

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

This Is Paul's Day He Learns Something From His Bootblack

HE HAD been Paul's habit for a couple of years to drop into the Gem shoe-shining parlor every noon after he had enjoyed his mid-day refreshment. It was a habit which he had picked up from him and his associates in the office. Every day.

"Hello, Nick, how's everything?"

"That was the daily greeting, and the stout, swarthy Nick would shake his white teeth and some half-grown youth would make a great show of polishing Paul's boots, which needed no polishing at all much of the time.

"A dime for the shine, five cents for the tip, and Paul would meander back to the office.

Today Nick looked worried.

"How's tricks?" asked Paul, as he climbed the chair-stair.

"Look-a bad, said Nick, somberly.

"Why the market is off," said the Greek bootblack with a shrug.

The market?

For a moment Paul frowned Nick was having his little joke, but there was no mistaking the seriousness of the fat little Greek's expression.

"Do you play the market, Nick?" smiled Paul, with a slightly superior air.

"Play?" returned the Greek bootblack. He shrugged again. "No, I no play the market on margin. Nothing doing. I buy my securities outright. But I no load up on one stock that's been going down just like a robagoon now for two weeks. By golly, I lose me two thousand dollar in one day, and so I guess I unload today and take my loss."

"Should a Woman Tell?"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Heatherbone Emsley decides in her heart that she is in love with another man, a man named Cranford Blake, who was formerly of her. She discloses this to her mother, who tells her to keep her own counsel, and that she is looking to her to exert an influence over her little butterfly friend, Julie, who has been in love with Cranford much older than herself, and driven into a corner, she tells her mother that she has met this man through Heatherbone, and that she is in love with him. The next morning she calls her up on the telephone and demands to see her. She hangs up the receiver while he is speaking.

CHAPTER XX The One Way Out

I REALIZED as soon as I was alone that I think clearly that I have been unable to hang up the receiver while Cranford was speaking. Why hadn't I been calm? Why hadn't I asked him what he wished to speak to me about? Why had I shown him that I was frightened?

Suppose Dane discovered the truth? Suppose that Cranford in his rage at the treatment he had received at my hands should tell my mother what had happened when Dane was at home? Worse still, suppose he should come to the apartment in my terror at such a thought I sat up suddenly, my eyes wide with fear. I could see my reflection in the mirror of the dressing table against the wall opposite. I had pushed my hair into wild confusion about my face, which was ghastly white. I looked utterly unwell. But what was to be done about it? What could I do but wait for Cranford to make the next move?

I knew Cranford was in the building in his nature, and it was certain that if he wanted to see about anything in particular he would show me no mercy. It might be that he wanted to see Heatherbone, knowing that I had married, and anything was possible, and it was useless for me to expect to escape an interview with him.

But there was one thing left to me. I could tell Dane the truth. I could tell him everything that I

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

A Mile Down the Railroad Track

I WAS riding on a train through one of the prettiest parts of New England. Pretty is not the word. For the miles and miles of country through which I passed were exquisitely beautiful.

Gently sloping hills, backed up and then by low wooded mountains, ranging in coloring from deepest purple to vivid orange that blended with tones of green and red, disclosed here and there a winding stream lapping its way affectionately all the way up to the railroad track.

There was not a foot of ground that looked seamy or lonely or uninviting. All along plump lazy herds were grazing in the benignant autumn sunlight, and the fields and hills that dotted the landscape were green and red and even in their varying shades of green and brown that painted them to the distant eye as so many smooth, rich carpets faultlessly stained and matched together.

There was that peaceful look about all this beauty that comes with the autumn when the ground seems to be enjoying a well-earned rest, and the air a cluster of zephyrs and church steeples, and soon there would pass by a little village enjoying its afternoon siesta by the hillside.

And there were farms—home-seemingly places, with well-stocked barns. But the poorest of them, resting there in all that beauty, with the labor of the harvest done, made a picture that seemed to me the most blissful content to any soul.

Then suddenly, even before the train rounded the curve that had hidden it from view, I felt a shadow. And there it was—the city. It did not nestle on a hillside—it spread over everything in sight. And it was not so much the factories, the smoke, and the dirt and grime, as the shutting out of the air by a cluster of zephyrs and church steeples, and soon there would pass by a little village enjoying its afternoon siesta by the hillside.

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The Loyal Tape Measure

The dressmaker gave Margie an idea which she has quickly carried out for herself. It is, that line, she had been wearing tape, and other pieces of work that required accurate sewing with a roll of yardstick, but this was always getting bent, twisted, lost, and then she would have to stop until a new one had been made. But now she has opened one end of her cloth tape-measure for about six inches, and fixed it with a featherbone, which makes a reliable marker and one that is always ready to be used.

Nasty-Tasting Stuff

Here's something that will stop Jack from biting his fingernails. It is a nail varnish: Alcohol, one and one-quarter ounces; methyl one-quarter ounce; orange mastic, one-quarter ounce; gum myrrh, one and one-eighth ounces. Mix and stand forty-eight hours, shaking occasionally. Apply with camel's hair brush. This can be removed with alcohol or hot water.

"I keep my kiddies from eating sweets between meals," explains Mrs. Housewife, "by keeping on hand plenty of delicious, nutritious New, Coated, Sanitary Wrapper ANCRE With the Genuine Roquefort Flavor CHEESE Made by SHARPESS, Phila. 123

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "A Widow"

If you have a position as housekeeper in the man's home it should not mean anything to you if he cares for some one and she visits at his home. If you are satisfied with your job and are properly paid for it you should not bother about his personal affairs.

To "Troubled"

It is a little difficult to answer your letter, as you do not tell me what the trouble was. If it was just a mistake out of a molehill, it was more than a mistake Cynthia feels she cannot advise in life. For instance, do not write letters in pencil.

She'll Inherit \$500,000

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl nineteen years of age, considered very good looking, have won three beauty contests, will inherit half a million when I'm twenty-one. Every one knows it, but still I have no boy friends. Please tell me what to do, Cynthia. Would like to see what some other boys and girls would do from this column. Please publish this.

Do Not Make an Address

Dear Cynthia—You are so young and so successful, which means "thank you very much." I now come again for another clue.

Approves of Kissing Them

Dear Cynthia—Miss M. Right is right. You girl who will allow a fellow to kiss your neck, and then refuse to kiss him back, is what I call a poor sport. I have friends galore. When they take me out and ask me to kiss them, I kiss them. If we were to kiss I can go to show my appreciation. And let me say, they have the greatest respect for me. At least that is what I gather from their actions. Three of them have proposed marriage to me, though they know that I give no kisses freely. But I shall not marry as yet. I am very young, only seventeen.

Wedding Flowers

Dear Madam—I'm at it again for advice as you have helped me greatly before.

Round Red Serge on Plain Dark Blue

Very well, Miss 1921. But when the man you really love comes along you will wish you had kept your kisses sacred for him. And he may prove to be a man who will not want to marry one who has been kissed by every Tom Dick and Harry. You will pay for it in some way. Besides, it's not so much the kisses, and you know it is not.

The Question of Bobbing

Dear Madam—You have given me some very good advice and I will try to do you for my.

By CORINE LOWE

Making the world safe for serge is the cause to which this radiant six-year-old has dedicated herself. She might have trimmed this little afternoon frock of blue serge with worn embroidery, but instead she preferred to be different and use motifs of red serge set about the hem of the skirt with gold stars.

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With the cream left in! Sealed pure-keeps fresh

SLEEVES ARE WIDE AND LOOPED

In either afternoon or evening you find these yards of material used to drape the arms. They are usually held in, like the two shown above, at the wrist with a close-fitting band, but above that they swell and loop and flow to their hearts' content.



The Woman's Exchange

By DORIS WOODS

Dear Madam—Will you please tell me in your valuable column the fashion this coming winter in afternoon shoes to wear with black and dark blue fancy stockings? I thought of getting dark gray or beige strap slippers, or would black patent leather be better style. And could the latter be worn with light stockings?

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Persuading the Fat Man

You will find that, making allowances for the difference in sex, the methods which are efficacious in influencing the fat man are pretty much the same as those which affect the fat woman.

A Birthday

Dear Madam—Is it necessary to send a letter of thanks when receiving birthday gifts?

A CONSTANT READER

At a holiday party the girls are brought and presented to the boys, who open them and express their honest admiration of them. The more times of about thinking in givers and showing her appreciation the better it is. A letter of thanks is not necessary if the donor has been thanked personally otherwise it is, of course.

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Adventures With a Purse

By DORIS WOODS

MAYBE you will be interested in the nightgowns, for, as inexpensive nightgowns go, they are mighty nice-looking. They are white—oh, muslin, or whatever it is nightgowns are made of—and have square necks with lace bands over the shoulders. The necks are trimmed with dainty lace and with inset bands of white satin ribbon, which give to the top of the nightgown the appearance of a silk garment. The price is \$1.00.

All I want to say is, go see them. Don't expect me to describe them. I speak of the fans that have just been imported and which are for sale in just one shop in the city. The entire tops are feathers riving in softness the downy breast of a bird, and in color the brilliant plumage of the tropics. I can picture the vivid rich color splash of one of these fans against a black or lightly-colored evening gown. "Oh yes," you say, "that's all very well, but if they are imported, they are probably very high priced." But no, they are not. It is hard to believe, but they cost only \$2.50 each, and come with green, red, old rose, or almost any color you would like predominating.

So far as I can find out, one of the shops has designed a brassiere. I saw them in the window and was impressed with their nice appearance and practicality. One is of black satin, and has perfectly plain top. It is also slightly longer waisted than the ordinary brassiere. Another is of white satin, and has a bit of trimming, navy a sign of lace, but its simplicity stamps it as good. Prices are \$2.25.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What is the astounding record of Miss Olga Elkouri, a sixteen-year-old Detroit girl, who has won the world's typewriting speed contest for college students and employed girls?

Things You'll Love to Make

Remake Last Season's Frock

A smart and easy way to REMAKE LAST SEASON'S FROCK, especially a cloth one, is to slit your frock at the sides; cut away sufficient material to have the panel a stylish and becoming width. Set in plaited satin panels at each side. Have these panels a few inches longer than the front and back ones, as the uneven hem line is very popular among "those who know." Remove the cuffs from the sleeves, or any other trimming that may be on them. Sit them and set in similar satin panels. Bind all edges with black or red silk braid or cord ribbon. Trim the back and front panels and sleeves with several rows of the ribbon. Remove the collar and cut the neck lower and narrower. Bind it with the same trimming. After you REMAKE LAST SEASON'S FROCK you will have a model as charming as any you could make or buy new today. FLORA.

Yesterday's Answers

1. The fact that the most important book on medicine produced in England during the Middle Ages was written by St. Hildegarde disproves the popular idea that the cure of women into the medical profession has been of recent date.

My Wife Serves

By DORIS WOODS

PUDDINE

Does Yours?

She'll only have to serve it once to you to be sure that it is a wonderful findling to any meal.

Tomorrow—Soft Skin

By DORIS WOODS

"And Man, How I Did Eat Real Food!"

By DORIS WOODS

LOOKING BACK, now, to those vacation days, there's a lively kindling of joy—even in the memory of appetite at camp-fire meals.

Real food—and real hunger!

That's the year-around relationship between appetite and Grape-Nuts—that crisp and wholesome gift from the great outdoors—the perfected goodness of Nature's best food grains.

There's a flavor and charm to Grape-Nuts that appeal to the appetite like the tang of the summer camp, and there's a scientific balance of nutrition and a readiness of digestion that make Grape-Nuts a wonderful aid to health and vigor.

"Real food" is the verdict of enthusiastic thousands who find a daily delight in the unique sweetness and crispness of Grape-Nuts, and who "carry on" splendidly with its body-building nourishment.

Let the zest of appetite be a companion of your indoor meals, too.

Grape-Nuts is sold and served wherever good food is sold and served.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Into the Twilight Through the Country After a Long, Gray, Dreary Day

By DORIS WOODS

The Unassuming Sunset Beneath the Dingy Sky and the Timid Little New Moon Gave Promise of Better, Happier Days to Come

A TRAIN setting forth on a tranquil journey into the country, through a dusky twilight.

It has been a rainy day, and people going home from the city carry umbrellas which thud dimly as their owners get thankfully rid of them in a corner.

The train moves smoothly out of the station. At first you see only buildings, rows of houses, city streets.

Then the distances begin to stretch out and the blocks grow longer. As you take a quick glance down a paved street, glistening with recent rain, a row of lights hang in a curve for a second, like a string of tinsel, then lengthen out and separate themselves.

Other lights appear, twinkling from the windows of tall buildings, shining down upon puddles or beaming hospitably from the windows of dwelling houses.

There are more open spaces now, with here a pair of goal posts, proclaiming a football field, there an aimlessly busy dog hunting excitement in a meadow, now and then a small, hump where ashes and waste have been dumped.

AND by this time the vague signs of clearing that have been slightly apparent for some time have become more definite.

The sky is that pure, pale gray that promises "cold and clearing," and just above the long, flat, shadowy horizon there is a modest quietly gorgeous sunset.

The feeling that comes with the sight of one of these dull but persistent glows in the west after a dreary, gray day must be a little something like the sensation of relief and joy that came to the people who saw the first rainbow.

It is so silent, that sunset, so unassuming, and yet so unmistakably touched by a glorious sun.

You reach the last real city station, where a few bedraggled, late commuters gaze at you despairingly from the platform.

About Perfumes

Many Arabian ladies spend from five hundred to a thousand dollars a year for perfumes.

According to Pliny, the lady of ancient Rome used perfume so extravagantly that attention was drawn to her approach, if for no other cause, by the fragrance that streamed from her hair and clothes.

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