

IS DAILY NOVELETTE

POCAHONTAS IN CONFUSION

By Jane Osborn

POLLY SAUNDERS had tortured her brown curls into two pugnaucious curls that stood at right angles above her ears. For want of a dressing comb she wore a black academic gown that had been left hanging in the locker room of the college gymnasium by one of the seniors. Then she pulled one of the pigtail around the back of her head and one across the front, fastened them down by a hairpin here and there and struggled into the confection of a wig made of horsehair that was supposed to transform her into a full-blooded Indian.

Polly was a sophomore in college and was about to make her debut on the college stage as Pocahontas in a play written by one of her classmates. "Where's the make-up man?" she called from the curtained-off section of the locker room where she was making her hasty toilet.

"Make-up man? Why, there isn't any such animal," answered King Dalton, a high treble from the next dressing room. "They only have a make-up man for big plays—not for little class plays like this. You're supposed to make yourself up."

This was distressing, especially as the various make-up equipment of the several actors in the play, there was nothing that would do in any way transform Polly Saunders into a coppery Indian. She was the only Indian in the cast, as the play was laid in England at the time the Pocahontas went thither with John Rolfe; and even if it was a humorous little farce Pocahontas had to look real.

For a few moments Polly described wild circles through the dressing rooms of the gymnasium in search of something that would help her. Then she found a box containing dressing for tan shoes, both liquid and paste. She hurried back to her little mirror on the wall and did what she could.

It was Friday afternoon, and Polly had made arrangements to go home for the week-end, leaving college immediately after the performance, catching the 6 o'clock train and reaching home by 8 o'clock.

That is why it was especially distressing on returning to her dressing room at the close of a performance, at last made up for forgotten lines and occasional slight embarrassment, to find that the Indian complexion, put on so easily with a brush and a bit of cotton, did not come off so easily. Polly tried to wash it, but water did not budge it.

There wasn't even time to hurry back to the dormitory, for Polly had to catch the 6 o'clock train. But there was time for one of the members of the committee to go to the dormitory for a heavy roll, while Polly hurried off to Pocahontas' clothes into her own.

Polly did not take a seat in the parlor car, as she had been advised by her careful parents always to do, because she thought she would be less conspicuous in the day coach. The man at the ticket office had stared at her and so had the conductor who helped her aboard and later punched her ticket, and there was nothing of admiration in the stare.

She looked timidly through her veil as passengers alighted at a station that lay midway of the journey from college to her home, because she was fearful lest some one might seek to share her narrow seat. That is when she saw a tall masculine figure that made the color mount high under her tawny complexion. She was quite sure it was Dalton Drew. Dalton Drew was her brother's roommate in college and she had met him when she was home on Christmas vacation.

The worst of it was that Dalton had told her the second time he met her that she was the prettiest girl he had ever known, and she had naively replied that she was glad he thought so because she thought he was quite the best-looking man she had "almost" ever seen. Now she knew she looked a fright and she didn't want to spoil his impression.

She was aware a few minutes later of the fact that this same masculine figure had passed and then re-passed her compartment. With her face averted toward the window she thought he looked for a few moments intently at her. She wore the same hat she had worn on that day they went skating together. He would probably recognize it.

Therefore when Dalton had passed she rose and went quickly to the car beyond, found another inconspicuous seat at the end of the next car and sat there. For an hour she rode in miserable fear lest Dalton Drew should find her, and breathed a sigh of relief when she alighted at her home town. But her relief lasted only until she saw that Dalton Drew had also alighted.

Then she fled, actually running around the station, and stood for a few minutes in the lee of the express office, saw Dalton Drew approaching and fled again to the place where the waiting taxis stood and jumped into the first one that presented itself and gave her home address.

Some one hailed the cab. It was Dalton Drew running beside it, but she ordered the taxi driver to drive fast and not to stop. Then she was conscious that another taxi, probably with Dalton Drew within, was driving beside her along the stretch of road that led to her father's suburban home.

Five minutes more and her taxi came to an abrupt stop. The taxi driver dismounted and the pursuing taxi stopped too.

After a few moments of investigation the driver opened the door, told her "he was plumb out of gas," and then she was face to face with Dalton Drew, who fairly lifted her to his own waiting taxi, paid the driver of the disabled one and ordered his own driver to proceed.

"Now," he said—and Polly was very glad that it was quite dark in the taxi—"now will you tell me why you have been running away from me? I heard you were coming home, I pestered your brother until he found out what train you were going to take, boarded it, discovered you and then realized that you were trying to escape me. Perhaps I ought to take it all as proof enough that you dislike me, that you don't want to have things go on where they left off at Christmas—well, I'm not so easily discouraged."

"I don't see what you mean," said Polly, averting her face. "The way you have treated me only makes me more anxious to tell you that I'm mad about you. Polly Saunders, I didn't realize that you found me so objectionable." "Then Dalton Drew produced a pocket flask from his pocket. "Don't turn from me that way, Polly. I want to see your face."

The flask flared bright in Polly's face and Dalton leaped toward her. "Then Polly raised her veil. "I think you are perfectly horrid," she said. "Look at me if you want to, and you'll never say again what you said last Christmas. Oh, Dalton," she said, now shedding that veil of self pity. "I used brown shoe polish and it wouldn't come off. There—there—wasn't a real make-up man, and I had to do something."

But before she had finished her explanation the poor little Pocahontas let her tawny face rest on Dalton Drew's shoulder.

"If I were come off I'd love you just the same," he assured her.

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Legacies Alter Cases

—By J. P. McEvoy

FOR years he cursed the wicked rich in horrid, hectic tones, He cursed them hide and fur and teeth and feathers, hair and bones. He cursed them in the morning and he cursed them in the night. He raved against the blonde, brunette, the yellow, black and white. He hated them and all they had with a hate beyond compare— He hated them down to Hades—and up the Golden Stair. But an uncle died and left this man a bunch of yellow ore. And now you never hear him curse the wealthy any more.

And lolled around in mansions grand while we exist in shacks. I wouldn't touch their world gains for anything on earth. But an uncle died and left this bird a million bucks or more. And what is most remarkable it didn't make him sore.

He'd curse at pants that had a crease and shoes that had a shine. He had a most uniprobic and exacerbat-ing line. For damning cognoscent and for pro-letariat praise— You haven't a conception of the hell he used to raise. But an uncle died and left him all his stocks and bonds galore. And curiously he doesn't curse the wealthy any more.

104TH BIRTHDAY OBSERVED Lancaster, Pa., March 23. — Mrs. Sarah Miller celebrated her 104th birthday anniversary yesterday at the Neffville Home.

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Millions of people now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. Anyone who once employs it can see and feel its need.

Watch the added beauty

Send the coupon for a ten-day test. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

The lasting benefits appear more slowly. But all who love clean, glistening teeth will see effects at once. And the book we send explains the reasons for them.

The glistening teeth you see everywhere now are largely due to Pepsodent. Learn how you can attain them. Cut out the coupon now.

Shall They Suffer
As you did from film on teeth

Pepsodent is largely for the coming generation. It brings to adults whiter teeth, new protection. But to children it means a new dental era.

Your teeth, perhaps, have always been film-coated, save right after dental cleaning. The luster has been dimmed by film. Film has caused decay, no doubt, despite your daily brushing.

Now dental authorities urge you to fight film. Above all, have your children fight it daily in this scientific way.

How troubles come

Modern science traces most tooth troubles to a film—to that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

The ordinary tooth paste does not end it. Much is left intact. Night and day that clinging film threatens damage to the teeth.

That is why well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. That is why tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

Makes teeth dingy

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar.

It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. Pyorrhea, and many other serious troubles, are chiefly caused by those germs and by tartar.

Dental science has for years been seeking a way to daily combat that film. It is the teeth's great enemy.

Two ways now found

Two effective film combatants have been found. Able authorities have subjected them to many careful tests. Dental science now approves them, and leading dentists, here and abroad, urge their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been perfected, complying with modern requirements. It is called Pepsodent. And these two film-combating methods are embodied in it.

Also starch deposits

Starch deposits also attack teeth. In fermenting they form acids.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva. It puts alkalis there to neutralize the acids.

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