

Wit & Humor

EVENING TIMES MAGAZINE PAGE

Fiction & Facts

MAMIE'S MONOLOGUES About the Real Blonde And the Jealous Brunette IN THE TROLLEY CAR

LO BELLE, when did you get on? Huh? Sure there is. Squeeze right in beside me. Oh, he'll move up. Now we're fixed. Gee, Belle, listen to the fat thing kicking to himself! I always did say that when a man gets to be that size he ought to be charged space rates. Guess that'll hold him for awhile. See you got your hair in puffs again, Belle. Looks all right, too, from a distance. But don't you wish you were a blonde, Belle? Oh, us blondes are getting our dues at last! Did you read about that college professor in Utah, or somewhere, saying that when a man gets an idea it would make him feel better to ask some girl to wear his diamond solitaire and put her little shoes in his trunk till death do them part he ought to pick a blonde every time. Sure, Belle, that's straight. Of course I'm a blonde, and maybe I ought to let others do the boasting, but I think that professor knew what he was talking about. And you don't need to think I'm knockin' you, either, Belle, because you're a brunette. I've met men who really said they preferred dark girls, and actually, Belle, I think there's a whole lot in this thing of beauty by contrast. I'm no knocker, Belle; you know that. Why, only yesterday Jack Ryan told me he thought you'd be one of the prettiest girls he ever met if you had light hair. Oh, I don't know, Belle, but there's something about blondes that the man simply can't resist. There's a certain air about 'em, a fascination—it's hard to explain, but you know what I mean, Belle. As Tom Jennings was saying to me—I met him at May's party, he's awful clever, Belle—Tom Jennings said he never met a blonde yet that didn't smile like an angel. Oh, yes, and he said—I thought I'd die when he said that, Belle, you can't imagine how clever he is—he said lots of brunettes were just dying to be blondes. Ain't that clever, Belle? What? I never heard it before. Still, Belle, you've got to admit that there must be more class to us blondes, or else why should only the brunettes do the dyeing act? Who ever heard of a peroxide brunette? Say, Belle, if that hipopotamus keeps on crowding you give 'im a dig in the ribs. You always did have a sharp elbow. Say, what do you think, Belle? That freckle-faced, tow-headed Gladys McFall actually had the nerve to insinuate that I was a peroxide. Me, the original golden-hair-was-falling-down-her-back! Of course she didn't come right out with it, or she wouldn't be living to tell the tale. She just sort of led gently but firmly up to it by remarking casual-like that she would fall downstairs for hair like mine, and, after all, it's not what you used to be, it's what you are today. I considered it beneath my dignity to notice her, though for two pins I'd 'a' told her a few things she wouldn't have forgotten till her dying day. There, that dyeing day again! And, Belle, another thing about us bl—oh, is this your street? Well, ta-ta. Awful glad I met you.

LORETTA'S LOOKING-GLASS



SHE HOLDS IT UP TO THE JILT

"MAY I have this dance, Miss Aileen?" "Why, I have it with Tom; but—well, I'll dance it with you!" Look at your face in the glass right now. You are actually smiling as you look over your partner's shoulder and see the man to whom you have promised the dance staring at you in amazement and rage. And you think, you poor misguided girl, that his expression evidences the disappointment he feels at losing the dance with you. But you are wrong! His face is red with rage at the insult you have offered him. His eyes are blazing his scorn of you. You have done a contemptible thing; and he calls it that in his mind. And you are letting your conceit deceive you. You are allowing your selfish imagination to run away with your common sense. You are believing what you like to think instead of what is really true. "Meroy! isn't he mad!" you giggle, a kind of "see-how-much-he-cares-for-me" meaning running through your words. You smile up into the face of your partner with a "behold-my-power" expression in your eyes. But he is not beholding your power. He is behold-

ing something very different. He sees your shallow admiration-craving nature that prompts you to break your word and embarrass a man just to exploit your popularity or your fascinations. I would be willing to wager that you had lost two friends by that contemptible trick of yours. The men will not tell you so. There is a kind of law of chivalry that keeps them silent where the offender is a girl. She may abuse every social form and violate every rule of kindness and consideration, and still believe herself immune from the punishment that ought to follow her acts. But she is not. She may be pretty, as you are. She may be as young and as good a dancer as you are. For a while that will hold off retribution. But it comes finally. Some day, Miss Jilt, you will practice your despicable trick on the wrong man. And he may be "the right man." You may do it to show him how popular you are. You may go off motoring with another man when you have promised to be at home to him. And he will be the kind of a man who will instantly know you for what you are, a miserable jilt. He will not risk his future with a girl whose notions of honor are so embryonic. He will walk away. And that will be the end. You will have jilted once too often.

MR. PEEVED PROTESTS Against a Woman's Trying To Be Beautiful for Hubby TO HIS PATIENT WIFE

"I THINK, John dear," said Mrs. Peeved gently, "that I have been letting myself go too much lately. I'm afraid I haven't any style any more." "I should say not," retorted Mr. Peeved, rustling his paper. "Take it from me, you couldn't put it over on the washerwoman—at any rate, not at breakfast time." Mrs. Peeved sniffed. "Well, of course," she said snippishly, "I know you admire the snowman, but—" "There you go; there you go," retorted Mr. Peeved. "Getting jealous again." "Jealous! Me?" interrupted his wife. "Huh! If I was jealous I'd ask you how you happened to have your nails so well manicured nowadays, when you used to go round with them so broken and black you queered us socially." "Er—umph—why, my dear," protested Mr. Peeved, dropping his paper and thrusting his hands in his pockets, "go on; what were you, saying about your clothes getting shabby?" Mrs. Peeved snorted. "I was saying," she said patiently, "when you interrupted, that I was letting myself go a bit too much—and I think I'll start in and improve my looks. Daisy de Beaufort says she can take ten years and fifteen pounds off of me and get rid of my wrinkles. So I've bought a face mask and some cream and—" "No, you don't!" interrupted Mr. Peeved again. "Let me tell you, it won't do. I'm no newlywed to have my feelings hurt by watching you take your hair and your shape off; but, believe me, I'm not going to wake up in the morning and see a death mask on the other pillow." "Look at poor Will Henspeaking. Lord, he's just a shadow of himself—plays cards at the club all night because he hates to go home. Why? Why because wife is making herself beautiful for him." "Believe me, dearie, it's a lot easier to get used to a wrinkle than it is to preserve your illusions while wife puts plaster all over her face." Mrs. Peeved sewed placidly. "You talk like a fool," she said at length. "That's the way with you men. You want your wife to run the house and when you want beauty you go to—a manicurist." "Aw, forget it," retorted Mr. Peeved. "You don't want to be pretty for me, anyhow; no woman does. All you want to do is to spend your home hours fixing up so you can make the other women look daggers when you go out. Beautiful to keep hubby's love! Huh! All that hubby has to do with it is footing the bills." "Oh, very well," said his wife sweetly; "I'll take a new hat instead. That will help some." "New hat, eh!" said Mr. Peeved. "Well, what good do I get out of your new hat? That's what I want to know. Is that to make you beautiful for me?" "No," answered Mrs. Peeved, embroidering a scallop thoughtfully. "No, it's to pay for your manicuring." There was a long silence in the Peeved flat. "How much do you want?" asked Mr. Peeved at last.

Gink and Dink - - - - - By C. A. VOIGHT



To Him That Hath By LEROY SCOTT (Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.)

CHAPTER XXX. (Continued.) IN the afternoon David walked over to St. Christopher's. Beside his bitterness and his suspense over seeing her, David felt as he entered the door of the Mission—that he had felt on his three or four previous visits—a fear of meeting some wrathful, upbraiding person who would recognize him. But he met no one except a group of children coming with books from the library, and, unescorted, he followed the familiar way to the reception room, where Helen had written she would meet him. This room, like the rest of the Mission's interior, was practically unchanged, and in this maintenance of old arrangements he read reverence for Morton. He wandered about, looking at the friendly, brown-framed prints that summoned back the far ante-prison days. The past, flooding into him, and his sense of the nearness of Helen, crowded out for the time all his bitterness over Roger's destruction. When Helen appeared he was for an instant powerless to move. She came across the room with a happy smile, her hand held out. "I'm so glad to see you again!" she cried, and a little laugh told him how sincere her joy was. "And I to see you!" he said. "It's been—let's see—five months since I've seen you, and—four days," the desire within David corrected. "And four days," she accepted, with a laugh. "And there've been so many things during that time that I've wanted to talk to you about. But how are you?" She moved near a window. She was full of spirits this day. The outdoor life from which she had just come—the wind, the sun, the water, were blowing and shining and rippling within her. She had never shown him this lighter side with more freedom than now—not even during the summer seven years before when for two weeks they had been comrades; and David, yesterday forgotten, yielded to her mood. He frankly looked her over. She wore a tailor-made suit of a rich brown that had captured some of the warm glow of sunset autumn, and a little brown hat

ROUND TRIP, PLEASE



"What's the next step after Reno?" "Single blessedness."

on which bloomed a single red rose. Her face had the clear, fresh brown of six months' sun, and the sun's sparkle stored in her deep eyes beamed joyously from them. She was a long vacating epizyme, idealized. "May I say," he remarked at length, "that you are looking very well?" For her part, she had been making a like survey of him. His tall figure, which had regained its old erectness, was enveloped in clothes that set it off well; and his clean-lined face looked distinguished against the background of the dark green window hangings. "You may," she returned, "if you will permit me to say the same of you." They looked at each other solemnly for a moment. Then she broke into a laugh that had the music of summer. Her face became more serious, but all the sparkle remained in it. "There are so many things I want to talk over with you. One is a check my father has just given me. Every autumn he gives me a sum to spend on philanthropic purposes just as I see fit—he never asks me about the checks for twenty thousand dollars. I thought you might have some suggestions as to what to do with it—something in line with what we have often talked about. But I'll speak of that and some other things later. First of all, have you heard anything from your book?" "You will—and favorably. And I want to say again what I've written. I think it's splendid as a piece of literary work and splendid as a work of serious significance. And Uncle Henry is just as enthusiastic as I am." "You're reddened with pleasure, and his enthusiasm, dead for over a month, began to warm with new life. Her eyes were looking straight into his own, and the love that she was the daughter of the man who, by an even-toned word, had destroyed all of Roger's hopes. His high spirit faded from him, leaving him tired and drawn; and she, looking up at him, saw the striking change. "Why, have you been ill?" she exclaimed. A grim little smile raised the corners of his mouth. "No." "Then you've been working too hard. What have you been doing since you finished your book?" He briefly told of his discharge and his acceptance of a position with Rogers—and while he spoke his reluctant bitterness went on and on and told her father's act of yesterday. "But this was over a month ago," she said when he had ended. "Have the expected developments in Mr. Rogers' business taken place?" "Tell her all," temptation ordered. He resisted this command, and then temptation approached him more guilefully. "Tell her all, only give no names but yours and Rogers', and no clues that would enable her to identify her father." This appealed to David's bitterness, and instantly he began. He told her Rogers' true story, which of course he had as yet not done—of Rogers' flight, so like his own—of Rogers' deception of the world for ten years, that he might live honestly—of his loneliness during that time, his fears, his secret kindness—of the first stages of the real estate deal—the vast meaning of success to Rogers, and of its meaning to himself—and, finally, of the happenings of the day before. "So you see," he ended, "this Mr. A—has utterly destroyed Mr. Rogers in cold blood, merely that he might increase the profits of his company." She had followed him with tense in-

Sandman Stories For Just Before Bedtime

BENNIE'S GRANDMOTHER. BENNIE was a little newsboy. He did not have a father or mother, and he never remembered having them. He slept anywhere that he happened to be when he was sleepy, unless, like poor little Jo that Dickens tells of, he was told to "move on." If he made money enough he had a good meal once a day, and if not he ate whatever he could afford. Most of the boys talked of a mother or aunt or a grandmother, and Bennie decided from what he heard that he would rather have a grandmother than anything else, if he could have his choice. One day while he stood on a corner with his papers he heard one of the newsboys call out. "Look at the old woman sidin'," and the other boys laughed. Bennie saw an old lady with a basket on her arm trying to get over the icy sidewalk, and she was slipping at every step. Bennie waited, thinking some gentleman would help her, for she was dressed in comfortable clothes and did not look poor, and he hesitated about offering assistance, but when he saw that no one noticed her he ran to her and said: "I'll help you, ma'am; lean on me and I will carry your basket." Oh, look at Bennie! Ben called the boys. "That your grandmother, Ben?" one boy asked. Bennie felt his face grow red, and he thought suppose it were my grandmother and I will say she is, and when he passed one of the boys who called again, "Is that your grandmother, Ben?" he answered, "Yes." "Want me to go across the street with you?" Bennie asked when he had the lady safely over the icy place. "Yes," she said, "if you will go to market with me I will pay you." Bennie went and then carried the basket to the car. "If you will come home with me I will give you a good dinner," said the old lady. Bennie was glad to go, for he had not had any dinner that day. On the way the lady asked him all about how he lived. "Why did you tell those boys I was your grandmother?" she asked. "I never had one," said Bennie, "and I thought I would just play you were my grandmother." When they reached the old lady's home she gave the basket to the servant and took Bennie to a warm bathroom and told him to bathe. Bennie had never taken a bath in a tub in all his life, and he felt so clean after it he did not like to put on his old clothes, but he combed his hair and buttoned his ragged coat, and the old lady told him he looked like another boy. Such a dinner as Bennie had. He ate until he felt he could never be hungry again, and then he was given some picture books to look at, and he sat in a large chair in front of a bright fire and he was asleep. When he awoke it was almost dark. Bennie jumped up and rubbed his eyes. He thought he had been dreaming, but there sat the old lady by the window and he felt the warmth from the fire. "I didn't mean to go to sleep," said Bennie. "We've stayed a long time, and I'll go right away." But the old lady told him to sit down and then she asked him how he would like to live with her and go to school. "I should like to live with you," said Bennie, "but I never went to school." "You want to learn to read and write, do you not?" asked the old lady. Bennie said he did. "That is what you will learn at school," she told him. "Then I should like to go, and will you be my grandmother?" he asked. "Yes, you can call me grandmother," said the old lady. So Bennie found a home and a grandmother. HE WAS GIVEN SOME PICTURE BOOKS TO LOOK AT. Tomorrow's story: "The Treachery of Pussia." A Professional. Hyker—Old man Bunk is a pretty smooth article, isn't he? Pyker—He sure is. Why, he once sold a thousand shares of mining stock to a miner. Bad Enough. Magistrate—Do you know that drink drives a man into bad company? Prisoner—Yes, your honor; it brought me before you. After That. "We must begin to economize." "I guess you're right. When shall we begin?" "Just as soon as I have selected my spring hat." JEALOUS CAT. "Did they have the two-ring service at the wedding?" "Three rings and a menagerie."