"The Love Cowards"

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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Because she is disappointed in the man she had promised to marry, Nancy Hathaway becomes a love coward. In order to get away she accepts a position as governess to a little child in a lonely house on the Massachusetts coast, and there discovers that Bruce Henderson, Trix's uncle, has a sinister influence over the child. From the first Nancy clashes with him and he is eager to get rid of her, although his sister who has engaged her, is just as eager for the girl to stay. One night, thinking in that way to send Nancy flying, Bruce kisses her roughly, and to her horror she discovers that she cannot forget that moment in his arms. Dr. Hunt, who has been called in to see Trix, invites Nancy and the child to tea, and although Bruce has given orders that Trix is to have nothing to do with the townspeople, Nancy disobeys him and goes. She suddenly decides to confide in the doctor, but on the way home Bruce appears, and Nancy realizes that he knows where they have been.

CHAPTER XXXV

A Desperate Plan

NANCY with her frightened eyes on Miss Henderson's face waited for her to respond. She noticed that the older woman flushed darkly and then, without a moment's hesitation, she went quickly over to her brother and said something to him in a low voice.

HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

But Bruce put her lightly out of his way.

"There's no need of your putting up any kind of an argument, Eliza," he said brusquely. "I've listened to enough. I didn't approve of adding Miss Hathaway to the household in the beginning, if you remember, but in spite of everything I have said she seems determined to stay." His eyes flashed for a moment in Nancy's direction with what she felt to be a direct reminder of what had actually happened, and she felt her cheeks burn.

"Now I intend to remove Trix from her care entirely; that will end matters. And nothing you can say will have any weight with me. I have made up my mind."

With a little smothered sob, Trix flew across the room and clung to Nancy desperately.

"You won't let him take me, you won't, you won't!" she said over and over, appealing to that faith and trust that Nancy had aroused in her childish heart. How often had Nancy assured Trix that she was safe; that she had nothing to fear, and it was because Trix had learned to trust Nancy utterly that she was defying her uncle now. Nancy knew that!

She had only a few seconds to make up her mind. It meant either losing Trix forever or taking a desperate step, the idea for which had crept into her thoughts several times. Before Bruce could stride across the room and pull Trix hastily from Nancy's arms, Nancy had stooped and was whispering quick words into the child's ear.

"Trix, you must trust me. You know I've always kept my word to you, but I need your help, dear. Go to your uncle and wait for me. As soon as I can I'll come for you. You must believe me, dear. I'll come for you. Don't forget."

She smiled for a moment into the child's anguished eyes, conscious that if Trix had been the ordinary child her terror would have swept away her reason. As it was, something about Nancy's firm, resolute voice steadied the child; she still believed. Her faith in Miss Nancy's ability to perform miracles was still with her and, marvel of marvels, Trix forced a pitiful little smile. Nancy could have cried at the pathetic bravery of it and she pledged herself then and there to be worthy of Trix's faith. But it cost her a pang to see Bruce carry the child away with him and the tears were running down her cheeks as she turned to Miss Henderson. However, one glance at the other woman's face told Nancy that this was no time for useless recriminations. She made no attempt to reproach Miss Henderson and neither did she take her into her confidence.

Whatever was done, Nancy must manage by herself, but how? Her plan was to get Trix away, to take matters into her own hands and simply kidnap the child. The risks of such a desperate move were many and the results might be serious. Nancy was apt to get into trouble; she realized that, but there was no room in her heart for thoughts of herself. Trix was the one to be considered, and it was impossible to leave her with Bruce Henderson any longer than was absolutely necessary.

Monday—An Amazing Revelation

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

Can Women Be Just?

IT was not long ago that many otherwise sensible people opposed woman suffrage on the ground that it was not merely giving the vote, but that it would lead to larger participation of women in the affairs of government, for which they were unfit because they would "use their hearts instead of their heads."

Today we read of a mother, a well-known political leader she happens to be, who is taking the stand in a divorce action in favor of her daughter-in-law and against her own son!

Here is justice to challenge Solomon himself. For, since the days of his famous decree to divide the disputed babe, which soon showed up the real mother, who has ever thought of a mother except as for her child—right or wrong? That is one phase of the heart business that we would all have admitted. Yet here comes a woman who, to right a wrong, will publicly testify against her own son. Are women fit for justice?

Indeed it seems that men are finding it out. For not far from the district where a Judge recently refused to admit women to the jury box in his court there is a woman on trial for the murder of her husband. It was a cruel murder in his bed by hired assassins, of a sick man. And no motive has been ascribed except the woman's admission that she wanted to marry another man, and that in addition to her freedom she wanted her husband's money, which she could not get without killing him.

So, as the case stands, true justice does not hold out much hope to this woman. And her lawyer has announced that, if necessary, he will exhaust his sixteen challenges to keep women off the jury that will try her! Finding no appeal to justice on his client's side, and hoping for the sickly sentiment that will let a woman get away with something that would soon send a man to the gallows, her lawyer does not want women on the jury!

Do women use their hearts or their heads?

The Woman's Exchange

Names for a Canoe

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you please suggest a few names for a canoe? We are two boys and two girls who have just bought a canoe and we would like to have an unusual name for it.

THE JOLLY FOUR.

You might call your "ship" The Bouncer, For Four, Wandering Willie or Jolly Jumper. It would be unusual and appropriate if you do without a name, just to have a large 4 painted on both sides of the canoe in a brilliant color.

Don't You Want a Dog?

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—If you know of any one who would like a good fox terrier I know of one that the lady who has it is so situated she cannot properly care for it and would like to secure a good home. He is fine looking, loves children and a good watchdog. MRS. C. M.

It surely won't be hard to find somebody who would just love to have this little pet. I will be glad to give your name and address to any one who inquires about it. It is too bad that you have had to wait so long, but there has not been room in the column until now for your letter.

Wants to Be a Stage Dancer

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a dancer, nineteen years old, and I would like to be employed as an exhibition dancer at a hotel, cafe, etc. Could you tell me how I could get such a position? Where in Philadelphia could I apply for a try-out to get on the stage? BETTY U.

Apply to theatrical managers for this kind of position. You will find a list of them in the business section of the telephone book. By starting now you should be able to make engagements for next winter's theatrical season.

Visiting Fiance's Mother

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am writing to ask your advice on several problems. I have received and accepted an invitation from my fiance's mother to spend my vacation at her home, which is a day and a night's journey from my home. My fiance is to accompany me and will spend his vacation with me at the same time. Now what I would like to know is: (1) Is it right for me to take the journey with him? My mother seems to think that it is not the proper thing to take such a long trip with him without a chaperon. I am twenty-five years old and he is older than I. I am paying my own fare at her insistence. Is this considered the right thing to do? (2) When I am leaving after my visit, is it customary to leave a little gift for the hostess or to send one? What would you suggest as a nice gift? MATHILDA.

It would be better to have a chaperon to go this distance with your fiance or else to go separately. People are always ready to gossip and criticize and it is better to avoid that. Yes, you should pay your own fare. It would be very nice to send some book that you know your hostess would like or a box of candy attractively done up or something unusual in the way of a vase or a piece of embroidery that you could pick up at a gift shop.

About a Double Ring Wedding

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Would you please print at the earliest possible date if it is the custom for both bride and bridegroom to have a wedding ring, also if the bridegroom should buy both rings or if the bride should buy his and he hers? About the width, if she has just a narrow ring should the bridegroom's ring be the same width?

When you are not having a wedding, but just a dinner at home with the relatives only, should the bride keep her wedding dress on the whole day? If not, what time should she remove it?

PERPLEXED.

The double-ring ceremony is not always used, but some brides prefer it. You do not have to have it unless you want it. The bridegroom buys both rings and they are the same width. If the dinner after the wedding is several hours later, it would be more sensible for the bride to remove her wedding dress after the ceremony and put on her traveling dress if she is going away, or a dressy trousseau dress if she is not going on a trip. But the wedding dinner or breakfast should really be served immediately after the ceremony so that the bride may appear at it in her wedding dress and make it a part of the wedding. It would be a shame to separate it so far from the ceremony if it is not absolutely necessary. It will be a much happier memory for the bride if she has her ceremony and her feast close together instead of having a wedding and then waiting around for the dinner.

CHILD'S DELIGHT IS RED AND WHITE

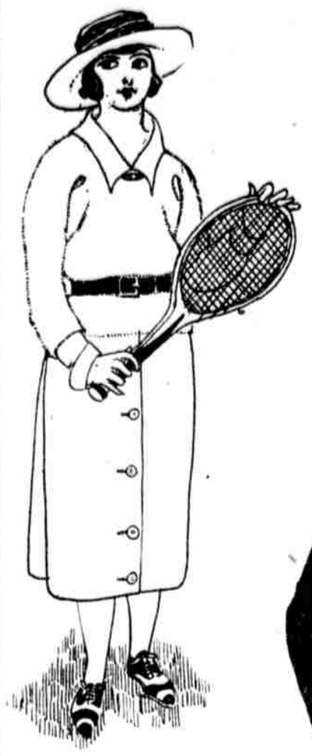
By CORINNE LOWE

If she is anything but Little Red Riding Hood it is not the fault of fashion. For fashion is as arbitrary about children's wearing this color as it is about adults, and some of the newest clothes in juvenile circles bear out this assertion.

Above we show a little frock in the favorite combination of English sateen and organdie, which selects red for the frock material and white for the adorable little organdie ruffles that fill in the sleeves and give the desired side fullness. The frock is bound in white organdie, and a black and white flower is embroidered at the front of the waist.

The favored line for small girls puts the long waist and the short skirt together, and often admits fullness at the sides. Embroidery of both wool and silk is much used this summer and there is a wide use of filet and Irish

WHAT TO WEAR IN SWEATERS



Central News Photo

"What kind shall I make?" is the great question in these days of vacation, when it is so necessary to have a sweater on the needles to pick up now and then. And here is the answer: There is the Tuxedo sweater, open down the front to show a pretty vest; the drop-stitch sweater with short kimono sleeves, a dainty white collar and cuff set basted on it, and the stockinette style, made rather high in the neck, with long sleeves so that just a Peter Pan or pointed collar and turn-back cuffs show outside it. Take your choice; they're all in style

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

"Black-Eyed Frenchie"

While Cynthia is glad to receive your letter and is interested in your views, she does not print controversies about foreign countries or religion in her column.

He Is Blue-Eyed

Dear Cynthia—I am glad that "Sunny" has taken my letter in the right spirit, but I cannot recall any answer from the party "Sunny" mentions. It happens that I answered "Good Girl, but Disgusted." Would say that I have blue eyes and light brown hair and am not short. No, I'm not a dark-eyed rascal, "Sunny"; just the opposite type. Everything is O. K., your apology is accepted. No sour grapes in my make-up. Yours for success. MR. 24.

Questions of Propriety

Dear Cynthia—I tend store every day for Daddy. One day two fellows went by on a motorcycle; they smiled at me and I smiled back. Then they turned back and talked to me. They wanted me to make a date with them, but I refused. Please give me your opinion of these fellows and their act. Is there any harm in smiling at fellows who pass the store every day, providing I am just friendly?

When introduced to a person, if one says, "Glad to know you," is it necessary to say upon leaving, "I am glad I met you?" Is this correct to say when introduced? MISS F.

Cynthia thinks the boys did exactly what any red-blooded, fun-loving boys would have done under the circumstances. She does not blame them for doing as they did. When a girl openly flirts with a stranger, smiling at him if he smiles at her, she must expect to be spoken to. Of course, you did right to refuse to make a date with two strangers, but you also did wrong to talk with them at all. Much trouble comes in this world from just such thoughtless doings.

It is never correct to say, "Glad to meet you," or "Pleased to meet you." Always use the pronoun "I." Say, "I'm very glad to meet you," or "I am very glad to know you." It is usual and gracious to say something about its having been a pleasure to meet and hope you will see him or her soon again, after a conversation. Your other questions will be answered in the Woman's Exchange.

Is She a Flirt?

Dear Cynthia—I want to present a query to your readers. The case in question is about a girl not yet twenty and her numerous "affairs." The first was a married man, and through really inevitable circumstances they came to fall in love with each other. He failed her, of course, for after his many promises there is no other word, and she, a mere child, dependent for many months, finally got over it. The next was a prepossessing young business man from St. Louis. After weeks of adoring attentions he departed, imparting the usual promises and was never heard from again. The next young man ended in jail on account of a motor smash-up. The next, a despised sailor, was really the best of the bunch, a hard-working fellow, soon to be an officer. She is considering marrying him. These, with a few others, comprise her list of present and past admirers. Yet, with all this, I maintain she is a sweet, lovable girl, a nice girl, worthy to be any good man's wife. She is certainly not a creature on the order of Dickens' Dora Copperfield, yet she is just as far from being a siren—like Theda Bara. She isn't even the "baby vamp" type of today, but just a rosy, womanly little girl who has never indulged in such things as smoking and drinking and would be shocked at the thought of it. I am not a pitying man, who could be excused for being prejudiced in her favor, but an unbiased woman. Do the readers think this is impossible? Tell me your opinion through the column. I mention "McWizzburg" and "Wawanaknow." Will they write? YOURS TRULY.

Certainly all this was not the young girl's fault. People are very unkind in their thoughts and say that girls are flirtatious when they are not, but are the victims of unfortunate circumstances.

He Has One Eye

Dear Cynthia—As a daily reader of your articles on "Advice to the lovesick" as a victim I am writing you for help.

I am a young man, twenty-two years of age, and when quite young was so unfortunate as to lose the sight of my right eye through an accident. Up to now it has turned blue, whereas my good eye is brown, and oh, Cynthia, what a handicap it is to me, especially in becoming popular among the opposite sex. Everything seems unsatisfactory in life, and every time I see a fellow and girl going together I envy them, all because God has been so cruel to me; my most precious eye he has taken, and who or what girl will ever go with me when I am disfigured so?

Oh, Cynthia, I'm greatly discouraged. Won't you please help me? Please.

I dress plainly, have good intentions, but still my efforts are in vain. If I don't get somewhere soon I'm afraid my mental condition will get the best of me. Does religion help?

HERBERT E. S.

You are sensitive and overwrought about your eye. Probably the girls would not notice it if you would forget yourself and be bright and happy as God meant you to be. Do you not think you are wrong to question His wisdom in giving you this sorrow to bear? Sorrow borne in the right way makes for a finer character and, after all, when the worthwhile girl wants a husband she wants one who has character rather than looks. Looks seldom matter in a man, so he be upright, honorable and steady.

Never say God has been cruel to you; on the contrary, you may have been spared many insupportable sorrows. You have the sight in one eye; thank God for it.

Religion is always a help. Pray for light and do your best.

Mrs. Wilson Shows Many Qualities of Cranberries in Tea and Puddings

Grandma Knew Their Medicinal Value Long Ago—Try Some of Her Recipes, Which Are Delicious as Well as Nutritious

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE medicinal qualities of the cranberry are so well known that very little discussion upon this point is needed; but every once in a while some persons imagine that because they have uric acid conditions, if they eat anything acid they are increasing their trouble.

I would like to bring this message very clearly to them that, due to certain processes of digestion, the cranberry becomes in the intestinal tract the direct opposite to an acid food. This has been proved time and again. Indeed, you can easily prove it yourself.

If you are fleshy and suffering from uric acid and its many symptoms, including rheumatism, try eating some cranberries daily in one form or another. Use in place of lemons for making lemonade and enjoy a glass of satisfying beverage that is splendid for the lazy liver.

Cranberries are nature's own remedy for a torpid and bilious liver, and they bring the needed mineral salts and vitamines to increase and stimulate its action.

Hot Cranberry Tea

Wash two pounds of cranberries, then place in a saucepan and add

One quart of water,
One-quarter teaspoon of salt,
One cup of sugar.

Cover closely and cook until the berries are very soft; then turn into a jelly bag and let drain. Squeeze out all the juice as the bag becomes cold. Fill into jars and adjust the rubber and lid and stand the jars in preserving kettle. Fill the kettle with water nearly to the neck of the jar and boil for ten minutes. Seal securely and store. This will keep until used.

To use add one and a half cups of cranberry juice.

One cup of boiling water.

Mix and then drink while hot. This is stimulating and diuretic beverage.

Spiced Cranberry Tea

This famous old-time beverage of our granddad's day was the regular standby for breaking up colds. If folks were moping around and showing signs of a cold, grandma would say that it was time to drink a cup of spiced cranberry tea and go to bed and sweat it out. The cold would usually disappear before the next evening. In many instances do we hear of the men folk demanding their bowl of cranberry tea after returning from the woods or seacoast when they were tired and weary.

How to Make Spiced Cranberry Tea

Place in a piece of cheese cloth

One level tablespoon of ginger,
One level tablespoon of cinnamon,
One teaspoon of mace,
One teaspoon of allspice,
Four dried mint leaves.

Tie loosely, and then place in a preserving kettle and add

Two pounds of cranberries,
One quart of water,
One and one-half cups of sugar,
One-quarter teaspoon of salt.
Juice and grated rind of an orange.

Cover closely and cook slowly until the fruit is very soft, and then turn into a jelly bag, fill into jars and process as for hot cranberry tea.

To serve: Fill the cup half full of the spiced cranberry tea and add one tablespoon of sugar and sufficient boiling water to fill the cup. Drink as hot as possible; then cover up well in bed or put on a sweater and work actively about the house.

As a beverage for fevers, use the plain cranberry tea mixture, place it in a pitcher and add some cracked ice and one quart of water to every pint of the prepared tea.

Frequently a little finely cracked ice and plain unsweetened cranberry juice will relieve nausea or the sick-at-the-stomach feeling. A poultice of cooked and well-drained cranberries will relieve a sore finger or a toe. In grandma's day a poultice of hot cranberries was used to reduce inflammation and kindred swellings.

Try some of grandma's old-time standbys and note a real improvement in health. European housewives dry the cranberry for future use. The children, too, will enjoy helping to prepare these delicious tart berries for future use.

How to Dry Cranberries

Purchase a ball of white twine such as the grocers use and a darning needle, then thread the berries and hang them in a sunny, airy spot to dry. When dry they may be stored in the attic or store room, like dried mushrooms or other vegetables.

These dried berries are frequently used in place of raisins for cooking.

Russian Beef With Cranberries

Select a nice piece of beef for stewing and wipe with a damp cloth; cut in two-inch pieces. Place in a saucepan and cover with boiling water, and cook slowly until tender. Now add

One package of noodles,
Four onions, sliced thin,
One-quarter cup of finely minced parsley.

Season to taste and cook for fifteen minutes, and then add one cup of cooked but unsweetened cranberries and cook for ten minutes. Dish and garnish with points of toast.

Polish Rabbit

Have the butcher prepare a rabbit for cooking and cut in pieces as for fricassee. Place in a saucepan with

One-half dozen finely chopped onions,
Three green peppers, chopped fine,
Tiny bit of bay leaf,
Pinch of thyme,
Sufficient boiling water to cover.

Add one cup of cranberries. Cook slowly until rabbit is tender and then add some dumplings. Cook for fifteen minutes longer then season and serve. Garnish with finely minced parsley.

Cranberry and Meat Pudding

Rub a pudding cloth good with lard and then flour. Now place in a mixing bowl

One cup of bread crumbs,
One and one-half cups of flour,
One level tablespoon of baking powder,
One teaspoon of salt,
One-quarter teaspoon of pepper,
Tiny pinch of thyme,
One-half cup of finely chopped suet,
Two-thirds cup of finely chopped cold cooked meat,
One cup of cranberries,
One cup of stock gravy or water.

Mix well and then turn out on prepared pudding cloth, tie loosely but securely and drop in a large pot of boiling water. Boil for one and one-quarter hours and then serve with parsley sauce and a spoonful of cranberry jelly.

Old-Fashioned Colonial Cranberry Pudding

Place in a mixing bowl

One and one-half cups of bread crumbs,
One-half cup of finely chopped suet,
One and one-quarter cups of flour,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
Four level teaspoons of baking powder,
Two cups of cranberries, cut in bits,
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg,
One and one-quarter cups of brown sugar,
One cup of milk or water.

Mix and then turn into pudding cloth prepared as for cranberry meat pudding and boil for one hour. Serve with sweet vanilla sauce and garnish with a spoonful of cranberry jelly.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Fairies at Work

By DADDY

CHAPTER VI

A Joke on Folly Wisher

AFTER the rescue of the baby monkey from the crows the fairies flew joyously on their way. They were happy because they had done a good deed. As they flitted along they sang a glad song:

"One good deed for every hour
"Makes us sweet instead of sour."

And Peggy and Billy, flying with them, found there were plenty of good deeds to do—good deeds for the birds, the trees, the flowers, for every living thing.

The fairies went on, until they came at last to the spot where Peggy and Billy had left Folly Wisher, Flower of the Forest and Youth of the Lion Heart. The three were asleep in the shade of a tree and they looked very sad indeed.

"Why do they look so sad?" asked Peggy.

"Because they think you are lost," answered Flitter-Flash. "We will whisper into their ears nice dreams telling them what has become of you and then they will be glad."

So the fairies whispered nice dreams into the ears of the sleepers telling them that Peggy and Billy were with the fairies and having a jolly time. That made Folly Wisher and the two African savages smile in their sleep and the sad look left them.

The fairies played around and presently Folly Wisher and the savages woke up.

"My, it is hot. I wish we could get cool," said Folly Wisher, yawning and stretching.

"We will see that he gets his wish," laughed Flitter-Flash. With the other fairies he danced in front of Folly Wisher's nose until Folly Wisher, remembering how the fairies had led them once before, jumped to his feet to follow them.

"Perhaps these fairies will guide us to where Peggy and Billy are," said Folly Wisher. That made Peggy and Billy laugh, for they were there right in front of Folly Wisher's eyes, dancing with the fairies, and Folly Wisher never knew them.

The two savages joined Folly Wisher, and all three ran swiftly along the way Flitter-Flash and the other fairies were leading them. The fairies flew to the top of a high cliff overlooking the sea. The place was dangerous. Peggy and Billy saw that the ground at the top of the cliff was loose. If any one stepped upon it the ground might cave in and the person stepping on it would go plunging upon the rocks far below. They tried to warn Folly Wisher, but Flitter-Flash, laughing gaily, led the goblin and the two savages to the very edge of the cliff.

Then, of a sudden, the earth caved in. Folly Wisher and the two savages tried to jump back. They were too late; they were already falling down the face of the cliff. The fairies seemed to have led them to their destruction.

But the three were not really falling. Instead they were scooting down a chute as smooth as a playground slide. They went fast, but safely, and at the bottom they went splashing into a pool of water.

Up they came startled, but laughing. "Wasn't that a fine slide?" cried Folly Wisher. "This pool will make us cool." He had gotten his wish without knowing the trick by which the fairies had given it to him.

The fairies laughed gleefully as Folly Wisher, Flower of the Forest, and Youth of the Lion Heart climbed back up the cliff to slide again, but Flitter-Flash turned to Peggy.

"How would you like to go on an adventure?" he asked. "How would you like to go to the Cave of the Pirates' Jewels?"

Peggy and Billy were, of course, eager to go, and so they flew away into a very strange adventure about which you will be told this coming week.

Things You'll Love to Make

Tuxedo-front Scarf

Of course you have or will have a Tuxedo sports jacket or sweater. To wear with it make a smart and useful TUXEDO-FRONT SCARF. Cut the material the shape of the tuxedo-front. Checked worsted, silk, tricolette, or brushed wool are appropriate. Instead of stitching it to the coat, line it and then sew a row of snap fasteners, the under parts, down the front of each side of the coat. Sew the other parts of the fasteners to the underside of the scarf. You can wear your TUXEDO-FRONT SCARF fastened to your jacket, or on cooler evenings you unfasten it and use it as a scarf as shown in the second illustration. FLORA.

They Had a Glorious Day at the Seashore, Johnny Ruined It for Them Coming Home

He Was So Tired and Sleepy and So Sticky and Filled With Food That He Disgusted and Fascinated Them

IT HAD been glorious at the seashore. They had a joyous, exhilarating swim in an ocean that seemed to know They were there just for the day and wanted to be as nice as possible for Them. There was even a sea breeze turned on in Their honor.

And as They boarded a train homeward bound They relaxed in complete satisfaction over a day well spent.

It was hot there in the station, though, and They wished the train would hurry up and go.

Then the Family arrived.

The family consisted of mother and father, Susy, Jake and Johnny.

They had paper bags, shoe boxes and a basket that had been filled with food, and were rapidly emptying.

Turning the seat over, mother arranged Johnny and the bags facing her and father, while Susy and Jake sat together in the next seat.

And so it was possible for Them to see Johnny constantly. In fact, it was impossible not to see him, for he was of the fascinating repulsiveness that makes you look when you want most not to.

HE was tired, Johnny, and very sleepy, and he had a lollypop in his hand.

Sometimes when he aimed it it went in his mouth, but more offen it slid out and landed on his cheek, leaving its mark.

When he got tired holding it up he would let it drop listlessly and it supported itself on a fold of his blouse, where also it left its mark.

Susy's head appeared over the back of the seat as she knelt up to shriek something at her mother.

Pushing her hair back with the hand that held the lollypop, she hit Johnny affectionately on the head.

"Git out o' the way!" she remarked.

Johnny wailed. Slowly but with gathering intensity Johnny wailed, rubbing his lollypopped hands over his lollypopped face.

"Here, you quit that!" commanded his mother. "Eat a cake; Susy, you give him a cake."

Johnny grabbed it, allowing it to absorb his tears and his sorrow as he chewed.

In the meantime, peaches had been dealt out to everybody, and Johnny received his with surfeited indifference; he didn't care whether it was a peach or a watermelon.

THE down-for-the-day travelers held their breath as Johnny then slipped out of the seat and began to roam, still holding the weeping peach.

Would he come over and smear them?

He stood swaying in the middle of the aisle, staring at Them. They returned his gaze and hoped desperately.

Hope was vain. Johnny smiled wanly and advanced.

But just then the train lurched, and Johnny and the peach landed in a sticky hands on the arm of Their seat.

The welkin rang with his howls and he picked himself up by planting gluey hands on the arm of their seat.

From then on the journey was just one howl after another, until Johnny's poor, tired, sick little body relaxed into an exhausted sleep.

And so was a perfectly good day at the seashore ruined for Them.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Sometimes, when people move into a neighborhood without any letters of introduction or other credentials and the younger members of the family begin to form local intimacies, a careful mother cannot help asking herself, "I wonder if these newcomers are as desirable as they appear to be?" And she is wise to wish for reassurance on this point. Some sordid little life-tragedies might have been prevented if the guardians of youth could have known the antecedents of certain new acquaintances, whose standardized surface respectability afforded no clue to their dubious past history.

If the members of the new household speak of any business or social connections with whom the older residents are acquainted, it is quite proper for the anxious mother to write a letter to any of these, and to refer to the newcomers as having mentioned them. This may be done quite casually, but in such a way as to call forth an answer which will settle the status of the unknown.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

No. 12—Brown Eyes

Blue eyes have been described already as signals of decision, action and a tendency toward impatience.

Brown eyes indicate opposite qualities. They also indicate qualities which at first thought seem contradictory. But they're not. They only seem so.

They indicate, for instance, greater rush or stress of emotion than blue eyes, and at the same time greater patience. These are, in reality, two quite different things. Take as an example an appeal to either the anger or the affections of a person. The emotion aroused in the blue-eyed person will not be so strong, or, rather, will not push other things aside so much in his or her consciousness as it will in the brown-eyed person. But suppose the arousing of this emotion is intended to evoke a real decision and important action on the part of that person. You'll get your reaction much quicker from the blue eye than from the brown. If you're looking for more demonstration of the emotion, however, the reverse will be true.

The brown-eyed person is more demonstrative than the blue-eyed, simply because his or her emotions take stronger hold. But for the rest, brown eyes indicate a greater degree of patience, of the courage as well as the ability to endure either a mental or a physical strain. They indicate less of the pioneer spirit and more of the conservative tendency. They indicate, too, mental intensity and concentration rather than the mental quickness and impatience which blue eyes indicate.

In short, brown-eyed persons are inclined to be "slower of head" and "quicker of heart," whereas the blue eye is "quicker of head" and "slower of heart."

Monday—Evasive Eyes

Luck in Shoes

If the shoe that is thrown after the bride is taken from the left foot, it is supposed to bring better luck.

It is unlucky to give your wedding slippers away.

If she tears her wedding shoes she will be treated harshly by her husband. Nor should she wear out her wedding shoes the first year if she would avoid misfortune.

Wear a piece of paper in your new shoes and you will have an engagement within a month.

If a maid find a pair of shoes, she will wed in a short time.

If a young girl gets a new pair of shoes and drops them on the floor she will be unlucky in her love affairs until they are worn out.

A troubled home awaits the bride who wears striped stockings at the altar.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. When the window which looks out into the kitchen is in the dining room or is conspicuous in the pantry, how can it be covered without causing inconvenience?
2. Instead of folding tablecloths into a small oblong what can be done with them by the woman who has a linen closet?
3. What attention will show a remarkable improvement in cut flowers which are beginning to wilt?
4. Name two synonyms of "nasty."
5. Describe a new kind of sprinkler which saves time and trouble.
6. What is the latest addition to the equipment of a fitted traveling bag?

Yesterday's Answers

1. A cool summer living room which has putty-colored Venetian blinds or tan curtains can be given a touch of color by means of dull blue ribbons used to hold them.
2. In making a formal garden in a small space, extra length can be simulated by making the ornaments decrease in size all the way down the garden.
3. A convenient bathing stand for the baby is a cretonne-covered screen with three sides, in which is hung a canvas bathtub, a dressing table and cretonne pockets for holding various articles.
4. Instead of "scared," "frightened" or "startled" may be used.
5. The shops sell bands of knitted trimming and brushed wool for edging sweaters and jersey dresses or coats.
6. A white taffeta handbag for summer is adorned with two bands of the material edged with frills, and crossing each other at the bottom of the bag.

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