him from Velma Dale, perhaps forever, he was tenderly nursed back to health in the sumptuous home of the wealthy traveling evangelist, whose daughter he had saved from what could not have been anything else than a disastrous union. The evangelist and his family never tired of thanking him for his timely interference, and they were only too glad to extend to him the freedom of their home for the splendid service he

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had rendered him. However, Wilfred finally left their roof to continue his aimless wandering. Bereft of his powerful roadster and other belongings, excepting the khaki driving suit he was wearing when he was beat up, he was indeed disconsolate. During his confinement he had decided that he would return to Velma and ask her forgiveness. He had written to a friend in regard to her only to receive a reply saying the Mount Severns had gone abroad to remain indefinitely, and that their whereabouts were unknown even to their friends. Wilfred Deming felt that one so young and beautiful and wealthy as Velma Dale would soon get picked off in Europe. He even pictured her as the unhappy wife of some thin-spaced count. But he determined to first earn some presentable clothes when he would renew his search for her, even if it led to the end of the world.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### VELMA'S RESOLVE

After Velma Dale had exhausted every means to prove her innocence to Colonel Mount Severn and had failed, a new determination seized her. In spite of all—everything—she would live on with the one hope that Wilfred Deming would realize the brutal wrong he had done her and return to her with the same old love as of yore. Her new resolve seemed to strengthen her and she grew more cheerful as the days wore on. One day as she and Nanette and Mrs. Moreland were strolling among the flowers she told them that she decided to go far, far away. "I shall teach school and you, Nanette, shall be my housekeeper, and Mrs. Moreland shall visit us. Oh, we shall be so happy!" she said, her pretty eyes brightening. Velma seemed to forget the vast sums which Colonel Mount Severn held in trust for her, but indeed

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she seemed to forget everything except that she must live on and wait the coming of her truant lover. A short time later, true to her word, Velma had quite completed all arrangements, and she and Nanette were soon to leave for a far western town. Of course, Mrs. Moreland did all in her power to restrain her, and told her of the many pitfalls that awaited one so beautiful and unprotected.

"Umph! My life has been made up of pitfalls, and I fear I could not bear the monotony if they should be taken from me," said Velma playfully.

So Mrs. Moreland finally waived all objections to Velma's going away, and soon the day of parting came. "Do not worry, Aunty Moreland," Velma said, as she hugged and kissed her sweet, sad benefactress. "I am perfectly capable to teach and I shall like it I know." Mrs. Moreland accompanied Velma and Nanette as far as Oakdale and, as the



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train departed, her sad eyes filled with tears and she turned her face toward her lonely cottage in the hills.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE RECOGNITION

Mrs. Moreland had made no attempt to apprise Colonel Mount Severn of Velma's flight to the west, where she intended to establish herself. Indeed, Velma might have died so far as he knew. He had grown to be such an old bearcat since driving her away that even his servants went about their duties in constant fear of being struck down. He was regarded by the few neighbors, whose misfortune it had been to meet him, as a dangerous wild man who should be in irons. His violent fits of cursing had sounded and resounded through the hills and trees until the very bats and owls refused to go near the crumbling turrets of his gloomy home. One day, after

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Velma had been gone some weeks, Mrs. Moreland decided that it was her duty to inform Colonel Mount Severn that Velma had left her home. She felt that he should know the whereabouts of his ward. She felt, too, that Velma's interests should be safeguarded—that a guardian should be appointed if Colonel Mount Severn's condition was as bad as reported. While she was devising some means by which she could approach him with safety Wiggins called at her cottage and, to her great surprise, said that his master had directed him to call upon her and ask her if she would not kindly visit him at The Craggs. "A great change has come over the master," Wiggins added, knowing full well that Colonel Mount Severn's awful temper and violent actions had terrified the neighbors. "He's calmed considerably, lady," he further said, as a look of uncertainty crept over Mrs. Moreland's face. Soon the two had reached The Craggs, and Mrs. Moreland

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was shown into the study of Colonel Mount Severn. "Pray be seated, Mrs. Moreland," said he, arising to greet her. "It was very good of you to come," he continued, as he lit a fresh Havana. Then he wearily dropped into a great chair and sat half facing a window through which the sea was easily discernible through the half-naked boughs of a giant elm. After some moments of tortuous silence he said, "Mrs. Moreland, I am a sad and broken man. For many years I have suffered from a great sorrow, and the events of the past few months have been more than I could bear up under." Then Colonel Mount Severn's two chins dropped heavily into the soft folds of his flowing Windsor tie, and he told Mrs. Moreland the story of his life—the loss of his young and beautiful wife and his keen disappointment in Velma, whom he loved as his own child. As Mrs. Moreland listened to Colonel Mount Severn's recital of all the incidents of

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his courtship and marriage she knew that the sad and haggard man before her was none other than Edmund Le Vaille, her lost husband. Her great joy seemed to make her speechless. She could not move, and as Colonel Mount Severn concluded and looked up to see what effect his words had had upon her, she suddenly fell forward and threw her arms about his neck and cried, "Edmund, my lost love, I am Rose, don't you know me?" Colonel Mount Severn was now overwhelmed. No novelist could describe his emotions. Neither could the most gifted pen adequately picture the happiness which now lighted the beautiful, but erstwhile clouded, face of Mrs. Moreland. She related all the incidents of her life to Colonel Mount Severn—all the sorrow and privation that came to her after his failure to come back to her from his perilous voyage. She told him of the desperation which overtook her when she was no longer able to procure food

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and clothes for their child. She related how, one night, she placed their precious darling on the doorstep of a fine mansion and trusted to God to watch over her. "A few months later, after I had found employment, I journeyed back to get her, only to learn she had been adopted by a rich gentleman and taken abroad. His name was Dale, but I was never able to find any trace of him. For years I have made my way by writing for the magazines over the name of Mrs. Moreland."

The name Dale greatly interested Colonel Mount Severn, and he hastily arose and went to the secret vault and returned with a tiny necklace and locket. "Look, my darling Rose, did you ever see this necklace before," said Colonel Mount Severn, eagerly.

"Yes, Edmund, I bought this for our child and it was about her neck when I abandoned her. Where did you get it?" asked Rose Mount Severn excitedly.

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"It was among Velma's belongings when poor Bob Dale died and gave her into my keeping. I see at all now, my precious wife. Velma is our child!" said Colonel Mount Severn, who was now thoroughly aroused.

The scene which followed had better be left to the imagination of the reader. Colonel Mount Severn had indeed found his wife, and the two had indeed found their daughter—or at least they had established her identity. Then Edmund Le Vaille explained why he had assumed the name, Mount Severn. "Shortly after returning from South America, I was arrested, with others, by government officers and charged with promoting a fraudulent land scheme. I was soon exonerated, but the great publicity given the case caused me to assume the name of a great uncle, Colonel Mount Severn."

But with all his joy, Edmund Le Vaille could not forget the night Velma had entered his room with a dagger, and

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a troubled look swept across his face as this chapter is concluded.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE BREAKING CLOUDS

The ugly thoughts that haunted the mind of Edmund Le Vaille despite the joy which filled his heart over the discovery that Mrs. Moreland was indeed his lost Rose were soon to be dispersed. One evening as the long separated lovers sat on a spacious stone veranda overlooking the croquet plot discussing the probable duration of the European war, Wiggins appeared and, in great excitement, told Edmund Le Vaille that the blonde invalid lay cold in death on the ground beneath the window of his room. "Clutched in his hand, master, was this letter, sir," said Wiggins, handing a folded paper to Edmund Le Vaille, who read:

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"To Colonel Mount Severn:

I am the interne who took your ward from the Magnolia Sanatorium at New Orleans, and married her. It was I who warned Wilfred Deming against marrying her. It was I who pushed her from the great rock into the sea, and it was I who sought to kill her on the night she rushed into your room with a dagger. My curses on you all!!!

Ralph Wick."

"How perfectly plain everything is now, my precious Rose," said Edmund Le Vaille to his radiant wife, after he had regained his composure. "This note explains young Deming's actions on the night he was to wed our Velma. It clears up the mystery of the attack on her at the great rock, and, greater than all, it disperses the last dark cloud to hang over The Crag, for Velma did not



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intend to murder me when she dashed into my room with a dagger."

If Edmund Le Vaille had been a drinking man, or even a man who could leave liquor alone, he certainly would have slipped off and gone over to Oakdale and got pickled, for events at The Craggs were following one another in such rapid succession that the very scenery was in a whirl. But Edmund Le Vaille was a man who had no use for liquor. Indeed it may be said in favor of the flowing bowl that not one of all the heartaches endured by poor ill-starred Velma could be traced to liquor. Wilfred Deming was a total abstainer. In his struggling days as a paper hanger, yea, even when he was in the hands of his friends and threatened with public office, he had shunned the cup that cheers. Ralph Wick, the handsome, forward lookin' blackleg who stopped at nothing, played a little pool, but touched nothing stronger than pop. It is little wonder that, at the

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conclusion of Ralph Wick's dying confession, Edmund Le Vaille swore then and there that he would spend every dollar he had in the world, if need be, to find his darling child.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### THE LE VAILLES FIND VELMA

Velma had experienced little trouble in finding a position as teacher in the schools of a thriving western town. She and Nanette lived in a modest bungalow and both were very happy. Velma's sweet nature and pretty face had already won her many friends, and not a few ardent admirers. But ardent admirers did not interest her. In spite of her lively manner and pretty smile her heart was heavy and she still longed for Wilfred Deming with a longing that refused to be sidetracked by the excitement and novelty of her new life. Nanette's close association with Velma had been a fine edu-

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cation for her. She loved only the best books and had taken on all the dainty mannerisms of a real lady. Then, too, she was comely, and Velma feared that it was only a question of time until someone would drop along and cop her out. "What shall I do when you are wed, Nanette?" said Velma, one night, after a bashful young stock raiser, who had been sparking her, had left and Nanette, with glowing face, had sheepishly entered her room.

"Oh, Miss Velma, I shall never wed—that is I mean I never shall till your lost lover returns to you," said Nanette, turning purple. The two had spent a happy winter in the West, and now the crocuses were peeping from their chilly beds.

"It seems like ages since the tortuous days at The Craggs. Really, Nanette, we must send Mrs. Moreland a postcard showing the new Odd Fellows' Hall, just to let her know that we are still in the

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land of the living," said Velma, one day, as her and Nanette returned from gathering columbines in the mountains. So the next day a card was mailed to Mrs. Moreland—a little innocent picture card with a cheery message and a telltale postmark. As the reader will doubtless guess, it was not many days until the Le Vailles were on their way westward to find their daughter, when the last remaining obstacle to their perfect happiness would be cleared away.

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It was the close of the last day of school, and Velma's scholars had showered her with presents and kisses. She was on her way home weighed down with boxes and bundles, remembrances from the children who loved her. As she approached her bungalow, Nanette ran out to greet her. "Oh, Velma," she said, "I have such a fine surprise for you! Quick, give me your packages and hurry to the house and see who awaits you!"

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Velma almost ran to the house and, as she entered the door she ran straight into the loving arms of "Aunty Moreland" and "Uncle Mount Severn." This is another one of those situations which no pen should presume to describe. Of course Velma wept for joy when she realized that she had found her mother and father. When she had heard all Wilfred Deming's conduct was quite clear to her, and she did not blame him. Rather she loved him better than ever. Of course she was to return to The Craggs with her parents, and when the bashful young stock raiser learned of the turn of affairs he realized that he would have to act quickly or lose Nanette, so he proposed by telephone and was accepted. To be sure Velma wept at the thought of losing faithful Nanette, but she well knew what a powerful thing love was, so she was very glad Nanette was to become the wife of a good hustler and the mistress of a thriving ranch. After

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the ceremony, which took place at the bungalow, Edmund Le Vaille slipped a small fortune in the pretty gloved hand of Nanette, while his wife and Velma showered her with kisses. After visiting a few points of interest in the West the Le Vailles departed for their home on the Eastern coast.

### CHAPTER XX.

WILFRED DEMING IS RECONCILED AT LAST

“The cool, melancholy, rain-lashed days of autumn that drive the heart in upon itself.”

It was October and Wilfred Deming, who had despaired of ever finding Velma, had located in a likely New Hampshire village, where he soon became recognized as a lawyer of superior talents and a gentleman of fine attainments. Nothing but success could possibly come of such a combination, and soon his services were in great demand and he lived for

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his profession alone. He had made many inquiries regarding the whereabouts of Colonel Mount Severn and Velma, but had learned nothing, except that they had gone abroad to remain indefinitely. "That means for good," he said aloud, to himself, one day. "The Colonel has plenty of money, so why should he return." Then he reflected, "Nor does any one know of my whereabouts—and much less do they care. Did I not desert Velma without even so much as asking her for a word of explanation?" Then arising, Wilfred half mumbled, as he reached for a volume of the revised statutes of New Hampshire, "I hardly dare to think of what Colonel Mount Severn would do to me, even now, if he should learn of my whereabouts. He would do a-plenty, I'll warrant."

Toward the last of May, after a winter of hard work in which he had handled a number of important cases, Wilfred Deming decided that he needed a little

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diversion, so accordingly he set about to make his plans. He had bought a new automobile and had fortified himself with five kinds of insurance, so naturally he decided on a tour of the beautiful coast country. After some days of delightful journeying he found himself in the public square of a pretty village called Oakdale, where he decided to spend the night. Arising bright and early the next morning he approached the landlord to inquire about the roads.

"Well, sir, I don't own no ortomobile, but I'm told by those as does that the finest stretch of road hereabouts, and the only direct route to the sea, is the road that strikes east from the courthouse. I'm told the scenery is second to none," said the tavern keeper.

Ere long Wilfred Deming was driving leisurely through what seemed to him a perfect paradise of scenic grandeur. As he proceeded the rugged beauty of the country increased. Indeed, so entranced



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was he when he caught his first glimpse of the turquoise sea through the filmy greenery of the great trees whose wide-spreading boughs now completely arched the roadway, that he quite forgot his steering wheel and his car struck a tree and he was thrown violently through the windshield.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### AN INTERRUPTED CROQUET GAME

On a level stretch of pale green plush at the edge of a deep, cool beech wood the Le Vailles were playing croquet. It was the last of May and all nature seemed to be giving a dress rehearsal preparatory to the gorgeous show which was to run throughout the month to come.

"Rose," said Edmund Le Vaille, to his wife, as they paused while Velma gave chase to a butterfly of rare coloring, "there is still an expression of sadness in Velma's eyes that I fear nothing will ever

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erase except the return of Wilfred Deming."

"Ah, my dear," said the new mistress of The Crag, leaning carelessly on her mallet, "something tells me he will return, and that shortly. He must return for our darling's sake." Then she continued, half sighing, "Was there ever such a love as Velma's?"

"My darling, Rose," said Edmund Le Vaille, placing his arm affectionately about the shapely waist of his wife, "it is only natural that Velma's love should be true and constant, for her mother and father—" Here Edmund Le Vaille's words were cut short by Wiggins, who rushed up and told him that he had just found another auto victim near the gates to The Crag. "And, master, I have made him as comfortable as possible in the lodge," added Wiggins. Velma, who by this time had rejoined her parents and heard all, said, "Oh, papa,—mama, let us hurry to the poor fellow at once and

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try to help him!" and without waiting to see what action her parents would take, Velma was soon lost in the shrubbery that bordered the pathway to the lodge.

The scene that met the eyes of Edmund Le Vaille and his wife, as they entered the wide hall which ran the full length of the lodge, will never be forgotten. There, upon a low divan lay Wilfred Deming, and kneeling at his side with her arms about his neck was Velma.

"Will wonders never let up?" said Edmund Le Vaille to his beautiful wife and, taking her by the hand, they walked noiselessly out of the lodge.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### TOGETHER AT LAST

It is June again! What romance would be complete without its June? Love has ever found closer companionship with June than with all the other months of

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the year. Who has become so embittered with sorrow, who has become so hardened with crime, and who has grown so thoughtless and worldly through long lives of reckless pleasure, that each recurring June does not conjure up some sweet, treasured memory of some other June away back in the mist of years—in the echoless long ago? Oh, the mysterious loom which weaves the green drapery of June!

The twilight shadows were fading fast, and a deep orange moon was peeping from behind a great wooded peak to the east and turning the quiet surface of the sea to a shimmering field of beaten gold. High upon a great rock overlooking this glorious prospect two lovers sat—Velma Le Vaille and Wilfred Deming. It was the same rock from which Velma had fallen when accosted by Ralph Wick, the blonde scoundrel. For fully some hours the two lovers had reviewed the trials and tribulations through which each had

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passed during the long weary months of their separation.

"How strange it all seems, and, oh! how wrong I was to harbor one single unworthy thought of you, my darling Velma," said Wilfred Deming, who was now trying to repay all the kisses he had missed with interest.

"No one can ever know how cheap I felt, Wilfred dear, when you never showed up for our wedding," said Velma, who had freed herself for a little breathing spell and now stood with her pretty head and shoulders silhouetted against the moon. Wilfred now slid off the rock and was soon at her side. As they walked arm and arm down through the rocky passes leading to The Craggs they paused, and Wilfred said, gathering Velma in his arms, "Ah, my treasure, fate has done her blamest to separate us. I wonder if, after all, we have outwitted her, or if she will try to come back?"

"There you go again, Wilfred dear,

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with your gloomy speculations," said Velma, holding him tightly. Then she added, "As I vowed to you long ago, my love, as we stood in the wet alfalfa, nothing, not even fate, shall part us."

So Velma Le Vaille and Wilfred Deming were married and lived happily with plenty of children and everything. And Time, as if to make up for all the years Edmund Le Vaille and his wife were lost to one another, dealt lightly with them, for they lived on and on until they had to be fed with a spoon.

*THE END.*

# NEW SAYINGS

Ther's never much happiness in a home where th' intellect hain't evenly divided.



Ther seems t' be some misundestandin' among our girl painters as t' jest where th' bloom o' youth should begin' an' end.



Th' only way t' entertain some folks is t' listen t' 'em.



Circuses are jest beginnin' t' do th' things they advertised forty years ago.



Who remembers th' feller who used t' teach school in th' winter an' work in a livery stable all summer?



Ever'thing is fair in love or war—or if your shoes hurt.

# By A B E M A R T I N

Two months in jail 'll remove freckles.



Th' best thing about autos is that relatives kin return home th' same day.



How'd it do fer congress t' pass a law requirin' dealers in th' necessities o' life t' wait till ther wuz really a crisis before holdin' up th' consumer?



Miss Tawney Apple has a curl fer her left shoulder, but no offers t' star in a film.



Tipton Bud dislocated his jaw, t'day, while reversin' on a roastin' ear.



One o' th' simple but genuine pleasures o' life is gittin' up in th' mornin' an' hurryin' t' a mousetrap you set th' night before.



# NEW SAYINGS

Another good way t' keep on th' safe side is t' utterly refuse t' comment.



Ainsley Tanner is th' first t' announce th' appearance o' fa'l mushrooms, an' can not recover.



Tipton Bud received a revised plumbin' bill t'day.



Life is jest one busted romance after another.



Miss Wanda Moots, who is t' marry Mr. Oscar Shoots, will be th' first thick, reg'lar sized girl t' be led t' th' altar here in two years.



Mr. Glen Bud will join th' reg'lur army an' offers his narrow sparkin' buggy fer sale.

## By A B E M A R T I N

Th' ole time beau who used t' set patiently thro' a few verses o' "In th' Gloaming, 'Oh, My Darlin', " now has a son who has t' squirm an' yawn thro' a stack o' phonergraph records as high as th' celin'.



Tell Binkley asked Mrs. Tilford Moots what kind of a auto her uncle bought, an' she said, "It's a F. O. B., made in Detroit."



"If Hughes is elected he'll be th' first fur bearin' president we've had in years," said Uncle Niles Turner, t'day.



What has become o' th' ole time husband who got his breakfast at home?



An optimist is a feller who believes what's goin' t' be 'll be postponed.

# NEW SAYINGS

"My, but I'd hate t' have a daughter at large," said Mrs. Tilford Moots, as she laid a newspaper aside t'day.



Th' hardest job of all is doin' nothin', yet th' list of applicants grows ever' day.



Folks that don't begin' t' be pleasant till 10 o'clock in th' mornin' shouldn' git up till 10 o'clock.



Mrs. Tilford Moots's mother down in Perry county is ninety-eight years ole an' has never seen a Ford.



A rabbit is too proud t' fight, hence so many fur topped shoes.



Th' reason so many fellers marry butterflies is because it's hard t' fool a regular woman.

## By ABE MARTIN

Still another good thing about th' movie the-ater is that ther's no No. 2 companies.



Gran'maw Pash has a beautiful new three hundred an' fifty coupon humidor.



Of all th' good advice, "Stop an' Think" is th' best.



This is th' age o' specialists, an' no-buddy pretends t' know it all like they used to.



A sensational rumor wuz afloat here t'day that Mrs. Lafe Bud would return t' her husband without requisition.



Remember what a time you had findin' th' ax th' mornin' after a snow, when you wuz a boy?

# NEW SAYINGS

Keifer pears may be kept indefinitely by tippin' th' stems with sealin' wax.



Gee, what if th' farmers should organize?



Nothin' is as disappointin' as gittin' a sensible present fer Christmus.



Mrs. Tilford Moots' sister has four daughters—three married an' one ugly.



Among other hallucinations nearly ever' feller has after he's rounded fifty is that ever' girl who lived durin' his young manhood wuz an ole sweetheart o' hisn'.



Another cause fer serious apprehension in this country is th' growin' tendency among our people t' kid themselves.

# By ABE MARTIN

What's worse'n tryin' t' read an uncut magazine in bed?



Never put anything in th' laundry t'day that you kin wear t'morrow.



You kin git plenty o' followers if you've got th' price.



"I'd like t' bet fifty dollars right now that we'll be in th' war in another month," said Tilford Moots, as he charged a nutmeg at th' grocery.



When th' horse becomes an ornament ther's goin' t' be some awful ornaments.



Ther's too many folks talkin' about what they heard instead of what they know.

# NEW SAYINGS

Miss Tawney Apple is so chilly she has t' put anti-freeze in her hot water bottle.



Everbuddy's workin'—somebuddy else.



It seems like th' folks that are "all right when you git t' know 'em" never have very long funerals.



Miss Tilford Moots says she believes th' papers have printed more receipes fer carrots since Wilson has been in office than under any other President.



A word t' th' wise is superfluous.



Lafe Bud received nine dollars conscience money t'day, an' he says he can't imagine who sent it unless it wuz his wife's mother.

## B y   A B E   M A R T I N

I kin remember when th' only calamity that could possibly overtake us wuz th' town pump freezin' up.



Gran'maw Pash is colorin' a meer-schaum pipe fer a nephew in Virginny.



Tell Binkley says he'd jest as leave put on a tire as a dress suit.



Children are great institutions, but ther ought t' be some way t' keep from havin' t' read aloud t' 'em.



Th' trouble with a "dry" town is that you never know where t' find some fellers.



A feller ought t' be cleaned up an' fairly successful before he talks so blamed much.



# N E W   S A Y I N G S

Some folks are too stingy t' even use ther own judgment.



We'd never know some candidates wuz in a race if they didn' withdraw.



Ther's no market fer a personal grievance.



Lafe Bud has a new gas mask t' wear on crowded interurbans.



Th' louder a feller talks th' less he knows.



Where ther's so much smoke ther must be some coupons.



We all know th' feller that knocks himself t' git a boost.

# By ABE MARTIN

Some folks have a way o' doin' nothin' that kin hardly be distinguished from work.



Th' the-atrical companies that used t' come t' town an' rejuvenate th' hut-tel now arrive on a film an' go straight t' th' the-ater.



It's fun t' listen t' th' feller who never even had a gocart complain o' th' vibration o' th' four-cylinder auto.



When a girl don't like a feller ther's no appeal.



You don't have t' be in business t' be a cheater.



One o' th' easiest ways t' die is bein killed by an unconfirmed report.

# NEW SAYINGS

Ever notice how quick an actor gits his number when he uses a telephone in a play?



It seems like the only hard times we're experiencin' in this country is in havin' a new auto delivered, or findin' a seat in a the-ater.



Miss Eloise Pash won first prize in th' toothbrush drill at No. 4 school yisterday.



We allus go t' a sanatorium too late an' come home too soon.



Ther must be such a thing as th' element o' luck or how could some people git by?



Ther's too many expert whittlers grumblin' about fate.

# B y   A B E   M A R T I N

It wuz as quiet as a successful man here Sunday.



Th' more some people have th' easier they seem t' hold ther own.



Little Dorothy Moots is not th' only one that would like t' have a doll they could dress.



Miss Fawn Lippincut's uncle wuz laid away t'day—but not fer Christmus.



Next t' takin a peach stain out of a white vest, th' hardest thing is t' be pleasant an' chatty after payin' a sewer assessment.



It keeps th' farmer on th' hump watchin' both grain an' gasoline quotations.

# NEW SAYINGS

Th' modern phonograph has put th' bashful pianist out o' business.



Long whiskers are all right if your wife buys your neckties.



Th' dealer never has your size in th' shirt you pick out in a show window.



Nothin' but a big dinner 'll git some families t'gether.



Th' worst kind of a neutral is th' feller who lets others fight his battles.



It's sweet t' be remembered, but it's often cheaper t' be overlooked.



Who remembers th' ole-fashioned shoes that would hold a shine fer nearly a day?

## By A B E M A R T I N

If th' butcher would jest leave th' meat on th' scales long enough t' see what it weighed we wouldn' feel so stung.



Ther's too many people gittin' by on th' plea o' thoughtlessness.



Th' feller that's goin' t' th' devil is allus lookin' fer somebuddy t' go with him.



Miss Tawney Apple is confined t' her home by a swollen dresser drawer.



Tell Binkley has decided not t' run fer sheriff an' his party is lookin' fer a strong man t' be th' goat.



If money talked you couldn' hear yourself think in a ten-cent store.

# NEW SAYINGS

Ever notice how little children an' dogs keep away from mean folks? It haint till we grow up that we git fooled on people.



A feller has t' be a loafer t' keep posted these days.



Tell Binkley has bought a beautiful pair o' heliotrope suspenders t' wear with his new belt.



Be sure you're right, an' it won't make any difference whether you go ahead or remain over.



Of all th' home teams mother an' father is th' best.



Th' time t' economize is when you've got th' coin.

# By A B E M A R T I N

Th' feller who said, "Come in' th' garden, Maud," couldn' have been talkin' t' a chicken.



Mrs. Lafe Bud says she'd leave her husband in a minute, but she has nothin' t' wear.



Ther's exceptions t' all rules, 'cept th' poor ones.



Miss Germ Williams will address th' Equal Suffrage League, t'night, on "Th' Brotherhood o' Women."



What's become o' all th' full grown young women we used t' see?



Elmer Meadows didn' owe a dollar in th' world two years ago an' now he's enlargin' his garage.



# NEW SAYINGS

Elections stir up things but they don't settle nothin'.



A smile on th' face is worth two in th' bottle.



Health, education an' wealth are all fine things, but ther haint nothin' that'll git you as fer as a pleasin' personality.



Uncle Jeff Pusey, who died some months ago an' left considable property, wuz declared insane t'day.



Next t' listenin' t' th' minutes of a previous meetin' ther hain't nothin' as dull as a high brow concert.



"Oh, shoot!! Jest as I got my furs out it turned cool," said Miss Fawn Lippin-cut this mornin'.

# B y   A B E   M A R T I N

It's a mighty dull day when a marryin' squire don't die somewheres.



Ther haint nothin' as prosy as bein' out o' debt.



Who remembers th' ole straight laced days when it wuzn' respectable t' go t' th' the-ater t' see anything worsen' Swiss bell ringers?



"Hearts Asunder" at Melodeon hall t'night by flesh and blood actors.



"Gimme th' ole fashioned Christmus, when you got presents instead o' cards," said Miss Germ Williams t'day.



"Well, if ther hain't a hoss an' buggy," said Lafe Bud, this mornin', as he stood on th' pustoffice corner.

# NEW SAYINGS

Nobuddy ever saw a truthful person entertainin' a <sup>few</sup>crowd.



If Villa wuz in a hospital it wouldn' be any harder t' find out somethin' about him.



I'd hate t' be a bartender an' have t' work on Sundays an' holidays.



Of all th' combinations a purple-veined nose an' a gun metal mustache is th' worst.



There's plenty o' highly colored news in spite o' th' shortage o' dyes.



Mr. and Mrs. Tilford Moots an' niece, Miss Dody Moon, an' Mr. and Mrs. Fern Pash an' son Ratcliffe, attended a fire yisterday.

## By ABE MARTIN

Nothin's as bad as it's printed.



"Havin' somethin' sent home on approval is th' only way you kin git out o' most stores," said Lib Pash t'day.



"I might as well have bought a automobile as these white spats when it comes t' upkeep," said Miss Fawn Lippincut t'day.



Mrs. Emmy Pash has a souvenir card from her niece who is a domestic, an' she says ever'thing is breakin' fine fer her.



Mrs. Cad Pash has three daughters, two married an' one still paintin'.



"I reckon barbed wire has done away with most o' th' picket duty in th' war," said ole Ez Pash, t'day.

# NEW SAYINGS

One o' th' newest ways o' tryin' t' appear deep an' thoughtful is t' look away off in th' distance an' say, half regretfully: "Well, it begins t' look like we'll have t' take Mexico."



Ther's many a drab home, no matter what color th' house is painted.



You'd think some folks' names wuz on th' program from th' way they try t' show off in a the-ater.



Who remembers th' ole fashioned beau that leaned on th' gate post an' kicked a hole in th' ground?



"If ther's anything more'n another that makes me mad, it's t' have a fresh girl clerk call me 'honey,' " said Mrs. Tipton Bud t'day.

# By ABE MARTIN

A water wagon for women will come next.



Nothin' seems to please th' knocker but th' society of another knocker.



Pinky Kerr is on th' decline, but refuses t' consult a doctor fer fear he'll tell him t' play golf.



Prof. Alex. Tansey has advertised fer a feller with a 1885 stiff hat t' play th' detective in his new meller drammer.



Look out fer th' feller who says money is only a secondary consideration.



When th' manufacturers o' some article meet an' decide t' charge more fer it they give out a prediction that th' price'll go up.

# NEW SAYINGS

Why can't a football player git a picture taken that don't make him look like he wuz wanted fer somethin'?



"Th' accurate delimitation o' th' concept property would afford a theme especially apposite fer amplificative philosophical disquisition; however, you've chosen your path in life an' must take th' consequences," said Justice Marsh Swallow, in sentencin' Stew Nugent this mornin'.



Truth is stranger than fiction, but not near as plentiful.



Of all th' substitutes fer greatness, money is th' poorest.



Ability is a mighty fine thing, but it seems t' take nerve an' a good suit o' clothes t' deliver th' goods.

# B y   A B E   M A R T I N

Miss Tawney Apple's uncle, who in th' ole days before th' town went dry wuz a highly respected saddler, died o' liquid fire yisterday.



A Mexican must look like a toadstool t' a aviator.



One good thing about havin' th' dyspepsia is that you kin rest assured things hain't near as bad as they seem.



Of all th' concealed weapons th' onion breath is th' worst.



Among other things th' auto has boosted is neuritis.



Th' feller who used t' tell his troubles now darts in a nickel the-ater an' for-gits 'em.



# NEW SAYINGS

When you read what it costs some candidates t' git a nomination, you can't help wonderin' how much it's goin' t' cost 'em t' git elected.



Mrs. Tipton Bud has returned from Bloom Center, where she attended th' weddin' o' her niece. She says it wuz one o' th' swellest weddin's in th' history o' th' state, only th' whites o' the' eggs bein' used in th' cake.



Some fellers are too lazy t' fool with a garden, but they'll raise a goatee.



People who do things are generally poor conversationalists.



Miss Fawn Lippincut says th' new dances are jest like settin' on a davenport 'cept you walk around.

# By A B E M A R T I N

Miss Tawney Apple has a new futurist complexion.



Some fellers are so busy discussin' th' momentous questions o' th' day that they fergit t' change ther collars.



Lawson Tanger died on his way t' jail t'day. He wuz a feller who might have grown rich as a lightnin' rod agent.



It's when we're expected t' use a little common sense that most of us fall down.



Tipton Bud is attendin' th' tractor demonstration at Bridgeport an' talks some o' buyin' a seven-passenger plow.



Tell Binkley is on th' water wagon an' now gits his breakfast at home instead o' at th' drug store.

# NEW SAYINGS

"Nothin' 'll ever replace th' livery stable as a ideal loafin' place," said Stew Nugent, this mornin', while complainin' o' th' noise an' lack o' real comfort o' th' average garage.



Not havin' money is th' root o' most evil.



Remember when we used t' write "In Haste" on our letters?



Lafe Bud misjudged a skillet this mornin' an' is confined t' his home.



We suppose Henry Ford wants t' beat all th' swords int' cam shafts.



Some girls have a peaches-an'-cream complexion, an' others seem t' prefer th' deeper Ben Davis shades.

# B y   A B E   M A R T I N

These are awful hard days t' listen without buttin' in.



Opportunity rarely shows up, but temptation has a reg'lar route.



You kin git on th' good side o' most any feller by askin' him where he got such a purty shirt.



Th' only real safety zone is home—an' upstairs at that.



Miss Babe Pash is at home on a visit fer th' first time in two years. She has faded out considerable, but looks better'n ever around th' feet.



You almost have t' buy an auto these days t' git rid o' th' folks who want t' know why you don't.

# N E W   S A Y I N G S

Politicians an' actors never quit in time.



If you want t' disguise your hand use a pustoffice pen.



Miss Fawn Lippincut went t' church yisterday an' says th' sermon wuz bright in spots but th' hats were punk.



Th' less reputation a feller has th' quicker he resents any reflection on it.



Ever' once in a while we meet a feller who's tryin' t' walk across th' continent fer a prize, while th' ole time actor thought nothin' of it.



In all th' wide world ther is no place where folks who take 'emselves seriously fit in.

# B y   A B E   M A R T I N

Why don't someone design a new trophy cup?



"Don't worry" is a pop'lar motto with those who don't amount t' anything.



So fer as I have been able t' learn, a shoe store is th' only institution in th' world that expects one clerk t' wait on a dozen customers at once.



Stew Nugent says he believes he'd prefer th' submarine t' th' box car if it wuzn' fer icebergs.



Th' short-sighted feller is th' first t' see his finish.



Look out fer th' feller who says, "I jest thought I ought t' tell you, 'cause I'm your friend'."

# N E W   S A Y I N G S

Th' girl who cares more about her looks than she does about fryin' a egg jest right had better abandon all notion o' marryin' while ther is yet time.



Mrs. Tilford Moots' nephew writes that he's not doin' anything now as he has an assistant.



Who remembers when th' two ole parties used t' have a little sympathy fer th' taxpayer?



Lots of us have plenty, but no peace.



Some women don't only make good wives, but purty fair husbands too.



Th' cost o' th' European war makes th' upkeep of an auto look like thirty cents.

# B y    A B E    M A R T I N

Th' smaller some folks are th' easier  
they seem t' assume th' weight o' th'  
universe.



It takes adversity t' produce a first  
class human bein'.



Ther's no jingoist like th' feller whose  
fightin' days are over.



If th' women's clubs want t' reform  
this country they might begin by urgin'  
more petticoats an' a less expanse o'  
shins.



Tell Binkley has a new overcoat, an'  
its big enough fer a bootlegger.



You kin allus tell a feller who lives in a  
rented house by th' place he strikes  
matches.



# NEW SAYINGS

It's all right t' have a few ideas of your own, but ther's such a thing as bein' so blamed original that you're alone in a crowd.



A feller kin be square with th' world an' still owe somethin' t' his wife.



Havin' nothin' makes a feller hustle like a lot o' enemies.



Th' feller without a sense o' humor is t' be pitied, an' if he happens t' be religious he's th' limit.



A boy's idea o' a tightwad is th' feller who waits fer a few pennies change.



Of all th' deplorable combinations ther hain't nothin' worse'n a dry town an' a wet mayor.

## By A B E M A R T I N

A new girl arrived Monday night t' bless th' home o' Mr. an' Mrs. Windsor Kale. She's t' git three dollars a week an' th' use o' th' organ.



Rev. Wiley Tanger is so strong fer peace that he has thrown his gun metal watch away.



Th' feller with th' greenish brown moustache haint worryin' about th' shortage o' dyestuffs as long as shoe blackin' holds out.



Ther' servin' two kinds o' maple syrup at th' Litle Gem resturint—fancy an' mine run.



Mrs. Tilford Moots' nephew is git-tin' right t' th' front in th' city, as you kin jest barely make out his signature t' a typewritten letter.

# NEW SAYINGS

Who remembers when ther wuzn' sich a thing as a prominent an' hard t' do farmer?



Who remembers th' fine ole days when th' meat you bought never weighed even money?



Th' auto 'll never supplant th' political wheel hoss.



What's become o' th' sweet ole time girl who wuz allus afraid her skirt wuz too short?



Miss Tawney Apple hasn' decided yet whether she'll spend her money on her feet or her head this fall.



After all, lookin' th' part is th' main thing.

# B y   A B E   M A R T I N

Mr. Lemmie Peters, whose graduation essay, "This is th' Golden Age o' Opportunity," created so much favorable comment last June, thinks some o' becomin' a oboe player.



Another highly commendable thing about a movie actor is that he never murders his lines.



A disastrous fire swept th' home o' Rev. Wiley Tanger, last night, caused by th' faulty insulation of a celluloid cuff.



Speakin' o' nature fakirs, Tell Binkley is an Elk, a Moose, a Eagle, a tax ferret an' a night owl.



Miss Tawney Apple is keepin' company with Elwood Moots jest t' git th' coupons.

# NEW SAYINGS

Next t' hen's teeth ther hain't nothin'  
as scarce as corsets in a gypsy camp.



Nobuddy is as full of advice as a failure.



One o' th' saddest spectacles o' th'  
present day is th' little, slender, painted  
girl o' fourteen or fifteen.

