AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

XXXVI—"You Care for Him!"

"WHEN morning came I'd cook a breakfast for you," Dick went on, describing their honeymoon. "Oh, yes, indeed! I would! I'd find a sharp-edged stone and grind it to a greater keenness. And then I'd fix it to a bamboo stick.

"With this peculiarly useful weapon I'd go off spearing fish. Those coral reefs and blue lagoons are full of fish. It's quite amusing catching them! The thing to avoid is tumbling unintentionally into the water and getting snapped up by a hungry shark. Oh, that can happen easily. Don't laugh!

"I'd build a fire to cook the breakfast on. Have you ever tasted fish that has been packed around with mud and baked in the heart of glowing embers? Well, that pleasure's coming to you, Mary.

"And you could have all the 'game' you wanted, too. Birds of all kinds. I've caught them often in a 'figure-of-four' trap, made of cross sticks and a basket and some hair. Oh, I'd be a wonderful provider and protector—yes, and lover, Mary."

"I'm sure of it," the young girl whispered. It was glorious to hear those tales, to dream those dreams. The faint heat from the fire seemed to conjure up a vision of those sunlit islands, where warmth, romance and color lived.

"Mary, I haven't had your answer yet. You're going to tell me that you'll marry me?" Her lover's tones were imploring.

"I—I—oh, Mr. Carrington-Dick—we've only known each other a few days——"

He flung his hands out with a boyishly impatient gesture.

"I've known you for years, my sweetheart. For years I've dreamed about you—longed for our meeting. The very first time that I saw you I just had to follow you. For you'd bewitched me, Mary. I knew immediately you were the one girl out of all the world for me. I lost no time——"

Here Mary laughed.

"You certainly did not. You rushed straight on your fate—is that the word?"

"My fate, dear heart," he retorted, smiling. "Do you remember how you found me tinkering with my motorcycle outside that country railway station? Well, I've a confession I must make."

"Yes? Tell me?" Mary looked into his eyes.

"Here goes, then. But promise first that you'll forgive me?"

"Why, that depends upon the enormity of the crime." She gave a little tinkling laugh. Gone was her headache now, her heartache—all her loneliness.

"Well, I'd fixed the darned machine up quite O. K.—when you came on the scene. Nothing remained but to ride it round to the inn. And then I felt that I must follow you, at all costs—must keep you well in view. And so I managed miraculously to speak to you, pretending all the time that my old machine was out of action and that I had—perforce—to walk."

"You did all this because you wanted to—to get to know me?" Miss Mary tried to look severe. "You told me a fib about your broken cycle?"

The young man nodded. His vivid blue eyes were dancing.

"Aren't you complimented, Mary? To think that I'd choose walking miles across a slushy meadow, instead of riding home in comfort?"

"You fraud!" Her tone was very tender.

"Mary, will you marry me? I'm horribly in earnest."

"Horribly? That's a funny word!"

"Don't tease me, sweetheart! Your answer means all the world to me—it truly does! Don't keep me in suspense."

"Now, let me think!" A mischievous light shone on the young girl's features. "I might—it's faintly possible—I might have other lovers just as—as anxious——"

"Mary!" Dick bounded to his feet. "Oh, Mary, don't tell me that you care for some one else—I couldn't bear it——"

He stood there, looking down at her, tremendously perturbed.

She tilted her pretty head up to a provocative angle. There was coquetry in Mary. She was feminine enough for that.

"Your employer, Carrington Bellairs—his ward, Eve Rochester, hinted that you thought the world of him. And he—oh, Mary—is he one of those other 'Loves'? Tell me!"

A deep, burning flush crept from the collar of the young girl's dress up to her cheeks.

"Perhaps—Dick—he would like to be!"

The words were true—but she regretted them the moment they were uttered. Her jealousy blazed in Dick's blue eyes.

"You care for him!"

Before Mary could reply there was a sound of footsteps on the stairs, the door was opened and the landlady thrust her head into the room.

"Miss Dreu, a gentleman to see you. Step this way, sir!" Her manner was unusually obsequious.

To Mary's blank amazement, Carrington Bellairs walked in!

Monday—"Love's Rivalry"

MRS. WILSON EXPLAINS CHOOSING OF FRESH FISH

Dictionary of Foods Starts With "Extracts" and Continues Into the "F's"—Origin of Stuffed Figs

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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ASSEMBLING foods and classifying them are important features of correct menu making. They are also necessary from an economic standpoint; a knowledge of the localities and season enables the housewife who serves foods are costly or correspondingly low in price.

This week we will start with the extracts, as commercially named—flavoring extracts play a very important part in our scheme of menu making.

Extracts are the aromatic principle of spices, fruits, vegetables, herbs, nuts and flowers. It is now possible to obtain:

Almond, allspice, cinnamon, currant, cloves, cherry, ginger, lemon, nutmeg, banana, pineapple, orange, peppermint, peach, pistachio, plum, wintergreen, raspberry, rose, strawberry, violet, vanilla, onion, celery, garlic and the meat extracts. This provides an almost endless variety of flavorings.

Farina, a flour, usually of coarse texture; also known as semolina, used as a breakfast cereal, for children's diets and in puddings; used by Italians in making their famous polenta dish.

Fennel—Garden or sweet fennel is an herb, usually found in the French kitchen garden. Used as a salad and pot green; also young leaves for salad. Seeds used in the manufacture of confects and sirups.

Fig—Fruit of fig tree of which there are many hundreds of varieties. The fresh fruit is a delicious and juicy morsel. Sixty per cent of its weight is fruit sugar and it has a remarkably thin skin. It varies in color from a shade nearly white to a deep purplish black.

The average housewife knows figs best as a dried product. Figs may be purchased in layers, in ropes, in bottles with syrup, in cordial and maraschino and also in jam and marmalade.

Stuffed figs are prepared with nuts, fondant, marshmallow and dates. Fresh figs are extremely delicate, and consequently are handled by only a few of the fancy fruit dealers in the largest cities. Figs come from Asia Minor, Smyrna, the largest seaport, shipping the largest percentage of them; hence the name Smyrna figs. Smyrna extra fancy, three-layer packed fig, is the finest; other grades are packed in boxes, bags and tubs.

Fresh, or layer, figs are graded—choice, extra fancy and three styles, going for American trade, square for English trade, and the flat layer fig that is popular. Domestic figs from the Southern States and California are usually known as skinless variety and are usually packed in sirup.

Filberts, or hazel nuts, are ripened fruit of the hazel shrub or tree. This nut grows in clusters. The name of filbert, or full beard, comes from having a fine fringe extending beyond the husk. The nuts are enveloped in a husk, which opens as the nuts ripen. Hazel or hoods have the husk shorter than the filbert and when ripened and husk removed only an expert can tell the difference between them. There are two varieties of domestic nuts—common and beaked.

The imported varieties come from Naples and Sicily. The Barcelona nuts are kiln-dried hazel nuts from Spain.

Fillet—A butcher term for the tenderloins of beef and pork. Also a chef uses this word to identify a small, boneless piece of meat.

Fines herbes—A culinary term connected with French cooking, combination of herbs, usually parsley, leeks, chives and tarragon.

Finger rolls—Bread sticks, also a form of Italian bread—crusty rolls shaped the length of the finger.

Finnan haddie—A variety of smoked fish originally from Findon, Scotland. Is sold in tins and packed in jars and sold loose by the pound. Makes a splendid addition to the breakfast table. The finest fish of this name comes from New England fisheries.

To prepare—Cover with boiling water for a few minutes and then drain and brown in butter or heat in cream sauce. Can also be served broiled and au gratin.

Fish—There are many varieties of fish, these will be mentioned under the direct and classified headings. Fish contains a delicate protein element and can be prepared for children, invalids and aged as well as for the physically normal. The popular varieties are cod, pollock, cod, halibut, herring, mackerel, salmon and sardines, sea and black bass, blue butter fish, yellow perch, pickerel, pompano and red snapper, shad, trout, wheat and white fish, king and sheepshead.

When buying fish, its freshness is essential quality; stale fish will produce ptomaine poisoning. The essential points to recognize when purchasing fish are eyes bright, full and firm (do not buy fish with sunken eyes); bright red gills (dark or black gills denote storage or aged fish and the decay may have been stopped with deodorizers); firm flesh, scales bright and firm to touch; good, clean fish smell is easily recognized.

Cleanse fish as soon as received from the market and remove the head, tail and fins. Wrap in clean piece of cheesecloth, then in a newspaper and again in a cloth and place directly on the ice. Fish prepared in this manner will not leave an odor in the ice chamber of the icebox.

Broiling, baking, sauteing and boiling are methods used for cooking fish. Broiled fish is usually shrived with tartar sauce; sauteed or fried fish, with sharp or tomato sauce; baked fish, with its own dressing; boiled fish, with cream, parsley, oyster, egg and onion sauces.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. Describe a [illegible] a decided improvement over the old one, as in addition to serving it can be [illegible] different ways.
2. How is a [illegible] fashioned?
3. If the [illegible] flour have [illegible] bottom, in what way [illegible] they be used?
4. Out of what [illegible] can a woodpecker's [illegible] made, which will [illegible] or small logs and be an ornament to the room as well?
5. Describe a pretty [illegible] that is different from the usual white one.
6. What charming touch [illegible] arrangement of the [illegible] evening dress is [illegible]?

Yesterday's Answers

1. Mary Halloch Greenwald is the inventor of a [illegible] instrument, which [illegible] conforming to the tone scale, and which is used in various motion picture theatres to show different colored lights on the stage while music is being played.
2. An unusual looking flower that could be tucked into the girdle of a dark afternoon dress is a yellow silk rose, with the center painted a deep violet.
3. A handy and attractive shopping bag is fashioned of gray leather, deep and roomy, open at the top and lined with tan grosgrain silk.
4. Three lingerie pins, small ones for the shoulders and a larger one for the camisole itself, which are made of tiny ribbon roses with lace around them, make a pretty and inexpensive "shower" gift for the engaged girl.
5. For the living-room mantelpiece, the ship's model, inclosed in glass, is an old-fashioned ornament that is again in favor.
6. Photographs which have become dusty can be cleaned with a cloth slightly moistened with warm water and ammonia.

FOR THAT LAZY LEISURE HOUR

The breakfast or afternoon tea "en negligee" may be a delightful hour if she wears a gown so charming as either of these. And there is nothing elaborate about their fixings and fastenings, either, which would take longer to arrange than an ordinary "slip-on." Flowered ribbon, wide and colorful, forms the foundation and part of the sides of one attractive costume, while silk voile veils it and trails softly after the wearer as she walks. The other is of chiffon, with "sleeves" which are not quite certain that they don't want to be sash ends or streamers or wings. An amusing little apron effect of velvet makes a deeper note of color and beads form an interesting trimming at the shoulders

Photos by Old Masters, Central News.

The Woman's Exchange

Wants Rules for Game

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly tell me how to play pinochle. A DAILY READER.

You can get a book on various games of cards at the Public Library which will tell you how to play pinochle. The directions are rather long to publish, and I am sure that the book will describe the game in a clear way.

Curly Hair

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have always read your interesting column, but as yet have not written to you. I take pleasure in doing so now. I have very straight hair and long. I have used barrettes on my hair and keep it on over night to make it curly. Could you please suggest anything to make my hair curly besides curling irons or these barrettes, as this has cut my hair? MINNIE L.

You can give your hair a very pretty wave by placing strands of it between two small combs which have been dampened with water.

Removing an Iodine Stain

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly advise me if iodine can be removed from a gingham dress, and if so, what can I use? The stain is fresh. A READER.

In treating an iodine stain, it makes a difference whether the material is starched or not; as, on unstarched materials, the spots are a yellowish brown, whereas, if the material has starch in it the stain will become a deep blue or black.

So here are two methods. The first, for the unstarched material, is to dampen the spot and then dry in a warm place. Use hyposulphite of soda on starched materials. Dip the damaged part in a diluted solution of this, and then rinse very well.

A FRIVOLOUS FROCK OF CHESTNUT COLOR

By CORINNE LOWE

It really does not seem to matter what you do this spring just so long as you remember to make your bodice long and monotonous and your skirt short and moody. This moodiness of petticoat is brought out chiefly by the use of panels or by draping or perhaps by the sash.

In the above delightfully youthful model of chestnut-colored taffeta, variety is afforded by three pointed panels placed in the front and all much longer than the skirt beneath. The ruffles of the sleeves and the simple little collar are of white mousseline de soie, while the ribbons used are of apple green.

Such a little frock as this is admirably serviceable for either city or resort wear during the coming months.

"A ONE-MAN WOMAN"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Barry Neil was sent to prison for embezzling funds, but Harriet, his wife, believed he was innocent. Through a friend whom she met in a dreary boarding house where she had hidden herself, Harriet managed to get a job with Barry's concern. Her idea was to discover the guilty person for herself.

CHAPTER XII

The Jade Necklace

"LOOK here, Miss Taylor," said the girl who had called her, a jolly little round-faced person, named Young. "Look what Lucy has!" And she held up before Harriet's gaze an exquisite jade necklace.

Involuntarily Harriet gasped. She appreciated instantly the value of the thing, a value not at all commensurate with the salary of a stenographer. Why, it must have cost at least a hundred dollars.

"It's a beauty," said Harriet, taking the lovely necklace in her hands. "I love jade."

"Try it on," suggested one of the girls.

Harriet looked at Lucy for permission and that young woman nodded. As Harriet slipped the necklace over her head, Lucy's eyes were fixed on it greedily, but when she saw its green tones against Harriet's soft fairness, a malevolent little look lit up her eyes. It was plain to every one there that the necklace suited Harriet far more than it did Lucy's dark little face, and Harriet herself could not help being aware of the fact.

With a little laugh she took it off and handed it back to its owner, and a moment later the group dispersed. But all afternoon Harriet kept thinking of Lucy and the jade necklace. What a strange gift for a man to give a girl of Lucy's type. It wasn't the kind of thing an average man would select; it showed evidence of rare good taste, and it was costly. Who was this "friend" of Lucy's that Miss Young had mentioned? Was he some one from Lucy's own walk in life, and if so how could he possibly afford money for a trinket of that kind? It was all very mysterious.

Not for a moment did Harriet connect Lucy Pratt with the stolen bonds, although for just a second she had thought it might be possible. A girl might steal just as easily as a man provided the temptation was great enough. But Lucy was not the kind of girl who would steal money for finery. What Harriet really did suspect was that some one else in the office might have given Lucy that necklace. If so she would have a really substantial clue to work on. But she was doomed to disappointment, for that night she walked to the subway with Anne Young and discovered that Lucy had no admirer in the office.

"It's very mysterious," Anne said wrinkling her forehead perplexedly, "but no one knows anything about this friend of Lucy's. She doesn't talk much, and she's never shown us anything he's given her before. But he's rich, that's certain, or he couldn't afford to hand out presents like that even if he is engaged to her."

Harriet was disappointed, but she did not entirely give up hope. Lucy was clever, it might be possible for her to know some one in the office and still keep it a secret from every one. The thing to do was to watch Lucy, to make friends with her if possible, and to become gradually acquainted with every one in the place. She would start out by suspecting every one, even the heads of the departments, and then use a process of elimination. Sooner or later she must stumble on a clue. It was for Barry's sake, and she couldn't afford to fail.

Harriet spent that evening in going over her clothes and making them presentable for the office. She washed out several things in the bathroom, having taken the precaution of locking herself in, and afterward with the aid of May Watson's little gas stove ironed them on a towel spread over her dresser. When she finally crept wearily into bed it was with a sense of nearness to Barry. She felt as though she had brought up her artillery and was ready for action. Whether she would win the battle or not remained to be seen, but at least she had made a start.

(To be continued)

"Keep him guessing; a man never wants what he is sure of!"

Winifred Harper Cooley

Has some interesting things to say on this extremely interesting subject and others like it in her articles on

"WOMAN'S LIFE AND LOVE"

Which will appear on this page three times a week, beginning

On Monday Evening

Adventures With a Purse

HAVE you seen this year's new bathing caps? Or, at least, they are new to me. Well, anyhow, in the first place, they are frilly, ruffly two-color affairs that are chic and charming, as they say in all the best advertisements (or the worst). But the special feature about them is a contrivance of four rubber strips inside the cap that fit firmly on the head and hold the cap to its proper shape instead of allowing it to flop unbecomingly. The cap I liked best is a green and black one. Do stop and see them.

Here is a suggestion for company dessert. It is not inexpensive, and you would probably feel that you could not have it often. But anyhow, some time when you want to "do yourself proud," how about getting a luscious, sweet honeydew melon? I know where they can be bought for $1 and $1.50 each, and you could cut at least four, or a probable six pieces. Iced, this would make a delicious and unusual dessert. But, as I already have said, you could have it only for special occasions.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut or Main 3000.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

One of the lowest forms of eavesdropping is "listening-in" at the telephone on a party line. It is precisely the same as stooping to listen through a keyhole. No one with any cultural training would indulge personal curiosity in this or any other way. But the eavesdropper breaks much more than a rule of etiquette, the base action is treachery incarnate, and is so understood by all honorable people even by those unfamiliar with the more subtle niceties of good form.

It is almost incredible that some apparently normal men or women—more often women—should have no scruples about listening to telephone dialogues. When this contemptible spywork is suspected by the honorable subscribers to a party line, it is wise to avoid anything confidential in telephone conversation, and to refrain especially from mentioning names. As suggested in an earlier paper of this series concerning conversation in public, it is well for friends to devise a code of mythological names so that the mean listener may have no clue to identities under discussion.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Let Him Make His Own Dates

Dear Cynthia—I have been reading your column for some time and am very much interested in it. And you have helped so many others I thought maybe you could help me. My question is this: My girl friend likes my brother very much and he likes her, but this is not the thing. Last Thursday he asked me to ask her to go out with him and I did so. And when the time came for him to go he backed out and let the girl wait, and it made me very angry. Don't you think he should write and tell her all about it? She thinks I am only telling her these things for fun and gets angry at me when he doesn't show up.

This is the third time he did this, so do you think it would be right to make any more dates for him? Answer soon, as you can see I am worrying over this problem. E. M. S.

Refuse to be a go-between any more. If your brother wants to be so rude, do not encourage him by making dates for him and getting into trouble with this girl about it.

Strike a Happy Medium

Dear Cynthia—Will you kindly print these few lines in answer to "Perplexed?"

"Perplexed," I surely am glad to see that there is some one who gets disgusted besides myself at the way girls dress. I am a church member, but I am always ready for a good time at the right time. There are a few boys who go to the same church of which I am a member that think me rather slow because I do not use paint and powder. I think if the girls would get more rest and walk a little more they would not need to use such make-up. When I first came to America I certainly thought it was disgraceful the way the girls would put on the rouge and powder. I think a little powder is all right when it does not make one look as though she just came out of the flour barrel. I also think the styles are O. K. if the girls would not go to extremes. You know there is a happy medium, as the saying is, to everything.

Do not think I am intended for an old maid as I am not. I have plenty of friends (both sexes) and always get along well with both. They all tease me, but, of course, that goes in with the gravy. I am very glad indeed to see that there is one young man who has at least common sense. I hope I will hear from you again.

A GOOD SPORT.

Answers "Kensington"

Dear Cynthia—I am certainly glad to learn that my letter amused "Kensington," even though it's correct mission was not driven into his (or her?) brain. Listen, friend "Kensington." My letter was written only as a personal suggestion to "Mr. 24." I did not try to hurt any one's feelings on the subject of neatness; but I am sure every one will agree with me that when a man is not neat, and uses too much slang, he surely is not worthy of a third meeting with any girl who prides her dignity.

Neatness certainly has its place in every one's life, but when it comes to the stage where a sane man loses his "sanity" over it—why then I agree with you that it has gone too far. A working man's hands were not intended to be as dainty and pretty as a lady's. Regarding the fact that some girls put too much accent on their appearance, please, please, "Kensington," do not class every girl with that type.

But, even with such "accent" most of those girls make a "hit." Then, "Kensington," explain, if you can, why "Mr. 24" cannot make a similar "hit" with the ladies? "Mr. 24," we would like to have your comment on this subject.

SPARKLER.

Don't Marry Without Love

Dear Cynthia—Will you please let me know what your opinion is of a young man who always asks a girl to dance every time they are in a certain dance hall? He has been a "steady partner," as they call it, on scholar night. Now, I've known this party for the last five years and in all that time he has never brought me to the car once or spent one cent. He is in business for himself, so it can't be lack of cash. Would you forget him, as I have an offer of marriage, but I don't care for this man as much as the dancer, who is positively ugly, but I like him above every man in this world? Since he heard I was going to be married he said, "don't you care for me?" I dream of him last night. What can I do? Will Mr. Kensington reads this. NORA.

I am afraid dreams will not help, dear, but if you do not love the man who wants to marry you, do not accept him. However, you would be wise not to think too much about the other man, for he surely cannot love you. If he does not show you more attention than you tell me he does.

Perhaps if you stop thinking about him you might find you really do love the one who has asked you to be his wife. How old are you, my dear? You did not say and it is hard to advise wisely with so little knowledge of you.

Says Boys Are to Blame

Dear Cynthia—Allow me to use a little space in your column for my say to "Perplexed."

"Perplexed," from my knowledge I am happy to say that there are many girls like the one whom no doubt you seek, but then you can't blame them for being in the background, where a good many of them are. I know lots of girls who feel as I do about this subject. Did you ever go to a dance and were you very observing? The majority of the boys are partially to blame for the present condition of the girls. Unless a girl wears puffs, rouges so she can be seen a few yards away, wears her dresses above her knees, etc., the boy won't give her a chance. Almost always you are running after the painted-up dolls, and yet daily you will read in the papers articles wherein the boys ask for the girls of yesteryear. When a girl sees that the painted-up doll receives all the attention from the opposite sex, what is there left for her to do but follow her example? If not she is left in the cold. After all, girls are only human and deep down in our hearts (boys included) we all want to attract the opposite sex. If the boys would pay attention to the girls who try to keep away from the use of cosmetics, etc., don't you see how much you would help to bring back the girls of yesteryear? You will find in nine cases out of ten that the girl who does not make it a habit of following the latest in styles is the more educated, more refined girl and knows how to take care of a home far better than these run-around painted-up girls. Pay attention to the plain looking girls and you will see the change in 1921. Cheer up, "Perplexed." God rewards those who patiently seek and wait and here's hoping that you will soon meet your pal, who will live up to your ideal of a girl.

WATCHING AND WAITING.

Taste it!

Louella

Butter

50c lb

At all our Stores

AMERICAN STORES CO.

TOMORROW IS MAY DAY SO WATCH FOR THE SPRITES

They Come Around to Your House With Their Maypole, and, if You Have Magic Glasses, You Can See Them Dance

NOT long ago, there was a little patch of ground just outside the woods, which was brown and dead-looking.

Other places showed new grass springing up, the trees above began to be feathery with growth, and this place staped ugly as if Spring had hurried past it so fast that she had forgotten to drop anything there out of her seed bag.

And then one day we went by and looked out to see whether it looked any better, and there was a little, low, light green table made of May apples that seemed to have sprung up in the night.

Some people think they came up of themselves, but we don't. We know it wasn't that, because we looked at the ground through a pair of magic glasses that magnify things which most humans can't see.

And there, in little excited, busy circles, and criss-crosses and triangles, were thousands of little fairy footprints.

WE COULDN'T find out whether they were really fairies, or just some kind of brownies or pixies.

Dimplechin said right away that she was sure that they were fairies, because she had seen a footprint like that on the windowsill early in the morning the day after the fairies brought the new baby to mother.

But Twinkletoes thought it must have been something else, because fairies have wings and their feet wouldn't touch the ground so much. Twinkletoes is so practical.

And so finally we decided that they must have been a flock of greensprites, which are funny little things with small wings so that they can flutter, but feet, too, so that they can bustle about busily—because they love to look busy, even if they aren't.

They are just about the color of the May apples, too, so that they can hide under the little tents in case anybody comes along, and look like part of the flower.

We wondered whether any of them had been left behind when the flock moved on, so we get down on our hands and knees to peer under the shiny green roofs with our magic glasses.

WE DIDN'T find a trace of them except a crumpled green something that Dimplechin insisted was one of their coats—but, of course, Twinkletoes declared that it was only a leaf!

So we wandered on finding more and more flowers that the Greensprites had played with or pulled out of bed during the night.

There were some fresh violets still smiling with the recollection of a frolic—and the footprints ran wild all around them!

A sleepy-looking daisy was pushing up out of the grass while a dandelion laughed at her—dandelions are so smart. They come up all by themselves because it's too cold when they start for the Greensprites to help them, and they think they're clever!

We found Jack-in-the-Pulpit scolding his head off—and I wish you could have seen the way those fairy tracks had gone crazy, dashing about, jumping up and down, turning somersaults and everything! Poor Jack, he must have had a terrible night!

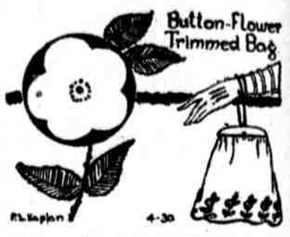
AND tomorrow's May Day! You know on the first of May, whether it rains or not, the Greensprites come around to your house with their little Maypole, and then how they do dance!

Dimplechin's going to look for them. Twinkletoes says that he's too old to notice such things—but I saw him polishing up his magic glasses very carefully before he put them away.

So I guess he's going to watch for them, too.

Are you?

Things You'll Love to Make



Quite unique is this BUTTON-FLOWER-TRIMMED BAG. Make your bag of any material and shape you desire. Paint round wooden button molds to look like wild roses (or any other flower). Fasten the button flowers to the bag by means of small beads in the center. Embroider leaves and stems in green silk or worsted. I know you will like your BUTTON-FLOWER-TRIMMED BAG and will feel that you have a bag that is "different."

FLORA.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Here's to the Dissenters!

"THE idea! The idea! Think of it! Lighting a city with smoke sent through pipes laid in the streets! Fancy lighting lamps without wicks!"

Such was the rather warm reception accorded Murdock for trying to introduce gaslight in place of candle light; but the pipes burnt their smoke.

Edison had to supply electricity free for six months before he could convince hard-headed business men it would work.

People used to think thirty miles an hour would stop the circulation of the blood.

The man who drove the first steamboat up the Thames was so unpopular the London hotels refused him a room for the night.

Morse pleaded and begged before ten Congresses before they believed the telegraph was something more than a crank's toy.

It took McCormick fourteen years to sell his first hundred harvesters.

Every man whose idea in the head has been worth two in a book has been a victim of more or less conservatism—and ignorance, incompetence and ridicule.

New ideas hurt almost like new shoes.

Mankind never seeks novelties. It resists them. It prefers two cents to them till it is forced to use them and understand them.

We have to be given time before we will have anything to do with what has been without our ken—almost everything old is assumed to be good and the new is prejudged poor.

The men who have put more comforts into the average two-by-four than kings used to enjoy in their palaces had the pleasure of seeing themselves lambasted in cartoons and comics.

If you would see the trend of progress and science, read the "funny sheets."

Most great inventions and discoveries have been ugly ducklings. It has taken hearts of oak and wills of steel to transform them into beautiful swans.

The common run of us find it safer, more pleasurable and far more profitable to conform, to come into the fold and let well enough alone, to float along with the current and let others buck the tide.

But here's to the DISSENTERS—the charters of unmapped seas, the blazers of untrod trails, the dreamers who eternally seek a better way.

Theirs is the horizon that views the dim light as it gilds the mountain top, while we of shorter scope and lesser vision toil on in the valleys below.

THE CHILDREN

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